

Boston Public Library



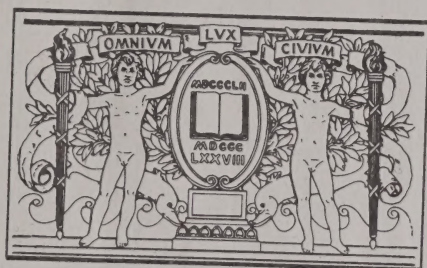
3 9999 10514 151 7

051
a88
5.110

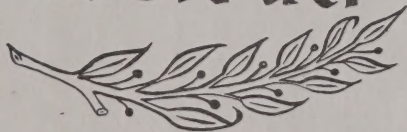


Date Nov. 1913

No 18223



BOSTON
PUBLIC
LIBRARY



PERIODICAL

AP2.A8

THE

955-5
ATLANTIC MONTHLY

A MAGAZINE OF

Literature, Science, Art, and Politics

VOLUME CX



BOSTON AND NEW YORK
THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY COMPANY

The Riverside Press, Cambridge

1312

051

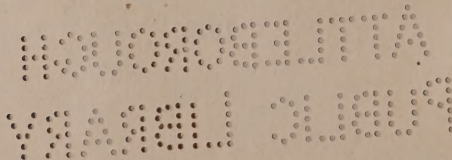
a88

5.110

COPYRIGHT, 1912,
BY THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY COMPANY.

18223

Printed at The Riverside Press, Cambridge, Mass., U. S. A.



CONTENTS

INDEX BY TITLES

Prose

	PAGE		PAGE
Abolition of Poverty, The, <i>Jacob H. Hollander</i>	492	Efficiency, The Æsthetic Value of, <i>Ethel Puffer Howes</i>	81
Abram's Freedom, <i>Edna Turpin</i>	311	Election Superstitions and Fallacies, <i>Edward Stanwood</i>	553
Advertising, A Revolution in, <i>Elizabeth C. Billings</i>	782	Entomological, <i>Robert M. Gay</i>	277
Æsthetic Value of Efficiency, The, <i>Ethel Puffer Howes</i>	81	Ethics of Business, The, <i>Roland G. Usher</i>	447
Age of Faith, The, <i>Robert Kilburn Root</i>	110	Excitement of Friendship, The, <i>Randolph S. Bourne</i>	795
Autobiography of an Individualist, The, <i>James O. Fagan</i>	68, 224, 375, 504	Farmer, The Passing of the, <i>Roy Hinman Holmes</i>	517
Automatic Citizen, The, <i>Thomas R. Marshall</i>	295	Father to his Freshman Son, A, <i>E. S. Martin</i>	441
Bryan, Mr., <i>E. S.</i>	289	Fatigue of Deafness, The, <i>Clarence John Blake</i>	673
Burbury Stoke, <i>William John Hopkins</i>	145	Fiction, Some Recent, <i>Margaret Sherwood</i>	680
Church and Smith, The, <i>A Churchman Jr.</i>	270	Filling the Churches: Smith and the Church, <i>A Churchman</i>	270
Confederate Portraits, <i>Gamaliel Bradford, Jr.</i>		The Church and Smith, <i>An Outsider</i>	272
I. Joseph E. Johnston	637	Friends Again, <i>George Lawrence Parker</i>	236
II. James Longstreet	834	Friendship, The Excitement of, <i>Randolph S. Bourne</i>	795
Contemporaneousness of Rome, The, <i>Samuel McChord Crothers</i>	301	Furness, Horace Howard, <i>Agnes Repplier</i>	624
Corporations, Government and the, <i>Francis Lynde Stetson</i>	27	Gardens and Gardens, <i>H. G. Dwight</i>	61
Country Minister, The Rural Problem and the, <i>Joseph Woodbury Strout</i>	353	Gettysburg, <i>Mary Johnston</i>	1
Crisis in Taste, The, <i>Wilbur M. Urban</i>	53	Ghoul, The, <i>Evangeline Wilbur Blashfield</i>	189
Curtis, George William, Letters of C. E. Norton to, <i>Sara Norton and M. A. De Wolfe Howe</i>	597	Government and the Corporations, The, <i>Francis Lynde Stetson</i>	27
Deafness, The Fatigue of, <i>Clarence John Blake</i>	673	Government Ownership of Railways, The Drift toward, <i>B. L. Winchell</i>	747
Direct-Primary Experiment, The, <i>Evans Woolen</i>	41	Green Thought, A, <i>Margaret Lynn</i>	366
Drift toward Government Ownership of Railways, The, <i>B. L. Winchell</i>	747	Gutter-Babies, <i>Dorothea Slade</i>	9
Economic Independence of Women, The, <i>Earl Barnes</i>	260	Holy Man, A, <i>Charles Johnston</i>	653
		Honor Among Women, <i>Elisabeth Woodbridge</i>	588
		Hungry Generations, <i>W. M. Gamble</i>	845
		In the Gutter-Garten, <i>Dorothea Slade</i>	215
		In the Noon of Science, <i>John Burroughs</i>	322

Ingredients, The, <i>Henry Kittell Webster</i>	17	Rural Problem and the Country Minister, The, <i>Joseph Woodbury Strout</i>	353
Japanese, Who are the? <i>Arthur M. Knapp</i>	333	Significance of the Recall of Judicial Deci- sions, The, <i>Karl T. Frederick</i>	46
Johnston, Joseph E., <i>Gamaliel Bradford, Jr.</i>	637	Sissa and the Bakru, <i>Katherine Mayo</i>	497
Last Night of the Revival, The, <i>Elizabeth Carter</i>	92	Smith and the Church, <i>An Outsider</i>	272
Last of Smith, The. Some Letters on the Subject	576	Some have Greatness thrust upon Them, <i>Lorin F. Deland</i>	775
Letters of Friendship, <i>Charles Eliot Norton</i> I. War-Time Letters to George William Curtis	597	Some Recent Fiction, <i>Margaret Sherwood</i>	680
II. Letters to James Russell Lowell	759	State of the Nation, The: The Government and the Corporations, <i>Francis Lynde Stetson</i>	27
Living Caricatures, <i>Ellwood Hendrick</i>	134	The Direct-Primary Experiment, <i>Evans Woollen</i>	41
Longstreet, James, <i>Gamaliel Bradford, Jr.</i>	834	The Significance of the Recall of Judi- cial Decisions, <i>Karl T. Frederick</i>	46
Lowell, James Russell, Letters of Charles Eliot Norton to, <i>Sara Norton and M. A. De Wolfe Howe</i>	759	Sunday: A Day for Man, <i>George Parkin Atwater</i>	183
Madonna of Tinkle Tickle, A, <i>Norman Duncan</i>	615	Sunset of the Confederacy, The, <i>Morris Schaff</i>	97, 241, 398, 537
Modern Miracle Play, A, <i>John M. McBryde, Jr.</i>	266	Temple's Difficult Door, The, <i>Robert M. Gay</i>	417
Moral Value of Scientific Management, The, <i>William C. Redfield</i>	411	Theocritus on Cape Cod, <i>Hamilton Wright Mabie</i>	207
Motherliness, <i>Ellen Key</i>	562	Thursday, <i>Dorothea Slade</i>	394
My Boyhood, <i>John Muir</i>	597	Tired Business Man, The, <i>Meredith Nichol- son</i>	473
My Friend the Ruby-Throat, <i>Katherine E. Dolbear</i>	199	Toryism of Travelers, The, <i>Samuel McChord Crothers</i>	629
New Science, The, <i>Samuel G. Smith</i>	801	Trip to Ohio in 1810, A, <i>Margaret Van Horn Dwight</i>	341
Novelist's Choice, The, <i>Elisabeth Wood- bridge</i>	481	Tubal Cain: The Philosophy of Labor, <i>Wilbur M. Urban</i>	786
Ohio in 1810, A Trip to, <i>Margaret Van Horn Dwight</i>	341	Tuberculosis and the Schools, <i>Arthur Tracy Cabot</i>	704
Order of Morning Prayer, The, <i>Emily Carter Wight</i>	709	Two Italian Gardens, <i>Martin D. Arm- strong</i>	360
Passing of the Farmer, The, <i>Roy Hinman Holmes</i>	517	Unaccustomed Ears of Europe, The, <i>Sam- uel McChord Crothers</i>	433
Perjured, <i>Edith Ronald Mirrieles</i>	696	Valley of the Others, The, <i>Elizabeth Taylor</i>	825
Philippine Neutrality, The Question of, <i>Cyrus F. Wicker</i>	649	Van Cleve and his Friends, <i>Mary S. Watts</i>	721
Plunge into the Wilderness, The, <i>John Muir</i>	813	Vanishing American Wage-Earner, The, <i>W. Jett Lauck</i>	691
Poverty, The Abolition of, <i>Jacob H. Hol- lander</i>	492	Venetian Nights, <i>Elizabeth Robins Pennell</i>	527
Price of Anger, The, <i>Ellwood Hendrick</i>	809	Weapons of Religion, The, <i>Margaret Lynn</i>	125
Professor's Mare, The, <i>L. P. Jacks</i>	455	What English Poetry may still learn from Greek, <i>Gilbert Murray</i>	660
Question of Philippine Neutrality, The, <i>Cyrus F. Wicker</i>	649	Who are the Japanese? <i>Arthur May Knapp</i>	333
Race-Culture, <i>Simeon Strunsky</i>	850	Wisconsin's Diminishing Vote: A Direct Primary Lesson	287
Real Myth, A, <i>W. Jett Lauck</i>	388	Woman, <i>Harriet Anderson</i>	178
Recall of Judicial Decisions, The Signifi- cance of the, <i>Karl T. Frederick</i>	46	Women, The Economic Independence of, <i>Earl Barnes</i>	260
Revolution in Advertising, A, <i>Elizabeth C. Billings</i>	782	Young Cramer's Choice, <i>Albert Kinross</i>	253

Poetry

Afterwards, <i>J. E. Richardson</i>	794	Remembrance, <i>O. W. Firkins</i>	524
Autumn in the Islands, <i>Marjorie L. C. Pickthall</i>	393	Rest at Noon, <i>Hermann Hagedorn</i>	60
Grateful Dead, The, <i>Paul Mariett</i>	454	Silence, <i>Fannie Stearns Davis</i>	833
High Noon, <i>Florence Converse</i>	259	Starling, The, <i>Amy Lowell</i>	91
Mad Mary, <i>Grace Fallow Norton</i>	223	Triumphalis, <i>Bliss Carman</i>	332
Nevada, <i>Harrison S. Morris</i>	623	Vision, <i>Margaret Sherwood</i>	198
		Way, The, <i>George Edward Woodberry</i>	678

INDEX BY AUTHORS

<i>Anonymous</i>		<i>Dwight, H. G., Gardens and Gardens</i>	61
The Church and Smith, <i>A Churchman</i>	270	<i>Dwight, Margaret Van Horn, A Trip to Ohio in 1810</i>	341
Smith and the Church, <i>An Outsider</i>	271		
The Last of Smith	574	<i>E. S., Mr. Bryan</i>	289
<i>Anderson, Harriet, Woman</i>	177		
<i>Armstrong, Martin D., Two Italian Gardens</i>	360	<i>Fagan, James O., The Autobiography of an Individualist</i>	68, 224, 375, 504
<i>Atwater, George Parkin, Sunday: A Day for Man</i>	183	<i>Firkins, O. W., Remembrance</i>	524
		<i>Frederick, Karl T., The Significance of the Recall of Judicial Decisions</i>	46
<i>Barnes, Earl</i>		<i>Gamble, W. M., Hungry Generations</i>	845
Women in Industry	116	<i>Gay, Robert M.</i>	
The Economic Independence of Women	260	Entomological	277
<i>Billings, Elizabeth C., A Revolution in Advertising</i>	782	The Temple's Difficult Door	417
<i>Blake, Clarence J., The Fatigue of Deafness</i>	673		
<i>Blashfield, Evangeline Wilbur, The Ghoul</i>	189	<i>Hagedorn, Hermann, Rest at Noon</i>	60
<i>Bourne, Randolph S., The Excitement of Friendship</i>	795	<i>Hendrick, Ellwood</i>	
<i>Bradford, Gamaliel, Jr.</i>		Living Caricatures	134
Confederate Portraits:		The Price of Anger	809
I. Joseph E. Johnston	637	<i>Hollander, Jacob H., The Abolition of Poverty</i>	492
II. James Longstreet	834	<i>Holmes, Roy Hinman, The Passing of the Farmer</i>	517
<i>Burroughs, John, In the Noon of Science</i>	332	<i>Hopkins, William John, Burbury Stoke</i>	145
		<i>Howe, M. A. De Wolfe, joint editor. See Norton, Sara.</i>	
<i>Cabot, Arthur Tracy, Tuberculosis and the Schools</i>	704	<i>Howes, Ethel Puffer, The Æsthetic Value of Efficiency</i>	81
<i>Carman Bliss, Triumphalis</i>	332		
<i>Carter, Elizabeth, The Last Night of the Revival</i>	92	<i>Jacks, L. P., The Professor's Mare</i>	455
<i>Converse, Florence, High Noon</i>	259	<i>Johnston, Charles, A Holy Man</i>	653
<i>Crothers, Samuel McChord</i>		<i>Johnston, Mary, Gettysburg</i>	1
The Contemporaneousness of Rome	301		
The Unaccustomed Ears of Europe	433	<i>Key, Ellen, Motherliness</i>	562
The Toryism of Travelers	629	<i>Kinross, Albert, Young Cramer's Choice</i>	253
		<i>Knapp, Arthur M., Who are the Japanese?</i>	333
<i>Davis, Fannie Stearns, Silence</i>	833		
<i>Deland, Lorin F., Some have Greatness thrust upon Them</i>	775	<i>Lauck, W. Jett</i>	
<i>Dolbear, Katherine E., My Friend the Ruby-Throat</i>	199	A Real Myth	388
<i>Duncan, Norman, A Madonna of Tinkle Tickle</i>	615	The Vanishing American Wage-Earner	691
		<i>Lowell, Amy, The Starling</i>	91

<i>Lynn, Margaret</i>		<i>Richardson, J. E., Afterwards.</i>	794
The Weapons of Religion	125	<i>Root, Robert Kilburn, The Age of Faith</i>	110
A Green Thought	366		
<i>Mabie, Hamilton Wright, Theocritus on</i>		<i>Schaff, Morris, The Sunset of the Confederacy</i>	97, 241, 398, 537
Cape Cod	207	<i>Sherwood, Margaret</i>	
<i>Mariett, Paul, The Grateful Dead</i>	454	Some Recent Fiction	680
<i>Marshall, Thomas R., The Automatic Citizen</i>	295	<i>Slade, Dorothea</i>	
<i>Martin, E. S., A Father to his Freshman Son</i>	441	Gutter-Babies	9
<i>Mayo, Katherine, Sissa and the Bakru</i>	497	In the Gutter-Garten	215
<i>McBryde, John M., Jr., A Modern Miracle Play</i>	266	Thursday	394
<i>Mirrieles, Edith Ronald, Perjured</i>	696	<i>Smith, Samuel G., The New Science</i>	801
<i>Morris, Harrison S., Nevada</i>	623	<i>Stanwood, Edward, Election Superstitions and Fallacies</i>	553
<i>Muir, John</i>		<i>Stetson, Francis Lynde, The Government and the Corporations</i>	27
My Boyhood	577	<i>Strout, Joseph Woodbury, The Rural Problem and the Country Minister</i>	353
The Plunge into the Wilderness	813	<i>Strunsky, Simeon, Race-Culture</i>	850
<i>Murray, Gilbert, What English Poetry may still learn from Greek</i>	660		
<i>Nicholson, Meredith, The Tired Business man</i>	473	<i>Taylor, Elizabeth, The Valley of the Others</i>	825
<i>Norton, Charles Eliot. Letters of Friendship</i>	597, 759	<i>Turpin, Edna, Abram's Freedom</i>	311
<i>Norton, Grace Fallow, Mad Mary</i>	223		
<i>Norton, Sara, and Howe, M. A. De Wolfe, Editors:</i>		<i>Urban, Wilbur Marshall</i>	
War-Time Letters of Charles Eliot Norton to George William Curtis . .	597	The Crisis in Taste	53
Letters of Charles Eliot Norton to James Russell Lowell	759	Tubal Cain	786
<i>Parker, George Lawrence, Friends Again</i>	236	<i>Usher, Roland G., The Ethics of Business</i>	447
<i>Pennell, Elizabeth Robins, Venetian Nights</i>	527		
<i>Pickthall, Marjorie L. C., Autumn in the Islands</i>	393	<i>Watts, Mary S., Van Cleve and His Friends</i>	721
<i>Redfield, William C., The Moral Value of Scientific Management</i>	411	<i>Webster, Henry Kitchell, The Ingredients</i>	17
<i>Repplier, Agnes, Horace Howard Furness</i>	624	<i>Wicker, Cyrus F., The Question of Philippine Neutrality</i>	649
		<i>Wight, Emily Carter, The Order of Morning Prayer</i>	709
		<i>Winchell, B. L., The Drift toward Government Ownership of Railways</i>	747
		<i>Woodbridge, Elisabeth</i>	
		The Novelist's Choice	481
		Honor Among Women	588
		<i>Woollen, Evans, The Direct-Primary Experiment</i>	41

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

Canned Language	715	Round World, The	285
Case of Unrevealed Identity, A	573		
In the Matter of 'Faith'	712	Stars and Stockings	284
Inheritance, An	428	Under the Trees	431
It is well to be off with the Old House before you are on with the New	717	Utunque Ventus	856
Manners and the Puritan	137	Weeds	719
Mental Telephone Index, A	140	Where Cooks Go	430
My Adventures in Criticism	853	Woman: One Word More	282
My Possession	142	Woman: One Word Most	571
Other Side, The	426	Women and Democracy in Switzerland . .	423
		Women's Honor	855

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

JULY, 1912

GETTYSBURG

BY MARY JOHNSTON

THE sun of the first day of July rose serene into an azure sky where a few white clouds were floating. The light summer mist was dissipated; a morning wind, freshly sweet, rippled the corn and murmured in the green and lusty trees. The sunshine gilded Little Round Top and Big Round Top, gilded Culp's Hill and Cemetery Hill, gilded Oak Hill and Seminary Ridge. It flashed from the cupola of the Pennsylvania College. McPherson's Woods caught it on its topmost branches, and the trees of Peach Orchard. It trembled between the leaves, and flecked with golden petals Menchey's Spring and Spangler's Spring. It lay in sleepy lengths on the Emmitsburg Road. It struck the boulders of the Devil's Den; it made indescribably light and fine the shocked wheat in a wheat-field that drove into the green like a triangular golden wedge. Full in the centre of the rich landscape it made a shining mark, a golden bull's-eye, of the small town of Gettysburg.

It should have been all peace, that rich Pennsylvania landscape—a Dutch peace—a Quaker peace. Market wains and country folk should have moved upon the roads, and a boy, squirrel-hunting, should have been the most murderous thing in the Devil's

Den. Corn-blades should have glistened, not bayonets; for the fluttering flags the farmers' wives should have been bleaching linen on the grass; for marching feet there should have risen the sound of the scythe in the wheat; for the groan of gun-wheels upon the roads the robin's song and the bob white's call.

The sun mounted. He was well above the tree-tops when the first shot was fired—Heth's brigade of A. P. Hill's corps encountering Buford's cavalry.

The sun went down the first day red behind the hills. He visited the islands of the Pacific, Nippon, and the Kingdom of Flowers, and India and Iran. He crowned Caucasus with gold, and showered largess over Europe. He reddened the waves of the Atlantic. He touched with his spear lighthouses and coast towns and the inland green land. He came up over torn orchard and trampled wheat-field; he came up over the Round Tops and Culp's Hill and Cemetery Hill. But no one, this second day, stopped to watch his rising. The battle-smoke hid him from the living upon the slopes and in all the fields.

The sun traveled from east to west, but no man on the shield of which Gettysburg was the boss saw him go down that second day. A thick smoke, like

Books lost or damaged must be paid for by the person to whom they stand charged.

the wings of countless ravens, kept out the parting gleams. He went his way over the plains of the west and the Pacific and the Asian lands. He came over Europe and the Atlantic and made, on the third morning, bright pearl of the lighthouses, the surf, and the shore. The ripe July country welcomed him. But around Gettysburg his rising was not seen. The smoke had not dispersed. He rode on high, but all that third day he was seen far away and dim as through *crêpe*. All day he shone serene on other lands, but above this region he hung small and dim and remote like a tarnished, antique shield. Sometimes the drift of ravens' wings hid him quite. An incense mounted to him, a dark smell and a dark vapor.

The birds were gone from the trees, the cattle from the fields, the children from the lanes and the brookside. All left on the first day. There was a hollow between Round Top and Devil's Den, and into this the anxious farmers had driven and penned a herd of cattle. On the sunny, calm afternoon when they had done this they could not conceive that any battle would affect this hollow. Here the oxen, the cows, would be safe from chance bullet and from foraging. But the farmers did not guess the might of that battle.

The stream of shells was directed against Round Top, but a number, black and heavy, rained into the hollow. A great milk-white ox was the first wounded. He lay with his side ripped open, a ghastly sight. Then a cow with calf was mangled, then a young steer had both fore-legs broken. Bellowing, the maddened herd rushed here and there, attacking the rough sides of the hollow. Death and panic were upon the slopes as well as at the bottom of the basin. A bursting shell killed and wounded a dozen at once. The air grew thick and black, and filled with the cries of these brutes.

A courier, returning to his general after delivering an order, had his horse shot beneath him. Disentangling himself, he went on, on foot, through a wood. He was intolerably thirsty — and lo, a spring! It was small and round and clear like a mirror, and as he knelt he saw his own face and thought, 'She would n't know me.' The minies were so continuously singing that he had ceased to heed them. He drank, then saw that he was reddening the water. He did not know when he had been wounded, but now, as he tried to rise, he grew so faint and cold that he knew that Death had met him. — There was moss and fern and a nodding white flower. It was not a bad place in which to die. In a pocket within his gray jacket he had a daguerreotype — a young and smiling face and form. His fingers were so nerveless now that it was hard to get the little velvet case out, and when it was out, it proved to be shattered, it and the picture within. The smiling face and form were all marred, unrecognizable. So small a thing, perhaps! — but it made the bitterness of this soldier's death. The splintered case in his hands, he died as goes to sleep a child who has been unjustly punished. His body sank deep among the fern, his chest heaved, he shook his head faintly, and then it dropped upon the moss, between the stems of the nodding white flower.

A long Confederate line left a hillside and crossed an open space of corn-field and orchard. Double quick it moved, under its banners, under the shells shrieking above. The guns changed range, and an iron flail struck the line. It wavered, wavered. A Federal line leaped a stone wall, and swept forward, under its banners, hurrahing. Midway of the wide open there was stretched beneath the murky sky a narrow web — woof of gray, warp of blue. The strip held while the heart beat a minute or

more, then it parted. The blue edge went backward over the plain; the gray edge, after a moment, rushed after. 'Yaaaaiihhh! Yaaaaiihhhh!' it yelled, — and its red war-flag glowed like fire. The gray commander-in-chief watched from a hillside, a steady light in his eyes. Over against him on another hill, Meade, the blue general, likewise watched. To the South, across the distant Potomac, lay the vast, beleaguered Southern fortress. Its gate had opened; out had poured a vast sally party, a third of its bravest and best, and at the head the leader most trusted, most idolized. Out had rushed the Army of Northern Virginia. It had crossed the moat of the Potomac; it was here, on the beleaguer's ground.

Earth and heaven were shaking with the clangor of two shields. The sky was whirring and dim, but there might be imagined, suspended there, a huge balance — here the besiegers, here the fortress's best and bravest. Which would this day, or these days, tip the beam? Much hung upon that — all might be said to hang upon that. The waves on the plain rolled forward, rolled back, rolled forward. When the sun went down the first day the fortress's battle-flag was in the ascendant.

A great red barn was the headquarters of 'dear Dick Ewell.' He rode with Gordon and others at a gallop down a smoky road between stone fences. 'Wish Old Jackson was here!' he said. 'Wish Marse Robert had Old Jackson! This is the watershed, General Gordon — yes, sir! this is the watershed of the War! If it doesn't still go right to-day — It seems to me that wall there's got a suspicious look —'

The wall in question promptly justified the suspicion. There came from behind it a volley that emptied gray saddles. Gordon heard the thud of the minie as it struck Old Dick. 'Are you hurt, sir? Are you hurt?'

'No, no, General! I'm not hurt. But if that ball had struck you, sir, we'd have had the trouble of carrying you off the field. I'm a whole lot better fixed than you for a fight! It don't hurt a mite to be shot in a wooden leg.'

Three gray soldiers lay behind a shock of wheat. They were young men, old school-mates. This wheat-shock marked the farthest point attained in a desperate charge made by their regiment against a larger force. It was one of those charges in which everybody sees that if a miracle happens it will be all right, and that if it does n't happen — It was one of those charges in which first an officer stands out, waving his sword, then a man or two follow him, then three or four more, then all waver back, only to start forth again, then others join, then the officer cries aloud, then, with a roar, the line springs forward and rushes over the field, in the cannon's mouth. Such had been the procedure in this charge. The miracle had not happened. — After a period of mere din as of ocean waves the three found themselves behind this heap of tarnished gold. When, gasping, they looked round, all their fellows had gone back; they saw them, a distant torn line, still holding the flag. Then a rack of smoke came between, hiding flag and all. The three seemed alone in the world. The wheat-ears made a low inner sound like reeds in quiet marshes. The smoke lifted just enough to let a muddy sunlight touch an acre of the dead.

'We've got,' said one of the young men, 'to get out of here. They'll be counter-charging in a minute.'

'O God! let them charge.'

'Harry, are you afraid —'

'Yes; I'm afraid — sick and afraid. O God, O God!'

The oldest of the three, moving his head very cautiously, looked round the wheat-shock. 'The Army of the

Potomac's coming.' He rose to his knees, facing the other way. 'It's two hundred yards to the regiment. Well, we always won the races at the old Academy. I'll start, Tom, and then you follow, and then you, Harry, you come straight along!'

He rose to his feet, took the posture of a runner, drew a deep breath and started. Two yards from the shock a cannon ball sheared the head from the body. The body fell, jetting blood. The head bounded back within the shadow of the wheat-shock. Tom was already standing, bent like a bow. A curious sound came from his lips, he glanced aside, then ran. He ran as swiftly as an Indian, swiftly and well. The minie did not find him until he was half-way across the field. Then it did, and he threw up his arms and fell. Harry, on his hands and knees, turned from side to side an old, old face, bloodless and twisted. He heard the Army of the Potomac coming, and in front lay the corpses. He tried to get to his feet, but his joints were water, and there was a crowd of black atoms before his eyes. A sickness, a clamminess, a despair — and all in eternities. Then the sound swelled, and drove him as the cry of the hounds the hare. He ran, panting, but the charge now swallowed up the wheat-shock and came thundering on. In front were only the dead, piled at the foot of the wall of smoke. He still clutched his gun, and now, with a shrill cry, he stopped, turned, and stood at bay. He had hurt a hunter in the leg, before the blue muskets clubbed him down.

A regiment, after advancing a skirmish line, moved over broken and boulder-strewn ground to occupy a yet defended position. In front moved the colonel, half-turned toward his men, encouraging them in a rich and hearty voice. 'Come on, men! Come on, come on! You are all good harvesters, and

the grain is ripe, the grain is ripe! Come on, every mother's son of you! Run now! just as though there were home and children up there! Come on! Come on!'

The regiment reached a line of flat boulders. There was a large flat one like an altar slab, that the colonel must spring upon and cross. Upon it, outstretched, face upward, in a pool of blood, lay a young figure, a lieutenant of skirmishers, killed a quarter of an hour ago. 'Come on! Come on!' shouted the colonel, his face turned to his men. 'Victory! To-night we'll write home about the victory!'

His foot felt for the top edge of the boulder. He sprang upon it, and faced with suddenness the young dead. The oncoming line saw him stand as if frozen, then with a stiff jerk up went the sword again. 'Come on! Come on!' he cried, and plunging from the boulder continued to mount the desired slope. His men, close behind him, also encountered the dead on the altar slab. 'Good God! It's Lieutenant — It's his son!' But in front the colonel's changed voice continued its crying: 'Come on! Come on! Come on!'

A stone wall, held by the gray, leaped fire, rattled and smoked. It did this at short intervals for a long while, a brigade of the enemy choosing to charge at like intervals. The gray's question was a question of ammunition. So long as the ammunition held out, so would they and the wall. They sent out foragers for cartridges. Four men having secured a quantity from an impatiently sympathetic reserve, heaped them in a blanket, made a large bundle, and slung it midway of a musket. One man took the butt, another the muzzle, and as they had to reckon with sharpshooters going back, the remaining two marched in front. All double-quickened where the exposure was not extreme, and ran where it was. The echoing

goal grew larger — as did also a clump of elms at right angles with the wall. Vanguard cocked his eye. 'Buzzards in those trees, boys — blue buzzards!'

Vanguard pitched forward as he spoke. The three ran on. Ten yards, and the man who had been second and was now first, was picked off. The two ran on, the cartridges between them. 'We're goners!' said the one, and the other nodded as he ran.

There was a gray battery somewhere in the smoke, and now by chance or intention it flung into the air a shell that shrieked its way straight to the clump of elms, and exploded in the round of leaf and branch. The sharp-shooters were stilled. 'Moses and the prophets!' said the runners. 'That's a last year's bird's nest!'

Altogether the foragers brought in ammunition enough to serve the gray wall's immediate purpose. It cracked and flamed for another while, and then the blue brigade ceased its charges and went elsewhere. It went thinned — oh, thinned! — in numbers. The gray waited a little for the smoke to lift, and then it mounted the wall. 'And the ground before us,' says a survivor, 'was the most heavenly blue!'

A battalion of artillery, thundering across a corner of the field, went into position upon a little hill-top. Facing it was Cemetery Hill and a tall and wide-arched gateway. This gateway, now clearly seen, now withdrawn behind a world of gray smoke, now showing a half arch, an angle, a span of the crest, exercised a fascination. The gunners, waiting for the word, watched it. 'Gate of Death, don't it look? — Gate of Death.' — 'Wonder what's beyond? — Yankees.' — 'But they ain't dead — they're alive and kicking.' — 'Now it's hidden — Gate of Death.' — 'This battle's going to lay over Sharpsburg — Over Gaines's Mill — Over Malvern Hill — Over Fredericksburg — Over

Second Manassas — Over' — 'The — Gate's hidden — There's a battery over there going to open' — 'One? There's two, there's three —' *Cannoneers to your pieces!*

A shell dug into the earth and exploded. There was a heavy rain of dark earth. It pattered against all the pieces. It showered men and horses, and for a minute made a thick twilight of the air. 'Whew! the Earth's taking a hand! Anybody hurt?' *Howitzer, load!*

'Gate of Death's clear.'

An artillery lieutenant — Robert Stiles — acting as volunteer aide to Gordon, was to make his way across the battle-field with information for Edward Johnson. The ground was strewn with the dead, the air was a shrieking torrent of shot and shell. The aide and his horse thought only of the thing in hand — getting across that field, getting across with the order. The aide bent to the horse's neck; the horse laid himself to the ground and raced like a wild horse before a prairie fire. The aide thought of nothing; he was going to get the order there; for the rest his mind seemed as useless as a mirror with a curtain before it. Afterwards, however, when he had time to look he found in the mirror pictures enough. Among them was a picture of a battalion — Latimer's battalion. 'Never, before or after, did I see fifteen or twenty guns in such a condition of wreck and destruction as this battalion was! It had been hurled backward as it were by the very weight and impact of metal from the position it had occupied on the crest of a little ridge, into a saucer-shaped depression behind it; and such a scene as it presented — guns dismounted and disabled, carriages splintered and crushed, ammunition chests exploded, limbers upset, wounded horses plunging and kicking, dashing out the brains of men tangled in the

harness; while cannoneers with pistols were crawling round through the wreck shooting the struggling horses to save the lives of the wounded men.'

Hood and his Texans and Law's Alabamians were trying to take Little Round Top. They drove out the line of sharp-shooters behind the stone wall girdling the height. Back went the blue, up the steep, up to their second line, behind a long ledge of rock. Up and after went the gray. The tall boulders split the advance like the teeth of a comb; no alignment could be kept. The rocks formed defiles where only two or three could go abreast. The way was steep and horrible, and from above rained the bullets. Up went the gray, reinforced now by troops from McLaws' division; up they went and took the second line. Back and up went the blue to the bald and rocky crest, to their third line, a stronghold, indeed, and strongly held. Up and on came the gray, but it was as though the sky were raining lead. The gray fell like leaves in November when the winds howl around Round Top. Oh, the boulders! The blood on the boulders, making them slippery! Oh, the torn limbs of trees, falling so fast! The eyes smarted in the smoke; the voice choked in the throat. All men were hoarse with shouting.

Darkness and light went in flashes, but the battle-odor stayed, and the unutterable volume of sound. All the dogs of war were baying. The muscles strained, the foot mounted. Forward and up went the battle-flag, red ground and blue cross. Now the boulders were foes, and now they were shields. Men knelt behind them and fired upward. Officers laid aside their swords, took the muskets from the dead, knelt and fired. But the crest of Round Top darted lightnings — lightnings and bolts of leaden death. Death rained from Round Top, and the drops

beat down the gray. Hood was badly hurt in the arm. Pender fell mortally wounded. Anderson was wounded. Semmes fell mortally hurt. Barksdale received here his death-wound. Amid the howl of the storm, in the leaden air, in scorching, in blood and pain and tumult and shouting, the small, unheeded disk of the sun touched the western rim of the earth.

A wounded man lay all night in Devil's Den. There were other wounded there, but the great boulders hid them from one another. This man lay in a rocky angle, upon the over-hanging lip of the place. Below him, smoke clung like a cerement to the far-flung earth. For a time smoke was about him, thick in his nostrils. For a time it hid the sky. But now all firing was stayed, the night was wheeling on, and the smoke lifted. Below, vague in the night-time, were seen flickering lights — torches, he knew, ambulances, litter-bearers, lifting, serving one in a hundred. They were far-away, scattered over the stricken field. They would not come up here to Devil's Den. He knew they would not come, and he watched them as the shipwrecked watch the sail upon the horizon that has not seen their signal, and that will not see it. He, shipwrecked here, had waved no cloth, but, idle as it was, he had tried to shout. His voice had fallen like a broken-winged bird. Now he lay, in a pool of his own blood, not greatly in pain, but dying. Presently he grew light-headed, though not so much so but that he knew that he was light-headed, and could from time to time reason with his condition. He was a reading man, and something of a thinker, and now his mind in its wanderings struck into all manner of by-paths.

For a time he thought that the field below was the field of Waterloo. He remembered seeing, while it was yet light, a farm-house, a distant cluster

of buildings with a frightened air. 'La Belle Alliance,' he thought, 'or Hougoumont — which? — These Belgians planted a lot of wheat, and now there are red poppies all through it. — Where is Ney and his cavalry? — No, Stuart and his cavalry —' His mind righted for a moment. 'This is a long battle, and a long night. Come, Death! Come, Death!' The shadowy line of boulders became a line of Deaths, tall, draped figures bearing scythes. Three Deaths, then a giant hour-glass, then three Deaths, then the hour-glass. He stared, fascinated. 'Which scythe? The one that starts out of line — now if I can keep them still in line — just so long will I live!' He stared for a while, till the Deaths became boulders again and his fingers fell to playing with the thickening blood on the ground beside him. A meteor pierced the night — a white fire-ball thrown from the ramparts of the sky. He seemed to be rushing with it, rushing, rushing, rushing, — a rushing river. There was a heavy sound. A clear voice said in his ear, 'That was the last grain of sand in the hour-glass.' As his head sank back he saw again the line of Deaths, and the one that left the line.

Below, through the night, the wind that blew over the wheat-fields and the meadows, the orchards and the woods, was a moaning wind. It was a wind with a human voice.

Dawn came, but the guns smeared her translucence with black. The sun rose, but the ravens' wings hid him. Dull-red and sickly-copper was this day, hidden and smothered by dark wreaths. Many things happened in it; variation and change that cast a tendril toward the future.

Day drove on; sultry and loud and smoky. A squad of soldiers in a fence-corner, waiting for the order forward, exchanged opinions. 'Three days.

We're going to fight forever — and ever — and ever.' — 'You may be. I ain't. I'm going to fight through to where there's peace —' "'Peace!" How do you spell it?' — "'They cry Peace! Peace! and there is no Peace!"' — 'D'ye reckon if one of us took a bucket and went over to that spring there, he'd be shot?' — 'Of course he would! Besides, where's the bucket?' — 'I've got a canteen' — 'I've got a cup' — 'Say, Sergeant, can we go?' — 'No. You'll be killed.' — 'I'd just as soon be killed as die of thirst! Besides a shell'll come plumping down directly and kill us anyhow —' 'Talk of something pleasant.' — 'Jim's caught a grasshopper! Poor little hoppergrass, you ought n't to be out here in this wide and wicked world! Let him go, Jim.' — 'How many killed and wounded do you reckon there are?' — 'Thirty thousand of us, and sixty thousand of them.' — 'I wish that smoke would lift so's we could see something!' — *Look out! Look out! Get out of this!*

Two men crawled away from the crater made by the shell. A heavy tussock of grass in their path stopped them. One rose to his knees, the other, who was wounded, took the posture of the dying Gaul in the Capitoline. 'Who are you?' said the one. 'I am Jim Dudley. Who are you?' — 'I — I did n't know you, Jim. I'm Randolph. — Well, we're all that's left.'

The dead horses lay upon this field one and two and three days in the furnace heat. They were fearful to see and there came from them a fetid odor. But the scream of the wounded horses was worse than the sight of the dead. There were many wounded horses. They lay in wood and field, in country lane and orchard. No man tended them, and they knew not what it was all about. To and fro and from side to side of the vast, cloud-wreathed Mars' Shield galloped the riderless horses.

At one of the clock all the guns, blue and gray, opened in a cannonade that shook the leaves of distant trees. A smoke as of Vesuvius or Etna, sulphurous, pungent, clothed the region of battle. The air reverberated and the hills trembled. The roar was like the roar of the greatest cataract of a larger world, like the voice of a storm sent by the King of all the Genii. Amid its deep utterance the shout even of many men could not be heard.

Out from the ranks of the fortress's defenders rushed a gray, world-famous charge. It was a division charging — three brigades *en échelon* — five thousand men, led by a man with long auburn locks. Down a hill, across a rolling open, up an opposite slope, — half a mile in all, perhaps, — lay their road. Mars and Bellona may be figured in the air above it. It was a spectacle, that charge, fit to draw the fierce eyes and warm the gloomy souls of all the warrior deities. Woden may have watched and the Aztec god. The blue artillery crowned that opposite slope, and other slopes. The blue artillery swung every muzzle; it spat death upon the five thousand. The five thousand went steadily, gray, and cool, and clear, the vivid flag above them. A light was on their bayonets — the three lines of bayonets — the three brigades, Garnett and Kemper and Armistead. A light was in the eyes of the men; they saw the fortress above the battle-clouds; they saw their homes, and the watchers upon the ramparts. They went steadily, to the eyes of history in a curious, unearthly light, the light of a turn in human affairs, the light of catastrophe, the light of an ending and a beginning.

When they came into the open between the two heights, the massed blue infantry turned every rifle against them. There poured a leaden rain of death. Here, too, the three lines met

an enflaming fire from the batteries on Round Top. Death howled and threw himself against the five thousand; in the air above might be heard the Valkyries calling. There were not now five thousand, there were not now four thousand. There was a clump of trees seen like spectres through the smoke. It rose from the slope which was the gray goal, from the slope peopled by Federal batteries, with a great Federal infantry support at hand. Toward this slope, up this slope went Pickett's Charge.

Garnett fell dead. Kemper and Trimble were desperately wounded. Save Pickett himself all mounted officers were down. The men fell — the men fell; Death swung a fearful scythe. There were not now four thousand; there were not now three thousand. And still the vivid flag went on; and still, 'Yaaaaaih! Yaaaaaiihhhh! Yaii-hhhaaiihhh!' yelled Pickett's Charge.

There was a stone wall to cross. Armistead, his hat on the point of his waved sword, leaped upon the coping. A bullet pierced his breast; he fell and died. By now, by now the charge was whittled thin! Oh, thick as the leaves of Vallombrosa the fortress's dearest and best lay upon that slope beneath the ravens' wings! On went the thin, fierce ranks, on and over the wall, on and up, into the midst of the enemy's guns. The two flags strained toward each other; the hands of the gray were upon the guns of the blue; there came a wild *mêlée*. — There were not two thousand now, and the guns were yet roaring, and the blue infantry gathered from all sides —

'The smoke,' says one Luther Hopkins, a gray soldier who was at Gettysburg, 'the smoke rose higher and higher and spread wider and wider, hiding the sun, and then, gently dropping back, hid from human eyes the dreadful tragedy. But the battle went on and

on, and the roar of the guns continued. After a while, when the sun was sinking to rest, there was a hush. The noise died away. The winds came creeping back from the west, and gently lifting the coverlet of smoke, revealed

a strange sight. The fields were all carpeted, a beautiful carpet, a costly carpet, more costly than Axminster or velvet. The figures were horses and men all matted and woven together with skeins of scarlet thread.'

GUTTER-BABIES

BY DOROTHEA SLADE

I

THE PHILOSOPHY OF THE GUTTER

I SUPPOSE it is because nature dazzles us with such an exuberance of wealth overhead that there is so little time to look for her wind-falls. Some day, perhaps, people will grow tired of star-gazing and will turn their eyes to the Gutter; then they will find the Gutter-babies, and many wonderful things.

A little way out on the map of life, every pilgrim from his own mountain of myrrh must make his venture; some of us have a natural tendency to the Gutter. It is much better than going to the wall. No psychologist could possibly find a more convenient observatory, for nowhere else is human correspondence so abruptly gracious and intimate. Here the dirtiest and most diminutive of Gutter-atoms crawl safely through the elementary stages of infancy into precocious adolescence, far from the battle of hoofs and wheels and the congested struggle of the highway. For the Gutter is the nursery of the poor.

Here, too, are foreigners among the

natives, stars who have dropped out of an unknown and uncharted meridian, with queer and often pathetic biographies of their own, which they will tell, but not at all times or to all inquirers.

Once I met a youthful philosopher in the flattest pose possible to rotund humanity, with pink heels kicking at vacuum, and a cunning nose leveled to the grating of a drain.

It was my Johnny.

'Do you like smelling drains, Johnny?'

He lifted a somewhat apoplectic countenance to explain. 'It ain't the bloomin' drain what matters, it's what comes out of its bloody inside! Once my Rosie, her finded a fadger here.' Johnny smiled a great, blissful, expectant smile. 'I'm lookin' for a dear little shiner!' he said.

'We will play that game together, Johnny.'

So we did, he and I, and never got tired of it.

I was walking with a very small person; she was dressed in a tumbled cotton frock and a sunbonnet with one string. Otherwise she was quite

curiously unlike the local lady. As we proceeded, the small person became confidential. Her name was Blanche, and Johnny claimed her as a relative because she was brought up by his aunt, who took Gutter-babies to mind, and she called Johnny's twin cousins, Alf and Earn, her brothers. But many streets and many gutters divided them from Special Johnny, and if it had not been for the call of the blood it is doubtful if the authorities would even have permitted them to play together. For the twins' dad was a gentleman all the week, and the little boys had their hair curled and wore velveteen on Sundays. The steps into society are frequently quite as abrupt in the Gutter-world, but Blanche was the secret of this family's success.

She was a Gutter-baby Wonder.

All day long she said her lessons and sucked sweets surreptitiously in the big school of the Gutter-babies, ate a scrappy fish dinner on her way out to play, just like the normal Gutter-baby, and romped and fought and wept through Gutter-life, the merriest and most mischievous of the little wild people, the spoiled darling of our set.

This was the Blanche that we knew best, a wistful, precocious, sharp-witted creature, with whom, always and everywhere, flowed the warm and glowing atmosphere of the Guardian Spirit, called out of his art heaven to mind this wayward nursling of Genius through her extraordinary and very earthly career.

But when her playmates were cuddled together dreaming, with their restless limbs and chattering tongues as still as they ever are (for every real Gutter-baby tosses and moans in his sleep), while Johnny lay on his back snoring, and the twins slept sweetly in pink flannelette, with their golden hair securely fastened up in pins, — all night long before two 'houses' a very

absurdly rosy and professionally-smiling Blanche, in a short skirt, tripped about on the points of satin slippers, singing loudly through her nose, as she held sway over a troupe of over-grown and clumsy fairies in an obscurely sub-urban music-hall. The presence of the Guardian, paling and sick at this sordid insult to his art, yet more brilliant than the blinding limelight, wrapped itself about her innocence, so that the cold world, which shuts its heart against Gutter-babies, found a tender thought for the art-nursling, and someone would remember his own spoiled darling asleep on a soft pillow, and someone else would offer to see her safely across the road to the station. A tiny fist it was that he held, gripping fast a bulky treasure tucked away inside a cotton glove — the three pennies for her return fare to Shepherd's Bush.

But the small person was talking to me.

'I shan't do no acting when I'm big, you know, there won't be time.'

I wondered why, and was presently informed with due solemnity.

'I'm a scholar; I'm sharp at my lessons; they think they learned me to read at schule, but they never. I knew my letters off the 'busses before I could walk.'

I dropped the foolish air of patronage which one sometimes assumes for the benefit of Gutter-babies who require cultivating, and became respectful.

'Then I suppose you intend to be a teacher?'

'No, I'll have a schule; I'll be guvness!'

Presently she asked me cheerfully, 'Whatever did you take up with me for?'

I told her as well as I could, and then made an attempt to reply to a volley of questions.

'It's good to ask 'em, ain't it?'

I assented agreeably, supposing it to be at least the best way to learn the answer, anyway.

'Some don't seem to think so, but I reckon you can find out a lot this way, if you don't ask silly ones and put people off you.'

One great fear haunts and threatens the 'scholar's' brilliant future. It is that the terrible medical certificate may stop her 'schulin'. It does happen sometimes to 'awful sharp kids.' Some day I suppose the art-nursling will arrive at independence and will go away with her books, shaking off the foster family (who will then cease to appear in velveteen on Sundays), and leaving behind her a little pair of worn-out dancing shoes with blunted toes.

Earn was not really a disagreeable little boy, in spite of his unfortunate weakness for curls and velveteen. He had a magnificent gift of lying, and a clinging affection for the environment of Johnny. At times it seemed as if he might be quite one of us some day. His mother was very proud of having reared him from seven months, and to this interesting fact in his early history she attributed all his many failings and eccentricities. After administering a vigorous chastisement she would console herself with the reflection, 'There, what can you expect of a seven-months'?'

She sent him to me the other day, seriously alarmed at his powers of mendacity, which were indeed remarkable, even for a Gutter-baby.

'The lying little 'ound,' she introduced him. 'I'm sure me and his dad no one can't say as 'ow we don't keep our children respectable, and I doos 'is 'air up every night, I do, and where he learns it I can't think. It all comes of takin' other people's to mind. They ain't like yer own. But there,' she finished, with a shrewd wink at me over

the golden head of the weeping Earn, 'what can you expect?'

We heard her patiently, but when she had gone we sat far into the tea-hour together, his soft confiding voice charming away the twilight. Both of us quite forgot why he had come, forgot that he was a mean little snob who told lies, a gutter weakling with tangled curls and — the Gutter-babies' chief abhorrence — spotless linen! There narrow firelit walls, the hard edges of our little world, surrendered to a fairy kingdom of limitless dimensions. Spell-bound we followed the thread of his expert imagination through a narrative, which, if slightly incoherent and vaguely suggestive, was yet sufficiently graceful not to shame the great Grimms themselves.

Then a sudden hesitation, with no hope of continuation in our next, and no persuasion could drag from the orator anything but the most trivial conversation. It was the only glimpse I had into that vivid and fertile mental atmosphere. For the sickly, freakish energy of the 'seven-months' was easily exhausted, and his time with us was brief. But a few days after our interview he was observed playing with some other children at a school-treat on the shore at Bognor. A basket with the usual Gutter-baby treasures — broken crockery, presents for loved ones at home, and the diminishing store of sticky pennies — slipped into the waves splashing stormily at high tide in a strong breeze.

The small group stared dismally at the tragedy, but the little despised boy, in his absurd tunic, with his damp curls tortured by the wind, singing to a trail of seaweed, all by himself, in his dreamy and vacant way, suddenly became the hero of the occasion, and waded out waist-deep among the breakers to recover the precious articles.

His dripping and triumphant return,

as he handed the wreckage to its weeping owner, was greeted by an indignant welcome from the presiding sister, in whose judgment the drenched and forlorn condition of his little person was the most serious dilemma.

It was not worth the risk of being washed out to sea, or the chance of rheumatic fever, or the spoiling of his velveteens.

If his mother had been there she would certainly have added, 'There, what can you expect of a seven-months'?'.

But we knew better.

'I was playing it was a baby,' whispered Earn. 'I heard it cry.'

And what is to come of it all? Will the authorities be equal to the educational problem? Or must philosopher, scholar, romanticist, smother in the Gutter that gave them birth?

II

THE DEVELOPMENT OF JOHNNY

At this time the whole planet seemed set in its place among the worlds and fitted up for one great purpose—the making of my Johnny. This small life seemed to have become a centre of crystallization in the world of matter, hungrily assimilating its environment in the effort to focus its own character. Johnny's development was a procession of transitory moods, up-hill and down, through rain and sunshine. He was very good, and the magnetic touch of his friendly little hand in mine, and the infectious music of his merry laugh, could lift one in a golden moment to the third heaven; but the descent was as certain as sudden, and behold! there was not one virtue in him. A torrent of filthy and abusive eloquence, a genius for inventive lies, a furious and bitterly resentful temper, were all components of the remarkable spirit-demon which at

times possessed him, and kept the scale of my Johnny's soul-development well in the balance of retrogression. The bright moments of his baby life, which grew briefer, although ever more precious, as his little body waxed stronger, were the lurid signals of some terrific and explosive exhibition.

He could sit patiently dreaming in the pauper pew on Sunday evenings, with visionary eyes wandering among the flowers and the altar-lights; he would even sing a hymn, sometimes, in a soft and gentle treble, when the tune caught his ear, and the words found some responsive nucleus in the ideation centres of his clouded brain. But the halo would not fit the appalling revelation of Monday morning.

'Johnny must n't go ter meetin' any more,' he decided at last. 'Teacher sez yer sh'd jes see 'ow orful 'e is next dy!'

He never had any apology for these occasions. 'Oi jis goes mad an' as the 'eadache somethink crool!' he would say.

Several stormy years of our friendship were slipping by amid mirth and tears, and still the index of Johnny's mind read reversion to type, — Johnny was not a gentleman.

One had started out as the pioneer of his education with such grand and heroic ideas, under a sky of starry promise. He was to exist in spite of his environment, not in any sort of correspondence with it. He was to be a gentleman of the slums, a Gutter-boy in rags, with the motto 'noblesse oblige' written all over his young heart.

And here we were left without any ennobling result from our foolish aspirations, with the problem of human reconstruction still staring at us. One had fallen so low as to tolerate the thought of starting with the conversion of the external, in the dim hope of

persuading one's self that beauty of form is the expression of progress.

'Johnny, if I make you look like a gentleman, could you possibly pretend to be one?'

The proposal was very acceptable to Johnny.

Was there ever a great personality which did not love to pose? Man is fickle even to the ego that he adores, and loves to turn his back on it at times till its crying need recalls him.

A little money and a pawn-shop did the rest, and my Johnny resuscitated the age of the dandies. He went into the dim recess behind the rows of swinging garments — a picturesque, ruddy-cheeked Gutter-baby, happy and eager, a bit cleaner than usual. He came out a wretched little snob, with his head riveted in a wide collar, his feet moving heavily in stiff hob-nailed instruments of torture, and an orange-striped cap on the most hairy point of his skull.

'Will I do? Please, I've come!' he said with a horrible leer. At least the spectacle of his vanity justified the expenditure. He tweaked and twisted his small body into extraordinary contortions, to view as much of it as possible from every conceivable angle; he strolled proudly about with his elbows out; he twirled an imaginary cane, and buttoned and unbuttoned his coat a dozen times a minute.

'Ain't it *all* roight!' he appealed to me at intervals, and never knew he was breaking my heart.

How could I take him home to his mother like this and hear her say, 'Well, 'ee do look a treat!'

On the way we were mercifully relieved of one article: a yellow cat was soliloquizing loudly on somebody's roof as we passed, and Johnny, yielding to the only natural impulse, sent the orange-streaked cap flying into a tree, where it stuck forlornly for many

days, until every trace of the gaudy ornamentation had disappeared. A little farther on, his collar burst as he was stooping over a puddle to catch a glimpse of his own loveliness. Already he began to look a little more like himself.

For many hours he walked sedately about, the cynosure of every eye, but it was a difficult part for him to keep up. Toward evening I lost sight of him, and went out later in search of him, to know the latest development. The sky was alive with stars, set like jewels in a velvet pall, and the moonlight poured down on a scene that does not know the meaning of the hush of night. Like eerie shadows, a group of grimy imps, half-clad, and wild with the joy of their play, were darting here and there in the distance, and one, grimmer and more ragged than the rest, came to me in a torn shirt, with one trouser-leg ripped up, carrying his boots in his hand.

'I've jes tiked me gentleman-clothes off fer er little rest!' he explained apologetically.

Three days later, there was nothing left of the masquerade but a little gray bundle in the pawn-shop, and a crumpled ticket safely stowed away in the heel of a forsaken stocking.

The boots, it is true, lingered for a little while longer, but at last they, too, went home, and I forgot to miss them till one day a few pence in a hot little hand raised in my mind a cruel suspicion that my Johnny was not a man to be trusted.

'Johnny,' I cried, thrilled with horror, 'where did you get that money from?'

He amused himself for some time playing with my worst fears and exciting me beyond endurance.

At first he almost confessed that he had 'pinched' it, but he could n't remember where. Then he declared he

had 'earned it honest,' and told a long confused story about it, full of incident; but he could n't quite finish it, and the pennies had still to be accounted for. At last, having reduced me to a fever of misery, he said condescendingly, 'Cum out of it, thin, oi'll show yer!'

We walked on in silence till our pilgrimage ended abruptly at the corner of the street. There, under three dusty golden balls, swung sadly a little pair of lonely boots.

Johnny pointed to them solemnly, and there was a convincing ring of proprietorship in his voice, — 'Thim's mine!'

It was the end of a tremendous failure, and the experience had been a sharp lesson in the methods of evolution. But as I looked into his big impudent eyes and answered the wide smile of self-satisfaction that I found there, I felt just a little less despondent than usual about the development of my Johnny.

To him it had been all a very good joke, and he could afford to be kind.

'Oi wus only 'avin a game with yer!' he said, and encircled me with loving arms, rubbing a little rough head tenderly against my hand. 'But were n't it a bloody shame ter worrit yer, though?'

III

THE GUTTER PARSON

Sometimes, and especially at certain seasons of the year, or when the family fortunes seem to encourage self-advertisement and ceremonial, it happens even among the pagan Gutter-folk that the young people are seized with the desire to have a show. Then there is a tremendous gathering of the Gutter, and a rainbow shower of confetti round the church, and presently a blushing, shame-faced boy in a miserably new

outfit, and a bold-eyed gorgeous bride, with, perhaps, even in her escort one or two Gutter-babies, oddly disguised in feathers and ribbons.

Easter morning is a favorite occasion for this sort of pantomime, and is of course exceptionally inconvenient to the ecclesiastical authorities.

Our 'Loo' was going to marry Bill Smith like this.

It seemed to Loo that morning that the Easter sun shone as if it 'never 'ad before.' She and her sisters had been up all night, stitching beads into a pattern on her satin train, but in spite of this she was as fresh as a peach now. The vigorous youth of the Gutter only collapses under the severe and prolonged strain of matrimonial experience and the keeping of the home together, and struggles with fierce contempt against the shock of circumstances and the crushing brutality of over-work and irregular hours.

Although Loo had been reared on bread and dripping and weak tea-dust, with one magnificent dinner, once a week, on Sunday, Bill was justified this morning in his boastful pride of her brilliant muscular beauty. But in less than two years, the memory of this vision of splendid humanity will be over. Loo will be wondering what there is to live for, long before then; she will be a wasp-tongued, ill-tempered gossip, looking out at Gutter-garden with haggard, disappointed eyes, a gaunt and weary woman, with her girlhood crushed under the flood of pain and misery which Bill's wife must meet.

The outlook of the young people was not so surprisingly hopeful. There was just enough to eat at home, as indeed there always had been, but Bill had unfortunately managed to lose his work a few days before the wedding.

However, it was unlucky to put things off, and besides Loo had a tremendous bet that she would have her

first baby before she was eighteen, and the months were slipping by.

And so it was to be pulled off.

Loudly the Gutter cheered for our Loo, as in her amazing splendor, with but a poor attempt at concealing her embarrassment and self-consciousness, she sauntered into church, smirking and miserable, on the arm of her step-father; and they were both trying hard to feel as if they were quite accustomed to their eccentric performance. Loo leaned heavily on her gallant protector. He had often made her feel in the way at home, had brutally kicked her out even, more than once, but they were friends now, and he was pleased and proud of her this day. For it is human to feel conscious of some appreciation for what we are in the act of giving away.

We were all waiting, — Loo triumphant, dignified, and brazen, her family coy and facetious; the dense cloud of witnesses that had flowed in from the Gutter gaping, irreverent, and hyper-critical; and the Gutter Parson, nursing his disapprobation in preoccupied silence, so quiet and watchful that no one caught the warning of the coming storm.

Why did they wait so long?

Loo looked away anxiously down the church, across that tossing sea of dark faces, and she did not find her Bill. For a brief moment the loyal heart of this Gutter bride was strangely troubled.

'I do feel hupset!' she confided to her first maid of honor. Was this, perhaps, some humorous act on the part of the jocose Bill? For the Gutter jest is sometimes pitilessly cruel and drastic. She could almost see him in the imagery of her tortured mind, boasting to his pals at the Blue Star, with shrieking mirth, of this most drastic and colossal 'sell' that he had so skillfully organized.

But a slight commotion at the door

of the church abruptly terminated these unhappy flights of meditation.

Here at last was her Bill, with disheveled locks and crumpled collar, shoved along between a winking and amused escort, — her Bill not quite himself!

Still, he had come; he had not failed her, and Loo's anxiety was completely removed.

'Thank Gawd, 'ere 'ee is, if 'ee 'as 'ad a drop!'

The ceremony began and they stood together; Bill's knees were shaking and his eyes vacant, yet all might have gone smoothly but for the uninvited presence of Special Johnny among the chosen guests. It had been impossible for some time past to ignore the persistent interference of Johnny, who had managed to reserve for himself a conspicuous seat in the near proximity of the interesting pair. The ceaseless hum and commotion within the sacred building was punctuated by the patient perseverance of Johnny's mother as she vainly strove to control his movements.

'B'ave yerself, can't yer, yer little devil? Wait till I get yer 'ome!'

But threats were idle words to Special Johnny, and his audacity increased, until in a wild moment of sudden temptation, he dug Bill violently in the ribs, and that unfortunate person, being in no condition to receive such advances, released his self-control in a tremendous guffaw that burst from him in a thunder of merriment, and died in a terrified whine amid the shocked silence of the suddenly subdued Gutter. It was then that the Gutter parson took a definite action.

Perhaps it would be worth while to look at the Gutter Parson for a minute while he is here, though we must often meet him in the Gutter, in his shabby cassock and his 'funny little 'at'!

Here is a curious phenomenon of nature, — a gentleman and a scholar, who for some reason or other has chosen to associate himself with the pain and poverty, the reeking squalor, the sin and devilry of the Gutter. It almost persuades the Man in the Gutter to believe sometimes in the genuineness of his attitude. Though, of course, he does try to kid them now and then! There was Johnny's mother, for instance, who asked for milk when the baby was choking with the whooping-cough last winter, and the Gutter Parson just looked at her and said, —

'My good woman, am I a cow?'

'Of course 'ee were n't no cow, but babies want milk, and wot are parsons paid fer!'

For the Man in the Gutter is conscious only of a body that gets hungry and hurts, and a soul that is capable of bitter hatred and the sting of fear.

Yet the Gutter Parson can hold his own with the heart of the Gutter. I have seen him in the suffocating atmosphere of the Mission hall, through the thick clouds of foul tobacco-smoke, perched on his little platform before a wild mass of the darkest humanity of London, gathered together by the bribery of a 'pipe and a bellyful,' a small and not imposing figure, with a curly head and a boyish smile that the years had never been able to steal from us, an unconscious and magnificent display of leadership, as with one weak hand lifted from time to time against that vast and powerful throng he controlled and restrained and silenced their fierce emotions at his will.

The Gutter Parson is dead. We killed him in his own Gutter with our importunity and our hopelessness and our peculiar ingratitude. But we could not bury him.

Last Good Friday, old widow Judy, reputed by an ancient tradition of the Gutter-babies to be a spy in the pay of

the police, heard the thin treble of a familiar hymn-tune through the confused tumult of the holiday-making street, and rose up in her warm corner of the Blue Star, where she sat with her pipe and glass sheltering from the east wind, and picking up scraps of gossip. Straining her own drunken voice to that faint echo, she began a dizzy perilous dance which landed her out into the Gutter, with her mocking words and her evil, mocking gestures, just as the procession from the Mission headed by the great crucifix, in the hard strong hands of a huge navvy in corduroys, with the dust and odor of his labor still upon him, came round the corner.

A few holiday-makers stopped to laugh, a small acolyte put out his arm to push her aside. But between Judy and that stalwart crucifer swept some swift and silent warning. Suddenly flinging up her hands, with a loud, unearthly yell, the old creature fell forward, her face livid in the waving torch-light as the procession filed solemnly past her.

'Oh, my Gawd,' she moaned, 'did yer see 'im there plain as daylight? And me drunk agin!'

And now before his ungentle discipline this wedding party crept silently away in their shame and confusion, leaving behind them a sensation of strange calm and stillness.

Outside, every one took a different view of things; the sun was still warm and bright, and Bill revived a little in the fresh air. No one felt inclined to be really serious or miserable, so they decided to continue the festivities as if there had been no interrupting catastrophe in the programme.

Later on, when Bill and Loo were visited in their new home, they had agreed not to 'bother about no parsons now.'

That night, behind the warm light in the window of his snug den, the Gutter Parson had company, and entertained Special Johnny.

'I'll play yer buttons!' said his small guest, when they had cleared the supper.

He produced a handful, and the game began.

'That's a two-er, and that's a three-er, and this 'ere's a tenner!' he said, laying it down with due respect, and watching it with loving eyes.

The game continued with furious excitement and deadly seriousness. Suddenly there was a fierce exclamation from Johnny, and a small fist surprised the Gutter Parson's left eyebrow.

'Oo-er! yer bloody cheat!' said Johnny. 'What, did n't yer lick yer

bleedin' thumb twice? Now say yer did n't, ye swindlin' liar!'

This is the most quarrelsome and wrangling game that the Gutter-babies play, and they fight bitterly over it, but no one but the Gutter Parson would lick his finger more than once in picking up the buttons. At ten o'clock, when Johnny stood on the door-step, with red cheeks, and twisting his cap in his hands, he said, —

'It were little Johnny spoiled that show this mornin'.'

Nobody else would have thought it quite in proportion to play buttons all the evening with a juvenile lunatic for the purpose of obtaining this minute and obvious information.

But herein lay at once the foolishness and the genius of our Gutter Parson.

THE INGREDIENTS

BY HENRY KITCHELL WEBSTER

THE Model knew the tricks of the trade; so when she noticed that the painter's gaze had settled itself at the level of the flounce on her petticoat, she straightened her back, raised her bare arms, and indulged in a long, slow stretch and a yawn that made her eyes water. There was no hurry. He'd be working away down there on the lower part of his canvas for some time.

In the corner, behind Burton, was a big mirror, and if she had craned her neck just a little, she might, without interfering with him, have seen the deliberate, infallible brush strokes that were the envy and the despair of so many of his colleagues. For you might

quarrel with Burton's ideas, — or what some people considered his lack of them, — or with the palette he sometimes worked in; but there were no two words about his painting.

The Model did n't look. If any one had asked her, — which no one did, — she might have discoursed feelingly on the folly of painting a picture of a girl washing her hands in a common white porcelain wash-bowl that stood on an imitation mahogany wash-stand, with a cheap porcelain pitcher beside it, and the slop-jar, which completed the set, glaring, without apology, in the foreground. Also, she might have had a word to say of the absurdity of hang-

ing a corner of the room, as Burton had done, in a light-blue eight-cent wall paper. And what was the sense, when a girl had come up to the studio in a perfectly new brown suit that was the latest style, — absolutely the latest, — in painting her picture in a common white petticoat and chemise? That was what she wanted to know. At least, it was what she would have wanted to know had her thirst for any sort of knowledge been more than negligible.

Instead, she started another stretch. But, as Burton looked up just then, she checked it hastily and resumed the pose.

'Tired?' he asked. 'It's rather hard, is n't it?'

'Well now, it's harder than you'd think,' she assented. 'Bending over just a little like that, puts a sort of crick in your back. I'd rather be all doubled up, or standing on one leg, or something.'

With a little roll of his loaded brush, Burton defined a high light on the rim of the bowl. Then he stepped back for a look.

'We'll call it a day,' he said.

The girl wriggled her shoulders and lounged across to the steam radiator, where she leaned back, folding her arms behind her.

Burton pushed the easel a little farther out into the room, and in doing so, turned it so the girl could see what he had been painting.

She looked at it vaguely, without the slightest change of expression. 'Well,' she said encouragingly, 'that slop-jar certainly does look awfully natural.' She yawned again, but this time, when she saw that Burton was smiling, she shaded it off into a rather apologetic little laugh. 'I guess I ain't much on art,' she added.

'I'm with you there.' Burton nodded emphatically. 'I'm not much on art myself.'

She looked round at him, with a momentary flash of interest. She could believe what he said easily enough. He was not like the rest of them. His trimly cut hair was brushed in an ordinary way; his ordinary-looking tweed suit would n't have disgraced a teller in a bank, and there was not a paint stain on him anywhere, — not even on his hands. But her interest died out as he added, —

'At least, it's a question of spelling. Art, with a big A —'

He broke off and went close to the canvas, contemplating the brush work over a patch of it with a thoughtful eye.

The girl was looking at a portrait that stood out at an angle from the wall, as if inviting inspection. It was of a man somewhere about sixty years old, — prosperous, authoritative, restrained, — a formidable, predacious-looking figure, characteristic of the rapidly passing heroic age of American finance.

'That's Kirby, is n't it?' she said. 'Randolph Kirby?'

Burton nodded without looking up.

'I think that's fine,' said the Model. 'Why it might almost be a photograph of him.'

The painter smiled. 'That's what Kirby said about it himself. But still, the question arises — I didn't ask Kirby this — why have a portrait at all? Why not stick to photographs?'

'I've thought of that.' Evidently the Model found it rather puzzling. 'Oh, but there's some class to a portrait,' she concluded.

'It shows you've got the price,' suggested Burton; and the girl nodded assent.

'I've seen his picture in the papers,' she went on. 'That's how I knew him. I see his daughter's got her divorce.' She leaned back comfortably against the radiator and stroked her arms. 'I

guess those foreign counts are a pretty bum lot, even the best of them. She certainly drew down a lemon all right.'

Burton had caught up a brush and was making an imperceptible change in the color of one of the shadows on the face.

'We'll finish this to-morrow,' he said, cheerfully ignoring the topic she had chosen. He fell back for another look and regarded his work with undisguised satisfaction. 'So you don't think much of this, eh?'

'Oh, I suppose it's all right,' said the Model, 'only, — well, I should think you'd paint something pretty.'

'Like this?' he questioned. He walked swiftly across the studio to where another easel stood, its canvas turned toward the wall. He wheeled it round and pushed it toward the light.

He heard a little gasp of wonder from the Model. Then came a silence more eloquent than words.

'My!' breathed the Model at the end of it. 'My, but ain't that swell?' She turned on Burton with sudden vehemence. 'Who did it?' she demanded.

He answered with an ironical little bow.

'You!' she cried.

'What's worse,' he assented, 'I'm going to sign it.'

'Well, why in the world, if you can do things like that, do you —?'

The Model let the sentence trail away as her look reverted to the picture she had been posing for.

'I don't know,' said Burton thoughtfully. 'I ask myself that question every day. I suppose it's an attempt to demonstrate that it's possible to serve both God and Mammon.'

He plunged his hands in his pockets and began to move restlessly back and forth across the room.

The girl paid no more attention to him than to the answer he had given

her, which she had not understood. She was gazing with round eyes and open mouth at the portrait.

'Did she really have those furs?' she asked at last. 'Or did you just make them up?'

'Yes, she had the furs and she had the necklace. I've painted them pretty well, have n't I? That necklace, now, — a jeweler could almost identify the pearls.'

The cutting edge of irony in his voice was lost on the girl.

'I should think he could,' she wondered.

Burton's restless pace grew quicker. He was struggling with an overmastering desire to tell the truth for once. The clear absurdity of the impulse made it all the harder to resist. After all, where could he find a safer depository than in the uncomprehending ears of the girl who stood gaping there. He stopped short and faced her.

'I'm going to tell you a secret,' he said.

The girl looked round at him, puzzled, — a little uneasy. It was n't a bit like Burton to get fresh with his models. She'd posed for him long enough to find that out. He never had much to say, and his one concern at the end of a sitting seemed always to be to get rid of her as early as possible. He was looking straight at her, but with an abstracted gaze that saw nothing.

'That picture over there, the one you're posing for, is a piece of really honest work. But it's more than that. It's really beautiful. Oh, there's no doubt about it. I know it. And there'll always be a small class of people in the world who'll know it. Perhaps after they've said so often enough, the others may come to agree with them. Not because they see it themselves, but because they'll believe what they've been told. It may be that some mil-

lionaire of the twenty-second century, if there are any millionaires then, will buy it for a quarter of a million dollars; and then people will stand in front of it in the gallery and look solemn, and check it in their catalogues to convince themselves that they've really seen it. Whether that happens or not, — and I'll be too dead to care before it does, — no amount of silly praise nor ignorant neglect, nor change of the fashion of the day, can make one grain of difference to that picture. It'll always be there, and there'll always be a few that know. In their hearts, the rest will always agree with you.'

The Model had been placidly occupied stroking out the wrinkles in the petticoat about her hips, but she straightened up with a little start on the 'you,' and looked at him in vague embarrassment. She wished he'd stop talking and let her go home.

Burton strode over to the other easel and dragged it out farther into the light.

'Now just look at this thing,' he commanded. 'Oh, yes, I've used lots of pretty pink and white paint, and I've painted a pretty pink and white face, and the rest to match. And as you say, the furs are expensive and the pearls are real. But look at it. What is her weight resting on? Nothing. Where's her back-bone? Nowhere. She has n't any. Where's her right leg? There was n't room for it, if she was to taper down like that. Look at the size of that foot! She could n't stand on it. See how bright her eyes are. That's because they are n't in the plane of her face, really, but way out in front of it. They ought to be strung on two strings like beads, to keep them from falling. In four words, the thing is plausibly and consistently and infernally rotten.'

He stepped back from it with a grim laugh. He had forgotten the very ex-

istence of the girl beside him. On her part, she was wondering whether she'd come back to-morrow or not. Oh, she supposed he was all right, really. Only she wished he'd shut up and let her go.

'Of course, in its own way it's good,' he went on. 'It has to be. You have to know how to draw to do a thing as bad as that and get away with it. But the further you can go, without giving yourself away, the better they like it. I guess in that direction, this thing's about my limit.'

He turned away and strode off on his old patrol across the room.

The girl edged tentatively in the direction of the stairs up to the loft where her clothes were. But he stopped her with a gesture.

'Why do I go on with it?' he demanded. 'That's the question. It is n't because I need the money. Lord! I'm rolling in it, from the dozens and scores of these things I've done before. Why don't I turn honest, now I've grown rich? Well, I like to be the fashion. I suppose that's the answer — one answer anyway. As long as these idiots are waiting three or four ahead all the time for stuff like this, I go on turning it out. And they like it. Bless you! They eat it up. There's a sort of pleasure, I suppose, in seeing how far I can go without giving myself away. Oh, they don't deserve anything better, I know. I tried it once with one of the best of them —'

He broke off with a little laugh, and, oddly enough, his gaze swung round to the picture of Kirby that stood out on the floor at an angle from the wall.

'Her father was a real man, and I'd an idea that she was a real girl; that there was something inside her clothes and behind her face.'

The girl was looking at him now with an expression of genuine interest, and her look stopped Burton as suddenly

as a dash of cold water in his face. She scented a romance!

'All right,' he said shortly. 'I'm through for the day. Run along and dress.'

Five minutes later he was able to watch her go, with a smile of pure amusement at his own expense. He was enough of a philosopher for that. He realized quite well that everybody, once in a while, had to turn loose and make a blithering fool of himself. He could hardly have chosen a better witness for his outbreak than the Model. She would account for the whole thing with the comfortable adjective 'nutty,' and let it go at that. And, after all, she would probably be nearer right than any of his friends.

Suppose, just suppose, the outbreak had come a little later, before the visitor he was expecting now any minute. Burton straightened up with a grin, turned his picture of the girl at the wash-stand to the wall, and was in the act of turning the portrait of the girl with the necklace, when he checked his hand and left the thing where it was. What's more, he lied to himself about his reason for doing it.

He said the reason was that it would save explanations, avoid false pretenses, and so on. The real reason was that he hoped that when the girl who used to be Ethel Kirby looked at the portrait of this other young girl with the necklace, she would ask a question and give him a chance to answer it. Then, to show himself how little the visit meant to him, he began setting his palette to rights and cleaning up his brushes. Because, of course, it was altogether likely that she would not come.

It was not until he heard a ring at the bell that he wondered how he should address her. Countess? That would seem like rubbing it in. Oh, well, it was n't really necessary to call people

anything, if one used a little management.

Perhaps that was what made his greeting rather warmer than he had meant it to be.

'Oh, how do you do?' he cried, when his opening door revealed her. 'I was afraid you would n't come, after all.'

'I'm not interrupting then by being too early?'

It was hard even for his trained eyes to see just where she had changed. She was little, if any, thinner. Certainly there were no wrinkles. Even the bloom on her skin was still there. There was a little more definition to her features perhaps — more of what he was in the habit of calling edge. But it was not so much the features themselves after all, as the expressions that played across them. Her smile, — ah, that was different. It had come almost instantly with her recognition of him. Certainly before his word of greeting was half spoken. Her old smile used to break through so slowly, unevenly, as if against a shy, reluctant resistance.

All that went through his head in just the second it took to shut the door after her.

'Oh, you're safely after hours,' he assured her. 'Let me take your coat. It had to be warm here for the model. Yes, she's gone home.'

'Dad said he thought you would n't mind if I ran in for a look. He's awfully proud of it. But I really think he keeps you painting portraits of him just for the fun of watching you work. He says he's never met more than half a dozen men who really knew their business, and you're one of them.'

Burton was a pretty good stage manager. She did not see the portrait until he had released her from her coat. Then, as she turned, her eye fell on it.

'There he is,' said Burton.

She nodded and did not speak immediately.

'Yes, there he is,' she assented.

It would have been an exaggeration to say she did it raggedly, or even unevenly. But some of the hard, smooth suavity was gone out of her voice.

'Some of his business friends,' said Burton, 'like it rather less than the first one I did of him — the one they've got at the bank.'

She assented with a curt nod that reminded him a little of her father. 'They would.' And she took her time about explaining. 'There's rather more of him in it than they see.' She turned and looked at him thoughtfully. 'I wonder a little that you saw it. I'd an idea that no one ever saw — just that man, but me.'

Burton walked up close to the canvas and began studying a corner of it as if he suspected something wrong in the varnishing.

'He talked about — you pretty constantly while I was painting it,' he said quietly; and he did n't look round at her.

He did not need to. The tension of the little silence that followed his words had as much meaning as any look there could have been in her face. A moment later, he heard her turn away.

'Oh, Sylvia Herbert!' she exclaimed. And that released him from his affected occupation. 'She told me you were doing her.'

He watched her face intently, while she gazed in silence for a minute or two at the portrait of the girl with the necklace. Her expressions were well schooled now and, at first, there was nothing to see except a polite simulation of interest. Then, irrepressibly, a cynical little smile flashed across it. And in that same instant, she knew he was watching her.

She turned on him quickly and met his own smile of complete understanding.

'Yes,' she said, 'that's the way I

wanted you to paint me. And how disappointed and angry I was when I found you were n't doing it!' Her eyes went back to the portrait. 'I can see now how silly it is. I did n't know then — four years ago. I suppose you must always have known. I don't suppose a man could do that — unless he knew better.'

And then came what was to him the first real reminder of old times her presence had brought, — the little gasp of consternation following the utterance of a remark that had not sounded as she meant it to.

'You're quite right about that,' he said. 'I said the same thing not ten minutes ago.'

'Then why —' But she broke off for a fresh start. 'You knew this was the sort of thing I wanted — just exactly what you were doing for everybody else. And you had n't ref — I mean, you meant to go on doing it for other people. You've been doing it ever since, have n't you? Then, why would n't you do it for me?'

That was the question he had hoped she would ask. He would not have denied, now, that this was the reason why he had left Sylvia Herbert's portrait out to stare at them. But he was not ready with his answer. Queerly enough, it was not because she had changed so much from the girl he had known pretty well, four years ago, but because she had changed so little.

With an uncanny little flash of insight she guessed what was making him hesitate. 'Oh, you can talk frankly enough about Ethel Kirby. I'm — someone else — altogether.'

'I wonder whether I can't answer you best by showing you — what I was trying to do then. I've got the thing here, just as it was that morning, four years ago, when you —'

She was smiling reminiscently.

'What a rage she was in! Yes, I'd

like to see it very much, if you can find it without too much trouble.'

'I can find it,' he said; but for a moment he just stood there looking at her. And at last the mask melted.

'That's what I came up for, really. For a look at Ethel Kirby. I wanted to make sure there was such a person — once.'

For a canvas that had been left unfinished four years ago by as busy a man as Burton, it was surprisingly easy to find. But when he came back from his alcove, only a moment later, lugging the big unframed stretcher, she was the woman he had opened his door to, self-possessed, secure in her defenses. And she was looking, in serene amusement, at the still-life for the picture he had been painting that day. The corner he had hung so carefully in eight-cent paper, the imitation mahogany wash-stand, and the dollar-and-ninety-eight-cent set that adorned it.

'That is n't furniture,' he explained. 'It's props for a picture.'

'A picture! Out of that?' She laughed. 'I suppose that's your way of getting even with Sylvia.'

He leaned the unfinished portrait, still face in, against the wall. It was not quite time for that. Then he turned round the canvas of the model washing her hands. And he took care not to disturb the long, silent scrutiny she bestowed on it even by so much as a glance at her.

'Somehow, it makes you feel good,' she admitted, at last. 'It's so fresh and true-looking. The light's so clear, and cool, — like early morning. You feel as if you'd like to splash around in that water yourself. It reflects so beautifully from the girl's arms. And *how* you've made that awful wall-paper sing! But — but why —'

She turned on him now and her voice was full of protest. 'Why could n't it be beautiful as well as true? That —

that happens to be an important question to me, just now.'

'It is beautiful,' he said quietly.

'But it's made up of such ugly — ingredients. Why not a pretty model and pretty French — things, and the petticoat put on straight, instead of all humped around like that. And why pick out that dreadful paper and that fearful wash-stand and that horrible —!'

She nodded indignantly at the slop-jar that shone shamelessly white in the foreground.

'It was the most beautiful thing I could think of to put just there. It needed to be plain and white and just about that size, or your first look at the picture would n't have satisfied you the way it did. A homely fact — even an ugly fact, out in plain sight in the foreground, does n't need to spoil the picture.'

She looked up quickly, but if any secondary meaning underlay his words, his face gave no sign. He went on thoughtfully, —

'Of course, the other sort of thing can be beautiful, too. Laces and brocades and Empire furniture. But what's the use. Everybody knows pearls are beautiful. So is a wet cake of soap. Beauty's a matter of relations, not ingredients.' He pulled up with a shrug. 'Preaching again! Here endeth the first lesson.'

She ignored his apology. 'I think I'm beginning to see. She's just an ordinary girl, putting on her ordinary clothes, and when she's had her breakfast, she'll probably go down to some ordinary job in a street-car. And yet she's doing a beautiful thing, just washing her hands. And she'll do other beautiful things, in the course of an ordinary day's work — if only people with the right sort of eyes happen to look at her. And if she has the right sort of eyes herself, she can see beauti-

ful things about her all day long. That's the moral, is n't it?

'Oh, I don't pretend to be a missionary,' he began, a little uncomfortably.

But she cut him short.

'I know you don't. You can see the truth for yourself. Why bother about the stupid people who can't? — I suppose you've painted other things like this? All along?'

'More or less.'

'So that some day you can show us that you've only been laughing.' She let that sink in with a little silence, and he could think of no way to break it. 'But — I've an idea you meant to help me — when I needed it — without knowing — four years ago. And if you had n't been too afraid of being a missionary, and not being understood — and having to bother — you would have helped. — Well, I need help now, again. And I'm going to ask for it.'

By now, he had no idea of trying to break the silence. Even when she began to speak again he did not fully hear at first. Afraid of being a missionary, — of being misunderstood, — of having to bother! When he might have helped!

'You said beauty was a matter of relations, not ingredients. That's right, is n't it? Well, how far does that go? How far can I go with it?'

'How far? Why, all the way, I should think. Certainly truth is n't a matter of facts, nor goodness a matter of doing certain things and leaving undone certain others. It's true of everything, I should say, that's an art rather than a science.'

'You mean, living itself's an art?'

He nodded. 'Praise God!'

'That's all very well for you. But there are some of us who can't feel quite so well satisfied.'

She gave another little gasp at that, and made a quick gesture of appeal to him. 'Please don't mind! I should n't

care, — don't you see? — if you'd just let me go the other time. If you'd painted my portrait as I wanted you to, — a vain, spoiled, young ignorant thing reaching out for a lot of unrealities because they glittered and she wanted them. On her way to be scorched and disillusioned, — oh, and very bitterly unhappy. It was n't up to you. You were n't your brother's keeper. You need n't have cared. But you knew, and you did care. In a way, you even warned me. You painted me so real and solid, so completely the Ethel Kirby I was getting away from, the girl who used to manage to get down to breakfast with dad about three mornings in seven, that you made me homesick. Took the shine off the — Christmas-tree ornaments I was reaching in among the candles for. You cared enough to do that. But when I resented it, because I did n't understand, — you shrugged your shoulders and washed your hands of me. When you might have tried harder, spoken more plainly.

'Of course —' she paused, and her old, slow smile came through — 'there was no one else who did even as much as you. But there was n't anyone else who both knew and — cared. Dear old dad — if I wanted anything, that settled it. He might have been unhappy and fearful, but he would n't let me know it. Do you remember how he sided with me that morning I brought him in to see the portrait?'

Burton laughed. 'Remember? It might have been yesterday!'

But at that, the light went out of her face and she shivered.

'Yesterday!' she echoed.

'Yes,' he persisted. 'You're Ethel Kirby still. You've hardly changed at all. Why I could finish that portrait from you, almost as you sit, if only you were dressed right. For that matter, I've still got the frock you posed in.

Changed! Why you even smiled in your old way, not a minute ago.' He went across to the unfinished portrait that leaned, face in, against the wall, and laid a hand on it. 'Won't you look and see for yourself?'

'No,' she protested. 'Not to-day.'

He had a quick way of understanding some things. He did not urge her further, but came back without a word, and stood beside her while she looked meditatively at the picture of the girl at the wash-stand. It *was* like old times, this long, unembarrassed silence. At last she looked round at him.

'I said I needed help again and I was going to ask you for it. I think perhaps you've helped me already, — given me the clue I needed. But I want to be sure I understand. You said that even an ugly fact, out in plain sight, in the foreground, need n't spoil the picture. Did you mean that for me?'

She shot the question at him so squarely, her eyes held his so steadily, under those sensitive, mobile brows of hers, that he stammered and flinched away.

'Of course,' he began, lamely, 'I did n't mean —'

'Oh, won't you help, even now?' she cried. 'What's the use of being polite and pretending? I was a fool, and for a while, a perfectly eternal while, I stood the consequences rather than admit what a fool I'd been. And at last, when the consequences grew so — unspeakably degrading that I could n't stand them, I ran away from them, — and took the world into my confidence. I've no secrets any more, — even from the Hearst reporters. There's my divorce, the first thing any one thinks of when he sees me, — out in plain sight, in the foreground of the picture — the receptacle for — oh, gossip and guesses and a subtle sort of commiserating ridicule. That's the way it seemed to me. I felt the picture was cheapened,

— spoiled. And then you seemed to tell me it was n't. I wanted to be sure that was what you meant.'

She could have cried, — or laughed, — over the way the man was taking it. Here she was turning out her soul before him, and he — oh, it was like him! How many times, in the old days, had he encouraged her confidences by the same sort of innocent device. He had dropped down, thoughtfully, on a low stool before his brushes, and was wiping them methodically, one by one, on an oily rag.

"'Cheapened, — spoiled!'" he echoed. 'What was Ethel Kirby anyway? A little fool, of course. Every one worth being allowed to grow up is a fool when young, and off and on when old. She was a promising little fool, with an aptitude for discovering that fire would burn her fingers, and that soap-bubbles would burst, and that thin ice would crack, — and that Christmas-tree ornaments run rather low in bullion.'

He dropped his brush, sprang up, and before she could protest had turned the unfinished portrait from the wall.

'There's she is. Look at her. She's not so much. You're worth a dozen of her. You've found out all she promised to learn, and a whole lot beside. You're young —'

'Young!'

'Yes! I know how old you are. I even remember your birthday.'

She smiled, reluctantly, at that.

'Young,' he reiterated, 'and healthy and courageous.'

By now her attention was fastened to the portrait, and for a while she made no comment on what he had said. Just looked and looked, with half-shut, thoughtful eyes. But at last she smiled again, and spoke.

'I suppose she was n't so much. I suppose, in rather a silly way, I've been idealizing her. But at least, she

was young and healthy, and, in her foolish way, courageous. And I suppose that I am still a bit of a fool.'

'Oh, yes,' he said.

That surprised her into looking up at him. But there was not a sign of resentment in her face.

'In general, or in particular?' she asked.

He took a long breath and held it for a second before he answered. She was enough her father's daughter to be a bit formidable.

'I was thinking in particular,' he said, 'about your new toy; your toy tragedy.'

Her eyes darkened at that, and her fine expressive brows flattened ominously.

'Child,' he cried, 'there are real troubles in the world — real tragedies! There are branded people, mutilated, broken people, with life on their hands. And many a one of them has made a beautiful thing of it. Yet there you stand with that tragic mask of yours, talking of being cheapened, spoiled. Why you're intact altogether — all but your pride. That's been rather badly singed, I'll admit. But, bless you, it will grow out again. The real things that matter, your energy, and courage, and faith — yes, your faith! Have n't you shown it this afternoon by coming to me?'

The tension of her body relaxed a little. She turned away rather suddenly and pressed her palms to her eyes. She was not the sort who liked to cry on anybody, and Burton cheerfully ignored the phenomenon of tears.

'You've turned missionary, too,' he said.

That brought her wet eyes round to him wide open.

'Missionary!'

'You've convicted me,' he said, quite seriously, 'on three counts. Of being a coward, a snob, and a charlatan — a charlatan without the courage of my convictions.'

She laughed rather raggedly. 'And I'm a fool with a toy tragedy.' And then suddenly another laugh came, a laugh of pure happiness, that clutched at his throat as even her tears had failed to do. 'Oh, it's so good to be back,' she said, 'scolding each other and calling awful names. I expect they're all true, too,' she concluded more soberly.

His face was sober, too, but there was a sort of smile in behind it somewhere. 'Shall we both reform?' he asked. 'Is it a bargain?'

He was holding out his hand now, but she had hers clasped behind her, waiting for terms.

'If I'll put a coat of black soap all over Sylvia, will you let me finish the portrait of Ethel Kirby?'

She looked in rather a puzzled fashion at the girl with the necklace. 'Black soap!' she questioned. 'What's that for?'

'To make the paint come off. Give me a fresh start.'

The cynical little smile flashed across her face again. 'It seems a pity,' she said. 'Sylvia will love that down to the ground. — Are you sure you've got the frock I posed in?'

THE GOVERNMENT AND THE CORPORATIONS

BY FRANCIS LYNDE STETSON

THE relation between the government and the corporations is that between two existences similar in nature. As observed by Professor Maitland, 'There seems to be a genus of which State and Corporation are species. They seem to be permanently organized groups of men; they seem to be *group units*.' Sir Frederick Pollock says that 'the greatest of artificial persons, politically speaking, is the State.' These utterances fairly present the conclusion of the present day that every government essentially is a corporation, in the sense that 'it is an entity separate and distinct from the sum of the members that compose it.'

The government here referred to is distinct not only from its members, but from the person of its administrator, be he emperor, king, president, or governor. Whatever his style or name, the head of the government is merely what has been termed a 'Sovereign Member.'

This distinction between the private person and the public person termed the sovereign, has been noted from the time of the early canonists to that of our modern satirist. The former said, 'The Commonwealth can do no act by itself, but he who rules the Commonwealth acts in virtue of the Commonwealth, and of the office which it has conferred upon him.' Thackeray contented himself with presenting in triptych caricature Ludovicus Rex resolved into Ludovicus and Rex. The most magnificent of monarchs, unapproachably absolute in power, and despite his declaration that *he* was the state, was

utterly incapable of absorbing the state into his own personality. Such a complete identification has been presented only in the pure theocracy of the Hebrews, whose sovereign Jehovah is identified in our English Exodus as 'I AM.'

The lofty conception of such an absolute, isolated, and all-containing sovereign is unattainable in any finite arrangement. Even in our latter-day republics, the continually declared sovereignty of 'the people' is purely idealistic. As suggested by Professor Maitland, it may be a question whether the people 'that sues and prosecutes in our courts is a collective name for some living men, a name whose meaning changes at every minute.' Some such obscurity beclouds also the current question, 'Shall the people rule?' which seems sometimes to mean only a part of the people; perhaps only a plurality, and apparently none who are able to stand alone:

This somewhat abstruse and remote introduction has been intended to lead up for the purposes of this paper to a definition of the term government. This we understand to be the power that, within its particular jurisdiction, makes and executes the positive law. In this sense the government does not include the judiciary, which executes no law and, at least in theory, makes none. The government is neither the legislature alone, nor the executive alone, nor yet the sovereign people, but is the personification of the sovereign will.

What then is the relation of this government thus defined to the other artificial entity, the corporation, and specifically the business corporation?

In the public mind, and in the mind of many publicists, the corporation derives its existence from the State as its creator. This, as Professor Maitland observes, was the teaching of the legists and canonists. 'The corporation is, and must be, the creature of the State. Into its nostrils the State must breathe the breath of a fictitious life, for otherwise it would be no animated body, but individualistic dust.' But, as we shall see, the fact is that, except for statutory prohibitions, substantially all of the so-called essential features of corporations and corporate action could be developed, and be exercised, pursuant to voluntary agreement, without any direct authority or assistance from any government whatever.

In its relation to current theories of the responsibility of the corporation to the state, this point is of sufficient interest to be considered somewhat particularly. Mr. Taylor, with his accustomed accuracy, has stated that there is no reason to believe that in the early times any special authorization from the state was necessary in order to form a corporation, though it became so under the Empire. Certainly it became so under the Papacy, when Innocent IV, in the plenitude of temporal power, promulgated (and apparently he was the first to conceive) the celebrated 'fiction theory': that the corporation is a person, but only by fiction. It is interesting just here to note that the Roman idea of the corporation found expression in two terms, *Universitas* and *Collegium*, which now have become absolutely divorced from all thought of trade, but are inseparable from the idea of higher education.

As stated by Blackstone, under the civil law the mere act and voluntary

association of its members was sufficient to create a corporation, 'provided such convention was not contrary to the law, for then it was "*collegium illicitum*."'

Except as and when expressly prohibited by statute, two forms of association answering many, if not all, of the purposes of a corporation, have been developed under English law without the necessity of express governmental consent. These two methods of combining the contributions of many for the conduct of a business undertaking are (1) the partnership known as a joint-stock corporation, with transferable shares; and (2) the trust.

1. *As to the joint-stock company or partnership with transferable shares*, the facts have been summarized by Sir Nathaniel Lindley with such clearness and authority as to render unnecessary any different statement. He says:—

'Upon the whole, therefore, it appears that there is no case deciding that a joint-stock company with transferable shares and not incorporated by charter or Act of Parliament, is illegal at common law; that opinions have, nevertheless, differed upon this question; that the tendency of the courts was formerly to declare such companies illegal; that this tendency exists no longer; and that an unincorporated company with transferable shares will not be held illegal at common law, unless it can be shown to be of a dangerous and mischievous character, tending to the grievance of her Majesty's subjects. The legality at common law of such companies may, therefore, be considered as finally established. . . .

'If these propositions are assented to, it will, it is conceived, be found impossible to establish the illegality at common law of unincorporated joint-stock companies with transferable shares.

'To say that such a partnership is illegal, because it assumes to act as a

corporation, is untrue; for none of the above acts are characteristic of corporations. What distinguishes corporations from other bodies is their independent personality; and no society which does not arrogate to itself this character can fairly be said to assume to act as a corporation. Besides this, it is by no means clear that it is illegal at common law to assume to act as a body corporate.'

This statement, of course, is as to the common law unmodified by any statute of prohibition. The idea was familiar also to the civil law and to the canon law under which flourished unincorporated associations of persons not merging or losing the individuality of their participation, but joining in a common undertaking. Such an association was termed *societas*, as the collective name for its members, who were called *socii*, and required no express governmental sanction.

These voluntary associations grew and multiplied in England through the favor of the trading-community, until the passage of the notorious Bubble Act of 1719, which declared such associations to be common nuisances and indictable as such. The futility, if not the folly, of such legislation, absolutely prohibiting a natural development of an honest commercial instinct and convenience, had become clear in 1825, when Parliament unconditionally repealed the Bubble Act, after a century's experience of its demonstrated ineffectiveness.

The only real inconvenience to the members of such voluntary associations was the liability of each member or partner for all of the debts of the joint undertaking.

2. This inconvenience, however, was avoided, and substantially all of the benefits secured, by the ingenious invention of the other form of voluntary association, briefly termed the Trust,

which continues to the present day, and which is tolerated tacitly even by the Sherman Anti-Trust Law, except when operating as a monopoly or in restraint of interstate commerce. This form of association is constituted by an agreement investing certain persons designated as trustees, and their successors, with certain property, and powers specified in respect thereof. It possessed, and still possesses, all the advantages of a corporation excepting existence for an indefinite period, which, however, is impossible only because of statutes which may be described generally as prohibiting perpetuities. Trusts of this kind are familiar in respect of real estate in Massachusetts, and were recognized by the United States Supreme Court, in the case of *Eliot v. Freeman* (220 U. S. 178), as not being corporations, and as exempt from the Federal corporation tax.

This particular discussion has been carried into this detail as a basis for the conclusion that the ground of state interference with corporations is not that the so-called characteristic features of corporate activity could have developed only by express grant from some government, which in virtue thereof was entitled to exercise over corporations a control not deemed reasonable in respect of natural persons. Without now disputing that such control may be exercised, it is desirable to eliminate a general and erroneous idea as to the foundation of this generally exercised power.

From this point we may proceed to consider those artificial persons strictly and accurately called corporations, which, until the nineteenth century, existed in common-law jurisdiction only by prescription or by special grant from the state, either the sovereign or the legislature. The essential features of a corporation, those which distinguish it from every other form of asso-

ciation, have eluded analysis and definition despite pursuit and insight by the keenest and most untiring of human intellects. One test after another has had to be abandoned as insufficient or indiscriminate. To-day, about the nearest approach to general agreement is that the essence of a corporation consists in a capacity: (1) To have perpetual (or definite) succession under a special name and in an artificial form; (2) to take and grant property, contract obligations, sue and be sued by its corporate name as an individual; and (3) to receive and enjoy in common grants of privileges and immunities.

Mr. Taylor has undertaken to indicate the points of corporate character which are lacking in an ordinary partnership, but is obliged immediately to recognize that not all of these points distinguish all corporations. He says,—

‘An ordinary partnership differs from a corporation at common law in the following points: *First*, it is not an artificial person; *secondly*, a change of partners dissolves the firm; *thirdly*, the partners are personally liable for all firm debts; *fourthly*, they are each other’s agents in respect to the firm business; and, *fifthly*, a partnership requires no special sanction for its existence.

‘Not all of these points of difference remain to-day. It is no longer clear that a corporation is a distinct person; and, as to the third of these points, it may be said, that in many corporations the members are personally liable, and that in some limited partnerships not all the partners are personally liable.’

It cannot be doubted, however, that in America the general (though not the unanimous) opinion is that expressed by Mr. Machen, ‘(1) that a corporation is an entity distinct from the sum of the members that compose it, and (2) that this entity is a person.’

Mr. Machen happily illustrates his

first proposition by invoking the figure of Alma Mater.

‘Was there ever a school-boy who had any difficulty in understanding that his school is something distinct from the boys that compose it? He does not need to be told that the school may preserve its identity after a new generation of boys have grown up so that not a single pupil remains the same, and though every teacher may have changed, and though the school building may have moved to a different location. He finds nothing strange or mystical in the conception of the school as an entity.’

This recalls Judge Cowen’s quotation of Heraclitus: ‘One cannot step into the same river twice’; and of Aristotle: ‘The river retains the same name although some water is always coming and some going.’

The truth is that from the twilight of our tribal ancestors men have acted in groups rather than separately, and that they have conceived of these groups as distinct entities.

Mr. Machen’s second proposition, that a corporation is a person, is reasonably explained by him in its popular sense, ‘as a metaphor to express the truth that a corporation bears some analogy or resemblance to a person, and is to be treated in law in certain respects as if it were a person or a rational being capable of feeling and volition.’

The point is of more than academic interest for, under the Federal Constitution, rights of great consequence have been recognized as belonging to corporations as being persons within the intendment of one article, and have been denied to them as not being persons under another article.

But, despite philosophic differences of the doctors, the shrewd common sense of the business world at the beginning of the nineteenth century came

to recognize the practical advantages of statutory authority for a corporation with a distinctive name and definite capacity, even though it was possible to obtain and to exercise all this under more or less complicated voluntary agreements.

The American war for independence involved a revolt, not only against the rule of Britain, but also against concessions of special privileges, and naturally enough American sentiment first developed the idea of 'free-for-all' acts of incorporation.

The model statute of this kind, which it is believed was the first of the kind in the world, was, 'An Act relative to incorporations for manufacturing purposes,' passed by the legislature of New York on March 22, 1811. This statute, consisting of only eight sections and eighty-seven lines, was a model of its kind in the skillfulness, comprehensiveness, and conciseness of its expression. It permitted any five persons, by making and filing a certificate, to form a manufacturing corporation with a capital not exceeding one hundred thousand dollars.

This general incorporation act was followed by one in Massachusetts in 1836, one in Michigan and one in Connecticut in 1837, and one in Indiana in 1838. Since then the world has fallen into line, the English Companies' Act, called by Sir Francis Palmer the 'Magna Charta of coöperative enterprises,' having been passed in 1862.

These general laws terminated the era of monopolies and special privilege, for, as observed in 1819 by Chief Justice Spencer, —

'There is nothing of an exclusive nature in the statute; but the benefits from associating and becoming incorporated for the purposes held out in the act are offered to all who will conform to its requisitions. There are no franchises or privileges which are not com-

mon to the whole community. In this respect incorporations under the statute differ from corporations to whom some exclusive or peculiar privileges are granted.'

More acutely it has been remarked by Mr. Morawetz that, 'The right of forming a corporation, and of acting under the general incorporation laws, can be called a franchise only in the sense in which the right of forming a limited partnership, or of executing a conveyance of land by deed, can be called a franchise.'

Under these enlightened laws, as said by Professor Maitland, 'It has become difficult to maintain that the state makes corporations in any other sense than that in which the state makes marriages when it declares that people who want to marry can do so by going, *and cannot do so without going*, to church or registry. The age of corporations created by way of privilege is passing away.'

And so it is; the ordinary business corporation of the present day is the creation, not of the state, but of the subscribers who, except for statutory prohibition, could unite by simple mutual agreement, embodying therein substantially all of the miscalled sovereign franchises.

Thus we are brought to the point where we may answer our question as to the essential relation of the present-day business corporation to the state, by saying that generally it is the same as that which mutual contractors bear to the register of their contract; and that it is not that of the clay to the potter, or of the offspring to the parent.

The consequences of the sovereign power's relaxation of its prohibitions upon liberty of such mutual contracts have been stupendous, and of enormous public advantage; for, as profoundly observed in 1839 by Mr. Ingersoll, in

his argument in the *Bank of Augusta v. Earle*, —

‘No corporation is created in contemplation of law but for the public good. Charters are intended to benefit the unincorporated more than the incorporated.’

Obviously, for, except in the degree that it ministers to a public want, no business corporation can operate with financial profit.

At the beginning of the nineteenth century there were in America probably not more than one hundred corporations, of which at least one half were in Massachusetts. By the year 1840 Chancellor Kent observed that corporations had multiplied with a flexibility and variety unknown to the common law. He says, ‘The increase of corporations in number, and of private industry and enterprise, has kept pace in every part of our country with the increase of wealth and improvement. The Massachusetts Legislature, for instance, in the session of 1837, incorporated upwards of seventy manufacturing corporations.’ In 1857 Judge Dillon remarked that, ‘It is probably true that more corporations were created by the legislature of Illinois at its last session than existed in the whole civilized world at the commencement of the present century.’ In the fiscal year 1909, according to the report of the Commissioner of Internal Revenue, there were in the United States 262,490 corporations of all kinds, with more than \$84,000,000,000 of stock and bonds and \$3,125,000,000 of income, paying a Federal tax of about \$27,000,000. For the fiscal year 1910–11 the figures had risen to 270,000 corporations with more than \$88,000,000,000 of stock and bonds and \$3,360,000,000 of income, paying a Federal tax of \$29,432,000. As the total wealth of the United States has been estimated at \$125,000,000,000, it would appear that nearly two thirds

of it is held by corporations. More than one fifth of the tax payments were made by 32,925 corporations of New York.

These figures proclaim in trumpet tones the public usefulness of the business corporation, but not more significantly than the following glowing words from the eloquent address of President Nicholas Murray Butler before the New York Chamber of Commerce on November 16, 1911: —

‘I weigh my words, when I say that in my judgment the limited liability corporation is the greatest single discovery of modern times, whether you judge it by its social, by its ethical, by its industrial, or, in the long run, — after we understand it and know how to use it, — by its political, effects. Even steam and electricity are far less important than the limited liability corporation, and would be reduced to comparative impotence without it. Now, what is this limited liability corporation? It is simply a device by which a large number of individuals may share in an undertaking without risking in that undertaking more than they voluntarily and individually assume. It substitutes coöperation on a large scale for individual, cut-throat, parochial competition. It makes possible huge economy in production and in trading. It means the steadier employment of labor at an increased wage. It means the modern provision of industrial insurance, of care for disability, old age, and widowhood. It means — and this is vital to a body like this — it means the only possible engine for carrying on international trade on a scale commensurate with modern needs and opportunities.’

The paramount encouragement for the growth of corporations has been acutely stated by Professor Taussig, as follows: —

‘Perhaps the most important of all

the ways in which corporate organization has promoted the development of industry has been the ease of investment, and the consequent stimulus to the saving and the making of capital. In the eighteenth century almost the only possibility of investing in securities was through the purchase of public obligations; and these, though they meant investment by the individual, usually brought no increase in the community's capital. . . . The ease of investment in corporate enterprises has stimulated savings, and by a reciprocal influence, the increasing accumulation of savings has made possible an immense increase of real capital under corporate management.'

This statement receives recent and impressive confirmation in the distribution among more than 100,000 stockholders of the United States Steel Corporation, of the steel and iron industries, held only recently by a few hundred concerns. The great and lucrative industries known as the Carnegie Steel Works were held by only forty partners.

English experience has been similar to that in our own country. There the companies have been increasing at the rate of more than four thousand a year. In 1910 they had reached 40,000, with a capital and bonds of more than twelve billion dollars, and an increase in much greater ratio in the number of shareholders.

Now we may consider what has been, and what is, the customary attitude of the government and the public toward these voluntary instrumentalities of the trading community, which are thus recognized to have been advantageous to the public in a degree unattained by any other human agency.

The governmental disposition shows itself *first*, and most fully, in the exercise of the taxing power. The home state, each foreign state in which the

corporation does business, and the United States, all find an easy mark in the identifiable and conspicuous capital of the corporation. The home state, as imagined creator, exacts enormous payments: (1) For the privilege of registration; (2) for the privilege of continuing existence; and (3) for the privilege of permitting the transfer of its shares by the holders thereof, or from the estates of deceased holders. The foreign state, exhibiting the spirit of comity which alone permits what in effect is the migration of the corporation, levies an entrance fee, and sometimes also an annual tax. The Federal government, concededly lacking any power of registration inherent in the creator of the state corporations, levies a tax, not upon them or their property or their income, but a tax, measured by their income, upon the privilege of doing business as corporations, such privilege existing under the laws of the several states, not of the United States.

These taxes are over and above, and in addition to, the *ad valorem* property tax which the corporations pay just as natural persons do, save that, unlike natural persons, in the assessment of their property the corporation officers are not allowed to deduct, but often are compelled to add, the amount of their bonded indebtedness.

A *second* important discrimination against corporations is that which takes them out of the protection of the Fourth Amendment and the Fifth Amendment to the Federal Constitution. These two amendments forming part of the Bill of Rights have been regarded as the bulwarks of protection for natural persons. But it seems now to be the established law that in every case the creating state, and, in cases involving commerce between the states, or foreign commerce, the Federal government, are free from most if not all of the prohibitions of these two guaran-

tees of security of the people in their persons, houses, paper, and effects against unreasonable searches, and against compulsory examination as witnesses against themselves in criminal cases.

A *third* disadvantage of a corporation relates to its transactions outside of its home state.

Under the luminous and far-reaching opinion of Mr. Chief Justice Taney in the *Bank of Augusta v. Earle*, corporations would be entitled to enter any state, and to transact business therein, unless expressly forbidden by the law of that state, or of the state of its origin. This privilege, guaranteed by Section 2 of Article IV of the Federal Constitution to natural persons, citizens of the several states, has been substantially curtailed (except in respect of interstate commerce) by statutes, more or less restrictive, in nearly every state. This right of exclusion may be exercised so as to disenable a foreign corporation to exercise its right as a citizen of its home state to remove to a Federal court a suit brought against it in the foreign jurisdiction. Thus has resulted a great practical difference to the corporations as compared with natural persons in the exercise of untrammelled action in the several states.

A *fourth* restriction, almost without limit in the field and the force of its operation, is imposed by the so-called anti-trust laws of the several states. The great business enterprises of the country since the Ohio dissolution of the Standard Oil Trust in 1892 have been conducted not under trust agreements, but by corporations, and therefore, it is the large corporations that have felt the special force of these statutes. So far as they are intended to protect the communities against monopolistic practices tending to prevent reasonably competitive conditions in trade, or to protect and to punish op-

pressive or unfair conduct, they must be accepted as within the exercise of the state's right of reasonable legislation. But when, as recently, the courts of a state felt themselves compelled by law to exclude from the state the International Harvester Company solely because of its constitution, and in spite of their judicial ascertainment that its conduct in that state had never been oppressive or injurious, but on the contrary highly beneficial to the people, it is permissible to doubt whether such a statute really embodies a just and reasonable conception of the function of positive law as distinguished from natural law.

Anti-trust laws have been enacted in more than two thirds of the states, which, perhaps, are to be swallowed up by the Sherman Anti-Trust Law and legislation supplementary thereto, passed or proposed for passage by the Congress. The penalties — civil and criminal — imposed by such laws often are more severe than those directed against offenses involving infractions of the Ten Commandments or of the laws of nature.

Juries hesitate to enforce such penalties personally against officers of the very same corporations whose practices they are willing to condemn. Laws of somewhat similar import long prevailed in England, but after centuries of unsatisfactory operation were swept away by the repealing acts of 1772 and 1844, on the express ground that the prohibited acts had come to be considered as favorable to the development, and not in restraint, of trade. To-day no statutes of the same purport or effect are to be found in any civilized country except the United States. It would be idle to pretend that these laws do not represent a real and honest conviction of the American people, that they are necessary for protection against real or imagined abuses; and

undoubtedly corporations must conform to them. No form of business or social activity is comparable in importance with obedience to the law. Until, as is inevitable, these laws shall be modified so as to apply in respect of evil practices, rather than the mere potentiality of such practices, a *modus vivendi* must be established. In the mean time it cannot be gainsaid that, for the common good or otherwise, they must operate as a check upon the growth and development of corporate enterprise.

But the *fifth*, and the greatest burden upon the corporations is that imposed, not as a result of governmental laws or regulations, but by a popular indisposition to accord to corporations the same kind or measure of justice that is deemed to be due to natural persons. The concrete form and the visible and imagined possessions of corporations expose them to impositions which no jury or community would think of inflicting upon individual suitors or citizens. Themselves incapable of sentiment, corporations seldom elicit sympathetic treatment from others. Many years ago an eminent English barrister gave expression to the experience of most corporation lawyers, before and since, on both sides of the ocean, when he declared that, except in the clearest of cases, a corporation had small chance of a favorable verdict.

No corporation can expect any jury to treat it like an ordinary personal suitor. One result of this discrimination undoubtedly has been unfortunate in its effect upon the administration of justice, or upon the popular feeling with regard to that administration. The errors of prejudiced or unreflecting juries have required, and they have received, correction from courts of review so frequently as to lead to a popular impression that if juries are biased against corporations, judges are biased

in their favor. It is no part of the present discussion to demonstrate that such an impression is wholly erroneous, though there is far less reason for it than is often declared. The right of the corporation to even and approximately exact justice is, of course, as sacred as that of any private suitor. Whenever such right is denied, corresponding injury is inflicted upon a form and mode of honest business enterprise which, as we have already observed, is regarded by men of wisdom and experience as the greatest social achievement of the nineteenth century. Thus a serious loss results to society itself.

The corporation is entitled to receive no more and no less than the justice due to every citizen. So long as such measure of justice is denied by juries or by commissions, the aggrieved corporation is bound to seek, and should receive, just redress in the courts. To pillory either corporations for seeking, or courts for awarding, remedial justice in accordance with the principles and procedure laid down for all citizens is not only unpatriotic and unfair, but is also unwise. For so long as the instinct of self-protection animates human nature, impatient and conscienceless men, in charge of properties, whether corporate or personal, will resort to abhorrent methods if they distrust, or have reason to distrust, legitimate modes of defense. This, like 'lynch law,' may be condemned, but the fact cannot be ignored. The effort of every reasonable man should be to contribute his influence toward the fair treatment of industrial enterprises in every form, whether individual or corporate, according to their merits and demerits.

It may be answered, and with considerable force, that in the long run men and institutions receive the kind of treatment that their conduct provokes or invites. But, as already noted, in

the case of corporations, their impersonality, invested in the popular imagination with inexhaustible resources, seems to relieve the community from extending to them any measure of that patient consideration which in many difficult cases is the safeguard of the personal litigant. A single illustration may indicate how remote and irrelevant may be the prejudices governing the result in the trial of claims against corporations. An eminent southern lawyer told me that one of his earliest cases was against a telegraph company for negligence in the transmission of a message. Having succeeded by his evidence in establishing his point, his satisfaction in his achievement as a forensic victory was considerably modified when the foreman of the jury told him, 'We found for you because we are against these corporations: they make people superficial.'

The temper of the times which now we are passing through, also contests the reasonable development of corporate enterprise. As already observed, a chief public advantage in the process of corporate organization has been found to be in the opportunities generally afforded for the investment, and the making, of capital by the investor of moderate means. But, in an era of vast and growing discontent with capital in any form, there is also a growing disposition to question whether the public service rendered by corporations in this particular has not been overestimated. This suspicion openly and boisterously expressed by the avowed socialistic organs undoubtedly lurks in the minds of many not yet prepared to wear the label of the Socialists. Their attitude, however, is reflected in many forms of governmental enactment and administration adopted in supposed response to this popular unrest, or in expectation of popular approval.

For this difficulty there is no reason-

able remedy comparable with the remedy of reasonable and patient discussion. The principles of our popular government by representation are sound, or they are unsound. To many of us they seem as sound as when they were adopted in 1789, and our constitutional guarantees are entitled to veneration and maintenance, not merely because they are venerable (though that means much), but because in the main they are right, and are such as, if not already ordained, should now be ordained by the people of the present day.

That the initiative, the referendum, and the recall, as measures of *federal* concern, are beyond the domain of present practical politics seems to have been recently recognized by Mr. Bryan and by Colonel Roosevelt, and so far as I know, the contrary has not yet been asserted by any important leader of public opinion. That the applicability of these expedients for ascertaining the popular will in particular instances *within the jurisdiction of a state*, is very limited in extent, must also be recognized. As methods of reform within these limits, they are only methods and not principles. They do not in and of themselves make men good, but are devised to permit the good to exercise a more direct influence. Their practical operation within the jurisdictions that have adopted them will demonstrate before long whether those who advocate them have seen a great light or only an *ignis fatuus*. But certainly as yet the measures are in the experimental stage. Equally certainly it is not the part of prudence, in advance of the ascertained result of these experiments, prematurely to commit our communities generally, and with inconvenience of withdrawal. The sober second thought of the people surely is as valuable as its first impression, and this sober second thought is

that which must be sought and be stimulated by the reasonable discussion which we are certain now to have. The grand debate has begun in every public forum, by every leader of public thought, throughout our forty-eight states; and in the youngest of them, most vociferously of all.

Sooner or later the debate turns upon the necessity of checking and correcting the ills of corporate management. These ills are of two-fold character: (1) those inflicted on the members of the corporation; and (2) those inflicted on the outside public

1. *As to the ills of the first class*, the derelictions or usurpations of directors, it is to be observed that such ills are such, and such only, as may be practiced by any trustee upon his beneficiary. My own observation is that as to such breaches of trust, the law of corporations and the correction by courts of equity, and criminal courts, are far more specific and more comprehensive than usually obtains in cases of personal trust.

The accountability of directors, the exhibition of their proceedings, the fidelity of their conduct, is enforced by an abundance of statutory provisions, and by judicial precedents,—civil and criminal,—for which there is no equivalent in the conduct of ordinary business. Here at least the referendum is in full force when the directors periodically appeal for the shareholders' votes. The fact that generally the proceedings of the directors are confirmed, indicates that in the main the stockholders are satisfied. Such is also the conclusion of Professor Taussig, who says:—

'It is but just to add that corporate management has often shown a high regard for the duties of directors and officers, especially in the case of those companies of moderate size in which, as has just been said, public opinion is

still strong in condemning bad faith, and almost invariably even in corporations of the most miscellaneous ownership, the rights of the shareholder who is duly registered on the books are scrupulously respected. He gets the benefit of every accruing profit, of every windfall, however ignorant or incompetent he be in the details of management. This sort of regard for the shareholder indeed is a *sine qua non* of corporate investment. . . . Without the certain maintenance of the mechanism for carrying on the agreed operations, the whole fabric of corporate investment would collapse.'

This statement of Professor Taussig accords with my own long-time personal experience. In the hundreds of board meetings attended by me, there always has been apparent the most earnest desire faithfully to observe the law, and impartially to conserve the interests of all the stockholders. It would be difficult to overestimate the value of the unpaid service rendered at much risk of personal loss by directors to stockholders, who receive their periodical dividends without often reflecting that these are the results of the most attentive service by directors. The officers receive censure for failures, and but little credit for success. In general estimation the profits are made automatically by the company, while the losses are due solely to the management. If a prevalent disposition to magnify the burdens and the risks of directors were to be carried to a point where men of responsibility should be unwilling to serve, the resultant loss to the public would be most serious.

The virtue of loyalty to the corporation and its stockholders indeed is magnified to a degree hardly conceivable by those who are not practically familiar with the careers of thousands of employees of corporations whose lives have been devoted to the service of an

organization which to them becomes an object of devotion, not unlike the church or the political party or the army or the navy, to which they may be attached. Whatever is necessary for the advancement of the interests of the corporation which they may be serving at a fixed and even meagre salary, insusceptible of increase by their action, arranges itself under the category of the absolutely necessary, justifying for its attainment a disregard of other obligations. Many of the encroachments upon the public right, and most of the transgressions of the prohibitions of the public or the moral law, have resulted from the excess of this virtue of loyalty to the corporation, by officers who had not a penny to gain or to lose by the result of their activities in these particular directions.

2. For the protection of such overzealous officers against themselves; for the protection of superior officers and directors who have no desire to be compromised or misrepresented by any sinister proceedings; for the security of innocent and unsuspecting stockholders; for protection against *corporate wrongs of the second class, those against the public*, no remedy is comparable to, nor is any more desirable than, that of suitable governmental supervision, through the system of commissions now steadily developing. Theoretically, governmental interference of this kind may seem to some to be unduly meddlesome, and beyond the limit of public right. Practically, however, it is of saving benefit, not only to the public, but to the corporations themselves attaining dimensions that strain the attention of their own officers. The experience of great common carriers under the Interstate Commerce Act of 1887; of the banks; of the insurance companies; and of the public-service corporations under the legislation of the states, justifies the belief that the

great trading companies also may find support and strength through the measurable application of corresponding public supervision.

Of course, the conditions of general trade will not allow the same kind of governmental regulation as the operations of a common carrier; but the companies will be fortified, and not injured, by reasonable requirements as to visitation by public officers. The positive provisions of the law concerning corporations are fairly abundant; but as in the case of those for the preservation of the peace and the observance of moralities by private persons, habitual conformity to the law is powerfully promoted by the mere existence of the police force, even though it be called upon rarely to exert its power. The mere existence of a governmental commission would tend in advance to prevent the occurrence of wrongs, which in every sense is better than their detection and punishment. The leading companies should be, and I believe they are, prepared to accept the appointment of trade commissions, both in the states and in the Federal union. No better buffer could be devised for absorption or avoidance of the shocks between the corporations and an impatient or critical public.

The desirability of a governmental commission as to interstate trade has been indicated by both President Taft and Colonel Roosevelt, and more specifically a month or two ago, by the Commissioner of Corporations. As the Commissioner observes, 'no judicial machinery is adapted to handle this novel problem.'

An Interstate Trade Commission is the subject of an interesting bill prepared by Mr. Victor Morawetz for the Senate Committee on Interstate Commerce, which has just published it.

Of course no governmental commission should be invested with the power

to fix prices, or to interfere more than shall be found necessary to secure fair practices and freedom from monopoly. Reasonable publicity should be secured, but without unnecessary injury to trade secrets. During the earlier stages of development every trader, corporate as well as personal, is entitled, and must be allowed, to withhold lawful processes and methods from the knowledge of competitors. It often happens that it is in the preservation of his trade secrets that the small trader finds protection against powerful rivals, and it would be contrary to sound public policy to permit unreasonable intrusion into such matters of merely domestic concern.

How much the small trader needs the protection, not only of trade secrets, but even of legalized monopoly under the form of patents and copyrights, has been indicated very recently by the National Board of Trade of Washington, D. C., in a public statement vindicating the decision that the Dick Mimeograph Company had the right to insist that users of its machines should buy only such ribbons therefor as were made by the Dick Company. The Board of Trade held that this decision was helpful to the small manufacturers, specifically as follows:—

‘To-day the concerns which are combating the great combinations, the only concerns which can successfully combat the great combinations, are those which are protected by the patent law. But for the patent law there would be but one printing-press company, one typewriter company. But for the patent law the monopoly of wealth would be complete, and the opportunity of inventive genius now protected would be hopelessly stifled.’

Any governmental commission might well follow the general course indicated in the admirable report in November, 1911, of the Railroad Secur-

ities Commission appointed by President Taft, of which the chairman was President Hadley of Yale University.

This report points out, in terms applicable in respect of corporations generally, the embarrassments likely to result from any action tending to discredit issues of railroad securities already outstanding; the disadvantage of compelling railroad corporations to issue bonds at a discount through the requirement that stock shall have a par value and shall be issued for not less than par, and the advantages to be gained from statutory authority to issue for its market value stock without any nominal or par value. A statute to this effect in respect of business corporations just passed in New York offers the opportunity of issuing stock certificates for aliquot interests in the corporate capital which shall bear no dollar mark, but shall indicate only a proportionate interest in the capital stock. It is hoped that this may result in relieving a public misapprehension, and possible public injury, from what is termed stock-watering. This reform has been under way since 1892, and has been urged especially by the New York State Bar Association.

Another feature in the development of business corporations which has aroused considerable suspicion is the so-called holding company, that is, a corporation which itself transacts little or no trade or manufacture, but which holds a majority or more of the stocks, and thereby the control, of other companies engaged in such trade or manufacture. Notwithstanding an impression to the contrary, such a holding of stocks is permitted by the common law as applied in England, and by several of the American courts, though not generally in the United States. Accordingly, express permission to this end has been given by the legislatures of many of the states and, despite

popular misapprehension, these laws have not proved of public injury. In 1909 Judge Noyes wrote:—

‘At the present time the tendency seems to be toward an extension of the power of corporations to hold shares in other corporations. . . . This tendency is in the right direction. Holding stocks to prevent competition is against public policy. But with this and other appropriate limitations the general powers of the modern business instrument—the corporation—should approximate those of the individual. The occasions for corporate stockholding have increased with the increase of corporations. Statutes granting and defining the power to hold stock cannot but be regarded as desirable.’

Among the ‘appropriate limitations,’ probably should be one for the protection of those holders of the stock of subsidiary companies who are denied an opportunity to sell their stock upon terms as fair as those offered to the so-called majority holders. But absolutely to forbid a corporation to acquire, from willing vendors, stocks representing a legitimate business extension, would compel resort to some other expedient for accomplishing the same end. Companies, or their properties, could be brought under common control by consolidation, or, as in the case of national banks forbidden to purchase bank stocks, by the dissolution of one corporation and the sale of its assets to the other corporation. Statutes prohibitory of acts not essentially immoral are apt to reveal inherent insufficiency for the accomplishment of their imagined purpose.

For the maintenance of honest business dealings by the corporations, the government should provide laws of the same character as those applicable in respect of similar business under the conduct of natural persons. For the protection of the community against

any wrongs by the directors, or by officers of corporations, the punishment should be inflicted not upon the corporation, including its innocent stockholders, but upon the offending officers; for, as Governor Wilson justly has observed, ‘Guilt is personal and not corporate.’ To this end the enactments of government should be such as accord with the moral sense of the community, and not disproportionate to injury inflicted upon the public. Otherwise, juries will not convict. For the proper protection of the stockholders and the creditors of corporations against officers and directors, existing provisions of law, and precedents in equity, go as far as it is possible for language to go. The impartial and consistent enforcement of reasonable laws upon lines and within principles already recognized, will represent and embody the just relation of the republic to the industrial corporation; two species of the same genus, the one political and the other economic, and each in its way representing the greatest advance in our modern civilization.

Most of the difficulties could be resolved by the guidance of a reasonable commission such as now proposed. Indeed, we may sum up the whole matter, and may answer the inquiry as to the proper relation of the government to the corporation, in our conclusion that not necessarily as creator or patron, but in the old sense of visitor, the appropriate government should provide for the great corporations, as businesses, suitable supervision and administrative regulation to forfend public injury, without denial of reasonable opportunity for just and honest enterprise.

The commission idea undoubtedly would have been abhorrent to most of the publicists of the *laissez-faire* school, but since 1870 the progress of governmental interference everywhere has been general and uniform. The state,

personified not as monarch, but as *parens patriæ*, has ceased to devour its children and seeks to nourish its sons and its daughters. No one now would revert to conditions permitting the sale of Hessian mercenaries to die in alien strife. Few now would dispute the right of the government to keep open for its dependent citizens a way of escape from degradation. Stolid indifference to the welfare of those untaught to protect or to improve themselves, is a greater evil than paternalism, though this must not be carried to the point of

pauperizing the people. To preserve a just attitude both toward the industries of the self-sustaining, and toward the helplessness of the incompetent because of ignorance, is not an easy task. Neither is it beyond the power of a civilization which is called Christian. The most reasonable and hopeful approach to this general amelioration may be found through the state's observation and fair regulation of its kindred entity, the corporation. In this process there may be developed in each at least the similitude of a soul.

THE DIRECT-PRIMARY EXPERIMENT

BY EVANS WOOLLEN

BEFORE moving buoyantly on to the initiative, the referendum, and the recall both of judges and — this latest progression — of decisions, would it not be well to take stock of our direct-primary experiment?

It has been a pretty thorough experiment. For a decade the direct primary has been increasingly used, until Vermont, Rhode Island, Connecticut, Delaware, and West Virginia are the only states in which it has not been tried. State officers are directly nominated in thirty-six states, congressmen in thirty-nine, and United States senators in thirty-four. More than three fourths of the congressmen last elected, and fifteen of the senators, had been directly nominated. In eight states, all delegates to the national conventions must under the law be selected in direct primaries.

The experiment is judged in two

ways. There are those, and they are numerous, who, without caring much about the results, are content to assert that the direct primary is more democratic than the convention. And there are those who, without caring much whether it is more democratic, are interested in learning whether it has improved governmental conditions.

Shall the test be whether the direct primary is more democratic than the convention? Wherefore, then, is it said that one thing is more democratic than another? One thing is more democratic than another in so far as it is more a manifestation of the will of all the people, and less a manifestation of the will of the boss or the high-born or the priests or the rich or some other portion of the people. The word democracy, that handiest and least understood of words, is to be classified with such words as autocracy, aristocracy,

theocracy, plutocracy — words which define each a social condition, not a form of government. The word republic, on the other hand, is to be classified with such words as monarchy, aristarchy, thearchy, plutarchy — words which define each a form of government, not a social condition. A monarchy no less than a republic may be democratic. A republic may be aristocratic, as in Athens; democratic, as, we like to believe, in the United States; plutocratic, as, some assert, in the United States. A monarchy may be pornocratic, as in Louis the Fourteenth's France; or democratic, as in George the Fifth's Britain.

Our forefathers of the constitutional period were interested in establishing a republican form of government, that is, a representative form of government. They were not interested in establishing a democracy. None of the states adopted manhood suffrage, even for the white man, until some twenty years after the adoption of our Federal Constitution.

Those, then, who would test the direct primary by inquiry whether it, better than the convention, fits into our ideal of governmental form, should ask, not whether the direct primary is more democratic than the convention, but whether the direct primary more than the convention is republican; that is, whether the direct primary more than the convention is representative. And, of course, the question is answered in the asking. The direct primary is not a closer approach to, but a departure from, our ideal of governmental form.

However, the development here in the eighteenth century of an ideal of governmental form, that ideal being a republic, was followed by the development in the nineteenth century of an ideal of social condition, that ideal being a democracy. And granting that

the direct primary is a departure from our ideal of governmental form, a second inquiry, also pertinent if only it be not confounded with the first, is whether the direct primary, notwithstanding such departure from our ideal of governmental form, does not, more than the convention, conduce to the attainment of our ideal of social condition, to the attainment of democracy. This second inquiry, the more important because involving the condition as distinguished from the form, the substance as distinguished from the theory, is, in other words, whether the direct primary does not, more than the convention, conduce to the manifestation of the will of all the people, as distinguished from the will of the boss or the high-born or the priests or the rich or some other portion of the people.

Now, the will of all the people, according to the assumption on which those of us who believe in democracy base our belief, is that we shall have that government which best serves all impartially, that we shall have government for the people. Accordingly, the case of the direct primary cannot be determined by declamation about democracy; and the method, though a departure from our ideal of governmental form, should not therefore be condemned but should be tested as an experiment by the practical question: Has it improved government, government for the people?

In an extensive investigation I have not found that the direct primary has anywhere in a permanent and substantial way improved government. Here and there conditions have been made better temporarily. Here and there conditions have been made notably worse. This conclusion is held the more confidently because of admissions of disappointment by Professor Ernest C. Meyer of the University of Wisconsin and Professor Merriam of the Univer-

sity of Chicago, who were among the reform's most persuasive advocates, and have contributed more of worth than all others to the literature of the subject. The former, while still an advocate of nomination by direct vote, admits much disappointment as to certain features and a partial change of view. The latter, although not intending to express an adverse conclusion, says, 'Some bosses are wondering why they feared the law; and some reformers why they favored it.'

The system seems to have failed in one or more of four ways.

First, everybody's business is nobody's business. Under the convention system it is the business of the party management to present good candidates for nomination. Under the direct-primary system it is nobody's business to present good candidates. Tom, Dick, and Harry present themselves, and do it early. And when those who are eager to present themselves have done so, those whom others may be eager to present will not allow themselves to be presented. Willingness on the part of adequate men to serve the public in office is rare enough at best, and willingness on the part of adequate men to undergo a protracted and necessarily expensive campaign of personalities with Tom, Dick, and Harry for the right to undergo another protracted and expensive campaign for the right to serve the public in office, is more than can be expected normally except from those at once very rich and very patriotic. This view has confirmation in Boston's experience. After the direct primary had been in operation there for some eight years the results were investigated by a commission of seven appointed by the Governor and the Mayor on the recommendation of various civic organizations. The commission was notable for the high character of its members. After a year and

a half of work, it reported that the direct primary 'operates to make the nomination and election of representative citizens to the elective offices of the city government more difficult than under the former system.'

A second reason for the failure of the direct primary to improve government is that, assuming the candidates before the primary and those before the convention to be equally desirable, the better results will come from the deliberation possible in the convention and impossible in the primary. Public, not less than private, affairs are conducted most efficiently by unified administration. A cohesive, unified ticket can be made in a convention. It will not happen in a direct primary. Notably, it did not happen last spring in the primaries of Illinois where the Democrats have been embarrassed by the fact that nearly all their nominees for state offices are Irish Chicagoans. The delegates in a convention can deliberate and construct. The people in a direct primary can only flock and choose.

And, further, as a third reason for the failure of the direct primary to improve government, the people, it is found, will not do that which they can do. They will not choose. The unpurchasable element of the electorate will not stand the strain of giving its discriminating attention to an additional election with all its wearisome campaign. To be sure, the educational effect of a political campaign is important, but the voter will not stand too much education; and, besides, a campaign of personality, such as the Taft-Roosevelt campaign, and such as generally precedes a direct primary, is not highly educational. We should not forget the exceedingly significant fact that a third of the American people entitled to vote are not interested enough to vote even in presidential elections. Outside of the politicians there is no

disengaged political interest ready to be absorbed in direct primaries.

The fourth reason is the loss of party responsibility, and the loss of the efficiency of the party as an organization. By party responsibility is meant the responsibility of the party, regarded not as a mass of voters, but as an organized unit. And it was to be expected that party responsibility in this meaning would be greater in the case of a candidate presented by party workers, and nominated in a convention where the organization wrought its will deliberately by a majority vote, than in the case of a candidate presented by himself to the unorganized voters, and nominated perhaps by a minority vote in a direct primary.

It was to be expected also that party efficiency would deteriorate under the decentralizing influences of a direct primary.

And what was to be expected has in fact, generally happened. The Boston commission found that under the direct primary there was 'no longer the partisanship of a great organization bound, theoretically at least, by party principles, and having some regard for its political responsibilities in the state at large.'

The alleged loss of party responsibility and party efficiency was investigated also by the Joint Committee of the Senate and Assembly of the State of New York on Primary and Election Laws. It conducted some sixteen public hearings in various parts of the country. This committee, in reporting adversely on the direct primary, stated that 'no political movement in recent years had . . . split national parties into such bitterly opposing factions, as has the agitation and the operation of the direct-nomination system.' . . .

About the existence of the facts there will hardly be any dispute. Loss of party responsibility and party efficiency

does ensue. But some, while admitting the inevitableness, and indeed the desirability, of parties in national and state affairs, will say that, in so far as the direct primary weakens parties in municipal affairs, it is a good thing. Possibly — but, without going afield in the consideration here of that subject, it is a sufficient answer for the present purpose that the direct primary is not the only method of weakening party rule in municipalities. And, in any event, the loss through the direct primary of party responsibility and party efficiency must, with reference to national and state affairs, be regarded as important.

It was these four reasons for failure which led Governor Hughes to the development of his plan for a direct primary that was in fact not a direct primary in the popular meaning of the phrase. Indeed, the most interesting and significant thing about the Hughes plan was that it included the essentials of the convention or representative system. Briefly, his plan was as follows: —

A party committee is chosen at a direct primary this year. Several weeks before next year's primary this committee, in a meeting where every act and vote are open to the public and are recorded, presents one candidate for each office in its jurisdiction. Other candidates may be presented by the petition of members of the party not satisfied with the committee's candidates. From the candidates so presented by the committee and from the candidates, if any, presented by petition, nominations are then made at a direct primary.

Here, then, is a plan under which, first, it is the business of somebody, namely the party committee, to present good candidates for nomination; under which, second, deliberation may be had in a representative body, the represent-

ative body being the convention of the party committeemen; under which, third, the electorate is not subjected to the strain of giving its discriminating attention to an additional election except when the party committee, by presenting unworthy candidates, has aroused the indignation of the electorate; and under which, fourth, the responsibility of the party management is direct and unescapable.

Thus, the Hughes plan, while in its operation it might tend toward 'legalized bossism,' seems, on the other hand, less than the typical direct primary, to offer opportunity for the demagogue. And it is easy to agree with those who hold the demagogue a greater peril than the boss. The plan is one whereunder a club is put into the hands of the rank and file for use on the party organization, — a club which, however, merely because of the knowledge of its existence, the rank and file would not often have to use. The Hughes plan for a direct primary, in other words, accepts the party organization, the party machine. The typical direct-primary law of the West, on the other hand, is planned for the fundamental purpose, simply stated, of smashing the machine — of smashing the machine while trying to maintain party government. Now, smashing a particular machine which has become too bad for tolerance

is fit work for Anglo-Saxons. But to go crusading against all machines because they are machines is a Don Quixote sort of undertaking. If we are to have party government we must leave to the politicians the making of the party nominations; and such virtue as the Hughes plan may have lies in the fact that it leaves the job to the politicians while giving to the rank and file a club and freedom of action when the job is badly done.

It is indeed to be regretted that the Hughes plan, instead of the emasculated substitute, was not enacted in New York where its operation could have been observed by the remainder of the country. Doubtless the plan will somewhere be put into practice, and it will not be surprising if its general adoption is the next phase in the development of our nominating methods. In the meantime, we are pretty well assured that there is little in our decade of experience with the direct primary, culminating in the recent presidential primaries, to justify those who, with the initiative, the referendum, and the recall, would go further in an effort to get good government by abandoning representative government.

And how we Americans are plagued by the obsession that everything, even good government, can be secured by legislation!

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF THE RECALL OF JUDICIAL DECISIONS

BY KARL T. FREDERICK

IN his address before the Ohio Constitutional Convention some months ago, ex-President Roosevelt said, 'I do not believe in adopting the recall (of judges) save as a last resort, when it has become clearly evident that no other course will achieve the desired result. . . . But there is one kind of recall in which I very earnestly believe, and the immediate adoption of which I urge. . . . When a judge decides a constitutional question, when he decides what the people as a whole can, or cannot do, the people should have the right to recall that decision if they think it wrong.'

The recall of public officers, as one of the more radical proposals for political improvement, is quite familiar. It has been particularly discussed in its application to judicial officers. The Recall of Judges has received substantial support, and has even been adopted by a few states. On the other hand, it has been strongly condemned by leaders of both great parties. President Taft, himself formerly a judge of the Circuit Court of the United States, has denounced the proposition unqualifiedly. Governor Wilson of New Jersey has been equally direct and forceful in rejecting it. Senator and former Secretary of State Root, and Governor Harmon of Ohio, have also publicly taken position against the Recall of Judges.

Much of the discussion which has followed ex-President Roosevelt's pro-

posal for the Recall of Decisions has indicated that it is regarded as novel in form only. The belief appears to be entertained by many people that the Recall of Decisions is substantially the same as the Recall of Judges — that it is merely new clothing upon an old character. If so, it need hardly receive distinct consideration.

Others seem to regard it as an essentially different proposal; perhaps, as an effective means of accomplishing reforms which they think necessary, and as free from the more serious faults which have drawn such liberal criticism to the Recall of Judges, — a counter-proposition of superior merit.

The purpose of the writer is neither to defend the Recall of Judicial Decisions, nor to abuse it, but rather to examine it, and to get at its more important qualities and characteristics.

It is obvious that the Recall of Decisions does not threaten the official head of either a corrupt judge or an unpopular one. The Recall of Judges directly threatens both. One of the weaknesses of human nature lies in the fact that disappointment over a decision frequently produces a belief that it is unjust. We may admit that occasionally a judge is influenced by improper motives. For such rare cases, the Recall of Judges would provide an effective method of removal, provided they could be identified in some rather more certain way than by haling them before the Court of Editors, for

whom, by the way, no recall is provided.

The Recall of Decisions, on the other hand, provides no improvement over the present method of getting rid of corrupt judges. It is to another class of judicial officers who are subjects of criticism — those whose decisions are unpopular or who, to use the softer epithet, 'are not sufficiently responsive to the popular will' — that the Recall of Decisions is directed. For them it proposes neither punishment nor disgrace, but 'correction.'

Is it genuine 'correction'? The theory was long ago adopted that judges do not 'make,' but merely 'declare,' the law. If the law is not what was intended, legislative correction is possible, and often speedy. Ought we to expect the courts to make of the law something which it was not? Judicial legislation is apt to involve more danger and criticism than any that has up to the present time been met.

But the advocates of these doctrines of recall are not to be satisfied with arguments which go no further than this. There is, they say, a borderland in the law, where the time-honored theory that judges merely 'declare' the law is not a fact. There is a region where many of the most important questions are contested, where the law is not settled. This is the region of live issues. It is in the exploration of these new and unsettled territories that courts and judges become of most serious concern to the nation, for by their mouths shall ultimately be expounded the new commentaries.

This is peculiarly so because in this country we have made for ourselves written constitutions, whose dominance over legislative acts is asserted through the courts. In this realm, we are told, the courts do not merely expound the law; they in a very real sense make it, and, it is asserted, they

can and do make it one thing rather than another according as they are in sympathy with one set of ideas or with another, or at least according to the weight which they give to one set of arguments or to another.

Take as an example the much-discussed Ives case referred to by ex-President Roosevelt. In that decision the highest court of the State of New York declared unconstitutional an employer's liability act. The act in question provided compensation to a workman for injuries received in the course of his employment without regard to whether his employer was in any way blamable for such injuries, and without regard to whether the employee had himself been negligent. It was attacked upon the ground that it violated the constitutional provision against depriving a person of his property without due process of law. To make this claim more concrete, it was argued that the legislature was providing a way for taking the employer's property for the benefit of the employee, without the employer being in any way at fault, without his having violated any duty owed to the employee; and that such taking was without compensation and unconstitutional. On behalf of the employee it was argued that the employment was inherently dangerous, and that the employer, rather than the employee, ought to bear the risk of the employment as part of its general expense, lest the injured employee become a public charge.

In other words, it was the conflict seen so often between the long-established views as to the rights of property and the more recently expressed feeling as to public interest. Almost every regulation deprives a person of some feature of liberty or property. The line of demarcation beyond which burdens upon private rights are not

allowed under the constitution seems, practically speaking, to be that limit where the court feels that, on the whole, the public interest or concern involved is not sufficiently weighty to overbalance the encroachment made upon the property rights and privileges of the individual.

Where that dividing line is drawn in the particular case may well depend upon one's personal view. One judge may not give to the argument of public interest quite the same force as another. When the popular feeling is very strong to the effect that the public need is great, there is bound to be disappointment when the court decides that such public need is not great enough to outweigh the inroad made upon the private right; and the feeling is at once likely to be expressed that the court is out of sympathy with the public interest, or 'is not a faithful public servant.' From this feeling springs, we are convinced, the present demand for the greater popular control of judges and decisions.

The Recall of Judges does not offer any machinery for reversing the decision or line of decisions which has become the subject of criticism. Such decisions continue, until reversed, to express the law upon the subject. Their author, however, is to be punished for so declaring the law. The only assurance of their later reversal lies in the probability that a judge will not again risk recall by following them.

This is at best an uncertain assurance, for it will almost invariably happen, if we may judge by experience in other lines, that, in the heat of a special election, many and varied arguments will be urged to accomplish the recall of a judge. Every special interest which smarts from any of the court's decisions will endeavor to bring its friends into line to vote adversely. If the Recall is to be of any value we must

be able definitely to say just what the issue is. How shall the issues be clarified and made concrete? When it is all over, who will be able to define with certainty the one reason for the result? What will have been repudiated? It will be as difficult to say what the concrete and specific will of the people is as it is now to say what *single* issue caused the election of a governor or a president. A combination of causes will produce the Recall of Judges.

Courts, on the other hand, deal with specific and concrete questions, and the successor in office may deal as he pleases with individual cases, provided he is a shrewd enough politician to avoid a future conjunction of causes sufficient to overcome the combinations which he can muster to his support. Or assume that an entire court has concurred in a decision, as the entire court of seven judges of the Court of Appeals concurred in the Ives case. Is it proposed to recall all of them? If they are voted on separately, and by name, may it not happen that some would fall and some remain? If so, who could say what the election had settled?

The Recall of Decisions is in these respects undoubtedly more precise and effective. The question is more clear-cut and easily understood. Shall a decision nullifying a particular legislative act upon constitutional grounds be and remain the law, or shall it be in substance overruled? The question is shifted from men to principles, and the issue is made impersonal and concrete.

In working out the plan for the Recall of Decisions it is hardly conceivable that any one should seriously suggest a new Court of Errors and Appeals to be superior to the highest present court of the state, in which new court every voter would be a judge. It is hardly conceivable, in other words, that the recall of a de-

cision should have the effect of actually reversing the decision of the highest court *in the particular case* which has led to the unwelcome decision upon the question of constitutionality.

To illustrate. The Ives case already referred to was an action brought by Earl Ives against the South Buffalo Railway Company to recover compensation under the so-called Employer's Liability Act for an injury which, according to his own statement, incapacitated him for a period of seven weeks. The highest court of the State of New York decided that he could not recover upon the claim stated, for the reason that the law was unconstitutional. Should the Recall be applied to that decision, the issue would not be whether Ives should be paid for the seven weeks' incapacity, but rather, whether the decision of the court as recorded in the Ives case, to the effect that the law was unconstitutional, should continue thereafter to be the law of the state.

If the Ives case had been dismissed by the judge at the conclusion of a trial, on the ground of the unconstitutionality of the statute, and if the highest court of the state had affirmed that ruling, the recall of the decision ought not to send the Ives case back to the first court for a new trial. The recall of the decision could hardly mean more than this: 'The state regrets that the constitution means what the court declares it to mean in the Ives case. The constitution is therefore amended so that henceforth it shall not forbid the legislative act in question, which is hereby validated.'

We say that the Recall will not reverse the decision in the particular case. The particular case which disclosed the 'hitherto unknown defect' in the constitution will be and remain *res judicata*, just as any other case is *res judicata*, although its rule is later

repudiated or modified. But the Recall will change the constitution from that time forth.

To attempt to give to the Recall of Decisions a wider scope than this, would be to wipe out with one stroke every vestige of orderly judicial procedure. The line is clear, and the difference fundamental. If this is a new Court of Errors and Appeals which is proposed, then where and when and how shall the parties present their arguments? Who shall represent and speak for the appellant, and who for his adversary? How shall we get the record before the court? How shall we confine the 'case on appeal' to the sworn evidence? How shall we assure to either party any thoughtful consideration of the merits of the case? Shall we require both parties (for we must assume a hazard to both in connection with the reopening of any decision) to resign their interests to the advocacy of the public prints; or, as the alternative, shall we require them to hire speakers and buy advertising space in order to present their side to the public? How shall we avoid the treachery of those who distort or suppress the facts? Innumerable difficulties will occur to any one who contemplates trying his case in the newspapers. Litigation would be made a matter of a political campaign.

We need not multiply difficulties of this sort, for there are objections of another and seemingly more important nature. It has always stood as the cornerstone of the Temple of Justice that the judge shall not have a personal interest in the case which is being tried before him. No one may sit in judgment betwixt himself and his adversary. If we make of the people a court, we necessarily abandon this principle, for the Recall of Decisions as an actual proposition would never have seen the light of day were it not for the fact that the public at large is believed to

have a strong partisan interest in the decision of such questions as were raised in the Ives and other cases.

The belief that the decision of specific cases should be left to able and disinterested men, has hitherto been universally approved. To establish a rule of conduct in advance is a very different thing from applying it to the particular case. The trouble lies not in establishing the rule, but in applying it when it pinches. Shall we make a fundamental rule of conduct and then, when it chafes a bare majority of us, shall we abandon it? Shall we object when it is applied to ourselves? If we mean to do so, let us do so frankly, and in a straightforward way, and not by a miserable quibble. 'This is a rule that works in only one way, always for us, never against us.'

Shall we, having established the rules and begun the game, change them while the game is on, if it is going against us? Let us not set ourselves up as judges in our own law-suits. Let us play fair. Let us not attempt to escape by pretending that we are 'interpreting' the rule as it should be; let us not force the court to adopt the 'interpretation' of that contestant who can display the greatest force. Let us say, 'We made the rule, and we stand by it for the present, although now, in operation, we do not like it. Hereafter let it be amended.' The latter is not only the honest thing to do, it is the scientific thing to do. It is legislation, and that of the most fundamental and sovereign sort.

The distinction which we have been making in the application of the Recall of Decisions, between applying it in a way to affect the particular case, and applying it solely to reach the principle involved, is the distinction between the legislative and the judicial branches of governmental power. That these functions of government are dis-

tinct has become the merest truism. The attempt to confuse them has produced a large part of the discussion, violent, acrid, and sustained, which has arisen over these suggestions of recall.

The people are sovereign in these United States, and, as sovereign, the people can and do establish laws — both the fundamental constitutions and the annual volumes of statutes. The sovereign people likewise establish the courts to weigh out justice under those laws between man and man, or between man and groups of men; but the term 'the people' is not synonymous with the term 'the sovereign people.' If every voter owned one share of stock in the Standard Oil Company, that corporation might be said to represent 'the people,' but would it thereby become 'the sovereign people,' with power to legislate and establish courts, to make war and punish crime? Because more than half of the people have a common interest in the outcome of a certain lawsuit, they cannot for that reason appropriate the attributes of sovereignty. They are interested in their individual capacity as the group, not as the sovereign. When the public in that sense is before the court, it is simply a litigant suing for justice under the established rule; and to advocate the principle that it should coerce the court by its great numbers into a favorable decision, is no different in principle or in morals from advocating the doctrine of the sale of justice to the highest bidder.

When the people appear as the substantial litigant, let them submit to the laws and to the courts which the sovereign has established. If those rules are not satisfactory, let them, if possible, persuade the sovereign, thereafter, to change the rules. That is orderly and proper procedure. It is

not sound in this case to say, the people established the constitution, they are therefore capable of interpreting it. They established the rule in their capacity as sovereign when they were impartial. Are they, therefore, to interpret it in its application to a specific case involving their own personal interests when they have ceased to be impartial?

To put the matter briefly: if the proposal for the Recall of Decisions be applied in the manner which we have suggested as the only possible or defensible manner, then it is a method for *amending the constitution*. As we suggested some time ago, it is a way of saying, 'We do not like the present rule, and we are going to change it so that henceforth the rule shall be thus.'

Viewed from this standpoint, the Recall of Decisions is not only fundamentally different, but is vastly superior to the Recall of Judges, for it is more practical, scientific, and effective. To recall a judge, or an entire court, neither changes the decision in the specific case, nor changes the constitution so that a different decision can be logically arrived at in another case.

Assuming from this point that the Recall of Decisions is intended not to establish a new Court of Appeals, but as a new method for amending the constitution, what may it accomplish? It is proposed solely as a state institution. 'The decision of a state court on a constitutional question should be subject to revision by the people of the state.' (Ex-President Roosevelt.) Now, the Ives case and many of the other cases involving constitutional questions of great popular interest were decided not only under the provisions of the state constitution, but also under the Constitution of the United States; for, as every one knows, the powers of the legislature of each

state are limited by dual constitutional restrictions.

If the Ives decision were recalled, the result would be that the constitution of New York would be amended so as to permit the legislation in question. When, therefore, the next case reaches the highest court of New York, we should expect its decision to be that the act is constitutional so far as the state constitution is concerned, but that it violates the Federal Constitution. Such a decision would leave the advocates of the law exactly where they were in the first instance, for the reason that the Supreme Court of the United States would have no jurisdiction to review the decision. When the constitutionality of a state law is questioned under the Federal Constitution, and the decision of the highest court of the state is in favor of its validity, appeal may be made to the Supreme Court of the United States; but the rule is otherwise when the highest court of the state decides against the act on the ground that it violates the Constitution of the United States.

Here is a new difficulty. The people of a state can change the constitution of that state, but they cannot change the laws or Constitution of the United States. Perhaps the United States can be persuaded to change its law. If not, then the test cases will have to be brought in the United States courts in the first instance.

In some way the Supreme Court of the United States will have to pass on the question in almost every instance. Does it not seem strange that any state should prefer the judgment of a court responsible in no way to the people of the state, — perhaps chosen entirely from other parts of the country, — and as it would appear from the expressions of the advocates of the doctrine, infinitely less likely to be familiar with, or to respond readily to,

the desires of the people of one state in respect to a law which 'they deem necessary for the betterment of social and industrial conditions'? The decisions of the United States Supreme Court have not hitherto received such unanimous popular approval, either before or since the Dred Scott case, as to give it a clear, popular advantage over the state courts.

Even a somewhat casual examination of the decisions of the Supreme Court will, we believe, indicate a strong probability that its opinions will not be markedly different from those of the courts of the larger and more important states. It is not apparently disposed to be so much more liberal in its interpretation of the scope of the police power, or of due process of law, as to make it a genuine haven of refuge for the more ardent advocates of so-called 'social justice.' It is not many years since its decision in the *Bake-shops case* (*Lochner v. New York*, 198 U. S. 45), decided in 1905, incurred displeasure which was as vigorously expressed as that which is now directed at the *Ives case*. Reflection, we believe, will convince one that the margin of advantage is likely to prove so narrow as to make it improbable that there will be any very substantial increase in popular satisfaction. We shall then, no doubt, observe the active discussion of various proposals for remaking or radically amending the Federal Con-

stitution. All such programmes are, however, definitely disclaimed at the present time by the advocates of the Recall of Decisions.

Viewed, therefore, entirely from the standpoint of practical and effective reform, the Recall of Judicial Decisions is, in almost every important respect, superior to the Recall of Judges. It does not, however, promise in any very substantial degree to smooth the path of social workers and philanthropists. The longing for a more paternal government, and for more charitable laws, requires some more effective weapon. This proposal merely renders our state constitutions almost as readily changeable as are our statutes, by making it possible and easy to amend the state constitution to fit any statute which is popularly approved. It is not a revolutionary proposal. By making constitutional amendment somewhat easier, it will tend to decrease the weight and serious effect of those fundamental laws. It does not, however, provide any means for upholding the statutes against the Federal Constitution which they may often, if not always, be obliged to encounter. Whether the Recall of Decisions should be adopted, is, like most other political questions, purely one of expediency. To enter upon the discussion of that phase of the question would lead us too far afield into the region of partisan political controversy.

THE CRISIS IN TASTE

BY WILBUR MARSHALL URBAN

I

FOR those who have cultivated a conscience in such matters, the reading of modern books has become a perilous pastime. So great have the exactions of taste become, that many have come to abjure its obligations entirely, and have given themselves frankly to the enjoyment of the adventure of the moment. It is not merely that between ourselves and the past a great gulf has been fixed, so that it is with difficulty that we return. That indeed is something. But still more disconcerting are the untimely compulsions of an unknown and unknowable future, that drive us on from a present that we have not yet had time to realize and to make our own.

Compelling the modern spirit certainly is, and the very essence of its compulsions seems to be the denial of all those reticences, the spurning of all the indirections, that have hitherto been counted the signs of good taste.

'Down with Reticence, down with Reverence!
— forward — naked — let them stare.'¹

Thus Davidson has phrased the modern mood, and has not hesitated to call it great. Whether great or not, it is at least breezy, if one may apply so light a phrase to so weighty a matter. Surely Mr. Wells's Ann Veronica is breezy enough. She is in the van of that whole rout of breezy heroines

¹ In one of his essays, John Davidson takes this as his own, assuming that every reader would recognize Tennyson's line. — THE AUTHOR.

which, like some band of bacchantes of old, has with its shouts of 'Evoe' broken in upon the quiet, sun-lit valleys of our taste. Harsh, indelicate, strident, or merely ridiculous, if they are not the one they are the other. And yet, perhaps, far back in the fastnesses of the soul there lurks the man who loves to have them so. For who are the women that come to men in dreams?

At least, many of us would confess that it is in the current of this mood that we have been caught, and frankly admit our tastelessness. And yet we are not so sure. Sometimes we have a strange sense of a new taste in the making; and that which might easily be set down as license of sense or intellect seems strangely like an obligation of the soul.

Precisely in this matter of what is admirable in woman we are not wholly clear. That it is with a profound, if not wholly articulate, philosophy that the sense of the admirable in woman has always been bound, we are well aware. Man has loved to have her reticent, inscrutable, and indirect in all her thoughts and ways; thus she becomes the palladium of his deeper self, the assurance that desires shall never fail. The grace, the beauty of life! — these, it is felt, are bound up with a perfect harmony of impression and expression, of idea and emotion. As instinctive grace of movement or of speech may be thrown into confusion and ugliness by the presence of ideas, so, it is thought, the gracious habits of

the woman of classicism and romanticism cannot survive the direct gaze of the intellect.

Doubtless, it is upon many curious sanctions, both racial and religious, that the conventions of taste mysteriously feed; but their ultimate strength is drawn from a still more mysterious prevision of the dissolvent effect of intellect upon instinct. Instinct knows that it is by nature both indirect and reticent. It knows, or thinks it knows, that by its silences, its waiting, its ignorances, and indirections, it most surely gets what it wants. The direct way is not the shortest way to its goal. The direct gaze, the direct attack on life, mean disillusionment and distaste. Of this, I say, we have been nowhere surer than in all that concerns the relations of men and women. When, therefore, the modern writer seeks to find a new grace and beauty of the soul in the woman who can endure ideas, when he seeks for purity, not in reticence, but in revelation, he has thrown the supreme challenge at the taste of indirection; he has definitely abandoned the philosophy of instinctive silence, with all its most subtle implications of the massive and sullen elements of life.

There can be no doubt that it is here that, consciously or unconsciously, the feeling after new standards of taste has been most persistent. Like a magazine editor of recent fame, you may fail to 'find impressive' a list of names including those of Thomas Hardy, Bernard Shaw, Arnold Bennett, Eden Phillpotts, W. J. Locke, Maurice Hewlett, John Galsworthy, and H. G. Wells; yet it remains true, not only that all that is living and original in modern literature is at home in this group, but also that that which makes such a grouping significant is that all are groping after just such standards of taste, seeking for feelings and sentiments that shall express our real convictions.

True, the approach is made in various ways. Thus, to mention but a few of this particular group, Mr. Shaw has this conviction, but he breaks the force of the shock by the katharsis of laughter; Mr. Locke has made use of the device of the simplicity of fools, and of the old story of Madam Truth, spurned by king, philosopher, and priest, finding lodgment at last with the fool. Mr. Hewlett—he has his devices also—not merely, some would say, perhaps, the wisdom of fools, but also the foolishness of preaching. And so with most of them. The truth is, that all these men, however startlingly direct their gaze at times, always make use of certain indirections; all have their own ways of giving 'distance' to their objects.

With Mr. Wells, however, it is another matter. He has ventured something more. He will be wholly frank with us. What we could formerly endure only in the hyperbole of Whitman, he will make us now endure in sober prose. He will even risk the dire nemesis of the comic. He chooses the laboratory as the *mise-en-scène* of his romance, where the direct gaze at the facts of life is transferred to the facts of love. He allows the stirrings of love to arise, almost ridiculously, with the sight of the down on the demonstrator's cheeks. He will let his heroine be quite frankly glad of her sex; let her tell him that he is the man she wants. In the mountains they will stand stark, stark before each other—and yet, such is the superabundance of his faith, the graces of instinct and life are safe, absolutely safe.

I have dwelt thus at length on Mr. Wells because I believe that in one sense at least he is the most significant of them all. It is not that he surpasses the others in his faith in this new and perilous beauty, or in his success in showing it forth. This one could hardly say. Not merely that he is more audacious in seeking it, although his au-

dacities are perhaps just a little more flagrant than any we have heretofore known. *The New Macchiavelli* might perhaps be called the *pons asinorum* of modernism; but this would simply mean that this *pons asinorum* that has always existed is now merely a little harder to cross.

What is still more important is that Mr. Wells, of all the moderns, bases his challenge most deeply in a significant philosophy of things; that he expresses more fully the true inwardness of the modern mood by which we are driven on. Indeed, in all this Mr. Wells is more than a bit doctrinaire. He is even somewhat priggish, if that were possible. He not only violates all the canons of the taste of indirection, that the possibility of a gospel of starkness may be the more abundantly proved; but he also goes out of his way to show the essential pruriency of the souls fat with feeding on indirections. One even smiles at his harping on the point, when he makes his heroine of the direct gaze recoil instinctively from the sentimentalizing of sex in the pictures acclimated to the Victorian parlor, and allows the purblind denizens of this same sordidly respectable parlor to display the essential baseness of their conventional souls.

But if Mr. Wells is a bit doctrinaire, — and, indeed, who of these men is not? — it is because his plea for the direct gaze in such matters is by no means merely a matter of taste or sensation, but is in fact in every sense a doctrine, a philosophy of life. If the open gaze can be preserved without blinking, if ideas can be endured without intellectual pruriency, it is merely because all things, life and death, the first things and the last things, are meant to be looked at. If he is willing to risk the nemesis of the comic here, it is because he can say as the conclusion of the whole matter, 'What does

it matter if we are a little harsh, a little indelicate, a little absurd, if these are in the mystery of things?'

II

It is in these last words, if I mistake not, that the true inwardness of the modern mood is to be found, that mood into the current of which many of us have felt ourselves drawn. Indeed, these very words might not inaptly be put into the mouth of any one of these breezy heroines at whose descent upon the silent places of the soul we have taken alarm. Harsh, indelicate, absurd? — Yes, we are — a little. But what does it matter? — Who of them has not pressed this question home? — What does it matter, when it concerns the 'first and last things,' meant to be known and understood; when, indeed, it is in the very mystery of these things? Words of an extravagant tendency, these; but it is just this extravagance, this risk of indelicacy, absurdity, harshness, — in short, this note of the spiritual picaresque, with all its enveloping sense of the mystery of things, — that characterizes the mood of the present.

That this is a 'great mood,' either in its mere abandonment of reticence and reverence, as Davidson sees it, or in its affirmations of faith, as Wells conceives it, — who shall say? To many, this strong note in our modern taste seems merely the absence of all taste. Strident and willful, its beauties seem restless and unrestful, its sublimities specious and meretricious. To others again, it is a new taste in the making, the sign of an instinct for superhuman truths, a premonition of a new though perhaps perilous beauty. One thing at least is certain: it has its metaphysical implications; implications that extend far beyond those relations of men and women, in the judgment of which it has

been, perhaps, most in evidence. Here, doubtless, the strife of tastes is most piquant. Here the spiritual picaresque, with its willingness to risk the harsh, the indelicate, the ridiculous, challenges reserves that are most sullen and elemental. For this reason, doubtless, also, it is here that the modern spirit finds the *crux* of the whole matter. Yet sex is not the only thing about which the modern mind revolves. There are life and death, wisdom and destiny, — all the first and last things. And be assured, he who is willing to risk harshness, indelicacy, and absurdity, in those intimate matters of feeling where the tender, the delicate, and even the sublime alone, have made them endurable, does so only because he is also willing to risk the irrational, novel, and unpredictable in those more remote issues of thought where hitherto the solemn, the rational, and harmonious have alone been conceivable. Adventures in taste are not unconnected with ventures in thought; and to dare either is possible only in the strength of a renewed conviction, everywhere asserting its power, that these very things which we feel ourselves impelled by unknown forces thus to risk, are themselves in the ultimate mystery of things.

To conceive the crisis in our taste otherwise, is to misunderstand the whole matter. Nor is it less of a misconception to think of it as some light stirring of the surface of things. One is not long in learning that this is no superficial matter of the intellectualist's nerves, no over-stimulation of the delicate antennæ of taste, but a disturbance of the more massive tissues of the soul. Many of the changes in our taste are doubtless superficial, and can be explained by very human, and not too serious, causes. Men find themselves with a taste for realism because they have become tired of sentiment. They

become enthusiastic for impressionism because they have worn out the things. They call themselves futurists because they have a morbid distaste for the past. Indeed, it is these very changes to which we can so readily give a name that need not concern us. Probably most of us are aware of having escaped the temporary intellectualisms of taste, of having passed them by, or lived them through. But underneath them all we are aware of something deeper — nothing less than a profound turning of the Time-Spirit itself.

The current you feel goes through the Man in the Street; the tastelessness to which you confess is but a sublimated vapor from his great unrest. To admit this kinship is, I am inclined to believe, the beginning of wisdom in the matter. It is true, you may not share his savage delight in cruder forms of nudity, but you must confess to your liking for the intellectual unveiling of reality. You may not care for his childish pleasures in mere freedom from fact, 'for adventure and play beyond causality,' but you have a liking for the spiritual picaresque, for the strenuous adventure beyond good and evil. You may be disposed to attack the purveyor of amusement for what he has done to the Man in the Street; and the purveyor of modernity for what he has done for you; at least there is something both thrilling and challenging in the impudent assertion of our common tastelessness. For each in his own way has found out the impossible world in which we live. In the world of sentiments we cannot find support; in the world of mechanism and intellect we cannot find delight. Hard and realistic, picaresque and passionate, the intellectual and the Man in the Street are brothers under their skin.

Now, there are those who like to say that all this is but the last stage of naturalism, that the mood we have been

describing is but the bitter dregs of the whole dreadful cup. In a sense they are partly right; in another sense they are wholly wrong. True, it comes from the very depths of naturalism; the audacities of to-morrow spring from the depressions of yesterday; the fire of new affirmations has been struck from the coldness and hardness of negation. As these have given nerve to the passions of the Man in the Street, so to the dreams of poet and philosopher they have given substance and reality. In this mood, it is true, you will find all the discipline of naturalism: the direct gaze, the endurance of ideas, the hardness of spiritual fibre.

But you will also find something more, something not present in earlier realism, something that really marks its passing. In naturalism there is no place for this joyous acceptance of harshness, indelicacy, absurdity; still less for this sense of the extravagant mystery of things. In naturalism there is hardness, but not this splendid hardness of soul. This is the new spirit that, like a breath from the unknown, has not only blown away the outlived sentiments of the past, but has dispersed the sultry clouds that had settled down upon naturalism itself.

But let me try to make my meaning clearer. Ibsen has said of a group of his compatriots, 'All these men had to fight their way to skepticism, and then to fight their skepticism.' Similarly, of those that have come after Ibsen, it may be said that all had to fight their way to naturalism, and then to fight their way through. Of the vicissitudes of that adventure we need not be told. Forward and backward they pressed, to the origins of life and the finalities of death. At the revelation of the lowly origin of all our modesties, of the precarious sanction of our nobilities and sublimities, they became sick at heart. But just as they had reached

the limits of thought and will, the first things and the last things, there came I know not what change over the spirit of their dreams. At least they were able to say with a new and unheard-of audacity: What does it matter if intelligence — questioning, truthful, bold — show us our instincts for what they have been, with all their harshness and indelicacy, if it also enable us to clarify our presentiments of the harmony and beauty which, despite their wanderings and illusions, they have never ceased to mean? what does it matter if *both* are in the infinite mystery of things? It is the translation of this revulsion of thought into the audacities of action and feeling that gives the key to the life and art of the present.

'Whatever we want to do, we must,' says Solness in Ibsen's *Master Builder*. This is the last word of naturalism. But the spirit that followed naturalism has a new word: What we really, at the bottom of our hearts, want, that we also choose; and in choosing it we shall find the truth of desire and the beauty that alone is intelligible. This, at least, is the inspiration of all those hardy poets and novelists who have ventured to tear the veil of illusion woven by our unconventional selves, and to show us, under its apparent truth, the deeper truth of that which we really will to be.

III

All this may seem somewhat remote from the breezy heroines, the moral and spiritual picaresques that challenge the taste of the present. But in truth, as one soon comes to see, it is the very heart of the matter, for taste is indeed the most metaphysical of all things. After the ebb of will there has come the flood-tide of willfulness, after the *impasse* of intellect, the struggle to break through. If, therefore, we find

something harsh and ridiculous in the disorderly vanguard of our modern taste, it is merely that we are hearing the tumult and the shouting of those who have fought their way through.

It is easy to deride the extremes of affirmation and negation, the extravagances and contradictions that characterize the modern mood; it is much more important that we should understand them. It is something at least that we are coming to know that they are the fruit of no casual motion, but have their roots deep in the vicissitudes of the spirit — that in them we may find the whole equivocal story of man's adventure with nature, the alternate heats and colds, the cosmic depression and cosmic elation, the hardness as well as hardihood of soul; and that all these have had their part in creating that tension of will, that springing back of instinct and emotion, that gives rise to the extravagances of the present. For if we have at times reached the limits of taste, it is, after all, because we have also reached the limits of thought and will. If, in all that concerns our feeling in matters of literature and art, we are inexorable in our demands for the impact of reality, it is because reality itself has not been sparing in the demands it has made upon us; and if, finally, we have at times a somewhat urgent sense of a new grace and beauty in the making, it is because there has also been forced upon us a revaluation of our ideas of the good and the true.

To know all this, I say, is something; and doubtless you are aware of the affinities of thought and feeling between, let us say, a James and a Wells, a Maeterlinck and a Bergson; but if you know this you will also be aware of something more — of a curious resurgence of faith, of a renewed sense of more ultimate things, which even

the extravagances of the moment cannot wholly hide. One might almost believe that this is fully understood by us deep down in our hearts. For, after all, one cannot be extravagant without a persuasion, founded or unfounded, of the inexhaustible riches of the soul. If one does not risk harshness, indelicacy, and the ridiculous (still less the irrational, disorderly, and unpredictable), unless he believes them to be in the exuberant mystery of things, no more does one risk them unless this same mystery, so lightly and so hardily fronted, be also felt to contain, above them and beyond them, a world of inexhaustible values; unless indeed — and this is, perhaps, the *credo quia impossibile* of the modern mood — 'we are at once absurd and full of sublimity, and most absurd when we are most concerned to render the real splendors that pervade us!'

In all this, it is true, there is scarcely complete justification for our audacities; but it is at least something to know that when, perhaps against our will, these purveyors of modernity, with all their absurdity, indelicacy, and harshness, succeed in putting us on their side, it is because the silent processes of the life and thought about us have already smoothed their way; to know that if, with them, we are willing to contemplate the possibility of truer virtues in men and women, a truer manliness and womanliness in volition that is without indirections, a deeper purity in revelation — that if, for example, to take one instance from many, we are persuaded that 'real justice is beautiful in Marco, real morality in Vanna, and real love in Prinziville,' it is because we have been compelled unconsciously to reconstruct our conceptions of reality and truth, because the same forces of life that have broken up the external and rigid categories of the intellect, have at the same time

fractured the conventions that incrust the soul.

It is even more to know that if we are sometimes over-reckless with the beauty that has been found tried and true, it is because we are aware of a still more intelligible beauty yet to come; if, for the moment, we appear too garrulous of life, it is only that we may suggest its deeper silences; if, for the time, life may seem to be made unlivable, it is only that we may make possible that deeper life that is already partially and unconsciously lived; to know, in fine, that if we have come to exult in all sublime risks of freedom, knowledge, and creative powers, it is because we have come to believe in a freedom that is really free, in a wisdom that knows no fear, and in that creative evolution that brings forth forever things that, in very truth, are 'new and all.'

It is this, at least, that gives us our sense of spiritual adventure. On the great divide between the past, into which we can no longer enter, and the future we have but vaguely begun to feel, we may for the moment stand distraught. An intolerable regret, a pitiful anxiety to stop the relentless action of intellect upon instinct, alternates with a mad desire to press on. Our 'anxious morality,' the trembling state, and religion the conserver and miser of all values, know not whether to go backward or forward. Art, the reliever of pain and enhancer of pleasure, from which the heart had well-nigh been taken, knows not whether to cling to romance and the distance of the centuries, or to glorify the brute, and creep nearer and nearer to him. Yet in all this disarray of sentiment and emotion, we know that the best is

yet to come. For, turning one way, we are aware of the sub-conscious and sub-human, of planes of experience and existence exuberant with an emotion still unspoiled by thought. Turning yet another way, we are conscious of still more imperious passions and admirations, luring us on to an intensification of thought and feeling that shall translate human experience into something superhuman and divine.

In any case, modern taste drives on toward the limits of thought and will. If there is raillery at those limits, there is also exhilaration. There at least the wind blows; there at least are the contentions of wind and sun. Novel sensations and emotions play about these boundaries, and like the north wind and the south wind they bear haunting suggestions of the remote fastnesses and impossible distances whence they come! There are in truth no distances like those of the interior life. The distances of space and time are parochial and homely, for we have made them; but the ever-receding goals of the human will are unspeakable and inhuman, for these goals are not our own. To journey to the North Pole is a child's adventure, but to stand upon the outermost boundaries of knowledge, beyond the last human habitation, makes the strong man quake. To shrink from the abyss of space is a matter of the nerves, to recoil before the abysses of the soul is the true *vertige des choses*! To stand exultant on a peak in Darien, that is indeed a joy, but what is it compared with the joy of him who is led up into a high mountain where he may see all the kingdoms of the world within us, and of that world that is yet to be?

REST AT NOON

BY HERMANN HAGEDORN

Now with a recreated mind
Back to the world my way I find,

Fed by the hills one little hour,
By meadow-slope and beechen-bower,

Cedar serene, benignant larch,
Hoar mountains and the azure arch

Where dazzling vapors make vast sport
In God's profound and spacious court.

The universe played with me. Earth,
Harped unto heaven, made tuneful mirth;

The clouds built castles for my pleasure,
And airy legions, without measure,

Flung, spindrift-wise, across the sky,
To thrill my heart once and to die.

I have held converse with large things;
For cherubim with cooling wings

Brushed me; the stars that hide by day
Called through their latticed windows gay,

And clapped their hands: 'These veils uproll
And see the comrades of your soul.'

The very flowers that ringed my bed
Their little 'God-be-with-you' said.

And every insect, bird, and bee
Brought cool cups from eternity.

GARDENS AND GARDENS

BY H. G. DWIGHT

Is it too ingenuous to imagine that anything can be left to say about a garden? Garden literature, descriptive, reminiscent, and technical, has blossomed so profusely among us during the last decade, that he should be an expert indeed who ventures to add thereto. Gardening is distinctly the fashion, and American gardens have already begun to form a school of their own. But literature in general is there to prove that, on a worthy subject, or one merely interesting to successive generations, too much, apparently, can never be said. Only ephemeral matters are over-written. And as a friend of gardens goes about the land he observes that, while they are a good deal the fashion, they are not nearly enough the fashion. They seem chiefly to be the fashion, that is, among possessors of many acres, or those who keep up at least two permanent homes. There are still many dwellers in great houses, however, who would ransack five continents to match a curtain and a carpet, but whose grounds show scarcely a trace of human intelligence; while to too many inhabitants of suburbs and villages a garden means no more than a cabbage-patch. Until such as these, therefore, are turned from the error of their way, until America ceases to be the most gardenless country in the world, too much cannot be said about gardens.

Let no one conclude that I am about to break into a panegyric of the spade and the watering-pot, of weeding and early rising, and I know not what other

salutary exercises. These have been sufficiently celebrated. There is no need for me to mention them, save by way of insinuating how fractional a part of a garden they are. As for vegetables, I do not consider a plot of ground devoted to them worthy of the honorable name of garden. Vegetables are, of course, a part of gardening, but the least, the last, — for those who do not have to raise them, the most dishonorable part.

Even the culture of flowers is not the whole of a garden. It is a larger part than the preceding because it gives play to the rarer, the more trampled instincts of man, — his sense of color, his feeling for beauty, his reaching out after something beyond the mere necessity of the instant, — but the cultivation of flowers is only a rudimentary stage of a greater art; and happy are they who pass beyond it into the higher degrees of initiation.

Having said so much I may, perhaps, be expected, particularly by the outraged allies of the onion and the bean, to state in so many words what I conceive a garden to be. Not at all. I propose to make no such mistake. Has any one yet defined religion, or virtue, or love, or life? Only by experience may these, and gardens, be known, and by study of the great examples. Garden masterpieces are to be found in almost every part of the world where travelers go. The Arabs, the Persians, and the Japanese, among remoter peoples, have in their several ways carried the art to great perfection.

Those of our own stock who have best understood a garden seem to have been the Italians of the Renaissance, after whom the French and the English worked with the happiest results. It is not for me to commemorate the magic and the melancholy of those great villas that hold half of the wonder of Italy. Yet it is something to my purpose to recall one or two nameless gardens, perhaps even more characteristic of a country where no piece of ground is considered too small or too dark for its decorative treatment.

One of the earliest with which I formed personal ties was in Asolo, whither I first went in a youthful enthusiasm for Browning, but which I found so much more poetic than the poet that my enthusiasm cooled to a disconcerting degree. What to me were bells and pomegranates of the printed page, when growing pomegranates and distantly-sounding bells might be enjoyed so much more vividly in a certain narrow *riva* — as the local dialect has it — overhanging the vast plain of the Po?

On one side of this little garden a grassy walk followed the edge of a declivity where grapes sunned themselves, to a clump of laurel trees. There a small white god stood against the sacred green, and there it was good to take a book in the morning — or tea in the afternoon. Across a dip of the town you could see the Queen Cornaro's tower printed against the sky, and the pillars of a colonnade, and the sharpness of a cypress tree; and beyond it all the long scroll of the Dolomites sank into the plain. On the other side, a *charmille* of clipped beech made a cool green tunnel under the wall. That was for sun or for rain, and it led to an arbor of roses. Here, too, the ground dropped away, falling from garden to garden, from vineyard to vineyard, from chestnut glen to chest-

nut glen, until the great green plain spread out its wonderful web that faded into a blue haze like the sea. Out of the plain rose, like the Amber Isles that Strabo called them, the strange cones of the Euganean Hills. Beyond them, to the left, you sometimes caught under a clear sun, or a high moon, the glint of the Adriatic.

For certain gardens, swimming bodily in that sea, I came to have a fantastic weakness. By nothing am I more easily undone than by the association of growing things with water. Then the crowded islands of Venice have so little room to spare that the flowers and vines and trees prospering there in so many inhospitable crannies prove again how deep-rooted in the Italian nature is the need of beauty, and the instinct to create it. There are, to be sure, really big gardens in the place, some hidden away where no outsider would guess. Not the least delightful, though, are the numberless closes, each with its own ingenuities for privacy or pleasure, so small that I used to wonder how spring ever found them out. Most of them, of course, I never visited except in imagination, although to not a few I vulgarly obtained entrance under a false pretense of house-hunting. But the one with a long red wall above a canal in an out-of-the-way part of town, through the grille work of whose open arches poured such a sense of green seclusion — who would have violated it? And while I would have sold my soul to possess the *giardinetto* with a Gothic water-gate and a balcony jutting out from the top of the wall, where seats were set in the shadow of a huge acacia, it was better, since that might not be, never to penetrate it.

I cannot forbear mentioning, however, one into which I penetrated so often that my affections took root beyond any possibility of transplanting.

I have never forgiven D'Annunzio and Mrs. Temple Thurston for afterwards putting it into books without so much as changing its name. If they had known it as well as I, they could not have made out of it such copy as they did. It belonged to a *palazzo* of the Renaissance, in whose great lower hall the shimmer of the canal in front met the green light of the garden behind. You entered it by a formal court, where battered Roman emperors stood gravely in niches of the wall on either side, and a low parapet surmounted by a grille of wrought iron sharpened your anticipation of joys to come. This grille was also a device to set off the garden gate, a charming old twisted *cancello* between high stone posts, whereon nymphs struggled in the arms of satyrs, or Sabines were rapt to Rome.

And then you were upon enchanted ground. You would never have suspected yourself to be in the heart of a city. Scarcely even would you have suspected yourself to be in Venice, for the water was nowhere visible — although the sense of it would sometimes fill the silence at a gondolier's cry or the distant splash of an oar. A long path led you, if flower-beds and fruit trees and shady trellises did not beguile you by the way, to a sort of temple set against an ivied wall. Therein were celebrated no rites more mysterious than those which caused this paradise to bloom from the winter day when the Japanese calycanthus held out a first spicy hope of spring till the last chrysanthemum of autumn bowed its head. Yet could rites more mysterious have been celebrated?

Certain miracles that I beheld there have haunted my memory ever since: a gray April morning of sirocco, when the almond blossoms, the flaming tulips, the young green of the vines, hung as if painted on the motionless air; a summer night when the roses had an

unearthly pallor under a half-eaten moon, whose ghostliness was somehow one with their perfume and with the phosphorescence of dew tipping their petals; a day when the trees stood part submerged in fog, into which leaves dropped slowly, slowly, one after another, and sank out of sight. And there were times when one yielded quite shamelessly to the sentimental. They were more likely to be times of crickets, I think, than of birds — when it was impossible not to feel, like another essence of the sunlight, the bitter-sweet of life that lingers about old houses, and places where men have died, and things that forgotten hands have touched.

This garden has always remained for me the perfection and pattern of its kind. It was not very big. It had none of the tricks, unless you count the court and the temple, whereby the old gardeners sometimes sought to catch your fancy. It did not even afford the view which contributes so much to the famous places of Italy. It was merely a small level inclosure behind a house, a larger and more delightful living-room, where its owners could find quiet and beauty, and their own portion of the earth. And while the grace of its setting, and some breath of legend that blew about it, were not a little of its charm, the essential elements of that charm were so simple that I am never through marveling at my fellow countrymen for so often wasting their own opportunities. Is it that they fail to perceive their opportunities? Or do they feel no desire to improve them? Or do they falsely imagine that only for Dives may such things be? Or do they live in fear of Mrs. Grundy and the nemesis she has sometimes visited upon a neighbor who dared to call his ground his own? Or are they so sunken in the fallacies of that school of gardening, so-called of landscape, that they

find no beauty save in the monotonous wastes whereby they surround themselves?

I recognize, of course, that its lawns give a *cachet* to an American village; and a *cachet* is never to be scorned. Moreover I would be the last to deny that an American country street makes a most agreeable perspective in summer, with its arching trees and its park-like fringe of green and its clear-colored houses set a little apart from each other and from the public way. And there is not a little to be said for the confidence and friendliness which carry life forward so sociably in the open. Yet I never admire one of these thoroughfares without amazement at the householders who can freely throw away half their land and all their privacy in order to make a boulevard of an indifferent highway. I myself should be totally incapable of such a renunciation. The first thing I should do, were I so happy as to own the most infinitesimal fraction of the earth's surface, would be to surround at least a portion of it — possibly sacrificing the 'front lawn' on the altar of public opinion and democracy — with a hedge so thick and so high that my neighbors would have to go to some trouble in order to take observations of my affairs. And the next thing I should do would be to lay out that inclosed space after a design of my own imagining.

Whistler liked to maintain that Nature is but a clumsy artist, incapable of properly harmonizing or arranging her materials. I do not know how far I should be willing to follow Whistler. I have seen works of Nature that I should have been very sorry to let any one touch. But such masterpieces, save minute details of them, or the great picture of the skies, cannot exist in towns or their vicinity. And it is impossible for a strip of grass between a neatly-painted house and an oiled

road to produce an illusion of the wild-wood — unless it is so big or so cleverly inclosed by trees as to be outside the scope of this paper. The open lawn of custom, with its geometrical boundaries and its weekly or bi-weekly shaving, is as frankly artificial as the most elaborate perversities of the Baroque period. A really good lawn, moreover, even, green, and free of weeds, exacts a greater tribute of time and money than a garden of the same size.

Convention for convention, therefore, the more considered lines of a garden harmonize better with houses and streets than any attempt to domesticate the prairie on a hundred-foot front. And the design of a garden satisfies an instinct as native to us as any other. There is something in us that loves symmetry, selection, arrangement, as well as wildness and irregularity. A small garden, accordingly, gives its owner a far greater opportunity to express himself than a small lawn. The usual lawn expresses nothing so much as a vacancy of mind or an impious waste of good material; whereas in a garden any man may be an artist, may experiment with all the subtleties or simplicities of line, mass, color, and composition, and taste the god-like joys of a creator.

I hesitate to use the epithet 'formal' with regard to a small garden, for I generally find the word to suggest trees clipped into the form of peacocks, or flower-beds imitating carpets and sofa-cushions. How little, indeed, the Italian secret is understood, even by persons who have had opportunity to study it at first hand, we sometimes see graphically illustrated in this country by those who tuck a pergola and a few bits of marble into one corner of their grounds, and then call upon their friends to admire their Italian garden. One is reminded of the mansions that used to abound more self-confidently

than they do now, wherein one was led from an Empire salon to a Japanese room, and finally brought to rest in a Turkish corner.

As to pergolas, by the way, I often ask myself where in the world the strange erections that stalk through an increasing number of American gardens, that even cover not a few American verandahs, staring-white, bare of foliage, and solid enough to support a sky-scraper, are supposed to have derived their origin. In some of the greatest Italian gardens the pergolas are made of slender unplanned poles fastened together by withes, which are invisible under the vines that cover them. The nakedness of American pergolas has sometimes been explained to me by the fact that grape-vines must be cut down every year in order to bear well. What of it? The vine exists for the pergola, not the pergola for the vine. Even in countries so poor as Greece and Turkey thousands of vines are grown simply for their shade and beauty. If we called a pergola a trellis, and were done with it, we might be less in danger of disfiguring our gardens by a species of snow-shed.

Pergolas, however, or marbles either, do not constitute an Italian garden. That is a matter of structure, whose principle will naturally work out different results under different conditions. It has already worked out very happy results in this country — results often bearing no superficial resemblance to the popular idea of an Italian garden. For the principle is not Italian or of any other nationality; it is merely a principle of good taste, which any woman who knows how to dress should, with a little imagination, be able to grasp very quickly. It consists in treating a piece of ground as if it were at one with the architecture upon it. Thus the marbles, in Italy, and the occasional white per-

golas, repeat a note of the villa, which always has a good deal of marble about it; but they would be absurdly out of place if the villa happened to be a colored timber house.

The reason why the grounds are formal is that the villa itself is more formal than most of our country-houses. The degree of elaborateness depends upon the scale of the place, though some formality is the only possible transition between house and country. At the same time the grounds are laid out with reference to whatever view they may command. And they are planned to contain a constructional beauty of their own, independent of decoration or view. Thus a garden of agreeable design, which is accentuated by evergreens and simple architectural features, gives pleasure in winter as in summer, whether it is kept up or not. Its pattern attracts the eye like a picture. Whereas a blank lawn, unmarked by paths or anything else save trees or shrubs set about at random, is rarely a pleasant sight during the leafless part of the year.

The best thing, after all, about an Italian garden is that it is intended to be lived in. The paths, the arbors, the terraces, the seats, the pergolas, and other covered walks, are not mere ingenuities of ornament. They are for use. They make it possible to extend the life of the house under the sky, and in various weathers. The wall, accordingly, is a necessary part of the scheme; for a garden without an inclosure is a picture without a frame, a room without a partition.

Here is where I find the lawns of my country most intolerable. That they should be without form and void is less injurious than that they should bear no relation to the lives of their possessors. How pitiable are thousands of unfortunate persons, of unquestioned title to varying portions of the earth's surface,

who yet go down to the grave ignorant of their true heritage. For the sums which they expend in maintaining vacancy about them they might create each his own Eden. But no; custom forbids them walls, even behind the building line. Their very grass is not their own, for it must be kept wet, and many feet will wear it out. Moreover, its exposure to every eye hedges them more narrowly about than privet or masonry. Would they taste that pleasant idleness of the clement season which is to loll with a book under a tree — or without one? They must dress for it, if they have the tree, and take thought not to assume too undignified a posture. Is it theirs to spread the family board in the open? They might as well spread it on the sidewalk. They may not even indulge in so promiscuous an entertainment as a lawn-party without darkenings of the horizon by the uninvited.

And as for the more intimate passages of life! — What can there be of intimacy about a lawn? It is a part of the street, at best no more than a part of a neighbor's premises; and the householder must comport himself accordingly. He shall never really know — I do not speak, of course, of those who are happy enough to live in open country or surrounded by their own acres — what life out-of-doors may be. His only idea of such a thing is to spend an hour at the country club, or a holiday in the mountains or by the sea. The notion that his own ground might be put to any use has never entered his head — unless in the rudimentary form represented by a potato patch. But until he and his house enjoy the freedom of a garden, they will never be more than strangers to the sun.

There prevails among many of us an actual hostility toward gardens, upon which I have mused not a little. One would suppose that a people so

devoted to the cult of fresh air, so given to piazzas and 'sleeping porches,' would be quick to afford themselves so simple a luxury. I cannot believe the objection oftenest made to me: that mosquitoes prevent the enjoyment of a garden. True as it is in part, it is true only for certain seasons and for certain hours of the day. Mosquitoes never yet kept any one who really wanted a garden from having one. Neither do I put much faith in the altruism of those who protest against walls because they prevent outsiders from enjoying one's own grounds. It would be entirely possible to make a defense of walls on the highest psychological basis. Nay, what could be more delightful than to take an outraged community by the hand and point out that a glimpse of green through an open gate, a vine hanging over a coping, a tree peering above a hedge, suggests more to the inquiring mind than the most unobstructed view? But I suspect that the real milk in that cocoanut is a fear lest the rocker on the piazza be cut off from the spectacle of the street and of neighboring rockers.

Far be it from me to denounce the pleasures of the rocking-chair, or of contemplating the human spectacle. They merely afford me a step in a philosophical inquiry, leading to the conviction that, as a people, we are distinctly rebellious against the theory of a garden. It is natural enough that this should be. The sons of pioneers with all the blood of adventure in their veins, we are not even yet settled into this huge, half-tamed country of ours. We have a genuine love of wildness and space, which is impatient of what there may be dainty and confined about a garden. And we are somewhat notoriously averse to anything that resembles idleness. But I think there also must be in us a nerve

duller than in other men; a blind spot in our eyes.

At any rate, as I go about those parts of our land where our fathers had early opportunity of expressing themselves, those parts which remain least troubled by foreign ideas, I never fail to be impressed by the unerring instinct with which the houses turn their backs to the most desirable view. Being given their choice of a happy valley or a dusty road, they invariably prefer the latter. Set down on a spot where it is impossible to avoid some agreeable outlook, they block out as much of it as possible by an enormous barn.

Now, a Turk is regarded by the inhabitants of those houses as a bloody and heathenish man, unsusceptible to any of the softer feelings that visit their own breasts. Yet that heathenish and bloody man has an unerring instinct of another kind. He has, uninstructed by any Village Improvement Society, a natural genius for placing his house, and, cut off in a town from wide prospects, the view of trees, the sight and sound of water, it would be inconceivable to him to make his back-yard such an abomination of desolation as may be seen from the rear windows of any American city.

The sense of beauty is a sprite of strange whims, visiting those who know her not, abandoning those who passionately sue her, never dwelling long in one time or people, and always discovering herself in new forms. If she has yet done no more than visit our shores furtively, and at rare intervals, that is no reason for giving up hope that she may some day reign in our midst. Shall there never be a Renaissance or Golden Age again?

In this small question of gardens, however, there is another element, another national idiosyncrasy, related to the rocking-chairs noted above. A larger

expression of it is the house on whose piazza the rocking-chair rocks; a house whose front door is courteously made of glass in order to deprive the public of as little as possible of what goes forward within, and whose interior partitions have almost totally disappeared. All is the integration of Spencer; there is scarcely any differentiation here between one room and another. In so far as consciousness may be concerned in these things I have no doubt that they are ordered for the common good, and on some vague protestant principle of a life to come — as of large entertainments that seldom take place. Yet I seem to connect them with our somewhat noted American partiality for hotels — for change, travel, and publicity also, as opposed to rootedness and the individual life.

Here I think must lie the seed of that unfriendliness toward gardens which I not seldom encounter. It is the more curious that any such unfriendliness should exist, since individualism is supposed to hold freer sway among us than among any other people of the earth. Yet, with all that individualism and vitality, there is lacking a certain sense of life, a sense of the life of the moment, which our bloody and heathenish friend the Turk possesses along with his sense of beauty. Is it that, like the younger sons we are of all the younger sons of the world, we must still forage and sow wild oats, the resources of the inner life being a secret of age?

Separation, after all, is as native and as needful to us as society. Every man bears within him a solitary world which no one else may enter. Nor is this merely a matter of the sentimental. There is something aloof within us that will not be divided or communicated. Our rarest, like our bitterest, moments are for ourselves alone. And only by being most himself

can a man be most for his kind. It is entirely possible to pay too much for the common good. Dangerous doctrine though this be, double-edged for good or ill, it is proven by great poets; by the great initiators of any breed.

Whence it is that a garden wall is no piece of that exclusiveness at which we like to throw our word 'un-American.' If private life be less American than life of the street, the sooner we naturalize it the better.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF AN INDIVIDUALIST

III

BY JAMES O. FAGAN

I

AT the outset of my third chapter I wish to emphasize the fact that I am doing my best to write, not simply the ups and downs of a somewhat adventurous career, but the plain history of a passion.

In the preceding sections of my story I have given a rough yet definite description of the soil in which this passion was planted, and of its manifestations and behavior when first it became conscious of its surroundings in the Highlands of Scotland. I have described the contact of my individualistic spirit with men and events when I was about to leave home; later, on board ship; and finally during a sojourn of two years in South America. Before concluding the story of my experiences in South America, however, a final incident remains to be noticed.

Applying its lessons to my own progress, the story relates specifically to the character and influence of women. My experience in such matters has been somewhat unusual. For one thing, I

can just remember my mother on her death-bed. As a moral handicap the significance of this fact is immeasurable. Then again, there were no girls in our family, no sisters for companions or playmates.

Let the reasons be what they may, as I grew up, I consistently avoided female society. But this instinctive disinclination for the society of girls and women was accompanied by the most spiritual ideas in regard to their personalities and influence. My youthful and well-remembered conclusions on the subject are plain as plain can be. As a growing boy it never occurred to me that any girl or woman of my acquaintance could possibly be less than perfect in the workings of her heart, in the details of her daily occupation, or in matters that related to her mission as a sex. My attitude at the time may be summed up in two mottoes: 'I worship,' and, 'I serve.'

But there comes to every mortal a time when youthful dreams must submit themselves to all sorts of practical and spiritual tests. In my case, the

first clash was perhaps the most memorable event in which my personality has ever been called upon to take part. On the occasion to which I refer, I just happened to get close enough to the heart of a woman to enable me to understand a little of its fundamental character. It is one of those unforgettable links that still connect this most absorbing of life problems with my boyish dreams. It was shortly after my arrival in Bahia from Santos. She was a married woman. This fact, to me at the time, had not the slightest significance. I made her acquaintance on board ship, on the way over from Europe. She was then the young bride of one of my fellow clerks. Unfortunately he was the flimsiest kind of a fellow, and six months of life in Bahia were sufficient to carry him well along on the highway to perdition. On my arrival in Bahia I knew nothing about this state of affairs. However, when I heard that the family were in trouble I determined to call, and after a while I found them in poorly furnished quarters in what was then known as the upper city.

At the time of my first visit the husband was in jail and the young wife was taking care of her baby girl and trying to keep body and soul together with the assistance of a boarder or two. Within a few days I, too, as a boarder, was admitted into the family circle.

Readers perhaps will imagine that I am about to give a simple variation of an old story. Be this as it may, the significance of the experience to me personally was incalculable.

With my advent the young wife seemed to acquire a fresh supply of courage. We soon became attached to each other in a quiet sociable way, which easily led to the exchanging of confidences. Apart from her expressed gratitude, I knew absolutely nothing about her affections, except as they

shone in her face and were manifested in her motherly devotion. And yet it is true that as the days went by the situation developed most delightfully in impossible directions, as it were, until the current of other affairs hurried it along to a climax.

Before leaving Santos I had written home to make inquiries in regard to the situation and prospects in South Africa, and very soon I received word that arrangements had been made which would enable me to join a party of young fellows who intended to leave England on a certain date. Finally the time came for me to pack up and take leave.

So one morning I prepared to walk out of my boarding-house for the last time. To me the occasion, in minutest detail, is unforgettable. In thinking it all over from a distance, one recognizes with a clearer understanding than at the time the significance of such events in the life-journey of the individual. Every once in a while in their lives people focus in this way and take stock of spiritual progress. The picture in my mind of the final scene and leave-taking is something like this:—

A ladder of houses on a cliff-like street. The city sparkling in the first glow of the early morning sun. The harbor beneath, and in the distance, dotted with ships. Inside a home, a flower-decked parlor, a child in a high chair pounding lustily on the table with little fists. The young mother sorrow-tossed, yet struggling to speak cheerfully. The face pale as pale can be, yet gentle and firm beyond description. The hand extended, and the words 'good-bye' at the point of utterance. Then suddenly, in the twinkling of an eye, the features relax, tears stream and the little body collapses. Just enough strength was left to enable her to rush from the room.

As for me, I stood there like a fool,

bereft of motion, almost of thought. Quickly, however, I came to my senses. A situation hitherto undreamed of, yet actually rehearsed for two or three months in simplest everyday intercourse, dawned upon me. From her side and mine, all at once, I understood. I realized that to prolong my stay, or to call her back, would be sacrilege. Nevertheless, even to-day, I cannot easily account to myself for what followed. I turned to leave the house, and then the unutterable dilemma in my heart took refuge in action. I opened my purse and counted out upon the table, in sovereigns, the half of its contents. And that was the end of it all.

II

The scene now changes to South Africa. But before I begin the narrative of my travels and experience in that country, a word or two should be said regarding my aim and intentions in steering my course in such a strange direction.

To begin with, of course there was the roving, adventurous spirit tucked away in my heredity, added to the disgust which I had acquired for my life and surroundings in South America. Then again, there was the ever-present necessity of earning a living somehow and somewhere; and on top of all these considerations there came an enthusiastic invitation from a brother who was already in Africa, and who, at the time he wrote, was doing remarkably well at the Pilgrim's Rest Gold-Fields. Just what I was going to do when I got there was to be left altogether to circumstances.

In the second place, a preliminary word or two of explanation is due in regard to the period at which I appeared on the African scene; and a very brief sketch or reminder of a few of the historical events which signalized this

period and with which, here and there, I was in close touch, will certainly not be out of place.

In those days there were no railroads either in Natal or the Transvaal, and the ox-wagon was the most important single feature of African life. The Transvaal Republic, when first I entered the territory in the year 1877, was in a state of commercial and political anarchy, principally from a lack of funds necessary to enable the farmers to continue their campaign against the Kaffirs. President Burgers and his executive were in despair and the Republic was in a state of hopeless bankruptcy when, on April 12, 1877, at Pretoria, Sir Theophilus Shepstone, armed with the necessary authority from the British government, annexed the country as British territory.

The return of more prosperous conditions, however, aroused the Boers to renewed consciousness of their political subjection, and very soon, under the stupid and autocratic handling of the situation by British administrators, the old sores were reopened, and the war-spirit, nursed by the cautious and astute policy of Paul Kruger, who was at the head of the new movement, spread from farm to farm until it was fearlessly supported by nine tenths of the population.

At intervals following the annexation in 1877, came the Zulu war, which included the disaster at Isandlwana, the death of Prince Napoleon, the victory of Ulundi, and the capture of Cetewayo. Then, later, the campaign against the Kaffir chief Sekukuni in the north of the Transvaal was undertaken, and this again was followed in 1880 by the outbreak of the first Boer war of Independence, with the battle of Majuba Hill, and the recession of the Transvaal to the Boers by the Gladstone government, in 1881.

It was at the beginning of this string

of historical events that I made my way into the Transvaal, and in the midst of these scenes I lived and moved about for over three years among the Boers and the Kaffirs.

While the events I have mentioned had but little direct connection with me and my fortunes, they form a sort of historical framework inside of which I moved up and down and formed personal opinions in regard to policies and peoples. In order to emphasize my personal relationship to these affairs and to these peoples, I think the best way will be to give a series of detached pictures of my African life and experience and to comment upon them by the way.

III

On the journey from South America to the Transvaal I halted for a day or two in Cape Town. Then I moved northward and spent a few weeks in the colony of Natal, where I happened to meet two men who took more than a passing interest in me and my problems. The first was Rider Haggard. At that time he was secretary to the governor. Haggard, like myself, was then in the making stage, and already his conversation was bristling with the 'He,' 'She,' and 'Jess' of his novels. With Haggard's assistance I received an introduction to one of the most notable men of the period in that or any other country, Bishop Colenso. He was one of those persecuted forerunners of religious liberty. At the same time he was universally recognized as the great peace-loving arbitrator between the Kaffirs, the Boers, and the British. Three or four times I met him at his home, amid dream-like surroundings, flowers and hedgerows and gorgeous vegetation, a grand old man with a retinue of stately ring-crowned Zulus for servitors and errand boys. He seemed to be devoting his declining years to

the material and spiritual interests of a little village of dark-skinned mission children. For the first time in my life, I met a man who listened to my story, gave me much practical and spiritual advice, and sent me on my way with renewed courage.

At this point in my narrative I may as well say that, in my mind, at the time, my personal mission in Africa was clearly understood. At the first encounter, in South America especially, Society and I had made the poorest kind of connection. The rough-and-tumble childhood, the religion of John Knox, the discipline of the 'taws,' and the sterling influence of vigorous and healthy environment in youth, had received a palpable setback. Hitherto Society had been confining me in many ways; I was anxious to grow in a physical direction especially, and for that reason the prospect of a few years in Africa appealed to me. At the same time, both intellectually and religiously, I was holding my own. While I still remained steadfast to religious fundamentals, the meaning of religion in my mind, as well as its centre of gravity, was changing.

Of course, apart from this philosophy of life, there was, at all times, the problem of my material interests. Never in my life, however, have I had any schemes for the accumulation of money, and least of all while I was in Africa. I was possessed with a craving for knowledge, excitement, and personal expression. My mind was twenty years ahead of my experience. The problem for me would have been the same in any country — it was simply to find myself. In Africa as in South America I continued to follow my individualistic programme, and it must not be forgotten that my conclusions in regard to people and conditions were derived not from philosophy or reading, but from a discussion of live

issues at camp-fires with indignant Kaffirs whose kraals had been sacked, and on wagon-seats with sturdy Boers whose everlasting theme was personal and national independence.

I can only refer in passing to the period of my initiation among these African scenes and people. In five or six months to become fairly expert in handling a wagon-whip and inspanning oxen, in horsemanship, hunting and rifle-shooting, and roughing it in general, was a very simple process for a fellow at my age; but to become conversationally at home among Kaffirs and Boers, and to a slight extent among Hottentots and tongue-snapping or 'click' speaking Bushmen, in a little over a year, was an achievement that can be comprehended only by those who possess a most retentive memory, and who from childhood have been passionately diligent and inquisitive in the study of languages. To me in Africa, this facility in languages was not only an ever-present and all-absorbing occupation,—it proved also to be the point of contact, sympathetically taken advantage of in every way, that enabled me to get unusually close to the hearts and the homes of those peoples, both black and white.

As illustrations of my African experiences I have in mind a number of characteristic scenes or word-pictures. The first is that of a transport-rider or wagon-driver. With a wagon and a span of sixteen or eighteen oxen, at different times I took loads of merchandise from the coast across the Free State or the Transvaal, to Kimberley, Pretoria, or the Gold Fields. In those early days a trip of this description in dry weather over the flats, which in places were simply black with herds of blesboks, gnus, and zebras, was a sort of long-continued picnic; but when you got into the swamps, or breasted a range of mountains, it soon turned into

a heroic and sometimes into a desperate undertaking. Then it became a supreme test of lungs and limbs and courage. Winding up through dangerous gorges and over rocky heights, this creaking Transvaal buck-wagon, the forerunner of civilization, dragged its perilous way. Its string of straining and panting oxen, every back on the hump, every nose within an inch of the ground, goaded to the limit of exertion by the reverberating cracks of a forty-foot whip, was, to me, an important element in a scene of physical splendor. And then at sundown, when we outspanned our cattle, cooked our food, smoked our pipes, and discussed the day's doings round the camp-fires with Boers and Kaffirs from other wagons, as they happened to visit us, I, at any rate, amid these scenes, soon became aware that nature herself had taken me in hand, and that there was room in my heart for all manner of human sympathies; and that certainly, if I could have had my way, the whites and the blacks in South Africa would have worked out their social and political problems without a suspicion of bloodshed. But the collective interests of nations look upon Africa in a different light. I was soon led to observe that, so far as Africa was concerned, the interests of human society on the whole, and ideas of social justice in particular, were represented for the most part by shiploads of rum and rifles, by the debauching of Kaffir life, the almost fiendish search for gold and diamonds, and the harrying of the Boers from the Cape to the Zambesi.

On my first trip with a wagon and oxen I shipped as a sort of 'dead-head,' learning the business. My second venture was with my own outfit. The route, with a load of miscellaneous merchandise, was from Durban in Natal to Bethlehem in the Orange Free State. I hired a driver for the trip, a good-

natured mission Kaffir. His name was Grumpy. He could handle a whip, cook a meal, speak English after a fashion, swear, drink, and steal upon occasion with the best of his profession. In the matter of stealing, however, he drew the line at his own master. To me he was incorruptibly honest. So far as cheating and general iniquity were concerned, he never tired of reminding me that he had been educated in a school of experts, that is, of white men. I shall never forget the first time Grumpy reminded me of this fact. His first month's wages consisted of a handful of silver coins, among which there happened to be a florin, that is, a two-shilling piece. Taking my ignorance for granted, he held the coin up before me and looked at it half sneeringly, as if it contained a dangerous or snake-like quality. Then grinning from ear to ear he said, 'Baas, that's a Scotchman.' Of course I demanded an explanation, and his story substantially was as follows:—

'When I was still at my Kraal in Swaziland, a number of years ago, the boys coming home from the Diamond Field brought news that they had been cheated. You must understand,' Grumpy explained, 'our boys are particularly fond of silver coins. Bulk means a good deal in Kaffirland. In buying cows and swapping them for wives there is nothing like a heap of silver coins to count and shuffle and squabble about. But you see, Baas, at that time the green Kaffirs did n't understand the difference in value, or notice the difference in size, between a florin and a half-crown piece. Well, once upon a time, hundreds of these Kaffir boys had been working all winter long, road-making and trench-digging near Kimberley, and when the time came, the contractor, who was a Scotchman, paid them their wages for the most part in florins, but counted

them as half-crown pieces, and pocketed the difference. When the trick was discovered the contractor had departed. But Kaffirs never forget an injury of this kind; consequently ever since, through the length and breadth of Kaffirland, a florin is known as a Scotchman.'

Before long Grumpy and I became fast friends, and not once did he abuse the trust I placed in him. In posting me on the geography of the country, on the methods of handling the oxen, and on the other details of wagon-life, his services were invaluable. At the same time no schoolmaster could possibly have been more patient or have taken more pleasure in explaining to me the proper intonation and meaning of words in his Kaffir vocabulary.

Grumpy and his companions were great smokers. On the trek at night, after the oxen had been securely fastened to the yokes, it was customary for the boys to construct in the soil a sort of tunnel about two inches high and ten or twelve feet in length and fill it with water. At one end the pipe bowl was inserted, at the other end the mouthpiece. Then the boys, lying flat on their stomachs, rolled over in turns and inhaled great gulps of the intoxicating fumes. At such times, after I came to understand their language in some degree, I delighted to retire to my bunk on top of the wagonload and listen, sometimes until midnight, to the orations, all about terrible fights and prodigious feasts, with which the boys regaled each other between their turns at the pipe.

But this first trip into the Free State with Grumpy as factotum was particularly memorable on account of an unfortunate experience on my first hunting expedition.

We had successfully scaled the Drakensburg Mountains and were encamped one afternoon at a drift of the

Wilge River, when a couple of Boers came along and invited me to go hunting with them for an hour or two. I possessed a good rifle and a splendid shooting pony, so without delay we set out in search of the game. And game enough there was, to be sure. We were hardly out of sight of our wagons when, cantering over a 'rise,' we came in plain view of a great herd of blesbok, the head of the column close at hand, with a long string behind it stretching out, it seemed, for miles, clear to the horizon. Catching sight of us, the mass as with one accord got under way and, headed by a number of leaders, tore across the veldt directly in front of us in a terrific stampede. My companions knew just what to do under the circumstances, and before I had sufficiently recovered from the excitement of the gallop to be able to aim straight, five or six of the animals had already succumbed to their skillful marksmanship. It was my first hunt and I suppose I was crazy with excitement, nevertheless, ever since I have always been heartily ashamed of my almost fiendish behavior that afternoon as a sportsman. I had always supposed that if I should fire deliberately at a house or a mountain, I could manage to hit it in some way. But after firing shot after shot as fast as I could ram the cartridges into my rifle, at a solid mass of galloping blesboks I soon began to wonder what on earth had become of the bullets. Apart from the blesboks there was actually nothing in sight to aim at but the sky.

Meanwhile the Boers, continuing the hunt in their own way, aiming at animals, not at herds, had galloped off in different directions while the bewildered blesboks, cut up into panic-stricken squadrons by the galloping hunters, were tearing across the plains in different directions, for all the world like so many vanishing dust-storms.

In less than ten minutes from the time the herd had been sighted I stood alone on the veldt at the side of my horse, bemoaning my luck, and pondering on the next move.

But no, I was not alone after all. On a hillock some two hundred yards away I sighted a solitary bull blesbok. He was calmly surveying me and my pony in the most inquisitive manner. 'Going to drop dead in a minute or two,' I said to myself. So I waited. I had only one cartridge left in my belt and I might need that, I soliloquized, to kill something else on the way back to the wagons. But it seems the old ram on the hillock had plans of his own, for suddenly he wheeled round and ambled slowly away, whipping the air with a broken and dangling hind leg. In a second I was in the saddle and after him. But the faster I galloped, the nimbler the old buck became on his three legs. I could scarcely believe my senses. He could trot and 'tripple' and gallop at will. But if I could n't shoot straight, I had learned as a boy to ride anything and everything in the shape of a horse, and on this occasion my pony was a jewel of his kind. If I could remember them I should certainly be ashamed to give the details of that first African gallop across the veldt, dodging a labyrinth of holes, ant-hills, and boulders. It was a cruel errand. That pony was wing-footed, eagle-eyed, and remorseless; the game old blesbok, limbering along ahead of us and now at last easing up a little, was doomed. In the end he simply halted, faced us, and awaited our approach. The tragedy was then completed with my last bullet.

But the end of the adventure was not yet. The primitive methods whereby in the dusk of the evening I beheaded and skinned that animal would better not be described. Let it suffice to say that in a few minutes I started

on my return to the wagons with the hide and the hindquarters of the blesbok securely fastened behind my saddle.

But I had never given a thought to the course I had taken in my gallop across the veldt. I kept on and on, and before long it grew dark and somewhat cold. So I dismounted, and after thinking it over, I knee-haltered the horse and let him go, crept head first into a large ant-bear-hole for a night's lodging, and made myself as comfortable as was possible under the circumstances, using the blesbok hide for a blanket.

The night was dark as pitch. Sleep was out of the question. I suppose that it was the haunches and the raw hide that attracted the creatures, but before long it really seemed as if I had settled down in a village of wild pigs and insulted the whole community. To begin with, squeaking incessantly, they seemed to be racing round and round in a circle, taking me for its centre. Then a number of jackals, drawing nearer and nearer, joined in the chorus. But I soon discovered that if I disliked the noise I fairly dreaded the silence. During the quiet spells I knew that something was chewing industriously at the projecting ends of the raw hide in which I was enveloped. It was hard work for me to keep kicking incessantly, but whenever I rested for a minute the chewing developed into vigorous and vicious tugs, the significance of which it was easy for one in my position to appreciate.

However, I kicked the night through in safety, and early in the morning, to my delight, I found my horse a short distance away, nibbling contentedly at his breakfast.

My troubles, however, were by no means ended. I spent the day as I had the evening before, wandering on and on without sighting a farmhouse or a scrap of a road. Luckily I had some

matches, and at noon I built a fire and had some blesbok steak to eat, and when night came again, the blaze I made kept the jackals and pigs at a distance. The following day, the third after leaving my wagons, I was rescued in a curious manner.

Approaching a 'Krantz' or stony hillock, I was leading my horse through the high grass, when suddenly right in front of me up jumped a little bit of a Bushman boy about three feet high, and scampered away in the direction of the Krantz. Then I noticed something like a tent on the hillside, behind which the little oddity took refuge. In another minute I found myself in the presence of a Bushman and his wife. They were of the half-domesticated variety. The man could speak a few Dutch words and I had little difficulty in explaining my situation. He belonged to a Free State Boer, but at the time was on a pilgrimage of some kind and had halted for the day to doctor a snake bite from which he was suffering. After loading their stomachs with my blesbok meat, I set out again with the Bushman as guide. Just before sundown we came in sight of our wagons. Grumpy had no difficulty in persuading me that for two days I must have been wandering round in a circle.

My next picture has the Boers for its centrepiece. For a while, after I had made sufficient money at the 'transport' business to enable me to trade a little on my own account, I made my headquarters in the Komati district on a farm, the property of a man named Prinsloo. I was trading at the time and making trips in different directions. In all that region, where the Steyn, the Joubert, and the Botha families predominated and at a later date became renowned for their patriotism, there was no such hater and baiter of the British as this man Prinsloo. And not without reason. Being too old himself

for active service, he made up for it by perpetually rehearsing his exploits and experience to the rising generation and inspiring it with his heroic spirit.

In the struggle in South Africa, both past and to come, the individuality of these rugged farmers was at stake. As the Boer looked at it, and very reasonably, on the one side there were business and imperial interests, backed up by humbug diplomacy; and on his own side there were the simple issues of his home and his national existence. Old man Prinsloo was not only saturated with traditions and experiences of what he called British tyranny, but his own family had a personal grievance of the bitterest nature. He was by no means blind to the benefits of civilization, and being fairly well educated, he had, in an evil day, sent his daughter to some private establishment at the Cape, to be educated. It happened to be a garrison town of some kind, where the redcoats were continually coming and going. He lost track of his child and that is all the outside world knew about the case; but everybody understood what had happened, and what was happening to young girls all over the world, especially in small out-of-the-way communities where scarlet jackets were in camp or garrison. I have heard Afriander women allude to it under their breath as 'The curse of the redcoats.' With this private affair added to the national issue, Prinsloo's rage against the British was simply titanic.

But to do justice to him and to account, in a measure, for my personal estimate and impressions of these Boers, I will direct attention to another side of his character.

One evening while I was encamped on the high veldt which, on their long trips from the Kaffir Lands to the Diamond Fields, hundreds of natives were at all times crossing, the weather took

a most unusual turn. It was in the spring of the year, when all over these fire-swept and blackened flats little tufts of green grass were beginning to sprout. The game from the Bush Lands was arriving in long strings and small herds, and traveling away to the southward. On the evening in question a snowstorm of unexampled severity—in fact snowstorms were almost unheard of in that part of the country—swept over these high lands. That night, old as he was, Prinsloo drove round among the farms in the district and collected a large party of his friends and relations. About one o'clock in the morning the party arrived at my encampment. For the most part the men were on horseback, but there were also two or three cape carts loaded with fuel and kettles and coffee. A medley of voices aroused me from slumber with cries for blankets and coffee, with which they knew I was well supplied. Then Prinsloo himself jerked aside the canvas curtain from the end of the wagon and explained to me that the Kaffirs on the Kimberley highroad, a couple of miles away, were huddling together in heaps and freezing to death by the score.

It did not take the party long to get under way again. Before morning every Boer in the district was on the scene. The rescue of these naked unfortunates on that snow-covered highway by Prinsloo and his followers is the most pathetic and one of the most humanly gratifying of my African memories.

But to return to the Prinsloo farm. One day I returned from a short trip on horseback and alighted at the farmhouse door. Prinsloo himself came out and assisted me in caring for my horse. For some time I had been trying to sell him something or other, but on this occasion, when I broached the subject as we were entering the house, he dis-

missed the matter with the laconic reply, 'After the war, my boy, after the war.' The expression 'After the war,' was as old as the first trek of the Boers northward from the Cape Colony. It came in very handy in the common affairs of life. For want of a better expression or excuse, domestic arrangements, building operations, or perhaps hunting trips and such like, year in and year out, were being postponed until 'after the war.' In this way its absolute certainty was forever kept in the minds of the people. It was a sort of perpetual echo that had floated down the years from that never-to-be-forgotten day at Slaughter's Nek in the Free State, when a number of Boer prisoners had been strung up like criminals, and their wives had been dragged to the scene to witness the execution, as a lesson, it was said, to future generations. Among children the words must have filtered into the blood somehow. One day I asked a little mite of a patriot to run on an errand for me. He said he thought his mother might not approve of his doing so. Personally, however, he did n't object, and while he would n't do it just then, he hoped to be able to earn a few pennies from the 'red-necks' in this way, 'after the war.'

However, Prinsloo and I stepped into the house and found therein quite a company of young Boers, sipping coffee and smoking their pipes. I understood in an instant that important business was being discussed, and it did not take Prinsloo long to enlighten me. I had barely taken my seat, when out it came, straight from the shoulder, somewhat in this way:—

'Look here, young man,' he began, 'some of these fellows say they like you; they think you are to be trusted. At any rate, when you sell us anything we usually get what we bargain for, which is no small recommendation.

But what I have to tell you now is that affairs in our country have just about come to a head, and as you have seen a good deal and know a good deal about our cause in this district, you must now *get out* on five minutes' notice, or *swear in*, do you understand? Swearing in,' he continued, 'does n't mean that you will be commanded to fight for us, but simply that you must come under the Boer rule: keep your mouth shut, and help us in any other way you may choose.'

Under these conditions it did n't take me long to 'swear in.'

That same night there was a big gathering of Boers in that neighborhood. It was nearly midnight when they separated. On the following day a column of redcoats on the main wagon-road to Pretoria was attacked at Bronkhurst Sprint by Boers coming from nearly every direction. The British force was practically annihilated. Even old man Prinsloo was satisfied. This was the beginning of the first Boer struggle for independence in 1880.

The next is a scene from Kaffirland. I make no apologies for my defense of the Kaffirs. My admiration for these people at that time is easily understood. The original human stamp was there, and you could study its manifestations to your heart's desire. I confess that I was ignorant at the time, and lacking in social experience; nevertheless, I was mentally at war with the artificialities and barbarities of civilization, and I found much in these unadulterated Kaffirs to renew my faith in human effort and human sympathies.

Some time before Sir Garnet Wolseley appeared upon the scene and burned their villages, dynamited their caves, and, with the help of his Zwasi allies, massacred the population, I was one day swapping salt for Kaffir corn at the 'stadt' or town of a powerful chief

of the Maccatees. His name, I think, was Mampoor. As this was the third or fourth visit I had made to this Kraal, I had the run of the place, and was on friendly terms with the chief. On the occasion I am now trying to describe he was seated, or rather squatting, in front of his hut. He was one of the finest looking specimens I ever saw of what was called a refugee Zulu Kaffir, tall, light-skinned, stalwart, and heavily fleshed. He knew how to combine business with pleasure by methods unheard of in civilized circles. At his side, jabbering incessantly, was a buxom *intombi* or maiden. She was next in order as his bride elect. Once in a while the huge frame of the chief quivered and gave a sort of a chuckle as he happened to catch and enjoy one of her flattering remarks. But his attention, for the most part, was concentrated on the eloquence of three or four old men, minor chiefs or *indunas*, who were squatting on the ground in front of him.

These old men were trying to persuade the chief to provide an extra ox or two for the grand ceremony that was to take place in the afternoon. It is the picture of this ceremony, with its lessons of courage, endurance, and loyalty, that I wish now to describe, to account in a measure for the fascination which, I confess, Kaffir life had for me at the time.

In the centre of the town was a sort of common, or large enclosure. At the time I entered, inside the palisades, in a dense ring round the edges, the whole population of the town was massed. In a reserved centre space, a huge sacrificial ox stood at bay within a ring of glittering assegais. Squatted on the ground at a short distance from the nose of the animal was the royal butcher, horribly painted and befeathered. He was addressing the animal and telling him, in fitful screams, just what he

was going to do to him later on, and once in a while the butcher changed his tone to a whine, and implored his victim, when he felt the tickle of the assegai in his heart, not to get excited about it, but to take his time and to fall in such and such a way, with nose upturned to the wide sky, in order that the omens might be lucky, and the flesh untainted.

And just then, amid a terrific din of kettledrums and the shouts of thousands, the boys themselves, glittering and handsome, brandishing their first spears and shields, entered the arena in long procession. The feast was in their honor. Their young hearts were filled with joy and triumph. The period of trial and purification was over. For a whole moon period they had been out among the rocks on the mountain side, for the most part hungry and thirsty and blanketless. Their taskmasters had never let up on them for one minute. They had been drilled and buffeted, hammered with knobkerries and pricked with assegais and hardened up to the very acme of daring and endurance. They were now to enter manhood, and nothing remained but the triumph and the feasting. One after another these war-bedecked young warriors jumped out of the procession into the arena and with frantic gestures and marvelous limb-play told the assembly, in passionate language, just what it is to be manly and dexterous and stout-hearted. Each one in turn was applauded.

The young girls, here and there in bunches, were jabbering incessantly and bubbling over with delight, while a number of old hags, doubled up, dried up, crooked beyond conception, and crazy with excitement, ambled around the arena in weird and trance-like gyrations. Then suddenly the centre space was cleared of everything but the ox and the dancing butcher. The

assegai flashed in the sunlight, and the feast was on.

For reasons, then, which may or may not be apparent to my readers, I was in sympathy with those dissatisfied Boers and those heathenish Kaffirs. In my ignorance of or dissatisfaction with society, I suppose I failed to appreciate the forced relationship that, practically speaking, existed and exists between profession and expediency. My mind, at the time, was honestly crammed with precepts, proverbs, texts, and old saws about liberty, the pursuit of happiness, human rights and property rights; and with these fundamentals forever buzzing in my brain, I could not, for the life of me, account for the conduct of Europeans in Africa. From my point of view then, with Christianity as a background, the excuse for the African wars was reduced to the simple objections of the ordinary traveler, that the Kaffir, as a rule, lacked soap, and the Boer, as a rule, forgot to shave.

It was at this stage of my mental and physical experience in Africa that I met a certain individual, and immediately my whole line of thought and interest was changed; and as the result, within eight months I landed on American soil. It was just after the capture of the Kaffir chief, Sekukuni, by Sir Garnet Wolseley and his native allies, the Zwas, in 1879, I think.

I was crossing the high veldt at the time, on the way from Leydenburg to Heidelberg. The journey itself was very interesting for other reasons, which cannot well be omitted from my narrative. A few miles out of Leydenburg, the wagon-road winds up the face of a precipitous mountain. With anything but a clever span of oxen, the ascent was long drawn out and extremely difficult. One morning, on account of a break in the wagon-gear, I was compelled to outspan some distance from

the summit of the hill. Shortly after the sun had cleared the mountain-tops, the blanket of mist in the long valley below quickly evaporated, and exposed to view a remarkable scene.

A straggling column of Zwas Kaffirs, about five thousand in number, came out of the mist and began to ascend the hill. They were returning from the country of their hereditary enemies the Maccatees, where they had been helping the British to burn and sack their principal town. Here and there could be seen small bunches of captured cattle and women, and bringing up the rear was a long string of the wounded. Efforts had been made in Leydenburg to provide treatment for some of them in the hospitals; but what was the use? When the main body arrived and marched, chanting and jabbering, through the streets, the patients tore off the bandages and were soon hobbling along in the rear of the procession. Later, when these unfortunates passed my wagon, instead of bandages there were patches of clay, and in some of the more jagged wounds made by potlegs and such missiles, which had been utilized instead of bullets, there were plugs of twisted grass. Recovery for these stout-hearted warriors was a foregone conclusion.

It was on this occasion that I had the singular fortune again to meet Peixoto. Like many other adventurers, he had taken service and in the course of time had become naturalized among the Zwas. His account of the campaign in Sekukuni's country was particularly interesting in relation to the development of his own character. It seems he, with a troop of his Zwas warriors, had been left behind for a day or two to patrol the mountains after the caves had been dynamited by the British. He affirmed, with savage glee, that when he came away from the place, by placing his ear to the ground

he could still hear dogs barking and children crying down below in the sealed-up caves. He was glad, he said, he was not a Christian; the Kaffir and Kaffir life were good enough for him.

However, I continued my journey, and one evening was comfortably outspanned on the high veldt when a large cape cart, drawn by four horses, came along and made preparations to camp alongside our wagons for the night. I happened to have two or three very tame chickens which were eating out of my hand and perching at times on my shoulders. Very soon an elderly man, one of a group which had arrived with the cape cart, caught sight of the chickens and came over to my wagon gayly clapping his hands. With chickens as a point of contact, a conversation ensued that was prolonged into the night and continued with unabated interest the following morning. I told the man a good deal about myself, my plans and my philosophy; and one thing leading to another, he happened to strike into the subject of Democracy and the United States. To me, at the time, it was absolutely a new world of thought. Before I met this man, had any one asked me to define a Republican, very

probably I should have replied that he was a horrid sort of a demagogue or disturber of society like Charles Bradlaugh, who, on five minutes' notice, would, perhaps, have shipped Queen Victoria to Botany Bay.

As I call to mind our conversation, however, this man had a number of serious criticisms to make of the tendencies of democratic government in the United States. Nevertheless, he drew, for my benefit, a brilliant picture of its principles and possibilities, and before his analysis was finished, my interest and enthusiasm in the matter were aroused to the highest pitch. Finally he gave me a good deal of inside history in regard to affairs, and consequently in regard to my own prospects, in Africa, for a number of years to come, and he strongly advised me to make the best of my way to the United States.

This man was the celebrated war correspondent known to Americans in particular, as well as to all the world, as 'Bull Run Russell.'

As soon, then, as I was able to dispose of what little stock and interests I owned in the country, I set out on the long trip to America.

THE ÆSTHETIC VALUE OF EFFICIENCY

BY ETHEL PUFFER HOWES

THIS is not an essay in criticism. It is an argument from example; containing also the personal observations of an unabashed æsthetician, who takes her own where she finds it. A living organism of industry, all compact of social values, may be truly an æsthetic whole. It may have beauty transcending a multitude of partial uglinesses, not because it is good, but because its excellence shows the form of perfect unity. That harmony of potent action, that blending of mutual influences, which, in sympathy or drama, makes it difficult to disentangle cause and effect, is an unfailing mark, in the conduct of life no less, of the presence of the æsthetic quality. If 'all art aspires to the condition of music,' certainly all to which we can ascribe beauty is known by such a fusion of efficient action and results as I mean to try to tell of here. The very difficulty of the task is warrant of the quality of the subject.

It was certainly with no undue expectations of charm or inspiration that I alighted at Vateria, after a night in which dark phantoms of round-topped Southern pines had marched slowly and continuously by the window of my berth. From Washington down, the journey had revealed untidy houses, idle negroes, unkempt whites. *The Southerner* of Nicholas Worth was in my literary baggage, and, like a character out of the book, a distinguished Georgian had on the way assured me, 'You know all this hookworm talk is just to keep capital away from the

South.' And the first aspect of the town held in its unloveliness nothing unforeseen. All about were fields of blackened and ragged stumps, showing where the magnificent pine forests had once stood. The fine new schoolhouses and bank were shouldered by shabby shingled relics of the earlier mushroom growth; and when a yellow cow came strolling along the sidewalk seeking what she might devour, it seemed that the last touch of character had been given. Only the wonderful aromatic fragrance of the cut long-leaf pine, which filled the air, gave intimation of a quality soon to be revealed — a truly symbolic note of beauty.

For the place I shall call Vateria is a Mississippi lumber town. It is also one of the most remarkable communities of the New South, in which a strain of power and self-completeness strangely dominates our academic notion of outward civic beauty. There is, indeed, an authentic and virile charm in the spectacle of its common life; but it can be clearly envisaged only in some interpretation of the unusual forces at work there for some twenty years past.

One who knew what other Southern lumber towns were like, ten or more years ago, before the leaven of Vateria had worked throughout the Gulf states, would have earlier discerned its quality. In those days, not yet ended indeed, the lumberman came in only to exploit and to destroy. A saw-mill was built on the railroad, a logging-camp of violent and often vicious men profaned the forest. The country people furnished few

workers to either mill or camp. It was a dissipated and irregular life, and a shifting crew. The common saying went that a camp had three crews — 'one coming, one going, one at work.'

No families were ever taken into the woods, and all the vices flourished there, with at least the tacit encouragement of the owners; for though ostensibly high wages were paid, it was expected that most of this would return to the company either directly through the high prices the men were compelled to pay at the commissary (company store), or indirectly through the leasing of this privilege of exploitation. Like the turpentine-camp of to-day, it was a synonym for almost intolerable conditions. No land was taken up in the town by employees, no houses built; but when the timber was cut off to such a distance from the saw-mill that it was no longer profitable to haul it in by primitive methods, the company moved on from the denuded land, the camp vanished, and the town dwindled.

Moreover, in the best of circumstances, the supply of logs to the mill was most irregular. For this reason, a mill never ran steadily throughout the year, but was always stopping and starting up, to the great detriment of the working efficiency of its force. So bad was the traditional reputation of these lumber towns and camps, and of the management of the companies, that it was almost impossible to get banking accommodation for a lumbering proposition. No industry suffered such deep distrust on the part of bankers, and the consequent hand-to-mouth methods of financing completed the vicious circle. Moral and physical ugliness, dreariness and sloth, marked the Southern lumber country.

It remained for a Westerner with imagination to transform these conditions in one town, and, by force of example, largely throughout the South. He saw

that an element of permanence must be given to what seems in its nature the most unstable and nomadic of industries. This man of insight came South in the early nineties from a wide western experience in lumbering. He found at Vateria the usual moribund company with a small saw-mill nearly at the end of its possible hauling distance with ox-teams. The town was then a dismal little community of some two hundred souls, getting a precarious living from its few cotton-fields dotted here and there among the pines. The farmers were in the grip of the vicious 'credit system,' under which they owed the store-keeper three prices for all supplies advanced before harvest, and were held fast by their creditor to the single 'money crop' — cotton. Timber land was a drug on the market at any distance from the railroad, and cleared land did not produce more than fifteen dollars worth of cotton the acre. The inhabitants were on the cultural level of full fifty years ago. Cooking was still done entirely in open fireplaces; few had ever seen a stove, much less a steam-engine. The story is still told of the countryman who came into the tent of a surveyor for the first railroad, not long before our story begins, and said, looking at the iron stove, 'Well, now, they tell me that is a very fine invention. I suppose all you have to do is to build a fire in that thing and off you go!' It was his notion of a locomotive.

The destiny of such a lumber town hangs on its mill, and the prosperity of the mill, to an extent few people understand, on the efficiency of the logging-camp. Saw-mill practice has been almost completely standardized. The economical size of the mill, the order and method of procedure, and the proportionate space allotted to different activities, are all well known. Few variations, except in the way of dealing with the personnel, are to be found over the

whole country. But in the field it is different. The unlike types of timber, of situation, of transportation, of climatic conditions of work, furnish infinitely varied problems. In buying, cutting, loading, and hauling timber, in maintaining hundreds of men in the wilderness,—here lie the moral and the financial risks, and the opportunities for generalship. The great lumbermen have had their hearts in their camps, and our Westerner was no exception to the rule. I shall follow the transformation of the industry and of its people, then, from camp to town.

It was clear that, for permanence in the lumber industry, the first requirement was a steady unfailing supply of raw material for the mill, and the new owner's first means to that end was a logging railroad to the camp. This railroad was built of standard gauge, but light and flexible, so as to be easily carried from one timber 'stand' to another. It goes ahead with its temporary spurs at the rate of a mile and a half every four days, curling into every 'forty' ahead of the sawyers, who cut their twenty acres a day. Twenty miles of it have since been sold to a new railroad, which has made Vateria a branch; to-day cutting is going on thirty-five miles away from the mill. The life of the mill operations has been extended at least another generation, and entire steadiness ensured throughout the year.

To follow the logging railroad into these woods on a February day is to voyage into an aromatic fairyland. It may be only a chance unawareness of my own, but it seems to me that no one has ever truly described the happy, sturdy beauty of the Mississippi forest. All my literary premonitions were of muddy river-bottoms, sinister cane-brakes, and dark, lowering, moss-hung swamps. But no swamps are here. There are, rather, several levels: first, the creek-bed and

banks; then the thick-grown bottom-lands, so-called, which are sometimes overflowed, but except for an occasional marshy hollow, mostly dry; and then a third rolling level, where the long-leaved pine trees grow, beautifully open and free from underbrush, and covered with a bright-green coarse grass. The bottom-lands are dense with broad-leaved evergreens and hardwoods;—cottonwood, sycamore, beech, and poplar, this last of enormous growth never seen in the North. Spruce-pine grows here, too, with gray bark instead of red-brown; sometimes headed up, at sixty feet above the ground, into a bit of dense greenery like a clipped evergreen on a lawn; and ancient cypresses, with their lower trunks spreading out into deep flutings, like wooden buttresses. The cheerful trees, however, are the broad-leaved evergreens,—magnolia, holly, and bay; clothed in dark green, incredibly polished leaves, the sunlight striking from them all over little gleaming points. And draped from tree to tree, over the flowering wild plum, the red blossoms of the buckeye, and the milk-white starry dogwood, the yellow jasmine flaunts its golden trumpets.

This is on the lowlands. But the long-leaved pine forest on the rolling uplands is more beautiful than words can tell. Even the young shoot is tall and vigorous, like a mammoth painter's brush, before it branches at all, and of a rich and juicy growth. Alongside the other little pine saplings it looks like a lion's cub beside a terrier. The grown tree has very few branches, and these short and irregular, with few branchlets. But each one of these twigs and branchlets bears a whorl of pine-leaves, two or three times as large as a man's head, and retracts in its growth, presenting the tip of its whorl upward. The trees grow rather sparsely, each one to be seen in outline; the deep-red bole,

smoothly marked, with a long clear trunk straight as an arrow; then the fascinating sparse irregularity of the branches with their cloudy whorls, like a *parure* of choice jewels, outlined in black and green against the sky. The branches, too, however gnarled and unsymmetrical, preserve a wonderful balance of arrangement. Each tree is a unique composition, but even the imperfect ones seem to have this gift of hidden symmetry; so that a cut-over field, where the small, worthless trees have been left standing, is still a thing of beauty. Each tree has caught a trick of balance in its branches and branchlets worthy of a Japanese painting.

Along the fringes of this sylvan paradise stretches a quite other world, the world of service and of devouring utility. On the flexible track, which yielded visibly to our passing, we made way ever and again for long trains of enormous logs, going to the saw-mill at Vateria. They were hauled by a curious disjointed sort of engine, known as the shay-gear, which is so contrived as to give to every irregularity of the track. This makes possible the easy and safe hauling of heavy loads — or, rather, makes possible such a light and temporary railroad to haul them on, as can serve every nook and corner of the timber stand. The camp itself was our goal, but since the camp as it is grew out of the revolution in methods inaugurated by the new company, I will try to describe those methods first.

Prior to the coming of the Vateria Company it was general practice in such logging camps to fell the trees each side of the railroad, haul them up to the track with horses or mules, and hoist them on an ox-chain to the car-trucks. One of the first great changes of the new company was to bring in the steam 'skidder,' which hauls in logs from a distance of nearly a thousand feet from the track. This machine is formid-

able in its appearance and terrifying in its action. It consists of two car-trucks carrying the engines and the derricks of two powerful steam hoisting-machines. The engine-car is chained to the track, and the derrick-car is anchored from its top both ways with heavy steel guy-lines. From four great steel drums, four three-quarter-inch steel cables, terminating in steel hooks, pass through as many blocks rigged on this derrick-car. The ends of the cables are dragged out by the horses, and hooked each about a felled log within the semi-circle of seven hundred feet radius. Then, at a signal, the engine races, the drums wind up the cables, and the great logs come tearing and crashing in like so many furious beasts — uprooting saplings, rending even good-sized trees, till they bring up end-on on the pile. Six hundred logs a day can be brought up to the track in this way. When the full circle on both sides has been cleared of logs, the machine is unclamped from the track, moves on, under its own steam, to its next station, and in four minutes is pulling in another log.

After the skidder comes the steam loader. The first one was brought to the South by the Vateria Company in 1895, to replace the old slow method of the inclined plane and ox-chain. This machine, though not so startling in action, is, perhaps, more wonderful in its achievements than the skidder. It is operated by three men, or rather by the driver and two helpers, for the first is incomparably the most important. The loader — also mounted on a truck — is a great steam crane, swinging freely on a central pin, and carrying a sliding steel cable ending in sharp steel tongs, like ice-tongs. The driver swings his boom around to the waiting pile of logs, at the same time releasing the cable, which whirls the heavy tongs out and down. At the exact moment they are caught by the man on the pile of logs,

and hooked about one. The boom whirls again, carrying up the great log, which is, as if by magic, — really by the skillful paying out of the cable, — deposited in the exact spot indicated by the man on the empty truck, who has hardly even to direct its fall. The driver becomes immensely dexterous with this monstrous weapon, all the more fearsome in that he is dealing with two variables, the moving boom and the weighted cable which slides out on it. Watching this perilous play I could not help thinking of that dictum of a certain judge, in deciding an accident case in favor of an electric-car conductor: 'You cannot wield a trolley-car like a rapier.' The learned justice could never have said that of the steam loader.

Along with these two great machines to multiply the work achieved by a given number of men, there should be recalled another, which is, perhaps, not less an instrument of saving. Of course, the power in such a camp is all from the waste wood as fuel; but the old casual hit-or-miss method of gathering wood for the locomotives along the tracks has been superseded by a most ingenious fuel machine, which supplies seven locomotives with wood of the right size. At intervals, the steam skidder assembles a car-load of 'culls' or useless logs, — the defective 'dead-heart' logs, or the gnarled branches. These are hauled down to the yard where stands the fuel machine, every inch of solid steel. A log is hoisted by a small donkey-engine on the machine truck to an endless-chain conveyer, which brings it under a steam cross-cut drag-saw. After the saw has cut it into lengths it slides on, still on its conveyer, to where a negro waiting with a hook, like a cotton-hook, twists it around to stand on end under something between a pile-driver and a guillotine. That is, the pile-driver is fitted with a guillotine of five knives set in star-fish shape. At the signal the pile

driver comes down with a 'short, sharp shock,' and the log falls apart, neatly split in five sections. If the skidder is terrific, and the loader elegant, the wood machine can only be described as incisive! Certainly one watches it with amusement, and can hardly refrain from attributing to it an all but human temperament.

The tremendous increase over the old method, in the number of logs thus harvested, and the great skill and daring developed in the wielders of these machines, have their influence on the prosperity of the company and on the earnings and morale of the men. But, before and beyond this, the whole group of conditions has been, it is not too much to say, metamorphosed by the presence of the loader, so that the camp has been made a place for human living.

Up to 1895 no families ever lived at a logging-camp — there was no place for them. The men slept in bunk-cars and ate in a cook-car; with the methods of payment and camp rule then in vogue, what that meant in vicious living and slovenly habits of work I have tried to indicate. And even now, as Professor Hart says in his recent *Southern* South*, 'The great lumber camps give employment to thousands of people, and are on the whole demoralizing, for liquor there flows freely, the life is irregular, and saw-mill towns may suddenly decay.' Yet with a probable seven hundred and fifty people or so to care for in a migratory camp, no other disposition seemed possible. But with the cheap, quickly-made tracks, and the powerful loading machine, the problem was solved by the Vateria owners. If logs could be lifted on and off cars with ease and expedition, so could other things. The company proceeded to devise a unit shack, twelve feet by eighteen, with a hole through the floor and roof through which an iron rod with an

eye on top, like a huge needle, could be bolted. In the South small cabins always stand on posts, free of the ground. How easy, then, to bring up the loader on a temporary spur, hook into this needle's eye, and swing the shack up on a railway truck, to be deposited in the same way fifty feet from the track in the heart of the new camp.

To-day the camp has a completely developed family life. Every workman has his one or two shacks free, and as many more as he wants to pay for, at a dollar a month or so. In a region where the common type of farmhouse — and the best for country living — is two rooms set some six feet apart with a raised common roof over all, the shacks are a most liberal substitute. The usual arrangement copies this, or assembles three or more shacks end-on to a central square or platform, and covers the whole with a raised roof, built either by the men themselves or the company's carpenters. Many of these houses have fenced-in gardens, full of flowers and vegetables, with vines running luxuriantly over roofs and fences.

Thus the unit shack and the loader together have made it possible for four hundred or more men to keep their wives and children with them through frequent changes of camp, with all that that means for thrifty living and steady work. It has meant that the best workmen in the country have come and stayed with the Vateria Company, and by their skill and productive work have contributed again to the same efficiency which first gave the basic conditions of their life.

It is, however, not family life alone that has been made possible. Other lumber-camps, if not utterly neglected, are cared for with benevolent despotism. That the camp and the store, boarding-house and hospital cars, are lighted with electricity from a company plant, and supplied with water from an

artesian well, and that the employees have the free use of the company's telephone, shows only the care of the company to abolish so far as possible the minor hardships of camp life. But it has been the practice of the Vateria Company to have each logging-camp regularly incorporated as a town under Mississippi law, with alderman, constables, school board, and so forth. And it is the laboring men, not the superintendents, who become the responsible town officers. As the camp has a full life of some two years, and, thereafter, frequently remains a way station on the logging railroad, this is entirely feasible. The company builds a schoolhouse and a Y. M. C. A. building with baths, and a combined church and schoolhouse for the negro end of the camp; but the citizens of the 'town' pay for their own teachers, and, as members, for the services of the Y. M. C. A. director. There are now three teachers and over a hundred children in the white school, which compares favorably with any rural school I have seen. The workmen also largely sustain the camp doctor, with a drug store and good operating-room arranged in a car. The company store sells for cash at ordinary town prices.

It is easy to see what an independent and self-respecting community is thus encouraged; but what is not so obvious is the far-reaching importance of a very simple economic change made by the company, which preceded and conditioned all these developments. To an Easterner it would seem only ordinary business method; but from the point of view of universal lumbering practice in the South, it was nothing less than revolutionary.

The real great secret of the recklessness and irresponsibility of the lumber crew was their financial bondage. In all lumber-camps and saw-mill towns the men were compelled to trade at the company store, and were paid only by

being allowed to draw their balance over this store account once a month. And as in the towns, the prices at the commissary, or company store, were highly exorbitant, and the workmen were always tempted to run up large accounts. In fact, practically all the lumber companies that made any profit at all, made it out of their stores, — 'operating on a commissary basis,' as it is called, — with results to the workmen that may be imagined. To change this custom was by other lumbermen looked on as suicidal.

But the Vateria Company began at once the payment of its workmen once a week in cash. It is hard to make clear the miracle that this one simple fact works, and has worked here, in the conduct of a man's life, and in his moral attitude. It might be said that this is a commonplace business method, a matter of course. Unfortunately it was, and is, so little a matter of course in the South that the country's whole economic condition would have been changed, if fifteen years ago the credit system could have been swept away everywhere and cash payments inaugurated. A large number of immigrants brought with great hopes to South Carolina in 1906, left there within a year largely because they were not paid in cash and had to trade at the company store. And to-day, still, the camp, mine and plantation hands, the tenant farmers and the small freehold farmers, are nearly all fast-bound, each under the special conditions of his calling, in this cruel system of indefinite credits and inordinate payments. But by this first act of economic justice on the part of the Vateria owners, the first condition of independent and self-controlled living was given, to which the others were but corollaries. All the incentives to steady and thrifty living, to self-control and self-respect, were thus supplied to the workman: family life and responsi-

bility, the opportunity for civic duty, education, and the basic condition of all, control of the product of his labor.

It was this same financial freedom which in Vateria itself gave an early firm foundation for its healthy and enterprising growth. With liberal weekly wages in hand, the mill-workers could trade where they would. The result was that merchants and storekeepers of all kinds came to set up in the town; a healthy competition was induced, which kept prices reasonable, so that the country trade came in from all about. The thus augmented stream of ready cash attracted banks, and the deposits made new enterprises possible through loans. Thus simple common-sense fairness in paying off laborers became a very great factor in the building up of an active town.

To this day many lumber companies are 'operating on a commissary basis.' If, however, they tell of the reckless improvidence of their mill and camp operators, it is easy to impute the responsibility; Vateria has demonstrated the results of the other method.

Thus, drawn by steady employment and prompt payment, the best workmen were available. Much at variance with the usual outlook, the main reliance of the Vateria Company, both mill and camp, was to be on the country people. These were at first reluctant. They had the usual view of 'lumber-jacks'; they were of pure American stock, used to farming only; poor and proud, and, at first, indolent. But if a man has a stake in the country in property and family relations he is fixed, steadied, and speeded. The Vateria Company encouraged in every way the ownership of land and the building of homes by its men. Though the legal rate of interest in Mississippi is six per cent, most of the country bankers get their ten and twelve per cent and over; but the lumber company lent money to its

employees at six per cent, and sold plots of ground to them on easy terms.

A tremendous inducement to superior workmen is an opportunity to educate their children. Now the success of the lumber mill, the shops, and the various subsidiary enterprises of Vateria, soon made it possible to spend town money for schools. In this one field all the influence that the company could bring to bear was openly exerted. It was augmented by this time by a large group of energetic young men, friends and relatives of the original pioneer, all of whom lived in the town. This again sounds to Eastern ears like a commonplace, but in truth it is almost unheard of in lumber towns and other such large enterprises in the South. Hardly one but suffers from absentee landlordism. But our Westerner and his associates served on the school-boards, sent their children to the public schools, and fought for them year in and year out, in large and in detail. Other citizens demanded more public buildings, paved streets. 'After we have good schools,' answered the lumbermen. In 1905 the average annual expenditure per pupil in daily attendance in the South was \$9.75, in the North about \$28.45. In 1900, Mississippi spent but \$6.17 per pupil. But the Vateria school budget has been for years \$35,000 for a town of 8500 people, or \$20 per year per white pupil. The result is that the schools of Vateria are acknowledged the best in the whole state. The good old country stock thereabout, of English and Scotch-Irish descent, has awakened to the opportunity. Family after family moves to town that its children may be educated, and the personal level of the workmen available has been, in consequence of this large material for selection, obviously raised.

The proportion, among the employees, of American country people settled in their own homes, to the nomad

workers, is enormously greater than that in other mill towns and camps. In the town of one great enterprise in this field a teacher of the lowest grade school was asked as to the nationality of her charges. 'All dagoes,' she answered. 'They are very quick to learn, but they get little schooling, because their parents never stay any time in the same place.' In the light of these facts, and their significance for the community life, the unpaved streets and homely vistas of Vateria ceased to have a negative æsthetic value. A breath of energy and of hope seemed to blow across them.

This is, perhaps, the place to speak of what most discussions of Southern industrial conditions seem to lay most stress on — the race question as it enters into labor competition. In Vateria, at least, the problem does not obtrude itself; it seems rather to be solved by obvious necessity. The negro cannot work in the cotton mill; he is too clumsy for the delicate operations, and the noise stupefies him. In the camp and the saw-mill he works side by side with white men, and the best man wins.

By far the most important workman in the saw-mill is the sawyer, he who guides the mammoth log on its steam-carriage up to the great endless band-saw, and directs its cutting, board by board. Good judgment on the part of the sawyer as to how to cut a log to get the most out of it, is the most essential element in the conduct of the mill: as the logs are cut, so is the gain or loss from the whole operation. Yet the best sawyer the Vateria Company ever had was a colored man. For years he drew sawyer's wages, three or four times the ordinary wage of the mill-hand, with no murmurs from the others — his superiority was too obvious. On the other hand, neither in mill nor camp are there negro foremen; they do not ordinarily develop those qualities of character necessary to hold a foreman's job.

In general, race troubles seem to arise where the poorer whites are ignorant and inefficient, and so have some reason to fear competition. In Vateria they are so absolutely the opposite of this; they are, on the contrary, of such fresh and untried stock, responding so quickly to any opportunity for education and self-help, that their comparatively good relations with the large negro population are not hard to understand.

In the building up of the town, however, there are other elements than education and raising the quality of human material. A lumber town that is a lumber town alone has too many of its eggs in one basket. They are just beginning to preach diversified farming in the South, but the energetic spirits of Vateria set to diversifying industry as soon as their lumber company was on its feet. They founded a cotton mill, which has now twenty thousand spindles; they aided the fortunes of a cotton-oil and fertilizer mill; they welcomed the advent of other lumbermen. In the place today there is a brick plant, a wagon factory, a hardwood saw-mill, and a cotton compress (cotton being sold by weight, but shipped by volume). And now, in 1912, a group of business men have secured and largely support the services of a Federal agricultural expert and demonstrator for the country immediately surrounding Vateria — probably the first instance of such activity in behalf of the farming neighbors of a single town.

The cotton-mill is of the usual type, save for the small number of children at work. In going through the schools of the cotton-mill quarter, and noting the good appearance of the pupils, it is impossible not to sympathize in some degree with the Southern tolerance of a modicum of youthful labor in mills. It is light labor, with no children under

twelve, and no night work. The cotton operators are originally of a much lower grade than the lumber workers; they come in from farms where the whole family has worked half-starved, in unsanitary conditions. The new-comers are very badly nourished, and have no ideas of orderly living; barely twenty per cent of them can read or write. In the town the whole family still works; but where fair wages and steady employment insure good living, where the company sees to it that they keep proper home conditions, and there is every incentive to education, the children develop well. The second generation of cotton-mill workers is a vast improvement on the first, — as observed, at least, in this country town, where the community spirit is so highly developed.

As for the cotton-oil mill, the great stoop-shouldered structure makes at least one picturesque corner in the growing town, but color is needed to depict its interior. The cotton seeds, still greenish-white with lint, are led on a high conveyer to the part of the mill where they are to be ground, and there fall from it into a pile — a mountain — the slope of whose sides is repeated in the slant of the covering roof. This gray-green mound, and the shafts of light and depths of shadow in the cavernous spaces of the great mill, make a perfect setting for the negroes at work. In and over everything is the golden oil from the presses and the golden dust from the grinding — a rich brown on walls and floors, wonderful amber and green tints on the garments of the workmen; it seems, indeed, to have passed into their veins, so mellow-gleaming are the tawny faces. And not the least of the mill's fascinations is the delicious odor of the steaming meal. It is strange that this, as well as the oil, is not in more general use as food — certainly, to the eye, the nostril, and the palate, it is most agreeable.

But I have dwelt overlong on the various activities involved in the growth of such a community, and must not forget the basic condition of it all. A frontier country must be opened up, and must have capital to develop it. The capital has been given by the success, through good management, of the lumber company, and by the accumulation of money in the town that it drew together; it has been distributed, also, to many small farmers who have been freed from debt by the cash proceeds of their small timber holdings. Secondly, the country has been opened up to farming by the removal of the forest. Such land as that in southern Mississippi is too fertile not to be every inch under cultivation. To the eye the unworked ground is clayey and unpromising; but it responds like magic to intelligent effort. I have seen gardens in Vateria with quite incredible records at the end of two years, during which time the soil has turned to a rich dark loam, capable of anything, from artichokes to gardenias. The climate is much more favorable in every way than in the lower altitude of Louisiana, and when the farmers get to organizing in the fashion of California, this country may be the greatest truck-garden in the United States. But there is not too much enterprise among them, and thoughtful men are not deploring the advent of the cotton-boll weevil. Cotton ought not to be the only crop; and if the backwoodsmen are only forced into diversified farming, it will be a blessing for the countryside.

But it is the lumber operations that have brought the railroads, the traffic, and the market; and a new spirit of energy and responsibility and prosperity. The cut-over land needs but to be fully cleared, to become an agricultural paradise. Only æsthetic sentimentality could still yearn for the lost forest aisles. The forest has died in giving

birth to something more precious than itself.

And what of the æsthetic meaning of Vateria? The town does not lack all outward fairness. It has dignified public buildings. Stately long-leaf pines in its park stand up against the western sky; around them are some charming houses, lovely gardens. But not by these is it æsthetically saved. Nor is material prosperity here to be regarded as compensation for vanished beauty, though it may, indeed, be accepted as such on occasion — no doubt every ugly thriving town might make the claim. And not even does the effective activity of the industrial system give warrant for according it a positive æsthetic quality. There are many smooth-working great industrial machines in which there is no essential distinction between the animate and the inanimate elements. Such industrial machines are just over the æsthetic threshold — they have the low-grade unity of the steam-engine and the dynamo. As, in criticism, the highest place is refused to that literature which, however integral in plan and exquisite in workmanship, conspicuously lets go the prime factor in human beings, will and its obligations, — as the book which aims to deal with life and yet ignores its essential meaning, fails of great art, — so the industrial creation which aims at organic perfection, and yet takes no account of its essential element, human character and its needs, fails in the same way. There is a fatal flaw in that integrity which alone can give it æsthetic value.

Here is the distinction of Vateria. The genius of the pioneer lumberman lay in the way he made every improvement in method subserve the character and training of his workers, and every improvement in character of the workers subserve the organic growth of the enterprise. Vateria is no little Elysium of 'welfare work.' Of such there is

very little; the employers are too just, the workers too proud, to allow it. It is rather a place where intense effort toward industrial excellence and simple justice in financial policy have been made an opportunity for individual growth. This it is which makes the æsthetic value of efficiency in the industrial system. This ultimate integrity of the industrial organism is gained by guarding the self-respect and the moral and mental growth of the employee by the mutual practice of industrial efficiency.

The authentic charm of Vateria is in

the harmonious action of its spirit of conscious competence. That spirit of competence turns to the best human uses its hard-won material gain, and turns again the energy drawn from mental and moral freedom back into the conduct of affairs. The reasoned appreciation of such sturdy, self-complete civic entities is worth encouraging in America to-day. Too often is the City Beautiful held to be a matter of parkways, fountains, groupings, and vistas. Let us rather learn to see the quality of beauty where there is lucid excellence of civic and industrial performance.

THE STARLING

BY AMY LOWELL

'I can't get out,' said the starling. — STERNE'S *Sentimental Journey*.

FOREVER the impenetrable wall
 Of self confines my poor rebellious soul,
 I never see the towering white clouds roll
 Before a sturdy wind, save through the small
 Barred window of my jail. I live a thrall,
 With all my outer life a clipped, square hole,
 Rectangular; a fraction of a scroll
 Unwound and winding like a worsted ball.
 My thoughts are grown uneager and depressed
 Through being always mine; my fancy's wings
 Are moulted, and the feathers blown away.
 I weary for desires never guessed,
 For alien passions, strange imaginings,
 To be some other person for a day.

THE LAST NIGHT OF THE REVIVAL

BY ELIZABETH CARTER

I

'I'LL have no son of mine sitting at my table and talking like an infiddle. Get up from there! Get out of that chair, and out of this room! Get out of here, I say!'

Rufus Gregg, after a reflective pause, rose heavily from his chair. His seventeen years and six feet of height had resulted, as a combination, in producing an effect of clumsiness. His gray-green eyes, keen as those of a young fox, fixed his father with a bright regard under the hair, heavy as Samson's, that hung wet over his forehead.

'Now look here, sir! You hear me! You hear what I say! Either you come up to meeting to-night, or you find somebody else's hay-field to loaf round in. Now, do you understand that? Answer me!'

Rufus flushed darkly. He was a 'great worker,' and proud of his reputation. On a sudden thought he grinned.

'All right, I'll come,' he said casually and genially.

Mr. Gregg became ludicrous, as one who exerts all his strength to lift some supposedly heavy weight only to have it fly up lightly in his hand.

'Well!' He snatched vainly at his lost dignity. 'Pass the bread, Lil,' he said fiercely.

Rufus went out.

Mrs. Gregg sighed, glancing at her son's plate. The boy's expression of his views had been ill-timed, — supper was scarcely begun. She always seemed

to experience a mild astonishment that her son should be 'so wild, and so set against his father.' Mr. Gregg was to her the emblem of ultimate authority. She had never been a spirited woman, and was entirely deficient in imagination. Despite twenty years' actual experience of her husband's hardness, selfishness, and injustice, she still took him strictly at his own valuation as 'a good Christian man.' It should be further recorded of this worn, plain, gentle woman, that she was a saint. A divine tolerance, an absolute unselfishness, lay deep beneath all her literalness and limitations.

Something of these attributes of the soul her son had inherited. In his smarting young resentment, as he sat down on the steps and put his head in his hands, there was an element of tolerance, an instinctive sense of being bigger than the occasion, summed up in the terse reflection that 'Pop made him tired.'

There was a bond of sympathy between him and his mother. He knew that she never took his part against his father; he saw that his levities and rebellions bewildered her; but he leaned upon her goodness and her mildness. She never blamed him. After supper she would bring his plate out on the back porch, and stoop over him, and push back his hair, and make some remark about the birds singing for rain, or how many blossoms there were on the old rose-bush by the gate. She always noticed things out-of-doors.

Lil, the daughter of the house, was

like her father. She stood in no awe of him, and was the one human being on whom he expended any consideration. She followed her brother's departure from the room with a thin-voiced comment.

'I wish Rufe ever would dress up in the evening and come up to meeting the way the other boys do. There ain't another boy in the place that never goes.'

'He'll come to-night,' said Mr. Gregg, in a tone of finality, as if he were accustomed to obedience on the part of his son.

Lil looked doubtful.

But as she and her mother hurried over the dishes, they were startled by the apparition of Rufus strolling down the path to the gate. He was carrying his hat in his hand; his hair, brushed to the last degree of smoothness, lay in a thick curve on either side of an arrow-like parting; the impressiveness of his new gray suit was enhanced by a shirt of resplendent whiteness.

'Oh, don't he look nice!' Lil exclaimed, startled into sisterly admiration. 'Rufe looks nicer than anybody when he gets dressed up. I wonder what made him say he'd go. I'll bet he just did it so pop would n't know what to say. He'll do anything to make you feel mean. Rufus is awful mean,' she ended, going back to her dishes.

'We'll have to hurry,' said Mrs. Gregg. 'I believe pop's hitching up now. You run along up and begin dressing, and I'll finish.'

II

The dusk had grown thick as Rufus neared the church, but he saw one or two people on the steps turn to look at him, therefore he partially effaced himself among a crowd of fellows under the big oak tree. They said, 'Hello, Rufe!' but they did not chaff him on

being there. They all had, somewhat remarkably, the air of not precisely being there themselves, so motiveless and purely accidental was apparently the occasion of their gathering. After the minister had come, one of them would suggest, 'Going in?' to which the one addressed would answer, 'Guess I will'; then, with a quite exaggerated air of detachment, they would all file in and seat themselves in the two long rear seats.

'Dominie come yet?' one of the boys asked as Rufus joined the group.

'Ain't seen him,' said another. 'Pretty slow meetings he gets up, ain't they?'

They all laughed.

'Say, how about old Bill Shaw going forward last night? You heard about that, Rufe?'

'That's every one he's had, except Old Lady Cross — and a lot of *girls*. Say, he's slow.'

Near them two older men lingered, long-time leaders of Craneback's prayer-meetings, although the shifty light-gray eyes and massive jaw of the younger were scarcely suggestive of the saint.

'He ain't no exhorter,' said this worthy, with a pugnacious settling of his lower jaw. 'Has a good deal to say about "souls" too'; this with sarcasm. 'Guess he wun't worry much about souls, though. He seems to take it pretty easy.'

'That's so,' assented the old leader with unction. 'You'd think to hear him that preachin' was mighty easy work. I'd like to have him set under Dominie Ferris fur a while. Talk about colleges! Do colleges learn a man to be a preacher? *He'd* never been to no college. I've seen him with the tears jest a-runnin' down his cheeks 'fore sermon was half over, and all done out time he'd got through. More'n once he's said to me, "I've got to set down,

Brother Robson, a few minits till I git my breath. You jest lead in prayer.””

‘Yes,’ said the second leader, ‘Dominie Ferris gave himself right up to his sermon. Brother Green’s heard him ’fore now down to his place — clear across both fields and the road.’

III

Perhaps the most striking thing about the interior of the church at Craneback was its air of serviceable and almost domestic utility, its neat precision of ornament, its entire lack of anything calculated to appeal to those untrustworthy attributes of our mortal nature, a sense of awe or of beauty. The single aisle ran, neatly carpeted, to the small, raised platform where stood the reading-desk; and in the background a black hair-cloth sofa, conveniently disposed for the reception of the minister’s hat, or for the repose of his person on occasions when he might have the assistance of a brother exhorter.

On this platform, his hands resting on the two sides of the reading-desk, clasping it tightly, stood Craneback’s new minister, his gaze bent upon the congregation, and in his soul a dull heaviness of utter discouragement which only those who have hoped fervidly can know. It was a discouragement at once dull and tumultuous; it had a clamorous voice of regret, and yet it seemed to breathe on his soul the finality of death. He no longer believed that he could do them any good, that he could even reach them at all, — these precious souls, the first souls that had been given into his charge.

The tumult of his mind did not appear in his face, beyond recording there a vague trouble. His was the dreamer’s face, with a sweet-tempered, loosely-moulded mouth, and sad blue eyes that seemed often strugglingly

set on beholding his own thought to the exclusion of other objects more immediately apparent.

Rufus sat in a corner of one of the long rear seats. His gaze, fixed upon the minister, was keenly interested. He saw him now for the first time, but a vague sense of championship for a man they were all ‘down on’ had established in him a predisposition to approve of anything the unpopular young preacher might say. He paid little heed to the long prayers, interspersed with singing, that opened the service, and he especially abstracted his attention from the decisive intonations of his father; but when the minister stepped forward from the reading-desk and stood facing them, with his hands clasped, in his attitude a sort of pleasant helplessness as if he appealed to their charity, a sudden warm liking welled up in the boy’s heart.

‘If then the light that is within thee be darkness, how great is that darkness.’

The words, full of a vibrant entreaty, fell solemnly upon the silence; the minister’s sad glance, fixed above their heads, was that of a man who accuses his own soul in a solitary place.

‘What man among us can honestly say that he does not love his sins, and how shall a man turn away from the thing that he loves? You will say this is not possible — to love sin is not possible in those who bear the name of Christian. Let us look for a moment at the lives we lead. The selfish and hard-hearted man loves his selfishness; he has trained his family to recognize it, to make room for it; it has become a sort of fastness from which, safe and cosy, he can contemplate the thousand ills that he escapes. One ill in particular he escapes, the fretting pain of subordination, the grind and wear of an encroaching personality too near one’s own, which becomes at last as a

heavy chain eating into the flesh. The hard-hearted man knows nothing of this pain because he inflicts it, — he is the chain, cold and heavy as iron; what should he know of the ills of shrinking flesh?

‘Again, the man of evil temper loves the gratification of his temper above all things. Is there any pleasure in life for him like that rich, fierce joy he feels when he can give his rage the rein? He glories in his power to inflict suffering, perhaps on helpless women and children; perhaps on still more helpless animals. My friends, there is no sinner in the sight of God so great as this man, for he sins against the very dying commandment of his Saviour, that “ye love one another as I have loved you.”

‘And yet these men, these very men, the selfish, the hard-hearted, the men of evil temper, are the ones who may be in their own eyes the most blameless of men, who may even pray the prayer of the Pharisee, thanking God that they are not as other men are, uttering long prayers, believing with a full belief in all the truths of the gospel. “If then the light that is within thee be darkness, how great is that darkness.”’

As the halting sentences followed each other in resonant succession, one listener at least had no thought of carping criticism. A man who could stand up in a revival meeting and talk plain sense about the way people ought to *live*, — and all the fools could do was to joke because he did n’t get any converts! No wonder he did n’t get any. They did n’t want that kind of religion. But he was taking it so hard!

The pleading voice roused a vague ache in the boy’s heart. Why did he care so much? They were all fools. Rufus wanted to tell him not to care. He glanced round at the near-by faces, and then at the sad face and quiet figure on the platform. Why did he

stand there so still, why did n’t he stamp up and down and pound the pulpit and holler, if that was what they wanted? Wild visions began to flash through the boy’s head, of getting hold of the minister somewhere in private and telling him what it was they wanted. He seemed so friendly and so helpless. And still the beautiful voice, to which Rufus had ceased to listen, so far as listening meant taking in any sense of the words spoken, beat upon his consciousness like music.

A sudden stupendous thought came to him. He turned cold with the force, the clear, clean shock of it. A way to shut their mouths. — Oh, he had it, he had it! He sat and looked his great idea in the face, — or tried to. What if he were to go forward himself, — he, Rufus, the scoffer at revivals, the irreclaimable sinner? If he did, — how it would shut their mouths! The other boys would come after him, half of them, anyway, — like sheep. He pulled out his handkerchief and wiped his hands which were cold and wet. His heart began pounding as if he had run a long distance. It was a great idea.

He took his decision quickly. The only question was whether he could bring his reluctant body to follow the daring project of his brain. So he listened, while the minutes passed unfruitfully.

‘And in openly declaring your penitence before men —’

There came a stir in the back of the church, followed by the turning of heads. Some one was going forward.

Some one was, indeed! Never in the history of the little church had such a sight been seen, not even in the great days of Dominie Ferris, that earnest and successful laborer in the harvesting of souls. For these were not only young men, but all the young men, the entire company of ‘the boys’ of Crane-back, the wild, the steady, the early

'professor,' the backslider, the indifferent; with bewilderment in their faces, they followed Rufus Gregg.

When Rufus first stood up there had been a hurried moment of confusion and whispering:—

'Say, Rufus is going forward.'

'Well, I guess if he can, some of the rest of us can.'

'I'll go if you'll go.'

They were in very truth startled to their souls. That Rufus should be moved to an outward expression of penitence seemed a sort of portent, as when in an elder day men saw flaming signs among the stars, or the earth trembled under their feet. The vague sense of peril that attends the utterly unforeseen had drawn them together to a common action.

Mr. Gregg turned round in his seat and looked at his son. It was almost pathetic to see such abject bewilderment in a face that had hitherto met all the puzzling facts of life with such supreme assurance. Then, his eyes glinting under a deep frown, he looked at the young minister as if to find the explanation there. It was, perhaps, the first time in his life that he had been positively obliged by the evidence of his senses to readjust an opinion. What was there in this young man, who was no exhorter, whose brief career among them had been a record of failure, that he should suddenly exhibit such unexampled power over souls, and especially over the hitherto inaccessible soul of Mr. Gregg's own son?

Where the violent readjustment took place in Mr. Gregg's mind was in the necessity of admitting that there must be something in such a young man. He could not say what,—it was part of the baffling problem,—but certainly something.

Lil was crying softly into her handkerchief. Mrs. Gregg's gaunt, gentle face looked frightened.

Rufus alone felt neither bewilderment nor awe. He held the key to the riddle; nor can it be said that there was any particular manifestation of penitence in the way he walked down the aisle. He was unconscious of his body now; he thought only of his triumph. How they were wondering, how they would always wonder! Yes, he had 'shut their mouths.' Then, with the sense of immediate reward, he saw the incredulous delight break upon the young preacher's face. They looked each other full in the eyes, priest and penitent; the sweet, heavy, blue-eyed gaze, lighted with a Christ-like joy, met the clear, sarcastic, boy's glance that had mocked and scoffed and too keenly observed through seventeen rebellious years.

Oh, he would be a model convert; he would never bring this great moment into discredit. He would keep the minister covered with his shield. And he did not know that in this impulse of pure and indignant generosity he did indeed 'profess religion' in a way he little dreamed: the religion of the Good Samaritan, the very soul of the religion of Christ.

THE SUNSET OF THE CONFEDERACY

V

BY MORRIS SCHAFF

I

MEANWHILE Ord's troops are in bivouac at Farmville, Sheridan's in and about Prospect Station, and the Fifth Corps, under tall, hollow-cheeked Griffin, is at Prince Edward Court House resting after its twenty-eight-mile march.

One of Sheridan's regimental surgeons, in giving an account of overtaking his command that night, after having attended, as I assume, some of the wounded at Sailor's Creek, says that the camp-fires of the encampments of artillery and infantry reddened the sky in every direction; that of those along the roadside, some burned brightly, some faintly, but every one had its group of weary men seeking, and I hope finding, refreshment and rest. 'As the light played over the forms and faces of these men,' says Surgeon Rockwell, 'and those that were sleeping, with here and there a blood-stained bandage; and as it reflected from the stacked arms, and penetrated woody recesses revealing still other groups of blue-coated soldiers, scenes were presented well worthy to be reproduced upon canvas.' To this vivid picture should be added the indistinct forms of the drowsing horses.

Yet, Reader, for loneliness — and every aide who like myself has carried dispatches will bear witness to the

truth of what I say — give me a park of army-wagons in some wan old field enthralled in darkness at the dead hours of a moonless night, men and mules asleep, camp-fires breathing their last, and the beams of day, which wander in the night, resting ghost-like on the arched and mildewed canvas covers.

Lee's army, meanwhile, was marching fast, weakened by hunger as they were. Apparently each man and organization grew indifferent to what happened to others. When any of the wagons or caissons got mired, or the famishing teams gave out, they did not stop to extricate them, but after cutting down the wheels of the artillery and setting fire to the supply-trains, went on. Lee himself passed through the village of Curdsville about midnight, and dawn found him and his weary army well away from Farmville.

Yet let them make the best time they could, demoralization was growing and spreading with equal speed. A Confederate surgeon, John Herbert Claiborne of Petersburg, says of the march after daylight, that there were abundant signs of disintegration all along the road; that whole trains were abandoned, ammunition and baggage dumped out, and everywhere muskets thrown away or, with their bayonets fixed, stuck deep in the ground. Soldiers who, he knew, had been men of

steadiness and courage, straggled unarmed, or lay down and slept apparently unconcerned. Officers of the line as well as colonels and distinguished generals were doing the same thing, and Claiborne saw a staff officer of one of the latter dismount and throw himself down, uttering an oath that he never would draw his sword from its scabbard again.

About noon, the doctor met Lee's Inspector-General, Colonel Peyton, posting some men, not over a hundred of them, on a knoll from whose bare top they could see in the distance off to the left some of Sheridan's cavalry then hastening to reach Appomattox Station.

Claiborne asked Colonel Peyton what command he was posting, and the response came back slowly and sadly, 'That is what is left of the First Virginia.' It belonged to Pickett's celebrated Gettysburg division, a mere remnant, for it had been nearly annihilated at Five Forks.

'Does General Lee know how few of his soldiers are left?' asked the doctor, 'or to what extremities they are reduced?' 'I don't believe he does,' replied Peyton. 'Then whose business is it to tell him if not his inspector-general's?' blurted out Claiborne; and here we see again how the spirit of the night before had spread. Peyton with sad emphasis answered, 'I cannot, I cannot'; and I have no doubt that to the end of his days he was glad of the decision he came to. For this world loves the man who stands by his captain till the ship goes down. It may have been that Pendleton at that very hour was conveying to his chief the message Gordon had asked him to carry. Here at any rate is what Pendleton says in reference to its delivery: —

'General Lee was lying down resting at the base of a large pine tree. I approached and sat by him. To a state-

ment of the case he quietly listened, and then, courteously expressing his thanks for the consideration of his subordinates in daring to relieve him in part of the existing burdens, spoke in about these words: "I trust it has not come to that; we certainly have too many brave men to think of laying down our arms. They still fight with great spirit, whereas the enemy does not. And besides, if I were to intimate to General Grant that I would listen to terms, he would at once regard it as such evidence of weakness that he would demand unconditional surrender, and sooner than that I am resolved to die. Indeed, we must all be determined to die at our posts."

'My reply could only be that every man would no doubt cheerfully meet death with him in discharge of duty, and that we were perfectly willing that he should decide the question.'

Let me make one comment on Pendleton's statement. He says that Lee declared that our army did not fight with spirit. This is astonishing. In view of Five Forks with its heavy losses on both sides, the assaults on his works around Petersburg, which were carried only by the most desperate resolution and gallantry, — indeed, it may be said, with slaughter unparalleled during the war, — the stubborn cavalry engagements at Jetersville and High Bridge, the sanguinary field of Sailor's Creek, in view of all these combats is it not inconceivable that Lee should have said that our men lacked spirit? Go ask any living veteran of the Army of Northern Virginia whether our troops quailed from the day the campaign began till their general, Cox, fired the last volley at Appomattox. No, no, General Pendleton, you certainly misunderstood General Lee, or General Lee was amazingly misinformed: never, never, did the old Army of the Potomac show more spirit.

But that Lee said he would never submit to unconditional surrender is no doubt true, for he knew in what universal scorn and resentment the South held Pemberton for submitting to Grant's terms of unconditional surrender at Vicksburg; and rather than place himself alongside Pemberton he would lay his life down. Pendleton, after discharging his delicate mission, rode for a while with Alexander and told him of his interview. Alexander says that he got the impression from his manner that he had been snubbed by Lee; I hope he was entirely mistaken. Parting with Alexander, Pendleton hurried on to the head of the column comprised of Lindsey Walker's command of sixty-odd guns, accompanied by a guard of two artillery companies equipped as infantry.

They reached the vicinity of Appomattox Station by 3 p.m., and there, in supposed security, unharnessed, and started little fires to cook what they had foraged on the march, all looking forward gladly to several hours of refreshing rest.

Wallace with the leading brigade of the infantry, Gordon's corps, went into camp about sundown within a mile or so of the river. In the evening, and it will be told why, they were moved forward across the river to the Court House village and slept on their arms. The Appomattox, which they crossed on their way, and whose murmur can almost be heard at the old hamlet, is nothing more than a good-sized willow-fringed run that an ordinary coatless country boy, with even a short start, can clear from bank to bank, landing on the turf with the usual sense of having performed a feat; a sense to which I can testify, for more than once, bare-headed and bare-footed, I leaped a run of about the same size that wanders through the fields of the old home farm; and I hope that, as I write, the

elecampane and ironweed are blooming golden and purple there as in my youth, and that off on the gray stake-and-ridered fence which runs by the old wild-cherry tree, a bob white sings to his mate mothering her covey in the clover-field.

And now, before telling where the rest of Gordon's corps and that of Longstreet and the cavalry bivouacked at the end of that last and long day's march, let me say a word of the lay of the land where their camp-fires glittered along the Lynchburg Road.

From the Appomattox lone and bushy ravine-scored fields tilt up northward for a mile, at least, to a timbered ridge circling southwestward around the birthplace of the river. The challenging note of a chanticleer perched in the old village on a November starlit night, with the wind from the south or the east, can be heard, I think, clear to the ferny tips of the river's source.

This ridge, where it is crossed by the old road,—which, by the way, comes swerving southward from it through the gullied and sombre old fields,—is flattish, crowned with woods, and about half a mile wide, breaking down sharply on its northern side into the bed of Rocky Run; a pleasant brook that goes gurgling around the ridge's base and falls into the Appomattox about a mile below the Court House. Beyond the run the ground begins at once to rise in a long commanding incline to the top of a higher ridge. As you follow the road upward, on each side are beautiful, leaning fields, and when I was there last October, in one of them lay a flock of Southdown sheep, and opposite, amid venerable trees and somewhat away from the road, was the old brick mansion house overlooking dreamily the generous plantation.

At the top of the ridge, the divide between the Appomattox and James, the road enters woods and then sweeps

directly to the east by New Hope Church on toward New Store and Farmville. The prevailing timber through which it bears its course, leaving a track almost as red as brick, is oak, and roamed by wild turkeys. The other day, as I was following it, a half-grown one scurried across it ahead of me and disappeared in the leafy silence. I halted when I came to the spot, but could neither see nor hear him; may he live to grow to a ripe old age, a stately, fleet, and beautiful ornament of the sun-dappled loneliness.

And now, having tried to convey the lay of the land, let me say that Gordon's camp-fires stretched from the Appomattox to the top of the first ridge, and perhaps as far up the other as where I saw the sheep lying peacefully in the field. McIntosh's battalion of batteries was on the banks of Rocky Run, and Haskell's was this side of them in the woods. Longstreet's corps was beyond New Hope Church and beyond it the cavalry. The bordering fields and roadsides, from New Hope Church to the Appomattox, were packed by artillery, wagons, and ambulances, and except the batteries about all of them had lost every semblance of organization.

The cavalry and a good share of Longstreet's corps did not bivouac till after night had fully set in, and when the fires were lit, many a long mile lay behind them. But it had been a pleasant day, the sun had shone brightly, and, from time to time, soft refreshing breezes had blown; and I have no doubt that the sunshine and fresh breezes were made sweeter by the fact that it was the first day since it crossed the Appomattox at Goode's Bridge that the column had been free from harassing attacks by the cavalry.

Lee camped in the open wood on the top of the first ridge, and on the east side of the road, a hundred yards or

so from it, the ground rising gently. Near-by and towering high over his camp-fire was a large white oak. Longstreet and Gordon were not far away. So, then, having established the weary, supperless men in their bivouacs, let us leave them to their sleep, which I know came quickly, for they were tired.

Night and the listening fields and woods, which as soon as darkness falls always become suddenly vast, self-conscious personalities, were around them; over them were fast-moving, sinister clouds dimming the Milky Way, that starry bivouac of the heavens; and with those officers and men, whose care blotted out sleep, darkening the future, were the shadows of deeper clouds. Were they to be subjected to harsh terms of surrender and then to a march of humiliation through the cities of the North, to Point Lookout, Fort Delaware, Elmira, and Johnston's Island, as prisoners of war? What months of confinement and agonies of body and mind were in store for them? Silent veterans, looking with thoughtful eyes into your camp-fires and dreading the future, none, none of those bitter experiences will come to you; on the contrary, you will receive kind terms, and chaplets will be yours at last. For this country will feel a glorious national pride in your fortitude, your soul-stirring valor, and your loyalty to her when the storm of war shall be over. Who, who are to be the heroes of the Army of Northern Virginia, then, if not you—you who, like gold tried in the furnace, stood by colors and cause to the end?

And now, before telling you, Reader, of the movements of the Army of the Potomac on that same Saturday, April 8, let me first say that Grant on the evening of the seventh, after sending his first note to Lee, issued orders for Humphreys and Wright to pursue the enemy with vigor in the morning on

whatsoever roads he might take, and for Ord's command to follow Sheridan up the railroad toward Appomattox Station, since it was obvious that, to gain Lynchburg, Lee, confined to the narrow divide between the Appomattox and the James, would have to cross there at its outlet. It is quite clear that these orders, all issued before receiving a reply to his letter, show that Grant did not expect Lee to halt in his tracks and surrender at once.

The answer which he had received at midnight and which has already been given, he replied to in explicit terms the next morning: —

April 8, 1865.

GENERAL, — Your note of last evening, in reply to mine of the same date, asking the condition on which I will accept the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia, is just received. In reply, I would say that peace being my great desire, there is but one condition I would insist upon, namely: that the men and officers surrendered shall be disqualified for taking up arms again against the Government of the United States until properly exchanged. I will meet you, or will designate officers to meet any officers you might name for the same purpose, at any point agreeable to you, for the purpose of arranging definitely the terms upon which the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia will be received.

U. S. GRANT, Lieutenant-General.
General R. E. LEE.

This letter was direct, candid, and generous, and brought the issue squarely to Lee, inasmuch as, where or whenever it might reach him, he would have to make up his mind to one of two courses: to yield to the inevitable, a spectre that had been haunting him for many a day, or to take his chances to escape from it by further retreat and

battle. He chose the latter, notwithstanding Grant had used the expression, 'Peace being my great desire.'

This important communication, like the first, was put into the hands of Seth Williams for delivery. In due time that sunny-hearted man came up with the enemy's rear-guard of cavalry, and, although he was displaying a flag, was fired on, and his orderly wounded. He had to make several approaches to the line, and at last gained the attention of an officer of some sense, who ordered his ill-trained men to desist from firing on the flag of truce. Williams on handing him Grant's letter asked to have it forwarded promptly to Lee, and to make it clear to his immediately superior officer that hostilities would not be suspended on account of the communication he had given him. But before Williams started on this mission from Farmville, day had broken pleasantly, and to the call of the bugles all the troops had stepped off briskly ahead of him. All, did you say? All of the Army of the Potomac?

No, not quite all. Up where Miles had made his resolute assault at Cumberland Church, just as the sun was setting the night before, were many in blue and gray whom no earthly bugle could wake; there, boys of twenty were sleeping on, waiting in peace for that other trumpet, the one at the lips of an angel who, on resurrection's morning, shall sound for us all. Poor fellows, had your lives lasted but two days more, you would have heard the bands at Appomattox playing 'Home, Sweet Home.'

II

In accordance with Grant's orders for a vigorous pursuit, Humphreys at an early hour, with Miles in the lead, pressed through the works at Cumberland Church, which they had failed to carry, and then on to the Lynchburg

Stage and the Buckingham Plank roads, which, setting out from Farmville, run near each other for a while. The latter goes by the village of Curds-ville, and a cross-road from there meets the former at New Store. Humphreys took the Stage, and Wright the Plank Road.

Meade overtook Humphreys about eight o'clock, just after Williams with Grant's second letter had gone forward, and Lyman says that as they kept along the road they came on General Williams returning from the front, and shortly after, at eleven-thirty, had got to the house of 'one Elam,' where they rested the horses for a spell, and then over a wide road full of boulders and holes they came to Crutes, a large white house on the left side of the road; just before reaching there Grant overtook them and said to Meade, 'How are you, old fellow?' As will be remembered, Meade had not been at all well for three or four days. That night they both made their headquarters at Crutes.

Meanwhile, Humphreys pushed on fast, and at 5 p.m. sent word to Meade that he was at New Store and that the enemy were reported as about four miles ahead, and asked if he should halt to let the rear close up (that is Wright's Sixth Corps) and have rations issued. After resting a little while, and without waiting to hear from Meade, he renewed the march till half-past six, and by that time Miles with the advance was near Holliday's Creek.

At 6:55, just after the sun had set and Humphreys had gone into camp, Meade's reply to his dispatch came, saying, 'Push on to-night until you come up with the enemy. No attack is ordered but it is desirable to have the army up to him.' — 'Have the army up to him!' In that command you hear the ring of the iron in the blood of old George Gordon Meade.

Humphreys in reply said that, although it was against his judgment, he would obey the order, but that the men were exhausted and without rations. In a postscript he added that Miles at that moment sent word that the enemy were encamped on the first high ground in front of him, and that he had directed him to push forward his skirmishers and feel them.

Before this order could be executed, the enemy had moved on, but the corps, tired as it was, resumed its march in the falling darkness. The men had to yield at last, however, to fatigue and hunger, and at ten o'clock went into bivouac. Nearly twenty-five miles had been covered and the day had been warm; they deserved and I hope enjoyed a night of sweet rest. The camp-fires of some of them were on the banks of Holiday's Creek, and as their eyes were closing to its murmurs the dull boom of guns away to the southwest went floating by. Boom! boom! boom! And Wonder asked sleepily, 'What is that?' It was Sheridan at Appomattox Station planting himself squarely across the road to Lynchburg; and here is the story of how he did it.

While the dew was still sparkling and the feet of grazing cows and quick nibbling sheep trailed the pastures, his cavalry poured out of the fields and woods around Prospect Station, and with Custer in advance set off up the railroad for Appomattox Station, which is about two or three miles south of the Court House. Behind the cavalry came Ord's infantry from Farmville, Birney's division of colored troops leading them, and then Griffin from Prince Edward Court House, with Chamberlain of Maine, that hero and scholar, at the head. For the sake of the memory of the night when I rode with Warren on our way from the Wilderness, where this corps had left so many of its gal-

lant men, I wish that I could have seen them march by on that sunshiny morning, — not only the Fifth Corps, but all of that column.

III

Reader and friend, I have something to propose to you, and, much as it will delay the narrative, I hope it will strike you pleasantly. Let us find some suitable spot by the roadside from which we can see those veterans go by; for before the sun sets to-morrow their marching will be over and the old Army of the Potomac, that I served with as a boy, will pass through the Gates of Peace and enter the Land of Dreams. I want you to see them, too, for I believe you feel a pride in the glory their courage has brought the country. I marched with them on many campaigns, — Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, the Wilderness, and thence through the bloody fields of Spottsylvania and Cold Harbor to the James. Do you wonder then that I long to look once more at the regiments and batteries, and lift my hat to those brave men whose oft-repeated display of valor made my heart beat? And if, when some dear old friend goes by, you should see tears dropping from my eyes, never mind, never mind, — the sight will bring back such appealing memories.

Break off that spray of budding laurel and bring it along. It will indicate that what is in your heart is in your hand, and that you would like if you could to wreath it around the brows of more than one of those boys. For they are only boys, after all; their average age is under twenty-one.

I wish we could find a good, over-looking spot. How will that little elevation down there in the valley answer, that rises like an old-fashioned beehive on the left of the road and has three

or four big-limbed oaks crowning it, one of them leaning somewhat? Admirably! We are lucky as usual: here is a pair of bars, and we shall not have to climb this old Virginia rail-fence; but let us be sure to put the bars up, for nothing is more provoking, nothing shows worse breeding, than to leave a farmer's gates open or his bars down. Well, here we are: oaks spreading above us, at our feet violets, liverwort, and spring beauties, scattered among acorn hulls, dead leaves, and clustered grass. What a reviewing stand, and so near the road that we shall be able to distinguish faces! Truly we have chosen a pleasant spot; let us sit down and enjoy it till they come.

How graciously the road greets us as it emerges from those thick primeval woods yonder, and how cool and fresh its earthy track looks as it comes gliding down between the fields toward us! Why, it almost sings, — I'm a brother of the morning and my sweetheart is the dawn.

And is not this leaning valley in front of us sweet? How the wavering fences and the heaving fields take the eye farther and farther up and off northward, until at last it rests on distant woods and vast solitary traveling clouds! Do you know that under those very clouds the Army of Northern Virginia is marching? How peacefully beneficent they look! I wonder if heaven in her sympathy has not set them a-sailing so that their shadows may comfort our enemies, — for the day is warm and hearts are low. I wish we could review them also, for perhaps I might see some old West Point friend, and I think he would speak to me, and I should like to slip a biscuit into his hand, for I know he is hungry. But whether I should see one or not, I know I would wave the laurel to more than one of those Confederate regiments.

But upon my soul we could not have

found a better place had we looked for weeks. Note how the road climbs up athwart the open hill beyond this lusty, blessed run at our left, the gurgling child of the valley; and I'll warrant you that there are minnows, dace, and, may be, shiners in some of its pools, and that I could find a cardinal's or a catbird's nest somewhere along its willow- and alder-covered banks; those master songsters, like the thrush, love quiet places like this. And do you note the regular, intermittent pauses in the beat of the wings of that bird, which is coming from the woods to the oaks? It's a flicker, for I know his undulating flight right well. And do you hear that meadow-lark? He is up there in that shouldered pasture where you see a few sumacs near a settlement of big boulders, travelers from ages gone by that are resting a while; and as he sings to his golden-breasted mate, who knows if his song does not set the stern travelers dreaming of the world's first morning, just as the thrush's sets the fields dreaming of the first evening? But, like the flicker, what a naturally wild bird is the lark!

Surely the old road hears many a pleasant tone and runs by many a pleasant scene, but not one is sweeter than this or more suited to serve an innocent purpose like ours. For we can see the troops coming and going, and follow them as they climb the hill, until banners and men disappear beyond its crest. But here they come!

The cavalry brigade at the head of the column this morning is Pennington's of Custer's division, and when its commander rides by I will point him out to you, for he is a friend, and as was said of Sir George Beaumont, the intimate of Wordsworth and Coleridge, he is inherently a gentleman. The regiment that is now approaching in the advance is the Second New York, and that behind it is the Third New Jersey.

The colonel of the former is Alanson M. Randol, and when he rides by, you will see that he has thin, straight, light red hair and a spare face; and I wish that you could hear him sing, for he has a fine tenor voice which on many a summer night at West Point I heard rising high and clear as he led a group of his fellow cadets who used to gather at the head of some company street during encampment, and, seated in a circle on camp-stools in their gray fatigue jackets and white trousers, sing the evening away. It is this regiment that will capture the four trains at Appomattox to-night, and then, with the rest of the brigade and division, at last, and notwithstanding musketry, canister, and darkness, will gain the Lynchburg road, and force the surrender of Lee to-morrow.

Bless my heart! here comes Custer now, and riding by his side are Pennington and Randol; Custer, a major-general, Pennington, a brigadier, and not one of the three has yet seen his twenty-seventh birthday. They were all fellow cadets, and I will wager you that this very moment they are talking about those old West Point days; for no matter when or where we graduates meet, soon, very soon, we are back at that beautiful spot on the Hudson and living over the days of our youth.

But do look at Custer, for he was one of my close friends and we passed many a happy hour together. Did you ever in all your life see any man more spectacularly dressed? That broad upturned sombrero, those long yellow locks, that olive-green corduroy suit tinseled lavishly with gold braid, those huge roweled spurs, and that long, flowing scarlet necktie! Just look, too, at the length of the sabre scabbard and the gold knots dangling from the sword's hilt, and note also those pistols in his high cavalry boots.

But don't misjudge him: Custer is

only a great big jolly boy, and no one ever had a better friend, and no foe ever had an antagonist with more generosity of spirit. I wish you could catch his mischievous smile and hear his merry laugh.

I declare I believe he sees us. He does. — ‘Hello, Morris! Hello, “Old Shoaf”!’ Yes, yes, I hear you, Custer, Pennington, and Randol. Yes, I hear you, but my heart is too full to answer; I can only murmur as the tears fall, ‘God bless each of you!’ Wave, wave your laurel, Reader, and keep on waving it till the mist clears away from my swimming eyes. And after a pause, if some one says softly, ‘Why did they call you “Old Shoaf”?’ Oh, it was a nickname I got at West Point.

That regiment now passing is the First Connecticut, and I wish to call your attention to its major, Goodwin; and near him is Lieutenant Lanfare. Those two brave officers each captured a gun at Five Forks only a few days ago, when after repeated charges, with Pennington at the head, the brigade carried the enemy’s breastworks. There goes the Second Ohio. I have a pride in my native state; let us lift our hats to the Second, and to them all.

That man at the head of the Fifteenth New York is Colonel Coppinger, and when I saw him first he was an aide, I believe, on Sheridan’s staff. He is one of several young Irish gentlemen who came over and offered their services to our country, and braver or wittier men never graced a camp.

The lieutenant-colonel, on the white horse, is Augustus I. Root, and to-night, at the very end of the battle, he will charge into the village of Appomattox Court House and there meet a volley from Wallace’s Confederate brigade and fall dead from his charger; and to-morrow morning a tender-hearted Confederate lady, before whose house he has fallen, will have his body

brought from the road and buried in her yard. And when, after the war is over, his family shall come to take his body home, do you know, she will gather some flowers from the garden to deck his coffin!

‘What is the meaning of that old-fashioned family coach, drawn by two mules, with a colored woman riding in state in it, among the headquarter wagons and led horses bringing up the rear of Custer’s division?’

Well, my friend, — I might address you as Stranger, but I think you are closer to me than that, — that’s Eliza, Custer’s cook. He picked her up near the Blue Ridge on one of his campaigns in that lonely region. I don’t know where he laid his hands on the coach. But this I know, that, at the fierce battle of Trevilion last summer, Eliza and all of Custer’s and Pennington’s private baggage were captured. That night, after the brigade had got out of a very tight place and gone into bivouac, Custer and Pennington, while lounging before their camp-fires, heard cheering up the road. Pretty soon the cheering broke out again, but this time it was stronger and nearer. What does that mean? they asked each other; and when they went out to learn the cause, there came Eliza, the men lining the road and cheering her at every step.

It seems that her mounted captors, while marching her off the field, told her to throw down a high fence in their way; but instead of beginning at the top rail she pulled out a low one, bolted through, took to her heels among young pines, and then with native shrewdness struck out in the direction she thought our troops had taken; and there she was, ready to get Custer’s breakfast as usual. Of all the Army of the Potomac to-day, Eliza is the only one riding in state, and I’ve no doubt that at this very moment she is canvassing in her mind whether the coffee

and sugar amid the trumpery with which her mud-spattered vehicle is loaded, will hold out till the campaign is over. It will; don't worry about it, Eliza; ride on without care.

But what a contrast is that old coach with its family memories to that column of cavalry now doubled up and riding four abreast, — horses bay, sorrel, white, black, and roan, guidons and colors waving, and each trooper armed with carbine, sabre and pistol! The old carriage is not going to church or to a wedding this morning.

The division following Custer's is Merritt's, Wesley Merritt's, one of the most popular men at West Point in my day. He has smiling blue eyes and has led this division in many a charge. Moreover he is naturally modest, can write inspiring English, and is an addition always to the good company he loves. I think that Sheridan relies on him more than on any one of his division commanders, and to-morrow he will be one of three selected by Grant to receive the surrender of Lee's army.

That brigade just passing is the famous Michigan brigade; you notice that every one has a flaming scarlet necktie like Custer's; they were his first command, and they love him. I wish that I could dwell on some of their exploits with him at their head. You do not know how the sight of those cavalrymen brings back to me that night after the two awful days in the Wilderness, when, with Warren in advance, I rode by them to Todd's Tavern where they had fought so bravely for the Brock Road, without which Grant's move to Spottsylvania would have been seriously baffled.

And here comes the Second Brigade under Charley Fitzhugh. Wave your laurel, for he is another of my fellow cadets. He has brown eyes, and in that robust figure is a warm and gallant heart.

And now passes the Reserve brigade. At its head is the Second Massachusetts under Colonel Forbes, who bears a name which the Blue Hills of Milton cherish with pride. Its young colonel, Lowell, was killed last autumn in the valley, and his sword brought much added lustre to a family already distinguished.

The troopers and those grim old sergeants with grizzled moustaches and imperials, who sit their horses so firmly, belong to the First, Fifth, and Sixth Regulars; and, companion, my heart swells at the sight of them again, for I, too, was a regular.

And here comes Crook's division. I have already told you what kind of a looking man he is, and how he was beloved. I wish I could point out all whom I know and who have rendered great services, but I am afraid of being tedious. That regiment just passing, its guidons flirting so cheerily, is the First Maine. At its head is Colonel Cilley, and when all is still to-night, he with his regiment will be standing guard across the Lynchburg Pike, just this side of the little graveyard at Appomattox, and within hearing of the enemy's bivouac down in the old, weary-looking hamlet.

And here comes Sheridan, — Sheridan! he to whom the country to-morrow, and as long as it lives, will owe more than to anyone in the Army of the Potomac for its final victory over what is called the Great Rebellion, inasmuch as, had it not been for his inflaming activity, the pursuit would not have been so rigorous, and Lee, instead of being where he is to-day, at the very verge of complete overthrow, would be, I fear, well on his way to the Roanoke.

Sheridan is mounted on Rienzi. Look at man and horse, for they are both of the same spirit and temper. It was Rienzi who with flaming nostrils

carried Sheridan to the field of Cedar Creek, twenty miles away; and he was on him at Five Forks, the battle which broke Lee's line and let disaster in. Before the final charge there, the horse became as impatient as his rider, kicking, plunging, tossing his head, pulling at the bit, while foam flecked his black breast. And when Sheridan gave him his head, when he saw that Ayres, at the point of the bayonet, was going to carry the day, off sprang Rienzi and with a leap bounded over the enemy's works and landed Sheridan among the mob of prisoners and fighting troops. Well, Rienzi, by this time to-morrow you will bear your distinguished rider to the McLean house, and there you will see General Lee coming up on Traveller, a horse with a better temper than yours, and soon thereafter Grant will ride up on high-bred Cincinnati, and you three horses will go down to history together; and Grant to the day of his death will say that your rider, little Phil Sheridan, was the one great corps commander of the war.

As you see, Sheridan is cased in the uniform of his grade; he has on a double-breasted frock-coat, the brass buttons in groups of three; his trousers are outside of his boots and strapped down; and slightly tipping on his big round head is a low-crowned, soft felt hat, concealing his close-cropped black hair. He is the very embodiment of vital energy, and in addition to his natural force and courage he is supported by an extraordinary, clear and quick comprehension of the phases of battle. Were you to get close to him, you would not fail to note his set jaw, his rather high, solid cheek-bones, quick blazing eyes, and all the impulsive characteristics of his determined nature mingling in his weather-bronzed face; and perchance it would make you think of a living anvil. His voice is naturally low, and on one occasion,

amid all the tension and din of battle, an aide came galloping up and began to scream out some bad news, whereupon Sheridan, with set teeth and low measured tones, said, 'Damn you, sir, don't yell at me!' Great as will his honors be, he never will have any affectations, but will ring true to the end.

Those threescore or more unfurled Confederate colors carried behind him and his brilliant staff, 'Tony' and 'Sandy' Forsythe, Newhall, and Gillespie, were captured at Sailor's Creek; and could anything equal the sight of those flags in stirring the hearts of his men to renewed daring?

And now the rear of the cavalry is passing, the head of the column has long since disappeared over the crest. Sheridan is near the top of the hill and I can still make out his blue headquarters flag. It was with that flag in his hand, Rienzi plunging wildly and mad with the excitement of the roaring musketry, that Sheridan, aflame, turned Ayres's repulsed division back to face their foes again at Five Forks, and then to carry Pickett's line of breastworks. In the oncoming infantry that will soon appear you will see Ayres and that very division; and I have no doubt that you will look on them with admiration when I tell you of their exploits, for I have been with them and seen them under fire.

And now, in the momentary pause between cavalry and infantry, goes by a little squad with bandaged heads and limbs, hurrying along, some on mules and some on horses. They are wounded cavalymen who have slipped away from the field hospitals of Sailor's Creek and Farmville, and are bound to be with their regiments.

'What has that hatless man with the bandage across his brow dismounted for, there at the run?' Watch him and you will see. He is filling the canteens of his comrades. And note how the

feverish fellows drink! He has had to fill one a second time; the contents of the first have been poured over a bandaged arm. Oh, fine is the spirit in the Army of the Potomac to-day!

‘But why are you smiling?’ Oh, because I know those fellows well, and except that obviously broken-down, abandoned old mule, and that woe-begone, bald-faced chestnut horse which they have picked up, the chances are ten to one that those young rascals have stolen every mount they have.

Now they are off, and the infantry is just issuing from the woods, and Turner’s division of Ord’s command is in the lead. Those troops, some from Illinois, some from Ohio, West Virginia, and far-away Massachusetts, were in the lines north of the James when the campaign began, and have covered more miles than any in the army. Note their swing as they pass by, for they mean to keep up with the cavalry.

Behind them is Foster’s division, and at its head are two small brigades of colored troops, as you see. Do you know, my friend, that these earnest black men recall some vivid memories? For I sat on the parapet of one of our batteries and saw Feraro’s division — they were all negroes officered by white men — move to the attack when the mine was exploded at Petersburg. Up to that day thousands of us doubted the colored man’s courage, and for fear these negroes would falter, a division of white troops was assigned to lead the assault. But such heroism as they displayed I never saw surpassed on any field. Their advance up the incline was in full view, and you should have seen their steadiness in the face of a most deadly front-and-flank fire. Their flags began to fall as soon as they cleared our works, but up they would come boldly and on they would go. I cannot tell you how my breath shortened as the ground was strewn with

their dead and wounded. Let us uncover. They have shown that they can be loyal and true to their masters, and they have shown that they can stand undaunted the final test of battle. Full of pathos are their songs and their fate for me, and I sometimes wonder if marble and bronze are not waiting for the hand of genius to express nature’s deep feeling of North and South in their behalf.

That spare man with iron gray hair and moustache is Ord, the senior officer of all this column of cavalry and infantry hastening on to head off Lee. He graduated at West Point the year Grant entered, and his eyes are bluish-gray and kindly. In company he is an easy but not a loquacious talker, and never is known to be angry or excited; in other words, Reader, he is a man of good breeding. His voice, which is naturally clear, has a tinge of persuasiveness or solicitation in its tones. It was he who tried to bring about an interview between Grant and Lee before this final campaign began, for he felt sure that if they could meet they would bring the war to an end. Longstreet joined with him in this merciful and patriotic design, but as soon as it was heard of in Washington, Grant got peremptory orders to have no communication with Lee on questions of a political nature.

All in all, I am glad that Ord’s scheme failed, but, nevertheless, it tells what kind of man he is, and Peace at the last great day will beckon to him, you may rest assured, to come and sit down by her side.

That young man, in fact almost a boy, among his staff, is Alfred A. Woodhull, an assistant surgeon in the army; and when Ord went to see Longstreet on his peace mission, he took Woodhull with him.

And now there is another pause, for some of Ord’s wagons are stalled at the

run and block the way, but the officers and drivers are using the vigorous terms which the mule understands, and soon the road will be cleared. Yes, even now, for look, look! there comes the old Fifth Corps. See how the sun glints on the leaning gun-barrels! Griffin is at its head, and behind him floats the Maltese Cross. What fields the sight of that flag evokes! Gaines's Mill, Glendale, Malvern Hill, Manassas, Fredericksburg, Gettysburg, the Wilderness, Spottsylvania, Cold Harbor, Five Forks! Blood of the Fifth Corps reddened, and in some cases almost deluged, every one of them. And, upon my soul, I hear the volleys again, and once more I see their colors crossing the Old Sanders Field in the Wilderness and wavering up toward the orchard on the Spindle farm at Spottsylvania! Come on, you that are left! Come on! I was young once, too, and shared those bitter days with you. God bless you, come on with those tattered banners!

Leading the First Brigade is Chamberlain of Maine, and for the sake of Round Top, the key of Gettysburg, which at the sword's tip he helped to save, and for the sake of his gentleness and knightliness, for he will bring that division to a salute when the Army of Northern Virginia marches by to lay down their arms, wave your laurel for Chamberlain.

There go Coulter, Bartlett, and Baxter; they do not know me, but I know them; and when I saw Bartlett last in the Wilderness, blood was streaming down his face. And here comes Crawford, neat and trim as usual; and behind him is Kellogg leading all that is left of the Iron Brigade of the West, the Sixth and Seventh Wisconsin; for the sake of that first day at Gettysburg let us rise and uncover.

And here comes the sturdy old reg-

ular, Ayres, with his division fresh from Five Forks. Look at those shredded and bullet-riddled colors! In their lacerated bands of red and white, and in those ripped, star-decked fields of blue, is written the visible history of the Army of the Potomac. Oh, let us be grateful for that breeze which has set them a-rippling. They seem to be rejoicing. And who has told the west wind that peace is coming?

There go the One Hundred and Fortieth, One Hundred and Forty-sixth New York, the One Hundred and Fifty-fifth Pennsylvania, and the Maryland Brigade. All hail! but oh, brave fellows, are you all that are left? Reader, if you should ever visit the field of Spottsylvania I wish you would go to where a stone bears this legend:—

FARTHEST ADVANCE ON THIS FRONT

THE MARYLAND BRIGADE

'Never mind bullets, never mind cannon, but press on and clear the road.'

That was the order they got from Warren that Sunday morning and I saw them try to obey it. Can I easily find it? Yes; and it will be glad to see you, and as you stand beside it in its loneliness and recall what it commemorates, you will feel how gently persuasive is the peace of the arching sky.

And now that they have all gone by and are mounting the hill, I feel sorry that I directed your eye to a few only of those brave officers and men. But perhaps I have delayed the narrative already too long. Would that I could keep right on with the story, and that I did not so often forget that the majority of my fellow men have no particular interest in the mysteriously suffusing lights which haunt the background of heroic deeds, but are concerned rather in the deeds themselves.

(To be continued.)

THE AGE OF FAITH

BY ROBERT KILBURN ROOT

My friend and I were watching the graceful undulations of a Blériot monoplane as it lazily circled the aviation field after the mad swoops and spiral climbings which had caught our breath with fear and wonder. 'Ah,' said my friend, with a touch of reverence in his voice, 'the age of miracles is n't over.'

He is no mystic, this friend of mine; the grotto of Lourdes and the Christian Science temple interest him, if at all, only as curious instances of abnormal psychology; but his soul craved a miracle, it seems, and he found it at the aviation meet. A moment later he added, 'In a few years we shall all be flying, I suppose.' Although I knew, of course, that his words had no reference to the strong angelic pinions of a beatific hereafter, his second platitude led me to reflect that the 'age of faith' might not be over either; and when at breakfast next morning I read of one more aviator whose name had been added to the long death-roll, I caught myself muttering something about the 'age of martyrs.'

We are very fond of these vague phrases — the age of this and the age of that. It is so convenient to dispose of a whole century, or a group of centuries, by affixing a neat descriptive label and filing it away methodically in the card-catalogue of one's historical memory. The label seems somehow to clothe the nakedness of our essential ignorance; we feel that we have not only identified but have understood. We denominate certain prehistoric centuries the 'Stone Age,' and

instantly the mists of our all but total ignorance seem to lighten. I suspect that Adam gave names to all the beasts of the field mainly that he might dispel the unfamiliar strangeness of them. Particularly convenient is it when the label has a certain philosophical tinge to it, so that we may seem to have caught and fixed the very soul and guiding principle of an 'Age of Reason,' or an 'Age of Faith.'

The Middle Ages, but little understood and vaguely realized, have been most frequently and continuously disposed of by this process of the descriptive label. Not many years ago the approved label read, 'The Dark Ages.' The kindly poet Cowper could refer to the 'tedious years of Gothic darkness,' and Shelley could speak of 'enormities which gleam like comets through the darkness of Gothic and superstitious ages.' Barbarism, violence, ignorance, and gross superstition — these ideas all lurk within the shadows of the word 'dark.' One had but to affix the label, and the heart of many centuries was presented on a charger. But this modern blackening of the mediæval kettle has gone out of fashion. The term 'dark ages' is now confined, by thoughtful people at least, to the two or three centuries immediately after the fall of the Roman Empire; the Middle Ages proper we now sentimentalize as an 'age of chivalry' or an 'age of faith.'

The Age of Faith, of child-like trust in the evidence of things not seen, of superstition, if you will; but how touch-

ing in its naïve simplicity! With a strain of patronizing condescension, no doubt, but none the less with genuine weariness of heart, we turn back to the blessed days when the sea of faith was at the full, and listen with sadness to its 'melancholy, long, withdrawing roar.'

But is faith withdrawing or withdrawn? Is not faith, nay, even credulity, too intimately woven into the texture of the human heart ever to be unraveled and cast aside? Mankind does not abandon faith, but merely transfers it through the ages from one set of objects to another. The Middle Age was doubtless an 'age of faith'; so is our own age; so have been all the ages about which we have any knowledge. The eighteenth century, labeled by Carlyle the 'skeptical century,' and by its admirers the 'age of reason,' exhibits the most child-like trust in the efficacy and saving grace of Reason, Humanity, Liberty, Fraternity, and Equality, and a whole pantheon of splendid abstractions visible only to the eye of faith, which were to save and remake the world. The French Revolution, with its militant gospel of liberty, with its proclamation of a new heaven and a new earth, wherein does it differ, save in externals, from the passionately preached crusades of old? Rousseau is its Peter the Hermit, Mirabeau its Godfrey. Like the Crusades it sought through violence and cruelty to realize its burning faith.

To-day the faith of man has turned to the discoveries and achievements of science. I, for example, am not more credulous than my neighbors; but I believe firmly that, contrary to the evidence of my senses, the sun's rising and setting are due, not to the motion of the sun, but to the spinning of this so solid-seeming earth. I have no proof save the assertion of the astronomers — it is a believing where I

cannot prove. By a similar act of faith I let my imagination expatiate in the infinite regions of interstellar space and gaze reverently at the ray of starlight which was kindled at its source a hundred years ago. *Quia impossibile, ergo credo.*

My friend the geologist speaks casually of the Eocene and of the Carboniferous Era; in his talk a thousand years are but as yesterday. I think somewhat wistfully of the tidy little six-days' creation of my fathers; but my faith triumphs and I trust the geologist, even when he tells me of floods which make those of Deucalion and old Noah seem but poor affairs at best. He tells me of vast ice-fields covering half a continent, and by way of proof shows me on an afternoon's walk sundry scratches in the rocks. I gaze reverently upon the scratches and assent. To these marvels and to many like them I have no choice but to assent. To reject them would be heresy to the faith of the age, and punishable as heresy. Were I, for example, to exercise my 'right of private judgment' by asserting openly that the sun and stars revolve about the earth, I should find my friends estranged, my opinions on all other subjects discredited, and my position in the university speedily vacant.

The central dogma of the new religion is the doctrine of evolution. The modern man accepts it as a matter of course, though probably not one in a hundred of those who accept can give a satisfactory statement of it, much less appraise the evidence on which it rests. Believers of the baser sort suppose that it asserts their descent from monkeys, and rather glory, it would seem, in the lineage. Those of finer nature suppose that it assures us of ultimate attainment to a more than angelic perfection. I am credibly informed that neither of these suppos-

ings corresponds very accurately to the esoteric teachings on the subject. But what of that? The older dogmas of the Trinity or the Atonement have been vaguely or crudely understood of the many. Faith is fortunately not dependent on the power of grasping intellectually the finer subtleties either of metaphysical or of scientific thought.

Like all great truths, the doctrine of evolution has been widely fruitful. From its original application to matters biological it has spread to this region and to that until it has become, as the cardinal tenets of a living faith must always become, the central principle of all human thought and activity. It has rewritten our history; it has transformed our theories of society and politics; it has revolutionized literary criticism. Our sophists and modern schoolmen find in this doctrine both source and criticism for all distinctions of right and wrong. The tables of stone have been exchanged for the shifting sands of a 'pragmatic' sanction. One wonders whether, some centuries hence, when our present-day religion shall have faded and the inexpugnable faith of mankind shall have transferred itself to newer dogmas, one wonders whether the historian of that future age may not laugh at us for our evolution-madness, as we laugh to-day at the spiritual allegorizings with which the mediæval mind interpreted all nature and all art.

This modern religion of the scientific spirit demands and wins our assent not only to its speculative dogmas in the realm of cosmogony and metaphysics; it touches our daily life and issues in a new ethic. To its *vita contemplativa* it adds a *vita activa*. There is a heaven to be won by right living, and a hell to terrify the erring; a heaven of health and efficiency, a hell of disease and failure. Our life is girt about by a myriad of unseen essences, malignant and

beneficent, demons and ministers of grace. That these essences are called bacteria rather than spirits is but an unimportant difference in terminology.

Poor Tom cowered before Frateretto and Smulkin and Hopdance; the foul fiends of to-day are the various schizomycetes and trypanosomes of disease, with names as uncouth as any in the old demonology. The first petition and the last of our modern *pater noster* is, 'Deliver us from infection.' Our charms and exorcisms are antitoxins and disinfectants. We have our ceremonial washings. We bind our brows with prophylacteries. Our incense we have renamed fumigation, with some loss the while in its sweet savor. Our confessions are made to the family doctor. Full and without reserve they must be, if his shriving is to avail. His kind but searching questions bring home to us the conviction of sin in matters where our blindness had recognized no wrong. We are bidden to forsake our evil ways with true penitence. But penitence is not enough: the wise confessor imposes also a fitting penance — the austere fasting of his dietary, the abstention for a season from pleasures and distractions ordinarily innocent. If our sin is very grievous, he may even relegate us to retreat in the wilderness, or to the rigorous observances of a sanitarium.

The firm belief of the people in the very existence of the disease-germ is a touching instance of the power of faith. Which of us has seen the germ of tuberculosis at any time? Certain holy men in our laboratories declare that they have seen it through the eye of the microscope, as holy men of old reported their visions of devils and of angels. We accept the reports of our seers as did our fathers in the so-called 'Age of Faith.' Woe to us if through skepticism or callous indifference we neglect the ceremonial purifications

which they have established. If my house has been possessed by the foul devils of scarlet fever, it is at peril of active persecution by the law that I fail to burn my sulphur incense. By force of public opinion, and by law as well, I should be compelled, did not my abounding faith lead me of my own accord to purchase indulgence against the purgatorial pains of the smallpox through the rite of vaccination. The penance imposed is but the discomfort of a sore arm and some pence paid to the ministrant.

Faith is ever near akin to superstition; and in this modern Age of Faith, as in the mediæval, there are discredited hangers-on of the hierarchy, or it may be quack priests, who are ready, like the pardoners of the later Middle Ages, to coin human credulity to their own profit by the sale of lying absolution and indulgence. What else are the countless tonics and elixirs, the blood-purifiers and pain-killers and liver-pills which fill the newspapers and crowd the hoardings with their strident capitals? Every new revelation of the faith becomes a cure-all for the credulous and has its passing vogue. Liquid air and the X-ray have already lost their therapeutic prestige before the mysterious properties of magic radium.

For these abuses of the faith the hierarchs and true priesthood of science are not, of course, responsible. The established and recognized ritual of purification they indeed support, but with the clear recognition which has always accompanied true holiness and pure religion that outward forms and ceremonies, although useful as means of grace, are comparatively idle unless with them there go a right inward state.

Here is the more spiritual teaching of salvation as set forth in a recent book by one of the high priests of the
VOL. 110 - NO. 1

science of bacteriology, Professor E. Ray Lankester:—

‘For a long time the ideal of hygienists has been to preserve man from all contact with the germs of infection, to destroy them and destroy the animals conveying them, such as rats, mosquitoes, and other flies. But it has been borne in upon us, that useful as such attempts are, and great as is the improvement in human conditions which can be thus effected, yet we cannot hope for any really complete or satisfactory realization of the ideal of escape from contact with infective germs. The task is beyond human powers. The conviction has now been arrived at that, whilst we must take every precaution to diminish infection, yet our ultimate safety must come from within — namely, from the activity, the trained, stimulated, and carefully guarded activity of those wonderful colorless amœba-like corpuscles, whose use was so long unrecognized, named “phagocytes.”’

The millenium, when Satan and his host shall be bound, is a fair and noble ideal, but the task of its accomplishment is ‘beyond human powers.’ It is well to make clean the outside of the cup and the platter; but the kingdom of health is within us, and our salvation is nearer to us than we believed. The gracious phagocytes are of our very tissues and blood; while we slumber they watch for our safety, and war continually against the devil and his infecting angels, if we will but cherish their activity within us. Our prayer to science must be not only, ‘Lead us not into infection,’ but, ‘Create new phagocytes within us.’

In Dr. Lankester’s book there is a picture of a phagocyte slaying a disease-germ. It is hardly so inspiring as the old picture of St. George and the dragon; but, I need not say, my faith accepts the phagocyte unquestioningly

and entertains considerable doubt as to the historicity of St. George's great adventure. My forefathers of the Middle Ages, having heard no word of St. Phagocytus, believed as firmly in St. George and in his archangelic prototype. Did they not read of him and see him pictured in their books, even as St. Phagocytus is portrayed to me in mine?

I trust that the reader, if he has borne with me thus far, does not suppose that I am seeking presumptuously to discredit the revealed truth of modern science. Not at all. Like him, like all my fellows, I believe that on the lip of a common drinking-cup disease-germs lie thicker than the autumnal leaves of Vallombrosa, as thick as the angels whom the mediæval schoolman saw crowded on the point of a needle. I avoid the common drinking-cup, and shun all infection where I can. When it cannot be shunned, and that must happen daily, nay, hourly, I put my faith in my phagocytes and play the man, fearing not overmuch the pestilence that walketh in darkness or the sickness that destroyeth in the noonday. I believe, and my belief issues in conduct. I am merely maintaining that my belief, and that of most men, is as completely an act of faith as any that the Middle Age can boast.

I can hear my good friend, the Professor of Biology, rather impatiently retorting that his science asks assent only to what it can demonstrate. 'Come with me to my laboratory, and I will give you the proofs. You shall look through my microscope and see both germ and phagocyte.' But how am I, quite untrained in his science, to weigh his arguments or interpret what his microscope may show? This, he may tell me, as he adjusts the focus, is the germ of typhoid or tuberculosis. So may a devout monk reverently de-

clare that the splinter of wood which he treasures is a very fragment of the true cross. So did Boccaccio's preaching friar exhibit a vari-colored feather which, as he declared, had been dropped by the angel Gabriel on his visit of annunciation.

Were I to look through my friend's microscope, I should at most exchange my general faith in his assertions for a more particular faith in his demonstration. I am content to rest in my general faith in him as a man of clear vision and upright mind, a scientist already canonized by the acclaim of his fellow hierarchs in the biological mystery. What he tells me is indeed marvelous, but it sounds reasonable, and my faith assents. Doubtless were I to enter his laboratory, receive his discipline, keep his vigils with him, in the course of years I might share his vision, and my faith vanish into sight. In much this spirit, I fancy, the faithful of the Middle Ages received the words of saint and hermit and doctor. These men had, by holy life and works, by fasting and watching, by instancy of prayer, penetrated into the mystery and beheld it face to face. These men *knew*; the many were content to believe. For every man there was the opportunity to enter a monastery or inhabit a hermit's cell, to adopt the life and rule, and ultimately to share the vision. The alternative, then as now, was faith in the vision of others.

The modern monastery is the laboratory. Here, vowed to obedience and poverty, and often to celibacy, the brothers meditate and labor. If *laborare est orare*, why should not the oratory be called the laboratory? Has not each its altar and sacred vessels? As I look across the campus from my college rooms, at any hour of the night I can see the lights burning in some chapel window of the great Gothic structure

with the low square towers which the munificence of a pious donor has devoted to the study of life.

My friend, the Professor of Biology, was engaged not long ago in studying the problem of sex-determination in one of the lower forms of animal life. The nature of the investigation was such that particular stages in the process of gestation had to be observed at particular hours of the day and night. For a week he left his bed nightly at two o'clock and watched with an assistant acolyte before his laboratory altar; during the next week his vigil began at three; during the next at four; and so on about the horologe. Did ever mediæval monk observe his canonical hours with more devotion? Another of my friends was driven by ascetic zeal to withdraw last spring to a new monastery recently established on the drear, desolate, wind-swept rocks of the Dry Tortugas. The very name is a penance.

We have our shrines and holy relics also. In our museums are exposed to the gaze of the faithful the skulls and bones of great dinosaurs whose feet (if they had feet) trod this earth in I have forgotten which of the geologic æons. I have looked with proper awe upon the fossil bones preserved in the great shrine, visited of many pilgrims, on the western slope of Central Park. I have also looked upon the reliquary in the great cathedral of Cologne said to con-

tain the bones of the Royal Magi, and in the near-by Ursulakirche I have seen the bones of the eleven thousand virgins who were the blessed Ursula's companions in her martyrdom. My faith in the authenticity of the dinosaur relics is, of course, complete; in Cologne I was, alas, skeptical. And yet, and yet! How much more worth while could I believe, as men once believed, in the Three Kings of Cologne! Them I should so gladly meet with in this world or the next. I should run away at top speed from a living dinosaur in either world.

It was once my fortune to be in Rouen on the feast day of St. Ouen, when the relics of the saint were exposed in his splendid church mid clouds of sweet incense and the chanting of Gregorians. I watched the vast throng of men and women and children as they pressed forward toward the altar to kiss the holy relics which the priests extended. I have never seen even a devoted scientist kiss the bones of a dinosaur.

Our modern world has not lost its faith, or even the blind faith we call superstition. Faith has merely changed its direction, and exercises itself on the temporal rather than the eternal, on the body rather than the soul. Perhaps there is some loss after all.

The Blériot monoplane, though it be lifted up never so high from the earth, cannot draw all men unto it.

WOMEN IN INDUSTRY

BY EARL BARNES

I

IN all the animal world one can hardly find a place where orderly effort, planned to secure some future advantage, does not appear. Getting food, defending life, and caring for offspring, have all combined to drive not only the descendants of Adam, but his ancestors as well, to sweat-producing effort. Of course this is not definitely planned by the workers; getting food often waits on appetite; defense is sometimes merely running away; and the young are frequently left to feed themselves or die. But the fact remains that in digging burrows, building nests, laying up honey and nuts, and in protecting and providing for the young, a vast deal of effort is put forth in forest and field which is not immediately productive of pleasure.

This work is seldom shared equally by all the members of the group. With bees, the drones and the queen alike are exempt from work, and an asexual group has been developed to feed and protect them. Some ants compel others to do their work; and everywhere there seem to be individuals who are constitutionally lazy, and others who, because of strength or sex-attractiveness, are able to get more than their share of food and protection with less than their share of effort.

From the first, some division of work between male and female grows almost inevitably out of their different relations to reproduction. Following conception, the male can always run away

and leave the female to feed and fight for herself and her offspring, and he is very prone to do so. Even when he stays by and shares in the joy of the newly-born, he generally leaves the female to get ready the nest, and for the most part she protects and provisions it.

Among domesticated animals, where their working possibilities have been very highly developed, females are much more desirable workers than males. The maternal function partly explains this, as in the case of cows and hens, which give us milk and eggs; and even with mares and sheep the offspring adds to the general working value. Still, it seems to be true that, even for purposes of draught, the males are of less value than the females, unless reduced to the non-sexual condition of geldings and oxen. The stallion, bull, or ram is too katabolic, too much of a consuming, distributing, destroying force, to be very valuable in the daily routine of agriculture or commerce. While the female is generally smaller and less powerful than the male, she is quiet, easily enslaved; and, as we have said, her maternal functions can be diverted to our daily use. She produces more workers, and her flesh is more palatable, because less distinctive, than that of the male. Hence, among domesticated animals, selection based on considerations of work multiplies females and keeps males only for breeding purposes.

As a quadruped, the female suffers very little handicap from the functions

peculiar to her sex, except when actually carrying her young or nursing them. When she stands erect, however, the support for the special organs of reproduction is far from ideal; heavy lifting, or long-continued standing, often leads to disaster; and the periodic functions, even in the healthiest conditions, must always place women at a working disadvantage as compared with men. Add to this the fact that women are smaller, less agile, and far less strong, than men, and even when not encumbered with young it is clear that a woman when confronting physical work in competition with men needs something more than a fair field and free competition. Idealists and travelers among primitive people love to tell us how easily women meet their special functions: carrying burdens equal to those carried by men, when on the march, and dropping out from the caravan for only a few hours to give birth to a child; but the fact remains that women in all primitive societies age quickly, and that those who are spoiled are thrown aside and forgotten. Woman's handicap as a working animal in competition with man is too obvious and too deep-seated to be idealized away.

In all savage societies work is clearly specialized between the sexes. The man, because of his superior strength and mobility, fights, hunts, and makes weapons of the chase. The woman fetches and carries, digs and delves, cures the meat, makes the rude huts, clothing, and pottery. Gradually she changes wild grasses to domesticated plants, and rears the young animals brought home from the chase till they follow and serve their human masters. She is truly the mother of industries, and it in no way detracts from her credit that her motherhood is here, as elsewhere, mainly unthinking.

With the exhaustion of the supply of

wild animals, man is forced to turn his attention to the world of vegetation, and he takes over the direction of the plants and animals which woman has largely domesticated. In his career as fighter and hunter he has learned to coöperate with his fellows to a degree which aids him greatly in dividing the arable land, protecting his crops, and using grazing lands in common with the tribe. He has also learned to make stone hatchets, spears, and bows and arrows. Woman has not felt the same necessity to invent in her work; such new tools as she has devised have been helpful; but men who could not invent have been wiped out by those who learned to make stronger spears or better arrow-heads.

It is the same difference in adaptability which one observes to-day between the farmers on the western frontier of America and those who remain in their peasant homes in Europe. The peasant has even greater need of inventing than has his expatriated countryman in Colorado, but he lacks the driving impulse. It was the same with women and men under the conditions of savage life. Thus it came about that man's greater strength and mobility, backed by power of coöperation and invention, gave him the leadership in such primitive life as we find depicted in the pages of Homer, or in the epic of the Jews. True, woman was his first lieutenant, but he spoke for her in most of the larger matters of the industrial life.

With settled conditions and accumulation of wealth, the most desirable women were almost entirely freed from physical labor, and gradually became luxury-loving parasites and playthings. Meanwhile, slaves were multiplying, male and female; and while the most desirable women passed to the harem, the mass of them became drudges in house and field. It is hard

for us to realize that it is exactly in those times when a few women are surrounded with great luxury that most of the sex are reduced to heavy labor and wretchedness.

During the early Christian ages, a tradition was gradually formed concerning woman's place in industry; or, rather, three traditions were formed. The working-woman of the lower classes was to be the housekeeper, which meant that she was to care for food, cook, spin, weave, sew and mend, scrub and wash, bear children, and nurse and tend them. If she were of the middle class, she was to supervise this range of work, look after dependents, conserve social conditions, and be the lady bountiful of her district. The second ideal was the woman of religion, who was to subdue her passions, observe set prayers and other religious exercises, and do the menial work of the convent. The third ideal was the lady of chivalry, who appeared after the tenth century. She was to be cared for and protected from work or anxiety; menials were to prepare her food, clothes, and ornaments; gallants were to wait her orders and do her bidding.

With the rise of Protestantism, and later with the rise of modern democracy, these ideals were blended, and women found themselves, not indeed slaves and subject to sale, but serfs, entangled in a mass of feudal obligations and bound to the house. Practically, most men still hold this threefold conception of woman's place in the social organism. She is to be a combination of housekeeper, nun, and lady. It is the kitchen-church-and-children ideal of the German Emperor.

II

Meanwhile the forces had long been at work which were to change the economic foundations of the family and en-

able the woman to emerge from serfdom into some new form of industrial relationship. From the rise of the European cities in the twelfth century, certain industries have tended, especially in the Netherlands and in England, to segregate themselves in farm-houses and towns. Women naturally participated in these activities, generally taking the least desirable parts. With the freeing of the mind which followed the democratic revolutions at the end of the eighteenth century, inventions blossomed out and perfected steam-engines, cotton-gins, spinning-jennies, and a thousand other machines driven by steam or water-power, which have changed the civilization of Europe and America. Miss Edith Abbott has shown us how this change, involving increasing segregation and specialization, came into America even in the pre-Revolutionary time.

Spinning and weaving industries led the way in this movement, but its full force was not felt until the late eighteenth century. Since then one industry after another has left the home for the factory, until to-day, in all large communities, even the preparation of food increasingly is done in the packing-house, the canning establishment, the bakery, and the delicatessen store. These industries needed hands, therefore the women followed them to the factories.

As 1870 marks the beginning of higher education for woman, so it also marks the beginning of her industrial self-consciousness. The perfecting of such inventions as the typewriter, the telegraph, and the telephone, and the creation of a great variety of office appliances, together with the perfecting of highly elaborate means of distribution, like the departmental store, created a demand for many thousands of cheap workers possessed of some slight intelligence, but not necessarily having

any serious preliminary training. Our elementary schools and high schools have increasingly turned out a multitude of girls who are fitted to meet these requirements.

The increased cost of living, the lessened demands for labor in the home, and the attractions of the pay envelope, have called millions to work in industrial plants. In 1890 there were 4,005,532 wage-earning women in the United States; in 1900, 5,319,397; while in 1910, we had probably 8,000,000 independent working women.

Like most other great changes in civilization, this industrial transformation was neither preceded nor accompanied by any general consciousness of what was happening. Daily necessities were offset by weekly pay-slips, or the failures fell out of sight, and so the next week and the years followed. Country populations moved away; cities grew enormously, their growth leading to congestion in living, which, combined with the daily absence of women, has often transformed the old-time homes into communal tiers of tenements which are occupied during the day only by the young and the infirm.

The children of all ages at first followed their mothers into the factories; but the evil effects of child-labor were so apparent that repressive legislative measures have increasingly raised the age of their admission, until now, in the more advanced communities, they must stay outside the factory doors until they are twelve or fourteen years old. Some growing self-consciousness, largely of a police nature, has led us to institute measures for the protection of the children. Schools, play-grounds, day-nurseries, institutional churches, college settlements, and public social centres, now bid against the streets, the nickel shows, and the dancing halls, for the children's patronage.

Education, however, true to its origin as the assistant of theology, refuses to recognize in any large way the new world into which we have come, and where the next generation of children must follow. Manual training has, here and there, quieted the fears of some who had disturbing visions; and we go on employing an army of unenfranchised, celibate women, with little or no industrial experience, to teach ten million boys how to be good citizens of a republic, and how to serve in a modern industrial army, and ten million girls how to work in shops and factories, and how to live without homes. As a consequence, girls come up to the factories from their schools with ideals, so far as the school has shaped them, founded on unmarried schoolmistresses and George Washington; and they pass, by way of the altar, into cheerless tenements which the school still thinks of as places where children are cared for, where family clothing is made, and the family baking done. Practically, of course, our children are educated chiefly outside the schools, and under these conditions the evils of an unregulated time of transition are multiplied through imitation.

The wealth and material comfort produced for the fortunate classes by these segregated industries have blinded us to their effects on human life, and we have all been bribed to silence concerning everything which was likely to discourage enterprise or frighten away capital. Like almost all bribes, however, these have largely stopped in the pockets of the exploiters of public opinion.

In the opening years of this new century, public consciousness has had a wonderful awakening. The popular mind, quickened by universal education, and freed from a burden of fixed beliefs, is turning restlessly to inquire

about everything that affects human life. Work could not escape this inquisition, and so we are not only asking for a fairer division of the profits of work, but we are also inquiring what occupations are unfit for women in view of their special limitations and obligations.

When the work is reasonable, how long should a woman work daily? Should she work at night and overtime? Should she work with dangerous machinery? Should she handle substances that endanger health? Should she be required to stand through hours of continuous work? Should she work in bad air, due to dust, moisture, or excessive heat or cold? Should she have a decent retiring-room? Some daring inquirers are even asking whether industrial efficiency, gained through specialization and keying-up, may not be purchased at too high a price of mental monotony and nervous strain. Most people are content to learn that the effects are not immediately destructive to the girls and women involved; but some day we shall demand that the barons of industry shall not be allowed to squander the heritage of the unborn generations.

Women have themselves done much to quicken this public consciousness. Enrolled in labor unions, they have shown power to stand together and make sacrifices, as they did in the shirt-waist-makers' strike in New York in 1908, which has commanded the admiration of all fair-minded observers. The more fortunately placed women have assisted these movements toward self-betterment, and through the instrumentality of such organizations as the Consumers' League they have compelled manufacturers and shopkeepers to observe more reasonable hours, to pay better wages, and to furnish decent material conditions for their employees.

III

The solution of woman's present industrial problem is not an easy task, but out of the present unsettlement certain facts are emerging with a good deal of clearness. The efficiency in production secured by concentration and specialization makes it certain that the old-time home with its multiplied industries will not return, but that more and more even of its present lessened activities will be transferred to factories and their equivalents. It is also certain that women are not going to be supported in indolence by men, because, when deprived of the discipline which full participation in life gives, they always degenerate. For themselves, and for the sake of their children, they will demand a chance to live abundantly; and much of human living must always be through work. It is also clear that our present chaotic, unreasoned conditions are destructive of health, happy marriages, effective homes, and of that strong line of descendants which must always be the chief care of an intelligent society.

In the first place, then, we must work to produce an entire change in our present attitude toward organized industries. Our present worship of industrial products, no matter how obtained, must give way to a recognition of the fact that the chief asset of a nation is its people, that a woman is more important than the clothes that she makes in factories, or sells in stores, or wears, and that to put a working-woman on the scrap-heap is worse than to throw aside needlessly the finest and most costly machine ever devised by man.

Such a statement seems to carry conviction in its every phrase — but the fact is that we do not believe it, and until we do believe it there will be little help for our present absurd and wretch-

ed conditions. Unregulated competition, backed by greed of individuals and groups, will go on wasting the wealth of women's lives until we cease to be fascinated and hypnotized by the display of products which they make possible. It is better that we should have fine women and children and few things, than stores and warehouses crowded with goods, and the women and children of our present factory towns. By fixing our attention on people, instead of on things, we should almost certainly secure more and better things; but regardless of cost, we must change the focus of our attention.

In the second place, girls must get ready to be women. Education in the home and the school must be unified, and together they must give a training that will lead girls into the actualities of the life that lies before them. Our present elementary schools, and still more our high schools, lead girls neither to intelligent work nor to intelligent living as women and mothers. Up to at least the age of fourteen the education should be general, looking to the development of all the powers of body, mind, and sensibilities. But through all these eight or ten years of training two factors should receive constant and intelligent attention. In the first place, we should realize that we are not fitting women for drawing-rooms or for convents, but for work, and therefore well-graded and interesting manual training should run through all these years and should furnish a well-developed base for later special preparation of some kind. In the second place, the girls should be taught by men and women, married and unmarried; and the highest ideals of actual womanhood, not alone in shops and factories, in schoolrooms and in professions, but also in homes, should be constantly held before them. Our present education leaves this training mainly to the

homes, and neither the parasitic rich, nor our eight million wage-earning women when mothers, can or will attend to it.

After the girl reaches the age of fourteen she should have at least two years of further education in which she could master the details of some necessary work which would enable her to look the world in the face and offer fair payment for her living. With most girls this work would be connected with children and the service of the home; for domestic service, no matter how organized, must always occupy a multitude of women. All girls should have at least rudimentary training in these matters.

During the period of transition from schools to their own family life the girls might well devote a half-dozen years to work in factories and stores where the conditions should be as good and as well-guarded as in our best school buildings; in factories, in a word, where the employers would be willing that their own daughters should work. This is surely a fair standard. Work which is not safe or fit for me to do myself, is not fit for me to hire done. If this principle fails, then democracy is but a dream.

But during all this period of preparation we should never forget that, as Madame Gnauch-Kühne so admirably points out, 'Women's work has to a large extent an episodic character.' All women confront romantic love, marriage, and children; and any woman who misses them misses the crowning joy and glory of her life. Vicarious realization may save the soul, but it can never fill the place of reality. The man confronts these same experiences, but they do not affect his work as they affect the work of women. Surely there can be no doubt that the ideal termination of this period is a marriage in which a man and woman are so deeply

bound together by love that there is no question of self-protection in terms either of work or of money; and the man, being freed from the burdens of maternity, should mainly earn the income.

We need also to determine, by careful study and experiment, the kinds of work that are specially fitted to women's gifts and limitations. The specialization so rapidly going on in industry means infinite variety if we look at the whole field of human activity. No intelligent division of labor, from the point of view of the special qualities of men and women, has been attempted in the period since all work was transformed by our modern inventions. Possibly men should do most of the dress-making, and women should make men's clothing; but no intelligent man or woman can doubt that most work falls naturally into the hands of one sex or the other. Some day we shall know enough so that there will be little or no industrial competition between men and women.

IV

If a happy home were the universal destiny of women, our problem would be greatly simplified; but this is far from being the case. Not more than one half of all women over fifteen are married at any one moment. From 20 to 35, one half are married; but it is only from 35 to 55 that as many as three fourths are married; over 55 there are less than one half married, and most of them are widows. The majority of the women who are not married must work outside the home; and no girl, rich or poor, should be allowed to reach maturity without being prepared to face this possibility. As we have said, work is not a curse, but a blessing; it is an indispensable part of every well-ordered life; and without it,

the individual and the group will certainly degenerate. Rich and foolish parents who cannot realize this basal fact should nevertheless see that, even as insurance, their daughters must be able to pay their way in life, if need comes, without selling themselves either in marriage or out of it. Even if the woman marries happily, she is never sure that she may not some day have to face self-support, and possibly for more mouths than her own.

But the woman who marries during her adolescent period must also work between the ages of twenty-five and fifty, and here we meet the hardest problem of all. More money is often needed than the man can earn; the wife may bring an industrial or professional equipment which is too valuable to discard; often the demands of the home, especially where there are no children, do not call forth the best energies of the woman, and she needs the larger life of outside work. Hence, many married women must continue to work away from the home. In any of these cases the problem is difficult. Bearing and rearing a child should withdraw a mother from fixed outside occupation for at least a year. Arguments born out of conflict cannot change this primitive fact. Women should not do shop- or factory-work during the last months before childbirth, and babies should be nursed from seven to nine months. A baby should be nursed for twenty minutes every two or three hours of its waking time, and since it does not always waken regularly, the nursing mother is debarred from continuous work even if it does not interfere with her effectiveness as a milk-producer.

The question of maternal care for children after they are weaned is more difficult to settle, but notwithstanding certain statistics gathered in Birmingham in February, 1910, which showed

that infant mortality among working mothers was one hundred and ninety per thousand, while among those not industrially employed it was two hundred and seventy per thousand, it seems certain that infant mortality is extremely high in foundling asylums and in factory homes. In Fall River, where out of every one hundred women forty-five are at work, three hundred and five babies out of every one thousand born die before they are a year old; while even in New York City but one hundred and eighty-nine out of a thousand die. The natural location of Fall River should make it a very healthy city. One remembers, too, the classic statements that in Lancashire, the home of women factory-workers, deaths among little children fell off steadily during the six months' strike in 1853, as they did in Paris during the four months' siege of 1870-71. Little children seem better off in time of war with the mother at home, than in time of peace with the mother in the factory.

All logic breaks down in the presence of growing things, as inexperienced city farmers and chicken-growers know. Little children need love and constant personal adjustments. Love does for them what sunshine does for plants; it is an indispensable condition of good growth for minds and feelings. So, too, the social instinct, being among the earliest and most important of our powers to develop, needs constant personal adjustment as the condition of its best growth and realization. Nine hundred and ninety-nine mothers out of a thousand give these conditions to their babies, while the best-trained and most sanitary nurse cannot secrete love for several children any more than one mother can secrete milk for a group of children. It is not a matter of good-will; it is a matter of human limitations.

A few years ago we turned to pasteurized milk and other prepared baby foods as the solution for unhygienic feeding of infants; to-day we know that even a dirty and ill-conditioned mother secretes better milk for her baby than can be bought in any laboratory. We must wash the mother and feed her the milk, and then let her give it to her baby, instinct with her own life. It is quite possible that our talk of ignorant mother-love and of the necessary substitution of sanitary nurseries, canned care, and pre-digested affection, must go the same way. We shall probably get better results by cleaning up the home, enlightening the mother, and then letting her love her child into the full possession of its human qualities.

Economically, too, at least with factory-workers, it is questionable whether wages will support sanitary day-nurseries with intelligent nurses for small groups of children, and at the same time pay some one to cook and scrub at home. If the mother must still cook and care for her own house, in addition to her factory-work, the burden is too great; and if the money for nurses must come from the state or from charity, then we all know the danger of such subsidies to industry in its effect on wages.

The only way to secure absolute economic independence is for the state to subsidize all motherhood. This seems a reasonable thing to do, but in that case let the subsidy be paid directly to the mother for the whole unproductive period of the child's life. Already some of our states are considering a pension for widows, regulated by the number of dependent children; and this principle once admitted will be easily expanded.

Surely the ideal toward which we must work is that the mother, during the period when she is bearing and

rearing children, should be supported by the father of her children, or by the state, doing the work meanwhile which will best care for her children and at the same time conserve and strengthen her powers for the third period of her life.

This period of woman's life, from fifty to seventy-five years, is now more shamefully wasted than any other of our national resources. If one visits a state federation of women's clubs, he will find nearly every delegate of this age. They are women of mature understanding and of ripe judgment, still possessing abundant health and strength, and where relieved by economic conditions from the necessity of manual work, the relations which they maintain to life are such irregular and uncertain ones as inhere in the careers of mothers-in-law, grandmothers, club secretaries, and presidents of town improvement societies. Remove all restrictions on woman's activity, and these strong matrons would vitalize our schools, give us decent municipal housekeeping, supervise the conditions under which girls and women work in shops and factories, and do much to clean up our politics. Even debarred from real power as they are, they are

still making us decent in spite of ourselves.

For the future, then, it seems that we must accept working-women in every path of life. We must remove all disabilities under which they labor, and at the same time protect them by special legislation as future wives and mothers. All girls must master some line of self-supporting work; and, except in the case of those who have very special tastes and gifts, they should select work which can be interrupted without too great loss by some years of motherhood. During this time the mother must be supported so that she can care for her own child, though she must also maintain outside interests, through work, which will keep her in touch with the moving current of her time.

Industries must be humanized and made fit for women. The last third of a woman's life must be freed from legal limitations and prejudices, so that we may secure these best years of her life for private and public service. And meanwhile, it is well to remember that every step we take in making this a fit world for woman to live in, makes it a fit world for her father, her brothers, her children, and her husband.

THE WEAPONS OF RELIGION

BY MARGARET LYNN

And send the godly in a pet to pray.

MRS. JACKSON came out on the front porch and looked down the street, between the strings on which the morning-glories had sent up long twining shoots. But there was no man in sight, except the rural delivery driver from Number Six route, in his covered wagon, and the cashier of the bank moving comfortably homeward, with the assurance of supper in his easy gait. Mrs. Jackson went back impatiently into the kitchen. She turned down the flame of the gasoline stove to the very lowest point, and set the creamed potatoes back on it with an asbestos plate under them. Then she opened the oven door and, drawing out a pan of nicely-browning biscuit, turned up a corner one and tapped its inside surface with an experienced finger. After that she went through the hall and looked out of the front door again.

Still there was no one in sight. Now, even the children along the block had responded to calls from their various doors. It was fifteen minutes after six, and in Washburn everybody had supper at six precisely. It was a poorly-regulated family that was lax in the matter. Mrs. Jackson went back and stirred the potatoes, to be sure they were not scorching. Then she got out a folded tea-towel and tucked it in all over the biscuit, though at the same time she murmured impatiently, 'They'll be spoiled!'

Presently she went back to the front door. This time she did not go out on the porch. It was nothing less than

humiliating for a housewife to wait on the porch for her husband when all other husbands along the street were already presiding at the heads of their tables. But she recklessly held the screen-door open a few inches, regardless of flies, while she pressed her cheek against it to look sidewise up the street. She could see for two blocks, all but one little place in the next square where two tall snow-ball bushes and a spreading box-elder quite hid a gateway. William was not in sight, either on this side of that place or beyond it.

Then suddenly she saw him, on the nearer side of the snow-ball bushes. She had not seen him approach them from beyond, and the deduction to be drawn was evident. She shut the door with a snap and went back into the kitchen. When William came in she was taking up the biscuit, and to his sprightly 'Hello!' she responded only with an unsyllabled murmur, — a murmur that did not commit her to a mood — and did not look up from the oven.

William took a second look at her back; then without saying anything more went into the neat little lavatory that opened from the kitchen, to prepare for supper. After splashing a few moments at the bowl, he laid his dripping hand on the rack of fresh-folded towels beside him, but on second thoughts wiped on the roller-towel instead. Mrs. Jackson, glancing sideways as she filled the tea-pot, noticed the propitiatory action, but she only

compressed her lips a little, and in no-wise relaxed her reserve.

'Supper's ready,' she announced in non-committal tones, carrying the teapot into the dining-room.

'Anything to take in?' asked William, pausing to look round.

'No, everything's here.'

'I guess I'm a little late,' William went on as he sat down, in a distinct effort to establish a pleasant atmosphere. 'Jens Peterson came in to get a gasoline stove, and he stayed looking at the fireless cookers. It beats all how those Swedes take up with things when they get started. He said, "I tank I won't take no fireless stove dis year." But he took the best gasoline range we had.'

William knew he could not imitate the Swedish brogue, but he was trying to make sprightly conversation. He ended his little speech with a sort of inquiring glance at his wife, out of keeping with the ease of his manner. But she did not look up or respond, and he meditatively opened a biscuit while he tried to think of something else to say.

Presently, without lifting her eyes from her tea-cup, Mrs. Jackson said, 'Was that why you were late?'

William hesitated a bare instant, and then said, 'Yes — he kept me until six, and then I stopped to talk to some one after I left the store.'

Mrs. Jackson said nothing. She was quite sure the delay had been made beside those snow-ball bushes. That was where Mrs. Cora Jessup lived. Three times lately William had stopped there on his way to supper; Amanda knew, because the first two times he had mentioned it. Mrs. Cora Jessup had a great way of being on her porch or in her yard when people passed. She had no one to get supper for but herself, and they did say that she took the care of her household lightly. Be-

sides that, Mrs. Jackson had met her twice in the store in the evening, and lately she had got a habit of walking home from evening church with the Jacksons, and carrying on easy talk with William all the way.

Mrs. Jessup was an indefinite sort of widow, of the kind of widowhood that seems to carry but little recollection of a previous condition of matrimony. There had been a Mr. Jessup, to be sure. But he had been so little of a personage during his life and had taken himself out of the way so completely, that he seemed to have left no perceptible trace upon Mrs. Jessup. She had, however, earned the right to maintain a separate establishment, and to bear herself with the certified importance of a married person, and yet escape the real burdens of matrimony. And the experience that bestowed on her the position of widow had given her an easy manner in establishing relations with men, and an assured familiarity with them. She might have been the widow of twenty men instead of the one pale Henry Jessup.

At some time she had been a milliner, and had acquired from that experience a certainty and enterprise in personal adornment, far surpassing that of the other women of Washburn. She was much given to veils, veils that hung and veils that clung, veils that floated coquettishly on the breeze, and veils that drooped demurely to the shoulder. The Washburn women did not wear veils much except on windy days. Moreover, there was a notion that Mrs. Jessup used her clothes too much as a means of calling attention to her very good figure. In Washburn circles clothes were worn to cover the figures, not to display them. But Mrs. Jessup's dresses had a fit that made it impossible to forget the flesh and blood beneath them. Some women thought it rather vulgar. Besides that, having

plenty of time for herself, she was always reëditing her clothes and bringing them up to date, and no one in town had newer fashions than she, or came out on the street oftener to show them off.

Nobody called Mrs. Jessup a light person. In Washburn they did not make criticism like that openly or rashly. Anyway, it would not have been true. She belonged to the Methodist church, and was valuable in church work, socials and suppers and bazaars, when she took an interest. The women stood rather in awe of her and her ease with men — middle-aged men she was not married to, at that. At a social she could always be relied on to bring the out-lying fringe of halting men into the light activities of the occasion. It was recognized that she could talk to any man, however inarticulate he might be in social life. Men often surprised their wives by their responsiveness in her hands, as compared with their accustomed stiffness. When she fell in with a man on the street he immediately found himself in the midst of a sprightly conversation, returning such repartee as surprised and charmed himself.

It was no wonder that she drew out the good-natured William, on the now increasingly frequent occasions when they met. William was a quiet, grayish man, with a sort of general, mild sociability, partly an extension of his manner in the store, and partly the result of a natural small kindness. He could always make easy chat with his women customers, and had on hand a stock of trite sprightliness that served the purposes of repartee. Lately Mrs. Jessup had discovered this sort of adaptability in him. Mrs. Jessup found it interesting to talk to almost any man, but it was more interesting to talk to one who could make a retort that would draw out her own powers. So it had

proved a pleasant thing to find excuses for dropping into the store for a few minutes of chat across the counter, or to be watering her flowers in the evening at supper-time, and take opportunity for a few pleasantries across the gate — while up the street Amanda Jackson waited supper.

This time Amanda was annoyed. It had not occurred to her to be vexed on the other occasions. An absorbing devotion to William's comfort and a natural strict conscientiousness in all things, had left in her little tendency to be lightly annoyed over anything. But for William to be late to supper, late unnecessarily, and late because he was leaning on Mrs. Jessup's front gate — that climax of provocations would have irritated the best-natured woman. So for a few minutes she maintained a manner that was frigidly cold.

William relapsed into silence. He knew perfectly well what would be the progress of Amanda's mood. She would be distant and discouraging for a minute or two, then silent for a little longer; and then would tell herself that this was not right, and would abruptly come back to her normal serious, pleasant tone of mind. And so she did in a minute. Even when presently he inadvertently quoted a remark of Mrs. Jessup's, she gave no sign of disapproval. And William went back to the store finally with no suspicion of what was really the cause of Amanda's annoyance. But for a few days after that he was careful to go home directly from the store.

Unfortunately, however, William was not the only one to be reckoned with. Mrs. Jessup was often out in her yard in the mornings and evenings of these pretty September days, and was very ready to throw a remark to a passer-by. It was often a remark that called for an answer, and brought the pedestrian to a pause at her fence.

Then her kitchen range was out of order, and she went several times to the hardware store for consultation about it, and even thought it necessary to have Mr. Jackson come to her house to examine it. She kept him talking on the porch afterward, and there he was when Mrs. Jackson passed on her way to a meeting of the Aid Society. Mrs. Jessup called gayly to her to wait, — she would be ready to go along in a minute, — and William went back to the store.

Such little things as these were still occurring when the time for the autumn revival came. In Washburn, after the peaches were canned and the corn was dried, and the children were started in school, and the fall house-cleaning was done, and the evenings had grown long, came the yearly revival. Brother Andrews had been announcing it since early in September. Now it was imminent and, as usual, the way was to be prepared for it by means of a series of house prayer-meetings. This year, Brother Andrews announced, they would also have afternoon meetings for the women, and he entreated all the sisters to attend those held in their neighborhood. The feminine voice would rise more freely in petition when unembarrassed by masculine hearers, Brother Andrews thought.

So at prayer-meeting on a Wednesday night he asked what women would offer their houses for the first meetings. When Mrs. Jackson's neighborhood was named she, sitting in a back seat, hesitated a moment, as was always natural to her; but when Mrs. Jessup, in front of her, cleared her throat and leaned forward, Mrs. Jackson spoke up quickly: 'I'll take it.'

Mrs. Jessup looked round with an offensively pleasant air, while Mr. Andrews said approvingly, 'Sister Jackson can always be counted on for service.'

At the door, when the meeting was over, Mrs. Jackson waited for her husband a moment. He made it his custom to call for her as he came from the store in the evening, having a sort of impression that by so doing he obtained some credit for going to prayer-meeting, though he rarely got more than an unearned benediction. This time Mrs. Jackson had to wait a few minutes for him. And Mrs. Jessup, holding a lively conversation with Brother Andrews at the front of the church, finished it exactly as Mr. Jackson appeared, and so was ready to saunter homeward with him and Amanda. She had enough vivacity left on her hands to carry over into a new conversation.

'It was perfectly dear of you to take that meeting,' she began. 'I was just going to say I would, — I'd do anything for Brother Andrews, — but I'm going to wash my curtains this week and I have my parlor rug up now.'

Mrs. Jessup was a rather ostentatious housekeeper, so far as her housekeeping went. But Mrs. Jackson could not help remembering that the rest of the house-cleaning in town had been done for two weeks.

'Would you like a job beating rugs, Mr. Jackson?' she continued coquettishly.

William was walking between the two women. 'Will you come down and sell implements while I do them?' he responded jocularly.

'Do you think I could sell a man a binder?' asked Mrs. Jessup, her glance taking Mrs. Jackson in on the audacious joke.

'Sure. That would be the first thing they would ask for when they saw you.'

Mrs. Jessup again, with her eye, invited Mrs. Jackson into the jest, as she and Mr. Jackson laughed together over their smartness. Mrs. Jackson smiled constrainedly. She did not wish to be stiff, but she never had found

that kind of talk really amusing. And between a widow and a married man, — even when his wife was along, — it offended her prim notion of good behavior. William's manner irritated her, too. He was strolling along with a loitering step and a slight hint of a swagger, and at the same time a careful regard for the mannerisms of youth. He had long ago ceased to take his wife's arm, after the village custom, in going over a crossing. But to-night whenever they came to a crossing he took the elbow of each woman in a gingerly nip, in the manner of the smart youths of the little town.

'You men,' said Mrs. Jessup — Mrs. Jessup was always beginning statements coquettishly with 'You men' — 'You men are n't going to get your share of praying out of these house-meetings.' She said this with a little laugh over her shoulder, intended to take the edge off her flippancy.

'You'll have to pray for us,' answered William.

'We'll hold a special meeting for the men. They certainly need it,' said Mrs. Jessup, with a smile that invited another retort. She could never talk with any man without reminding him that he was a man and she was a woman.

Mrs. Jackson was moving stiffly along, half-shocked and wholly disgusted. In her youngest, liveliest days, she had never essayed such dialogue as this. Was this the sort of talk that kept William from his supper, and made him hang conspicuously over Mrs. Jessup's front gate on his way to the store? To Mrs. Jackson it was of a silliness she could not even comprehend. When Mrs. Jessup would appeal to her with, 'Don't *you* think so?' or, vivaciously, 'What *would* you say to that, Mrs. Jackson?' as if William were too clever for one woman to answer, Mrs. Jackson could not even think of anything to say. But for the

first time she was more annoyed with Mrs. Jessup than with William. He was silly enough, but how could he help it when a woman was acting like this?

She would have gone home in this mood if it had not been for one little thing. They had reached Mrs. Jessup's gate and had stopped for a minute, Mrs. Jackson waiting in silence with a forced smile on her lips while the others finished their pleasantries. She tried not to wear too detached an air; but as other people passed, and gave a second look to identify the group, she frowned in embarrassed impatience. At last she turned to say good-night to Mrs. Jessup, and to urge William's departure. But as she did so, something in William's attitude struck her. The ingratiating turn of his head, the droop of his thin shoulders over the gate, had in them a familiar suggestion. Something like this had been his manner at the Lane gate years ago. The flash of a new conception of the matter took the words from her mouth. Instead of being merely a piece of middle-aged silliness, it suddenly took on something of the reality of a youthful affair. She abruptly cut across their jocularities with a short good-night, and moved on, and William was obliged to follow and join her.

Mrs. Jessup looked after them with a smile in which shrewd amusement took the place of coquetry. Then she gave a little twitch to her shoulders and went into the house.

'What's your hurry?' said Mr. Jackson, taking two or three of his short, quick steps to overtake his wife.

'I have to set bread to-night,' answered Amanda, after a pause to make sure of her voice.

'You women set bread at funny times,' said William, with the intention of starting an easy conversation and carrying over the jocularity that had distinguished the dialogue just

closed. It would be something of a novelty to exchange quips with Amanda, but he liked the pleasant exhilaration that went with the exercise.

Mrs. Jackson tried to answer him, but his 'You women' reminded her too strongly of Mrs. Jessup's playful 'You men,' and she halted on her reply, and gave it up. So they finished the walk in silence, William putting on an assumption of ease by pushing his hat jauntily to the back of his head and whistling softly to himself. Mrs. Jackson went straight to the kitchen to set her bread. As she sifted and stirred vigorously, she succeeded in telling herself that she was very foolish, that William had acted like a sort of goose, but then any man — But when she was through and went back to the sitting-room, she found William sprawled in a rocking-chair, his hat still on the back of his head, his far-away gaze resting on the flame of the lamp, and a fatuous smile of pleased recollection on his face. She went out and shut the door, and went direct to bed, leaving William to come to himself with a start, half-sheepish at being caught in such a manifestation of mood.

She got breakfast in silence the next morning, and they ate it almost in silence, despite William's gentle, tentative efforts at conversation. Amanda might have responded more naturally if a pink cosmos had not adorned William's buttonhole, a piece of vanity that seemed to her exponential of his state of mind. Whenever she looked up she saw it, and it irritated her into silence again. All the morning she tried to adjust herself, and to be sure that she was seeing things sensibly. But whenever she began to think she had brought herself to a state of fairness, she found that, after all, she was really putting William on probation in her own mind. What would he do to-day? Would he see Mrs. Jessup?

At noon he was only a few minutes late — not enough either to vindicate or to condemn him. His flower was gone, but that might have withered. Amanda was deeply ashamed at finding herself thinking of the matter. But in spite of her compunctions she could not, even with effort, respond to William's attempts at talk, and one subject after another dropped heavily, while poor William looked puzzled and nervous. At last, rising to go, he paused with his hand on the door and looked back inquiringly. But all she could say was, 'What time will you be home to supper?' — and that without looking up.

'At six,' answered William, in a tone that said righteously, 'Am I not always home at six?'

But Mrs. Jackson said no more and he went out.

All the afternoon she struggled against the notion that six o'clock was to decide something momentous for her. She kept telling herself that there was nothing in the whole affair; but whenever she decided that, she found again at the back of her mind the same uncomfortable expectation as before. The momentary picture of William at the gate last night kept returning to her — a picture that duplicated one which she herself had cherished. She and William had not had a very romantic courtship, but in her sober, reserved way she had stored up some bits of it to keep secretly always. This affair made her feel as if her small sentimental hoard had been pilfered.

She settled down at last to do some hemstitching, but she could not help watching the clock, and she started supper fifteen minutes earlier than usual. It was ready just at six, but she made herself wait a few minutes before she went to the door and looked up the street. William was not in sight. She went back to the kitchen and found

a task that occupied a few moments, and then returned to the door. Away up the street William was coming with a lady — a lady who, even at this distance, could be seen to toss her head jauntily and flutter a veil and anon lean toward William; and once she even seemed to put her hand on his arm. Amanda watched them until they disappeared behind the snow-ball bushes and the box-elder tree. Two minutes passed, three minutes, and William did not reappear.

Mrs. Jackson turned abruptly back to the kitchen. It was already seventeen minutes past six. She looked about uncertainly for a moment, then with sudden decision put out the fire, took a loaf of bread from the bread-box, wrapped it up, and hurried from the house. She had last night promised old Mrs. Black a loaf of salt-rising bread, and this now afforded her an excuse. Yet she could not help, so ingrained were her habits of reasonableness, setting the clock in a conspicuous place in the middle of the kitchen table.

As she went out of the side gate William came into sight along the street. He called to her, but she only turned and looked at him and went on. He stared after her a moment in amazement. The spectacle of a housekeeper — and Amanda of all — leaving her house just at supper-time, was almost astounding. He went on into the house. In the kitchen he saw the clock, but drew no deduction from it, and loitered uneasily about the house waiting for Amanda to return.

Logically, William should have been smitten by this time with a sense of guilt; but in fact he was not at all. He had a sort of consciousness regarding his relations to the sociable widow, partly embarrassment, partly sly pleasure, but no feeling of wickedness lent any spice to it. The only trouble with

William was an infection of belated youthfulness. Had he had his fill of flirting at twenty-five, satiety would have kept him from tasting it now. His courtship of Amanda had been a quiet affair, qualified by his commonplaceness and her seriousness. Amanda loved him, to be sure, but it was more exciting to be obviously admired than to be the object of calm affection. A coy, admiring glance between the lashes was more thrilling than practical evidences of sincere esteem. William did not return Mrs. Jessup's glances, but it gave him a jauntiness of youthfulness to receive them, and to feel that the book of youth was not quite closed.

There was really very little on his conscience when at last he carefully brought in his own supper from the kitchen, spilling nothing and soiling nothing, and ate it in solitude, still wondering what was the matter with Amanda. He lingered restlessly for a few minutes, and finally went off to the store. When he came back Amanda was in bed, and apparently asleep.

In the morning she seemed to expect that no allusion should be made to her absence, and she sat with her eyes on the coffee-things, and ate little breakfast. William's impulse was to ask her what was the matter. But by this time it seemed awkward to do so. Moreover, he hardly knew how to begin — he had never before had to inquire into any vagaries in Amanda's perfectly reasonable temper. He came in at noon with a briskness and jauntiness which he assumed at the gate, and which was intended to ignore existing relations and put things on a new basis. But he found Amanda as immobile as ever. Then he did what he had not had a chance to do in ten years — he sulked. Again they finish the meal in silence.

'There is just one thing I want to

know,' he said with animus as he rose from the table, 'Will you be here at supper-time?'

Mrs. Jackson turned a steady eye upon him. 'Yes. I'll be here at *supper-time*.'

William blinked, but, gathering up the fag-end of his assertiveness, he added, 'Because if you won't, I'll take supper down at Jones's restaurant,' and went out and slammed the door.

Mrs. Jackson wished it were not the day of the prayer-meeting. She had never felt less inclined for one in all her life. But she set her parlor in order, and put a fresh embroidered centre-piece on the table, and brought in chairs from the dining-room, and put on a clean shirt-waist. Old Mrs. Black came a half-hour early, and sat and quavered about her neuralgia and the condition of the church and the need of a revival, and Amanda tried hard to give her attention to the talk. Then came Mrs. Carson, and they talked about the prospect of a good attendance, and who could be counted on to come.

'I wonder if Cora Jessup will be here,' said Mrs. Black, with a sort of slyness in her tone that brought Mrs. Jackson out of her abstraction, though she could not be sure the old lady meant anything by it.

'I think Mrs. Jessup is a good Christian woman,' said Mrs. Carson with sudden sternness. It was her way to be sporadically belligerent, and this time no one inquired what her remark meant.

But Mrs. Jackson wondered, with a new kind of indignation, if anyone else had been noticing. She did not have time to think of it, however, for now more women appeared, — Mrs. Weston bringing with her a clinging odor of peach-pickles, and Mrs. Johnson with a whispered statement that she had bread in the oven and had to

go in half an hour. Mrs. Ward had left her baby with a neighbor's child, and merely took a provisional seat on the edge of a chair near the door. Other women came, and settled themselves with the air of having an hour of recognized duty before them.

The uncomfortable air with which women accept the responsibility of a prayer-meeting was modified when Mrs. Jackson asked Mrs. Black, a veteran in public devotions, to conduct the meeting. They dropped to their knees in some ease of mind as she lifted her voice to pray that those who were set in the watch-tower of Zion might be strengthened, and that there might be a great outpouring of the Spirit on the fields that were ripe for harvest. Then, alternating with some weak hymns, she called on one sister after another to follow her, including Mrs. Clark, who gulped and hesitated, and stammered, 'Let us repeat the Lord's Prayer.'

Just before Mrs. Jackson was called on, there were quick steps on the walk, and a rustle and flutter in the hall, and Mrs. Jessup came in, with a great show of making no noise and of implied apology for being late. If Mrs. Jessup had not worn a silk petticoat and tea-rose perfumery, what followed would not even then have happened. But the swish of her hidden silks as she changed her seat twice before she was settled, called attention loudly to the gingham and shirt-waists of the other women. And the perfume borne abroad by the flutter of her unnecessary fan seemed to demand a special atmosphere for her. Even her graciousness and the obvious decorousness — and rustle — with which she finally sank to her knees with the others, irritated Mrs. Jackson beyond endurance. When, later, she looked back on the episode, she could not recognize Amanda Jackson in the part she had played.

In Washburn, the accepted style for prayer involved much circumlocution and euphuism. No spade could be prayed for as a spade; it was described in two dependent clauses and three prepositional phrases. A really artistic and professional prayer abounded in definition, and involved the methods of a lexicographer. But when the Conference sent Brother Andrews to the Methodist church, a new thing was heard. He said boldly, 'Bless John Hunt, who is going to California for little Mary's health.' It was a startling thing at first.

Now, impulsively, as Amanda lifted her voice, with the consciousness of Mrs. Jessup kneeling beside her and joining undesired in her petitions, she began to follow Mr. Andrews's personal methods. She would give Cora Jessup something really to join in on. She began to pray for every one present, calling her by name, but using the accepted language of petition. She prayed for Mrs. Black, that she might bear the afflictions and calamities of age and remain for many years a mother in Israel; she prayed for Mrs. Ward, that she might be enabled to bring up her children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord; she prayed for Mrs. Green, who was going to Idaho for her asthma; she zig-zagged round the circle, wherever she found likely objects for petition; and then — she prayed for Mrs. Jessup.

'O Lord,' she prayed clearly and calmly, 'comfort her for the loss of her husband and help her soon to find another. Keep her, in her discontentment with her condition, from wandering from the paths of seemliness and — decency. Let not her vanity be a snare to her. Let her remember that sobriety and modesty are counted unto a woman for righteousness. May she be, as widows in the church should, an example to the younger women of

the flock. Keep her, we beseech Thee, — a — respectable.'

Amanda's vocabulary was at fault. She would not have said *respectable* and *decency* if she had had time to think of other words. But having launched them, she hurried to the end with a few general petitions.

She had scarcely paused on the 'Amen,' and the women — whose ears were now accustomed to the sound of the familiar petitions and who, feeling that the end of the meeting was near, were only half listening — were just raising their heads, when Mrs. Jessup's high tense voice broke in. The women dropped their heads again, settled down a little more on their knees, and Mrs. Jessup prayed. Mrs. Jessup was a little at a disadvantage, in that the long-established phrases of devotion did not come to her lips so readily as to Amanda's, and she lapsed occasionally into her natural locutions. But she rushed into the usual introductory petitions and then, after thus paying her respects to custom, she promptly reached 'the sister in whose house we are meeting,' for whom she prayed sweetly, in fervent tones. And then she prayed for — William.

In the tone of one battering the throne with petitions, she entreated that his wife be given grace to bear the peculiar trials of her lot, the foolishness and vanity of her partner, and his wandering eye. 'Give her and others,' she begged, 'patience to stand this nonsense. May he see the error of his ways, and not make himself a show to the whole town. Keep him respectable, and let him not try to imitate people so much younger than himself. Keep him from behaving so light and silly, and bothering other people that he is boring to death —'

Mrs. Jackson rose abruptly from her knees and sat up on her chair. Mrs. Brown, who was looking inattentively

through her fingers at the pattern of Mrs. Carson's embroidered bag, lying on the floor beside her, and Mrs. Ward, who had been fancying she heard her baby cry, and Mrs. Black who was deaf, were all aware of a movement, and also rose automatically and took their seats, looking blankly round. The other women retained their devotional positions, but, hearing the stir, raised their heads to look inquiringly over their shoulders. Mrs. Jessup, aware of a rustle behind her and not sure what it meant, closed with a hurried 'and Thine shall be the glory,' and rose to her feet.

What would have happened next no one knows, for at that moment Mrs. Ward's neighbor's little girl came dashing up to the window, flattened her nose against the wire screen and gasped, 'Oh, Miss Ward, come quick! The baby's swallowed a button off of his cloak, *whole!*'

Mrs. Ward rushed away precipitately, followed by Mrs. Green, and

the meeting broke up abruptly. Mrs. Jackson's glance did not meet Mrs. Jessup's in the leave-taking.

William came home that night at two minutes past six — the two minutes a matter of intention. Supper was not quite ready, but Amanda was hurrying busily about, making muffins and creamed chicken, a combination William loved. It did not lie in Amanda to make a demonstration or to explain things, but he at once recognized a change of atmosphere.

'Can I do anything?' he asked affably.

'Yes — if you don't mind — get some fresh water and bring in that pitcher of cream from the ice-box.'

Amanda's tone was perfectly natural.

William checked a sigh of relief as he sat down to the table. But he did not mention that Mrs. Jessup had been on her porch as he passed, and that at sight of him she had merely nodded and had gone into the house and shut the door.

LIVING CARICATURES

BY ELLWOOD HENDRICK

Let not the scornful think themselves exempt: for they, in truth the least of God's blessings, are of all men and women the most absurd and the most ridiculous.

NEARLY everybody is a caricature of his own ambitions. Indeed, he is of a poor sort who is not. So long as one's ideals are beyond him, ahead of him, rather than cast aside or forgotten, he is sure to be an inadequate representation of what he wants to be, uneven

and distorted in one way or another, and hence a caricature.

Let us go to some place where people foregather — to church of a Sunday morning, for instance. We must sit so that we may watch the people as they enter. Everybody walks down the aisle as what he would like to be, — what he feels in his heart that he has it in him to be. There's Mr. A., for instance, who is book-keeper down

at the factory; but on Sundays he is free of his task and there you behold him: the Reasonable Man with the open mind, prepared to give valuable deliberation to any problem that may be presented. Few problems are presented to him except in the balancing of his books; and his wife manages his family, so that he has but slight opportunity to exercise his greatest gift, or what he would like to have as his greatest gift, — the faculty of sound judgment. His walk, his gestures, and his attitude, all show it.

His wife is a good woman and efficient, but not very interesting you may say. That is because you do not consider her with her Sunday hat on, or watch her carefully. In her heart she is a great lady, fully equipped for grandeur; and if you look deep enough, you cannot fail to see the picture of the Lady Marguerite (her husband calls her Maggie) walking down the gravel path of the palace garden with two pages in black velvet carrying her train. It's all there: surely, you can see it if you half close your eyes, and look intently. She has something of the grand lady without any doubt, and her imagination surely plays about the idea. Whether it is a visiting ancestor who suggests it to her spirit, or she really is well equipped for the part now, to-day, if circumstances permitted it, is indeed hard to say. I rather think she could give a very respectable welcome to prosperity — which is more than may be said of most people.

If it is in a country church, and you see a young man who evidently has not the gift of orthodoxy, a none-too-willing worker in the vineyard, and yet for whom a vine has been found, — in short, the dashing 'Librarian' of the Sunday school, — you know at a glance that it is the girl in the red hat who keeps him at his job. He would

rather catch one man out at baseball than gather an hundred into the Sunday school.

Observe the plate-passers in all their glory. As like as two peas in a pod, you say; but I deny it. They are as other men, and have hearts and feelings, and even romances. The one is president of the Upidee Manufacturing Company, and the other is cashier of the Upida National Bank. See how much more authority Upidee has than Upida as they march up the aisle in West Point style, while the organist, who knows his business, executes a finale to the offertory in 2-4 time.

Unhook Upidee's ribs and look into his heart. Behold the picture: The individuals who are the choice of the few Representative Men of the Nations of the Earth are gathered together to determine a few of the things which, the parson intimates in his prayer, rest in the Hand of God. Note, please, that Upidee is a Member of this Committee.

Upida looks secretly at an entirely different picture. If he had only had the benefit of a college education, he thinks, and if — but with no disloyalty to Harriet, be it said — he had not married, he might be in some indefinite place among, and a part of, a group of people of distinct and illuminating culture. He has bought on subscription so-called libraries of the World's Best everything, which he reads with diligence; but unhappily he cannot remember what he reads. He is in truth a caricature of a man of culture, but he is not funny except for the little kink in his mind about what sounds like 'Collie Jedgication.'

Bachelors of Art find some other reason why it is not given unto them to browse in the pleasant pastures of the mind, whilst those without a degree find a delectable sorrow in the belief that this is their greatest lack.

I am sure that I should like Upida better than Upidee, although the latter is a far more efficient head of the Upidee Manufacturing Company than his brother plate-passer could ever be.

Harriet, the wife of Upida, is a living joy to the man with eyes. Her ideal is the Affable Lady. She makes dreadful noises when she talks, she bumps into people right and left, and, having done so, assumes varied and surprising attitudes of affability. She does not read a book in six months, but she does a thousand generous and kindly things in far less time, which, after all, make her the more worth while. Indeed, she comes closer to her ideal than most people. Her ideal is not awkward and does not cackle, whereas she is the one, and does the other; and these are the greatest differences between her and what she would like to be.

Here comes the meanest man in seven counties, and yet see what an inspiring picture he carries in his heart: the vision of the Just Man. He only wants what is right; no one ever said he took what did not belong to him. He owes no man aught save good-will — and he is not wasteful of that. 'Fairness' is his watch-word, which he pronounces with a flattened *a*, as in hat. The picture is none too clear, but it is there, nevertheless, of men and women coming to him from far and near for judgment sound and ripe, untempered by foolish emotion. These people gathering round him in his imagination have finally discovered that his point of view is the only sane one.

But we need not abide in church to see the picture-show. On the street, in the cars, almost anywhere where there are people, is a good place. There is the humorist with his wink and smile; the satirist with his sneer; the man of feeling with a countenance

which he hopes expresses suffering; the heavy, fussy man with visions of airy grace, as you may see by his agile steps and sweeping gestures. A feature at once encouraging and pathetic, that one sees on every hand, is a willingness and seeming preparedness to undertake great responsibilities; big, dramatic responsibilities. Sometimes it is great sport, and then again you wish you could not see the grim caricature, which you resent.

I have in mind a man, of noble ambitions, a few years ago, whose sense of duty took him among a group of men who were, on the whole, a tough brotherhood. To even things up, he addressed himself in his play-time to the ultra-fashionable, among whom he was welcome. He was greatly desired by those who followed relaxation as a primary object, and the tough brotherhood liked his popularity because it established their leader as having quality.

Years have passed, the ambition to be of great service and do great things has been laid aside, but the disposition to be very smart socially remains well established. It abounds in him, in his speech, his accent, his bearing, and his views of life. His comments on people have to do almost wholly with their short-comings and their absurdities; and they are made in derision. So, while his interest is keenest in observing the ridiculousness of others, he himself is becoming a comedy character of the tired, bored type. Twenty years ago this type was a prime favorite in low comedy, and it is still a stock feature in variety shows.

Where poverty pinches, there is the least caricature. Neither good manners nor ideals are easily maintained under stress of poverty. Poverty wants work and meat; and there is no imagination in such a need. Perhaps that is why the exceptional men, the

men of genius, are so frequently those who have had the strength to cling to their ideals through poverty. The rest of us might have given up under the straw.

I have tried to satisfy myself where-in the humor of poverty lies. The first impulse, if one wants to make a picture of a funny man, seems to be to draw a raggetty man. Perhaps it is because poverty offends against the conventions of luxury, and the rudimentary mind conceives luxury as the fulfillment of joy and pleasantness.

This comedy, this caricature play of

our own ideals, steps in as soon as we have a chance to grow. It is with us, dancing round and about us, so long as we amount to a hill of beans. When we are used up or spoiled, and our ambitions becomes atrophied, and when we finally have n't even the desire to be anything better than we are, we may cease to be absurd. Until then, we may as well make the best of it; we are bound to be but caricatures of what we really, inwardly, secretly want to be. We need not be ashamed of it; all the other fellows are in the same boat.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

MANNERS AND THE PURITAN

MR. ELLWOOD HENDRICK's article, 'We Are so Young,' which appeared in the May *Atlantic*, will bring satisfaction and refreshment to many of us, who have long felt as he does on the subject of American manners.

The question, as he raises it, is not whether American manners are bad, but whether, if they are bad, we can allow the 'older' nations to excuse us on the ground of our 'youth.'

Many of us must agree heartily with Mr. Hendrick in his protest against the acceptance of this excuse. We may go even further, and maintain that we cannot afford to claim or accept exemption from world-standards of manners on any ground whatever. If, however, we are seeking, not excuses but reasons, I am inclined to think that, at least as far as New England, and those sections of the country which derive from New England, are concerned, we

have paid too little attention to the possible effect on manners of a Puritan tradition.

The Puritan conscience and other things about the Puritans have, perhaps, been a little overemphasized, but it is, I hope, not altogether fanciful to suggest that the habits of mind which fostered the Puritan reaction and which were in turn fostered by it, are not of a sort which would blossom and bear fruit in comeliness of manner and of phrase.

For this was a reaction from what? From what seemed to them empty ritualism, with its attendant evils of worldliness, vanity, subservience, easy-going acceptance of authority, shirking of individual responsibility. These things were embodied in the court and the cavalier, in the papacy and hardly less in the episcopacy. They wore, it was admitted, a pleasing shape, but the heart of them was rotten.

But reactions always swing too far,

and the Puritans proved no exception to the rule. In casting off worldliness, they cast off, also, some of the courtesies of life. In condemning subservience and easy-going, they condemned also deference and tolerance. In putting aside vanity and untruth, they gave up a certain daintiness and comeliness in the ordering of life. Not necessarily all at once, and certainly not with any intention. It is conceivable that the effect of this attitude might not be apparent at first. I do not know what were the manners of my ancestors; they may have been as finished as any courtier's; but I know the manners of some of their descendants, and I am sure no court would find them appropriate.

The old world, and the older religion, stood for the efficacy of ritual. 'Never mind about thinking,' it said in effect, 'there are those who will do that for you, in government, in learning, in religion. All you need to do is to perform the rites as they are laid down for you. This way lies salvation.'

The Puritan responded, 'This way lurks damnation. Ritual is nothing; nay, it is worse than nothing if it comes between you and the truth. See to it first of all that your heart is right. Examine yourself sternly and cast out hypocrisy. All else matters little. No authority can do a man's thinking for him. Each for himself, men must face God. Observances, ceremonies, are Popish abominations. What does it matter if the outer man be altogether pleasing, so long as the soul of him is damned?'

Now, whatever might be the first effect of such an attitude, the ultimate effect could hardly help being a minimizing of the importance of all the externals of life. The theory might actually justify a good deal of this, and practice might tend to go even further than theory. For when once you have

said that if the heart is right externals are unimportant, it is easy, by a confusion of thought very common, to assume that externals are not merely subordinate to the things of the heart, but are actually at war with them. The phrases 'empty form,' 'hollow sham,' 'rough honesty,' 'rugged virtue,' indicate a tendency to regard the inner and the outer virtues as antagonistic. Has a man pleasing manners and courteous address? His heart may nevertheless be black. This does not, indeed, warrant us in assuming that because he has pleasing manners his heart is therefore black, yet the passage from one conviction to the other is curiously easy.

The quality that New Englanders worship is sincerity, but they can with difficulty conceive a sincerity that is not also a little rough and blunt. Polish rouses their suspicion. They can appraise a rough diamond more easily than a finished one. I suppose we all know the New England mother who says, 'Manners are all very well, but what I care about in my children is their morals. I would rather have my children truthful and good than have them learn to bow gracefully and say, "Pardon me."'

If one suggests in answer that these things are not mutually exclusive, that not all rude children are truthful, nor all well-mannered ones hypocrites, she looks at one a little askance. She is of those who traditionally and sincerely believe that the French are vicious in proportion as they are polite, since honesty must of necessity be 'rugged.'

Such people have no sympathy with the theory that the way you behave reacts upon the way you feel. They will, perhaps, admit that if you do a definite service for some one, you are more apt to feel kindly toward him, but it has never occurred to them to go further and admit that if you behave

courteously, it makes you feel more courteous inside; that if you go to meet a person as if you were glad to see him, it makes you actually feel more glad; that if you kneel, it may make you actually feel more reverent. If it did occur to them, they would repudiate it as sanctioning hypocrisy. Why it should be more hypocritical to speak pleasantly and with deference to people whom you do not care for than it is to give soup or coal to other people whom you do not care for, they could not, perhaps, fully explain.

Perhaps this attitude is not quite as unreasonable and unlovely as I am making it appear. I am stating it a little perversely, to make my point clear. As a matter of fact, New England is not alone in admiring blunt honesty and rugged virtue, and in distrusting a smooth exterior. It was not a Puritan who said that a man might smile and smile and be a villain. Yet, when New Englanders quote this, they forget that the particular villain in question was the only smiling one the master created. Did he realize, instinctively, perhaps, that to smile and smile and still be a villain a man must be an arch-villain indeed?

At all events, these traditions have found in New England a soil of peculiar richness, and they have flourished exceptionally well. Without any explicit assertion that to bow is vice and to smile is villainy, there has often seemed to be an instinctive feeling that the truly honest and high-minded will not stoop to garnish their lives with such trumpery trimmings.

Now it should of course be remembered that people's principles never have quite the influence that we might expect them to have. Human nature is an imperfectly unified conglomerate, shot through here and there by a ray of principle — if one may use the word 'ray' of that which seems so often to

darken rather than illumine. Principles are nothing in themselves. They have to be held by particular persons, and they are held in all sorts of ways. Some carry their principles as certain folk do horse-chestnuts, — in their pockets, as a specific against disease, — and then go along much as if they were not there. Others wear them like a garment; but there were, proverbially, many ways of wearing the toga. Others again give their principles a more intimate reception. But in such intimacy the influences are reciprocal; often, by the time a principle had penetrated through a temperament it would not know its own countenance.

So with the New Englander. It is not in every individual that the New England tradition has had its perfect work. I know many in whom it has not. I know some in whom it has — people of unflinching honesty, of clear integrity, of real benevolence, whose manners are distinctly grim, and whose feelings of affection and devotion, deep and strong as they are, find no habitual expression in ways of pleasantness. On the other hand, there is in New England a body of people, equally belonging to it, who have not shared this distinctively Puritan tradition.

In almost every New England town, while there are many Nonconformist churches, — Presbyterian and Congregational and Baptist and Methodist, — there is usually also one Episcopal church. It is often the littlest one, it is almost always the prettiest. The others are stern and uncompromising — four walls and a roof, windows and a door, and perhaps a steeple for the bell. The best of them have, in their own way, a very real distinction. But the little Episcopal church has something different. Shall we venture to call it charm? It nestles beside the village street with a cosy air, it encourages vines to grow over it. It is

pleasant and propitiatory and adaptable in every line. And within, the congregation and those who lead in the service, have usually something of this same quality. Voices are a little less strident, manners are a little more gracious, than in the other churches.

I knew a young man who claimed that he could tell an Episcopalian by her hats. This, I think, is going too far. I should dislike to predicate of any denomination the eccentricities patent in most women's hats. But, taken in moderation, there is something in it. Of course, there are exceptions: not all Episcopalians have pleasant voices, nor all Presbyterians nasal ones. Especially in the cities, where the church influence is but a tiny strand among a multitude woven into each life, all such differences tend to disappear. And even in villages, I have seen Episcopal churches as ugly as the worst of the Nonconformist, and I have seen Presbyterian churches that were — well, they were by strangers persistently mistaken for the Episcopal.

Yet it seems to me not unnatural that this difference, typically, should exist. For the Nonconformists deliberately broke with a tradition that had its own ripe beauty. They distrusted charm. They saw an antagonism between beauty and truth. They avoided the ways of pleasantness. They felt that conventions and convictions could not dwell together. In all this there was gain and there was loss. And when, as all rebels against convention inevitably do, they erected their own conventions, these were relatively stern and barren, and a little ungracious.

All this while I have spoken of New England, which is a small part of the United States. But the West, so far as it is not foreign, was settled from New England or from the South, and its pioneer past is nearer by many generations than our own, so that other ele-

ments enter into the question of manners. The South, again, is preponderantly Episcopal — at least the South that we usually think of. And this South has, so far as I know, not had its manners often called in question. Whether this is a mere coincidence, or whether its Episcopacy has really been a contributing cause, I cannot say.

In any case, this is not a defense of Episcopacy nor an arraignment of Nonconformity. It is a study of possible tendencies involved in two rather different attitudes toward life. Each is beset by dangers, each achieves its characteristic victories. The sins of Nonconformity are the sins of presumption and intolerance, the sins of ritualism are the sins of formalism and indifference and superficiality. The virtues of the one are those of independence and honesty and devotion; the virtues of the other are those of tolerance and deference and kindness. It is, to some extent, the individual virtues contrasted with the social virtues.

But all of these are good, all are necessary to society, and the pity is that they have not always been able to live together companionably; that one set should drive out the other. Perhaps it does no harm to remind ourselves that these two attitudes are not the only possible ones. As interpretations of life, Nonconformity and Episcopacy can learn from each other, and the outcome may conceivably be something better than either.

A MENTAL TELEPHONE INDEX

INABILITY to remember telephone numbers had long been one of my special weaknesses until lately I discovered a method for bringing these refractory data into mnemonic subjection. For the benefit of others who may be similarly afflicted, I take the liberty

of laying my discovery before the Contributors' Club.

Be it confessed at the outset that, as a professor of history, I am popularly and officially supposed to be possessed of a memory which rejoices ostrich-like in the deglutition and assimilation of miscellaneous junk-information; but that actually it is only by dint of heroic efforts and constant repetition that I have succeeded in memorizing a sufficient supply of dates and data to conceal my natural defect in this line. Owing to the lack of such an official incentive to master telephone numbers, they have hitherto, as before stated, remained outside my realm of knowledge; so that even for the numbers most used I have been forced either laboriously to thumb over the telephone book, or else to find, after the somewhat vexatious formalities of getting the connection from the exchange, that I am cut off at the very start of my message, or inquiry, with the gruff or politely-sweet rejoinder: 'You've got the wrong number.'

Now that I have discovered my new system, I can always blame such mishaps on the carelessness of the telephone girl, and not on my own stupidity — a thought which is unction to my soul. Really it is very simple, when once you know how. All the manuals of mnemonics tell us (I have been obliged myself to traverse the dreary mazes of several of them) that the secret of memory lies in the association of ideas; you make the old acquisitions help you in conquering the new. What I have done, therefore, is merely to harness my laboriously-acquired knowledge of dates to the hitherto unsubjected list of necessary telephone numbers; and you can have no idea how beautifully it works.

To illustrate, I long had difficulty in remembering my own telephone number, which is 1085, and often when

asked for it have been obliged to stammer, 'Oh, — Why, — To tell the truth, I've forgotten it for the moment'; and then have had my questioner go off wondering what sort of creature I am. Under my new system, I am saved from this humiliation. I merely have to remember that my telephone call is the death of Gregory VII, and at once I know that it must be 1085. Similarly, when calling up the instructor who has charge of our elementary course in European history, I need only think of the defeat of the Franks by the Burgundians at Véséronce, and I have his number, 524. The professor who gives our courses in ecclesiastical history appropriately has for his telephone the number 313, the date of the edict of toleration issued by Constantine and Licinius; and the one who gives the courses in Anglo-Saxon literature has 659, which marks the recovery of independence by Wulfhere, the first Christian king of Mercia. For the head of the Latin department I think of the incorruptible Cæcilius Metellus turning the tide in the troublesome war with Jugurtha, and call 109; while the victory of Alexander at Arbela, 331, gives me the number of the professor of Greek.

Sometimes, however, there is a rather perverse contradiction between the date-association and the person whose telephone number it happens to be. Of all incongruous things, our professor of Fine Arts, who by nature and training is a living protest against dry-as-dust history, has for his call number 1297, the date of Edward I's Confirmation of the Charters; and his assistant professor has for his, 1295, the scarcely less inappropriate date of the Model Parliament of the same king. One of the thinnest members of our faculty answers to the call 885, the date when Charles the Fat reunited the empire of Charles the Great. Matters are not quite so

bad in the department of French, for there I have merely to reverse the telephone number of the head of the department (789), and I get the accession of the Capetian house in France (987); while for his associate I can add a century to his call (811) and get the quite appropriate number 911, the date of Duke Rollo's investiture with the province of Normandy.

The list might be extended much further, but the instances which I have given will suffice to make clear the principle of procedure. Of course, if our telephone companies would only be reasonable and begin the numbering of telephones with 1500 (or better still perhaps, 1492), when things of importance really began to happen, it would make the matter of date-association much easier; but, even as it is, I find the method one of decided efficacy, and can heartily recommend its adoption to all persons who may be afflicted, like myself, with a natural incapacity for remembering numbers.

MY POSSESSION

It was last October; the new magazine had arrived at this far-away ranch in Southern California, and, after a quick scanning of its welcome pages, had been put aside for days, awaiting the rare hour in a ranch-woman's life when the work, not finished, is yet slack enough to be left and forgotten. The time came at last. Perhaps the work was not as slack as it should have been, but it was time to forget it, at any rate, and I hastened away from it out-of-doors, with the book in my hand. Climbing higher on the hill above the house, I sat down to read.

Immediately, I was lost to every surrounding, even to the insistency of children's voices, and often, as I read, my face widened with a smile of delight, or lengthened with a reflected

pathos; or again, I regret to say, remained a mere blank of uncomprehension! But out of all the good things I read that morning, and they were many, there was one page of which I wish to tell. In 'A Possession,' that bit of prose-poetry by Fannie Stearns Davis,¹ I found a message which filled me with a sudden responsive joy in my own possessions. I raised my eyes from those lines so full of discoverable beauty, with a new vision. The monotony of the day's work was forgotten; the 'sameness of rolling hills, and sunny valley, and high mountains,' had disappeared; and sitting there in the sunshine, which is mine all the year round, I realized the wealth of my possessions.

I felt the nearness of friends in books; the companionship in the laughter of children at play, and in the sound of the voices of men at work; and the splendor of the wide scene before me. The beauty and the happiness of my day rose before me. I thought of the early mornings in these great, bare hills, before the sun has risen high enough to shine down on our western slopes; of the sweet, damp fragrance. Then of dead grass and sage-brush stirring lightly in the breeze that comes just before the sunrise; the silence of the wide valley below, still in shadow, where far out in the middle lies a sleepy little town nestling close to the railroad station. From the blue distance of the north to the rosy ending in the south extends the river which gives the valley its name. There is no water to be seen in October, but patches of white sand showing through willow clumps indicate its course. On the other side, high above the valley, rise mountains which are touched by the first light of morning. Their lower 'benches,' covered with yellow-brown stubble-fields, reach upward into the dark chaparral of the

¹ In the *Atlantic*, for October, 1911.

higher slopes, giving an ethereal, floating sense of beauty as they lie in the changing pink and purple and gold of sunrise.

All about me is the great silence of treeless, birdless hills, broken only by the tinkling of bells as the flock of goats leaves the corrals below to climb steep hills in search of the day's feeding of dry bunch-grass, which is scant enough after the summer, and they must range far to find it. As they climb, the first sunbeams stream down over their backs, and they, and the herder with his knapsack and long stick, and the busy shepherd dog, disappear into the golden light of the hill-top.

Then the long silence of the morning, and the full sunshine of noon-time, when there is no relief on mountain or valley or hillside from the glare of the sun. All the warm air is filled with the scent of tar-weed. Moving drowsily along the wide white road is the old wagon and horses of a mountain rancher who has come down for provisions, bringing with him a load of rough oak wood. The dust rises from the lagging feet of the horses and falls back thick and smothering. On both sides of the road stretch barbed-wire fences as far as can be seen. There are no trees anywhere, — only the dusty tar-weed, and thin-stubbed fields of the level valley. No sign of life but the scurrying of startled squirrels.

Then, in a sudden gust, comes the regular afternoon wind, rushing unperturbed through the long valley and carrying with it the white river sand, high in the air like a curtain between the two mountains. It sweeps along the roads, pushing before it clouds of dust and bunches of dead weeds torn from the ground. Pitilessly it assaults the long-suffering little town, with its ragged row of saloons and stores facing the railroad track, tearing out any forlorn-

est hope of a garden, and battering the few old wind-swept trees.

When at last the wind dies down, and the dry grass stands upright again, and the great silence is restored, it is evening. The shadow of the western mountain creeps visibly across the valley till it touches the foot of these silvery-tan hills; and now, lifted out of their noon-time commonplaceness, they stand as in a flood of light poured through windows stained amethyst, — their very bareness lending itself to the purer reflection of jewel-like color. In a place too easily named 'God-forsaken,' I have wondered rather, whether He does not pause here sometimes, far from the sins and strivings of men; for there is a lingering glory of light and color, now, that is unearthly in its significance, while the hills stand breathless as if receiving the benison of His presence. Then slowly and tremulously rises the great earthly shadow until the light is gone, and the hills rest in the quiet gray of twilight.

Down the steep hillside the flock is returning; hundreds of sure-footed goats, with their long, silky hair almost touching the ground, following the narrow trails worn by their ancestors. As they hurry downward, companies of them scampering ahead, or stopping suddenly to browse, they look like a field of grain in a summer wind. The old herder, going on before, opens the gates for them, and then disappears into his cabin where the wife has a hot supper waiting. The tired dog stretches himself on the ground near the door, patiently waiting his turn to eat.

In the kitchen of the ranch-house on the hill above, there is the confusion of children's happy voices; the cheerful tramping of men's feet on the bare floor; the appetizing sounds of a supper in preparation. The table, covered with white oil-cloth, and serving in turn for reading or writing or eating, is laid

for the meal and lighted by a small lamp displaying a pictured card-board shade. There are no luxuries here save those of farm products, but appetites are healthy, and there is abundance to supply the need. The talk is not always of widespread interests, but 'concerns of the particular hearth and home,' joined in merrily by all, with frequent interruptions of irrepressible children; and often the board walls ring with hearty, wholesome laughter — for we are young, and fun may be had for the laughing!

It is long before the evening work is over and children's voices hushed. Then, if heads and backs are not too weary, books are brought from the shelf in the corner, or there is music sung or played by those who can never know the pleasure they give to their unseen listeners.

Outside, the cool night air is sweet

with the scent of wild things. There is no sound but the occasional tinkle of a bell in the flock below, and the soft breathing of the sleeping hills — or is that the wind, far up in the cañon? From out in the valley comes the distant whistle of a train, bringing with it the thought of the bright, outside world, until its long line of lights disappears into the darkness and we are left again in the quiet of the night — but not alone, for in the hovering of the close, thick stars I know that God is near.

And this is the day which I possess. I have been given a better understanding of it; I have been taught that the secret of a lasting joy in the steady realization of the good is mine.

If it is the mission of the poet to give and to teach, it is my part, listening, profiting, to render thanks — and I do!

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

AUGUST, 1912

BURBURY STOKE

BY WILLIAM JOHN HOPKINS

I

I LIVE with my father and my sister down on the Point, a little way beyond the village. To be strictly truthful, I suppose I should say that my father and my sister live with me; a peculiar combination of circumstances made such an arrangement easy and natural.

The house is not so very large, but it is large enough, and it has every convenience that is to be had down on the end of a point almost out at sea. It has far more conveniences than any house in the village, and it has one virtue in addition. It is mine. And the barn is mine, and the two cows in it, and the horse. I have not kept pigs for reasons which must be obvious to any one who has kept them. But I keep chickens, — or hens, whichever you please to call them, — and at certain seasons I keep both hens and chickens; and I have reason to believe that I keep several families of skunks, and some mink. The skunks confine their attention to my chickens and do not bother us, and the mink are a source of entertainment on the rare occasions when we catch a glimpse of them. The large brown or gray rats which infest the shore furnish entertainment, in turn, for the mink and for my dog. I have some-

times wondered how the rats themselves are entertained.

We have the waters of an unimportant sound on three sides of us, with the lightship on Singing Reef — of course the lightship is not *on* the reef — Singing Reef Lightship, I say, about four miles away, on our right. Lesser Pungatit, five miles off, stretches briefly before us to the south; and Greater Pungatit stretches, not so briefly, to the southeast. Greater Pungatit always makes me think of a sleeping whale. It is not very high and it gives an impression of immense leisure, and somehow it does not seem to be anchored. I should not be surprised to look out some morning and find that it had waked in the night and made off.

The narrow passage between the islands is put down in all the charts as Pungatit Passage; it is known in the vernacular as 'Punk Hole,' which title betrays its origin and some of its characteristics.

Then there is the lighthouse on the next point, less than two miles away on our left. That lighthouse does bother me. It is a flashing light, and the light is very bright during the flashes, which come just as you are beginning to recover from the last one. There is no getting away from it, and it makes

me nervous. But I am not going to complain to the Lighthouse Board. It would not do any good, and it might do harm, and I should only get laughed at for my pains. I have blocked off the easterly end of my piazza with vines. I wish that it were as easy to block off my east windows without shutting out the view and the sun.

Having such a natural barrier on three sides, it occurred to me that it might be as well to put up an artificial barrier on the fourth side. Accordingly, two years ago, I ran a high wall in a straight line from shore to shore. This wall is punctured at the road by a great gate and at one other point by a lesser gate; and it is surmounted by a low fence of a very inconspicuous and tasteful design. In addition, I was at considerable expense in setting out vines and creepers all along the wall. I have admired that wall, with its living green, many a time. I still admire it. I was doing that very thing this morning and reflecting how excellently and unobtrusively it fulfills its purpose. But I am informed that my wall is not so generally admired in the village.

I do not care. I do not hold with those who have been all for pulling down their walls and fences in these last twenty years. We poor land-owners are entitled to some measure of privacy, and that wall was built chiefly for the purpose of keeping people out. Six acres is but six acres, but it is all I have. I have none of your socialistic tendencies, I am afraid, to be willing to give Marzwnk Zcknjczwskwch the free and unencumbered use of my grounds. I prefer that he should stay out, at least until I ask him in. That is not likely to happen soon.

My father has no regular occupation. He is over seventy, although he does not look more than sixty, and he has deserved his leisure. He busies himself about the garden and the barn much of

the time. His boyhood was spent on a farm, and he seems to enjoy pretending that this is just such another. It is not, of course. Mike looks out for the horse and the cows, and does all the disagreeable work about the hens and the garden. Mike is devoted to my father. Almost everybody is. Indeed, I need not have qualified the statement.

When he is not busy about the place in the way I have mentioned, my father is apt to be poking about the shore, or sitting on our piazza, reading. I spend as much time with him as possible because — well, because I like to, and because he seems to like to have me. But he never wants to go out with me — or with anybody else — in my boats. As that is the thing I enjoy the most, his unwillingness is unfortunate.

Felicia keeps the house. Felicia is my sister. She keeps the house, as I started to say, to our utter satisfaction — when she is at home. She came back from England two years ago, at about the time that I built the wall. She had been away for two years, and it was only my hint that I would like to see her again before I die that brought her back. It was then she began her keeping of the house. She did not seem so cheerful as one likes to have one's sister seem, and I wondered whether I had made a mistake. She became more cheerful as time went on, however, so I concluded that there was nothing the matter except that she had had no regular occupation for some years. That — the lack of a regular occupation — plays the devil with us all when we let it get a good hold.

Felicia is away, at present, on a round of visits. I am unable to see why people like to spend so much time away, visiting. When you have found the place that you like best in the world, why under the sun should you go away from it in order to visit in other places which can't possibly suit

you so well, and to see people whom you generally do not care an old copper about seeing? But Felicia appears to like to do it. It occurs to me that possibly this place is not the one that Felicia likes best in the world.

If my observations upon the lack of a regular occupation ever reach the ears or the eyes of the villagers, they will have one more thing to laugh at me about. It does not matter — or it matters very little. Nobody likes to be laughed at, even by villagers; but they laugh at me so much already that one laugh more or less can make little difference. And they would have some reason on their side, for I — but it is of no consequence. I may seem to be idle, but I am not, although my occupation is a secret for the present. Not even the members of my immediate family know about it. I have hopes that I may be willing to make it known in time; if I succeed, it will be known, in the nature of things, whether I will or not. But whatever that occupation of mine is, I am not idle. Most people consider me so, and appearances are against me, I confess. I accept the situation and go sailing.

I went sailing this morning. Yesterday was a wild day, with a great wind out of the southeast, and rain which came in gusts with no more than a cold drizzle between. But last night! All the wind-devils were let loose. They howled and shrieked about the house, which rocked and swayed as if it would leave its foundations; the great seas thundered and crashed over my Rock on the shore; and rain in sheets beat upon the windows until I feared lest it break them in. I closed the shutters, getting drenched in the brief process; but the rain made such a noise, beating upon the slats of the closed shutters, that I could not sleep; and the noise of wind and rain usually soothes me and lulls me to slumber. The very sound of

it fills me with a deep content. But not last night. Toward morning, the rain ceased and the wind was less, and it hauled to the south, and I slept; and when I woke this morning there was left of it only a smashing breeze from the southwest and ragged drifts of scud vanishing before it.

My father was down long before me. He can never sleep after four or five o'clock. He looked up from his paper as I came in.

'Good morning, Peter,' he said.

'Good morning, father,' I replied. 'I hope you managed to sleep better than I did.'

He smiled.

'I did pretty well,' he answered quietly. 'It was a terrible night. I'm afraid you'll find some damage.'

'It would be strange if I did not,' said I. 'There is always damage to be found if I look for it. I'll have my breakfast first.'

He looked at me queerly. 'I suppose, then, that you'll have your breakfast before you look about at all.'

'Why,' I said, returning his queer look, 'that was my intention. Is there anything wrong? Anything in particular, I mean?'

'There's a vessel on Singing Reef,' he remarked. 'It seems to be a large one.'

I uttered some exclamation, I do not know just what. I hope it was a proper one, but I have my doubts, for my father smiled again. I went to the window and tried to see the reef, but there was a screen in the window and I nearly twisted my neck off, trying to see round a corner. The dining-room windows give upon the east and the south, while Singing Reef is almost due west.

'It's no use,' I said. 'I shall have to go out to see, and I will have my breakfast first. If any vessel got on in last night's blow, she'll stay for half an hour, I guess.'

My father laughed. 'A safe guess,' he agreed.

So I ate my breakfast comfortably: a modest one, of a huge bowl of porridge and two eggs and some English bacon and graham toast and a cup of strong coffee, with the fruit last. I can't bear to have the taste of the fruit taken away at once, as it is if I begin with it. Then I lit my pipe and went out and stood upon my great Rock at the end of my point, and looked out toward the reef.

There she was: a large vessel, as my father had said, a four-masted schooner, hard and fast. She must have struck at just about the flood, she was so high out of water now. And the tide had gone out and was half in again, and the storm had left great smooth rollers, three hundred feet or more from crest to crest, with a smaller and more active cross-sea from the southwest. These great rollers began to gather as they got into shallow water, and changed their direction, as all seas will in such a case; and they joined forces with the smaller seas and made a magnificent surf. When one of the rollers broke against the Rock, the spray went high and fell in sheets over quite half of it, so that we had to stand well back or we should have got drenched. My father had joined me.

We looked for a long time in silence. There was nobody on the schooner, so far as I could see through my glass — which is a good one. There was nobody about her, either; at least, the waters on my side, which was her lee, were deserted. But there was the fishermen's fleet, just passing the point and evidently bound for the wreck. Fishermen catch more than fish sometimes.

'Well, what do you make of her?' asked my father at last.

My father is a very patient man, perhaps because he is old. I am neither patient nor old.

I said nothing, but handed him the glass. 'Thank you, Peter,' said he, and put it to his eye.

I waited. I waited for a long time. 'Well?' I said then, not as patiently as he had spoken.

He still held the glass to his eye. 'There seems to be a great crowd on the lightship,' he answered slowly. I had not thought to look at the lightship. I am no less than a fool. I always knew it. 'Perhaps the crew have gone there,' my father added.

'They must have. I am going out to her, father, and I am afraid I shall have to take that glass. The big one on the piazza will be more convenient for you.'

'Certainly, Peter.' He handed me the glass.

'Won't you go with me?'

It was an afterthought. I knew that he would not.

'What are you going in?' he asked, hesitating. 'I don't believe it matters,' he added, smiling. 'It is blowing almost too hard for me.'

'I am going in the dory. I want to be able to get near. I should like to have you.'

He shook his head and smiled again. 'Thank you, Peter, *not* in the dory. I like smoother weather.'

So I called good-bye and left him and went to the place where I keep my boats, in the lee of a tiny breakwater; scarcely a wall, but it serves to protect the boats. My father waved to me as I passed in the dory — he was still standing on the Rock — and, as I cleared the point and went after the fishing fleet, I saw him turn and walk slowly back to the house, stopping several times to look after me. My heart smote me, although I don't know why it should exert itself in such an inconvenient manner. Father is left alone a good deal, now that Felicia is away. I wish that he liked to sail with me — but it is not to be expected that I should stay

ashore, especially when there is a four-master on Singing Reef.

I enjoyed that sail down to the reef, short as it was. The wind was still strong and I could not make the reef on one tack, so I stood over toward Lesser Pungatit for a little way. Perhaps my father was wise not to come with me. Sailing in an open boat in nearly half a gale is not all that could be desired for an oldish man. I spent most of my time on that sail sitting over the weather gunwale and holding on by my toes to the opposite seat. I dislike to reef, because the sails are not so well-balanced when they are reefed, and the dory does not sail so well.

However, I managed to keep the lee rail clear of the water most of the time, so that there were not more than a couple of buckets of water in her when I came about; and I managed to get a moment, now and then, to look about me and to enjoy what I saw. We seldom have such a sea rolling in as the storm had left. It was no more than an immense swell, perfectly smooth, with the sea from the southwest placed upon it as exactly as if it had been a mill-pond. But when I was in a trough between two of those rollers I could see nothing but those great hills of water rolling on; and when they had rolled on half their length, and had lifted the dory to the top, I saw the two Pungatits ahead of me, and the great stretch of dark-green water, changing to dark-blue in the distance, covered with white caps. The foam was dazzlingly white, for the sun had not come out completely, and there was a sort of half-light on the water which seemed to make the dark water darker and the white foam brighter. And always there were the great rollers, marching on majestically at the double-quick, as if nothing on earth could stop them. I could almost see them marching on behind me and rolling over my point and swallowing

my house and my wall, and rolling on, unchecked, over the village, and so disappearing in the distance. It seemed so real to me that I looked back once, to make sure that my house was still there, and not rolling waters in its place. I almost swamped the boat. It does not do to look back.

I caught and passed the fishermen before they had got to the wreck. One after another lifted a hand and waved to me, and Ole Oleson did more.

'Hello, Peter!' he called. 'How you makin' it?'

I got there before them all, and I went up close under her stern and read her name, the Mary Sayles of Belfast. She was loaded with lumber. The water in her lee was very smooth, but I did not dare go there, even in the dory. The tide was more than half in, but even so there was an ominous sucking sound, now and then, and the water opened with a roar and closed again in a smother of foam, and I heard, very briefly, the singing of the reef.

Then I stood over to the lightship. Men were crowding at her rail as she rolled, and I hailed and learned that the crew of the schooner were safe on board, all but one man who had disappeared at some time during the night. I expressed a regret which I fear I did not feel. How is it possible to feel a real regret for a man one never saw or heard of? Then I offered to take any two men ashore. There was a sudden smile and a shaking of heads.

So I stood away for home and we just flew. A dory is very fast before the wind, or nearly before it. I had it just aft of the quarter, so that the jib was kept full and drawing most of the time, and in not much more than twenty minutes I was stepping out on my stage. I made the dory fast, bow and stern, and hauled her out to her stake. Then I felt impelled to go upon my great Rock again. That is an impulse which

I often feel, for the Rock is a satisfying place. It gives one a wide prospect, and it is something to see the seas breaking on that granite buttress and the many lesser boulders, especially when the tide is somewhat more than half in, and when we have such a sea as there was this morning. So I started walking along the shore to the tip of the point.

I have no trees here, which is a grief, but real trees cannot be induced to grow along this shore. I had trouble enough to keep the few alive about the house, and they look like very old men, bent with rheumatism. It is the wind that does it. But if I have no trees along the shore, bushes will grow without help from me. I came to a part of the shore which curves a little and where there is more sand than elsewhere, and I saw a man asleep under a low scraggly bush. I was startled and angry, and something rose within my bosom, and there was a curious feeling at the roots of my hair, and I almost growled. I know how a dog feels when the hair on his neck rises and he walks slowly around, stiff-legged and snarling. But I did not growl. I only stood and regarded the man.

His arm was thrown over his eyes and he had no hat, and his clothes did not promise much. But what of that? Where should I be at this moment if a man were to be judged by his clothes? In jail, very likely, or breaking stone on the road. But what right had he there? The creature! Sleeping on my bank! Had Marzwck Zeknjczwskwch passed my wall, then? The man's chin showed below his arm. It seemed a good chin enough, good American or English, for they mean the same thing. No one, when he says American, means naturalized Syrian; at least, not yet. And his chin indicated a face tanned to a bronze by the weather: sun and rain and fogs, and that damp, hazy southwest wind that I love. But what

did I care what he was? Out upon him!

I would have roused him rather roughly; but the creature stirred. He raised his arm; he opened one eye, smiled engagingly, and opened the other.

'How are you?' he said — but he called it 'yah.' With that, he sat up.

English, I thought, very. I was greatly relieved. He drew a briar-pipe from one pocket and a pouch from another, and he began to fill his pipe.

'Ought to be goin', really,' he remarked further.

I noted that the pipe was a good one and somewhat old. And I noted that the pouch was — had been — a good one, too. It was a duplicate of my own. I also noted that it was almost empty. There was nothing in it that could be called tobacco, but only a few pinches of snuff, and that was but a soggy mess. I tossed him mine.

'Here,' I said.

'Thank you,' said he, and proceeded to use it.

As he filled his pipe, I noted his hands. I could not help it. They were well-formed and evidently strong, with fingers that tapered as much as a man's should and no more. He shut the pouch with a snap and handed it back.

'I'm a little shy on tobacco,' he observed, with another engaging and somewhat apologetic smile. His teeth were excellent; regular and strong and white. No doubt I should have said 'are,' for that was only this morning. 'Can't get any in the village, I suppose,' — he was talking of tobacco, not teeth, — 'better than navy plug?'

I shook my head. 'I'm afraid not. I send away for mine. Come up to the house and I'll fill your pouch.'

He seemed surprised. 'Thank you. Very kind, really! I will. Got a match? Mine got wet.'

I tossed him my match-safe. He caught it deftly and opened it. 'Ah,' he said with evident satisfaction, 'vestas.'

He lit his pipe while I stood and watched him. 'How did your matches get wet?' I asked.

He waved his hand toward the tossing water of the Sound. 'Water,' he replied. 'It'll go through anything if you're in it long enough.'

'Then,' said I, 'perhaps you can tell me something of the man who was lost from the Mary Sayles during the night.'

He grinned. 'That's me. So they think I was lost, do they? The others are on the lightship, I suppose?'

'You might have seen them if you had taken the trouble to look.' I handed him the glass from my belt.

'They were n't when I came ashore,' he murmured, as he put the glass to his eye. 'I've been sleepin' ever since, and dryin' off.'

'I've been out to the reef. I've just got back. They told me but one man was lost. I offered to take any two ashore in the dory, but nobody would come.'

I felt aggrieved about that, almost sore. They had as good as made fun of the dory.

He chuckled. 'They're a crowd of quitters. I'm almost sorry I came ashore when I did. I'd have come with you in your dory. Been glad to. But I did n't know I should have the chance. Awf'ly sick of the old hooker, you know.'

'How did you get ashore?' I asked.

'Swam,' said he briefly.

'And you swam,' I inquired, 'all the way from the reef?'

'Swam,' said he, nodding. 'Swimmin' is easier than walkin'.'

'Oh,' said I, under my breath. 'Rather rough water for swimming.'

He smiled again. 'Rather rough,' he agreed, 'but easy swimmin'. Wind at

my back, you know. Left the old hooker at daylight and just paddled along before it, lookin' for a human habitation. None on that beach opposite her, and I'd have had to walk miles with no shoes. Ever try walkin' miles with no shoes?'

I shook my head. 'Going barefoot is one of the privileges of youth of which I have been deprived. But I — I have some shoes which you might like to wear until you can get some of your own.'

'Thank you,' he said gratefully. 'Very kind, really. A pair of sneakers, perhaps.'

'And some sort of a hat, perhaps,' I went on, smiling. 'Come on.' A sudden thought struck me. 'Are n't you wet through? You might like some dry clothes.'

'Pretty dry now, thank you. I don't want to borrow a whole wardrobe. I'll do very well with the sneakers.'

'And the hat.'

'And the hat. I think I ought to introduce myself. My name's Stoke; Burbury Stoke.'

'Mine is Harden.'

I thought that a curious gleam came into his eyes at the mention of my name, but the gleam died out almost at once. He seemed to think that he ought to explain it.

'I knew of some people named Harden — or my people did.'

We were walking slowly toward the house; slowly, because the stubble on what I like to call my lawn hurt the feet of Burbury Stoke. My father was coming to meet us.

My companion stopped short. 'I say,' he broke out, 'if there are any ladies, would it be askin' too much to ask for a bath and a razor? And can't we go in at the back?'

I reassured him, telling him that my sister was away for the present, at which news he seemed relieved; and I

introduced him to my father. It was somewhat strange that I should consider it necessary formally to introduce a sailor who had been cast up on my shore by the sea, and whom I was about to supply with a bath and a razor and nearly all the necessary articles of clothing; but it did not seem strange at the time or unnecessary. It did not seem to strike my father as strange, either.

II

When I came down to breakfast the other morning, my father was not in his usual place, reading the usual paper. There was nobody to be found but the servants. I was surprised, for if I was not early, at least I was not late, and I went to look for him, a sort of nameless fear gripping my heart. I always have that fear, although there is no reason for it at all, except that he is an old man, over seventy.

As I stepped out upon the piazza, I heard a burst of distant laughter. It seemed to come from behind the house; perhaps from the neighborhood of the barn. I thought that I recognized my father's laugh, less quiet than usual, and Mike Hannerty's. There was a third, which I knew very well. I had been hearing it often enough in the past three weeks. It was Burbury Stoke's. I started round, the fear in my heart having given way to irritation.

I feel that I ought to give some explanation of Burbury Stoke's continued presence. The truth is, my father had got fond of the insinuating vagabond and did not want him to go. If you must have the whole truth, I did not want him to go, either. He is a very amusing companion, and he likes to sail — in anything. I believe he would go out in a tub if nothing better offered. My boats are better than tubs. And Mike seemed to like him; so that we rather pressed him to stay. He was

properly backward about staying, no more; but seeing that we really wanted him, and having no engagements, pressing or otherwise, — nothing in this wide world that he ought to do, and nothing that he had rather do, as he said, — and having money enough for the moment, he yielded.

'Why, thank you,' he said, his eyes suspiciously bright; 'it's awfully kind of you, really. Man spewed up by the sea, you know. Might be a rotter.'

And I laughed, and we shook hands all round, Burbury giving me a grip that I shall long remember. I found myself shaking hands with my father.

'I'm very glad,' he said, with quiet satisfaction. 'It's a pleasure to have him, is n't it, Peter?'

It was, then. I did not feel any particular pleasure when I started round to the barn in pursuit of that laughter, nor a moment later, when I came in sight of the group I sought. Mike was in the barn doorway, ostensibly engaged in rubbing down my horse, but his attention was elsewhere. My father was seated on a box, and Burbury Stoke stood beside him, shouting encouragement to something, I could not see what. I called to them, mildly, that breakfast was ready and waiting.

'Go away, Peter,' Burbury said, with a wave of the hand. 'We're busy. What's breakfast, when you're livin'?''

I suggested that breakfast was desirable if one would keep on living. I was going on with some further observations when I came into view of the objects of their interest. My own great Brahma, almost as big as a turkey, and a great prize-winner, was engaged in a tilt with an absurd little game cockerel, and was getting the worst of it.

I drove the Game into an unoccupied pen which would serve as a pound. He was a stranger and an intruder. My wall would not even keep out wandering chickens.

Breakfast was rather a silent meal. There was nothing that I wanted to say that I could say with dignity; my father was in process of being rebuked by his conscience; and Burbury said nothing, but broke out into fits of chuckling, now and then. At last my father joined him in one of his fits of chuckling. I may have been wrong about my father's conscience, and too solicitous. I rose and started out. I had finished my breakfast.

'I say, Peter,' Burbury called after me, remorse in his voice; 'I say, old chap, don't go off mad. If it's anythin' I've done, I apologize. It generally is, you know. Where are you goin', anyway?'

I defy anybody to stay angry with Burbury Stoke. I am afraid I smiled as I replied that I contemplated going to the shore.

'We'll go with you, if you don't mind,' he went on calmly. He turned to my father. 'Won't we, Mr. Harden?'

So the three of us strolled down to the Rock. Father and I seated ourselves in our favorite seats. Burbury lay at full length in the sun with his hat partly over his eyes. Nobody felt like speaking.

At last Burbury sighed. 'Rippin' day!' he said.

It was. The water was like glass, with a gentle ground-swell which broke at the foot of the Rock with a soothing hissing and bubbling sound. The sea toward Greater Pungatit was a blaze of light with the strong glare of the sun; but toward Lesser Pungatit were all manner of shades of a blue-gray on the water and in the air itself, it seemed. I am no artist, to analyze colors; often enough, indeed, I cannot even tell what I see; but it looked blue-gray to me, the shades and tones shifting continually. Lesser Pungatit itself was bathed in a soft, luminous haze which was golden and a tender blue, by turns, or both at

once. There were no vessels in sight except the Singing Reef Lightship and the schooner, hard and fast on Singing Reef, and a wrecking tug near, all shrouded in the same haze and in a dense silence. It did not seem real. It was like a picture, but better than any picture that ever was painted; better than any that could be painted. It was as if we were lifted up and looking down upon a quiet earth untroubled by the affairs of men.

The wrecking tug moved lazily toward the reef,—it was the only way it could move on such a day,—and we saw the long puff of steam, and presently the long blast of the whistle came to us faintly. Then silence again, except for the sound of the water breaking with a bubbling hiss, and washing gently up among the rocks, and for an occasional note of a bird. Even the terns, as they sailed back and forth over the shallow water before us, seemed not so intent upon their business as usual, and their harsh cries were subdued.

Off on the water beyond the lightship there was a dark streak. It announced our daily southwest wind. It might be nearly an hour in getting over the four or five miles which lay between us and it, now seeming to disappear as the wedge of wind was thrown up into the air and clear of the water; and now appearing again as the wind struck the water with renewed strength. That wind would grow with the day until, about two in the afternoon, it would blow half a gale, perhaps; then, again perhaps, it would wane with the waning day. But it might not. And whether it waned or grew, it would be a long time before the fish-hawk felt it in his high, serene sailing. What would he care, anyway? What is a little wind to a fish-hawk? I found him, at last, with my glass.

Burbury was watching the fish-hawk,

too. 'I say, Peter,' he cried with eagerness, 'look at that fellow.' I was looking already. 'Would n't you like to fly like that? Don't you just wish you could? He does n't move his wings, give you my word.'

He was mistaken. The hawk did move his wings the merest trifle as he turned. I could see him through the glass. It was not to be expected that Burbury could see it.

'I always wanted to fly like that. But I—'

Burbury stopped. The hawk had closed his wings and dropped like a shot, swerving a bit to follow the course of the fish. He struck the water with a resounding splash, sending the spray high, and disappeared completely. We heard the noise of the splash as we sat there. After so long an interval that we thought he must be drowned, he reappeared, the water dripping in showers from his feathers with each beat of his great wings, and from the glistening fish which he bore between his talons, and he rose heavily and winged off over the water and over the shore to his home in the woods. By some misadventure in that struggle beneath the water, he had seized his prey the wrong way about, and he paused a moment in the air to turn it so that he could carry it head-first. I saw the sides of the squirming fish drip red where his talons had clutched it.

Burbury had relapsed into silence for a moment. 'Now, that hawk,' he said, when he was ready to put his thought into words, 'was efficient. That's the word. Are you efficient, Peter?'

'No,' said I, fervently. 'Thank God!' I added.

Burbury laughed lightly. 'The fish was n't efficient. Hah! I made a pun, Peter. But I did n't mean it, give you my word. Forgive me, won't you?'

My father laughed, and so did I.

Burbury was forgiven. The Emperor of the Germans was chasing rats among the boulders and having a beautiful time of it. The Emperor of the Germans is my dog: an Irish terrier, seeming always ready for a fight, but never getting into one, for one reason or another. The Emperor of the Germans is his bench-name. I have no reason to think he would answer to it. We call him Bill.

'Bill is n't efficient, either,' Burbury pursued thoughtfully. 'He makes no end of fuss, but when did he catch a rat? I ask you.' I said nothing and Burbury went on. 'I should think you'd be ashamed, Peter, to confess it. Not to be efficient! I don't believe you ever try, even, and it's all the go, Peter.'

I grunted—or growled. 'If I were a machine, Burbury. But what do you think this life is for?'

'I was wonderin'. If it's for loafin', I'm as efficient as they make 'em. That Game was efficient, this mornin'.' He chuckled. 'I say, Peter, I'll take him off your hands. I won't put him up to fightin' your bird; give you my word.'

The first breath of the wind fanned our faces. Burbury raised his head.

'Can you look upon this water and not want to go sailin'? And I should n't wonder if Mr. Harden would go, if we go in the little ketch.'

'We can't go out this morning, Burbury,' I replied, sighing. I wanted to go. 'We've to go after Felicia in an hour.'

Burbury was startled. He seemed almost frightened as he sat up. 'Your sister comin' to-day, Peter?' he said. 'Don't you think—perhaps I'd better be goin', really? I could have my traps ready in five minutes. Save you a trip, you know.'

'Burbury,' I answered, 'I'm ashamed of you.'

'But, Peter,' he protested earnestly; 'I say, you know, I could —'

'I don't know,' I returned sternly; 'and I don't care whether you could or not. Don't talk rot, Burbury. Go, of course, if you want to; but if you do, it will be only because you want to.'

'Thank you. Awfully kind of you, really!' He spoke with some hesitation. 'I suppose I ought to be goin', but I don't want to.' He hesitated again. 'Well, I won't, then.'

'Then that's settled.' My father was smiling with satisfaction. I knew it would please him to have Burbury stay. 'Can you be ready to go with me in an hour?'

'Go with you!' he cried. 'Oh, I say, Peter —'

'Don't you want to meet my sister?' I asked. 'It looks queer.'

'Of course I want to meet her,' he answered indignantly. 'Dyin' to. But you don't want to shove me down her throat, you know; now do you?'

'She's very particular about what she eats,' I remarked.

Burbury chuckled again. 'I believe you,' he said. 'She would be, you know,' he explained, 'bein' your sister. And I suppose she's rather particular about — er — what acquaintances she picks up. Would n't take to a poor sailor picked up on the beach, now, would she?'

'Judging by the actions of her father and her brother,' I replied severely, 'whom she remotely resembles, she will not take to you. That is an exhibition of pure vanity, Burbury, which I should n't have expected of you.'

'Not vanity, Peter; give you my word. Mere modesty. Sense of my own unworthiness, you know. I should n't expect to be taken to.'

'I should advise you to continue in that state.'

Burbury sighed and said nothing, but gazed out over the water. I said

nothing, either, nor did my father. But that is not unusual. My father is not given to many words, but is satisfied with living. Who would not be, — here?

At last I rose and roused Burbury Stoke. 'Come, Burbury,' I said. 'It's time we were starting.'

He got to his feet slowly, gave a long look out toward the wreck on the reef, and came with me as cheerfully as if he were going to his hanging. My father came, too.

'What's the matter with you, anyway, Burbury?' I asked. 'What ails you?'

He looked at me quickly, his ready smile lighting up his handsome face. 'I'm shy, Peter. Have n't you found that out? I'm probably the most bashful man on this whole point.'

Father laughed.

'I can hardly get my breath; give you m' word,' Burbury continued. 'Not that it matters. I feel like runnin' away, but I shan't; and that, old chap', — at that point in his remarks he hit me a resounding thump on the shoulder, — 'shows true courage.'

We found the horse waiting for us, ready harnessed to a light road-wagon; not too light, for a wagon needs to be strongly made for my use.

'The gate, Mike,' I said.

Mike was already running for the gate, and he made no reply. I got in and Burbury beside me. At the last moment, the Emperor of the Germans jumped into the rear seat, and we cast off our mooring-lines and, Mike having his hands on the gate, I leaned out and pulled a rope, and a gong over our heads rang loudly. At the stroke of that gong the horse dashed out on the dead run, and made for the gate. Burbury waved his hand to my father as we went. Mike had got the gate open, which was lucky, for the horse would have gone through it, anyway. One

day last year he wrecked the gate and cut his leg. The gate had stuck; and I had to have a new gate which could not stick. Burbury was still looking back when Mike shut the gate, and I heard him laugh suddenly.

'What is it?' I asked.

'Your sign,' he said. 'Could n't get it surely, we're goin' so fast, but it seemed to be to the effect that automobiles were to keep out.'

I had that sign put up last week: 'Motor vehicles not admitted,' painted in large plain letters. It was plain enough for anybody who knew his alphabet, and it was needed, although one would think that a gate slammed right athwart the road would be a gentle hint. The gate seemed to have been left unlatched, inadvertently, although Mike swore that it was not, and some party who were all perfect strangers to me came in in an automobile and made a mess of turning round, cutting deep gouges in my lawn. I could have laid a water-main in their wheel-tracks if it would have served any purpose. It is trouble enough to make grass grow well on that exposed point without having it spoiled in that way. The leader of the party said that they supposed the road was a public road and that it led to the shore, and he made some sort of apology to Mike; and I ordered the sign that afternoon.

Burbury chuckled again. 'Is it on account of their excessive speed, Peter, that you don't like automobiles?'

At the moment, we were coming up behind an automobile, and seemed likely to pass it.

'It is not. Their speed is not excessive. It is because of their clumsiness. Would you have a locomotive or a steam yacht coming up to my front door?'

And I urged the horse to even greater speed; but the fellow in the car had looked round, and he did something

with his levers, and his machine gave a series of rapid coughs and snorts and drew away, slowly, very slowly. I suppose he thought that the noises would frighten my horse, but he did not know the horse. The Emperor of the Germans was annoyed, as I could tell by the noises he made, but the horse was only surprised.

My horse is a great slashing brute, handsome and mild as milk, and unafraid, and he weighs fourteen hundred or more. He was trained for a fire-horse and, in pursuance of that duty, he was accustomed to whirl a battalion chief to fires without regard to the other traffic in the streets. He expected everything to get out of his way, and it did. He has not got over that expectation, although it does n't, now, and I have to look sharp. But he can go some, especially if he runs. He generally runs when I drive him. It gives me some satisfaction.

We covered the eight miles in a surprisingly short time and came to the outskirts of the town, and I had to pull the horse in, for fear of running over some of the wretched children playing about the streets. It might be the best thing that could happen to them, but it undoubtedly would not be the best thing for me, and I suppose that I should feel some measure of sorrow at having run over even a child of Marzkw Zeknjczwskwch. I cannot speak with certainty, as I have never tried it.

On the way through the town to the railroad station, going at a very modest pace, the horse got a stone in his foot and went dead lame. But we were almost there and we kept on. I had counted upon ten minutes for an interview in the freight office about some shrubs which I had been expecting. Burbury heard me growling and he offered to attend to the stone.

'You see, Peter,' he said, pulling a knife from his pocket, 'I've had this

a long time and no chance to use it.' I don't know whether I was right in calling the thing a knife. It bristled with corkscrews and screw-drivers and can-openers and devices for cutting the wire from the necks of bottles, and everything under the sun except knife-blades. 'Somebody gave it to me when I was a little chap, you know. Now, this,' he explained, struggling with it and at last getting it open, 'is for getting stones out of horses' feet, you know. The one chance of my life.'

So I laughed and ran into the freight office, while Burbury got down and Bill moved to the front seat to watch him. Before I had done my business, I heard the train come in. But Burbury was there, and Bill could introduce him to Felicia. So I waited two minutes more and saved my shrubs. When I got out again, there was Felicia standing by the horse and looking about rather anxiously, while the Emperor of the Germans was executing leaps straight into the air in vain attempts to reach her face. I did not see Burbury.

I kissed Felicia. 'I'm glad to see you,' I said. 'But, Felicia, have you seen anything of — a man?'

She would not know who Burbury was; she would probably think I was talking about some town.

She laughed quickly. 'Why, Peter, I've seen more or less of several men. I've been visiting, you know. What did you think?'

'None of your levity, Felicia. I seem to have lost a man. I left him here with Bill and now there's no sign of him. He was getting a stone out of Chief's foot.'

'There was a man running across the street when I came. I thought his figure seemed familiar. Bill was looking after him with interest. Who was he, Peter? It was n't Mike.'

'It was nobody you ever saw,' I re-

plied; 'only a sailor cast up on our beach from a wreck. I wrote you about it the same day, did n't I?'

She shook her head. 'I don't remember it. But it does n't matter, does it? Was he going to take this train?'

That had not occurred to me. 'I don't know that he was, but I'd better look.'

The train was just starting. I knew that it was foolish to think of going through it unless I wanted to go on to the next station. I did not; and there was Felicia, anyway. I came back to her and proposed waiting until the man turned up. I could be seeing about her trunks. If Burbury did not put in an appearance by that time, — well, what was there to be done? He might have slipped away, but I hoped not. It was not quite like Burbury Stoke; not just what would be expected of him as I had come to know him, although it is a pretty small man that you can know in three weeks. And whatever Burbury was, he was not a small man. We knew that well enough. But my father would be sorry.

I saw to Felicia's trunks. There were three of them. Without Burbury, I could have taken one in the wagon, but not three, and why make two bites at a cherry? I went back to Felicia, who was waiting rather impatiently where I had left her, her foot tapping the pavement.

'Well?' I asked. 'He has n't turned up, then?'

'No.'

I sighed. Really, I did n't know what to do. If I had only known what motive impelled him to run away — but I did n't. I had no idea where to look for him. I might notify the police, but that notion did not appeal to me.

'Well?' Felicia inquired, her calm somewhat forced.

'I am stumped,' I answered. 'What would you do?'

'I should go home,' she said with decision. 'If you are not satisfied, you might investigate the saloons in the neighbourhood. I see two. Sailors have been known —'

'Not mine.'

Felicia has no more patience than I have. She seemed to think that it was not worth while to keep up appearances any longer.

'I want to go home, Peter. If your sailor chooses to come back, he can walk.'

It was somewhat more than eight miles, but I had no doubt that Burbury could do it, if he wanted to, easily enough. Indeed, I had no doubt he could do anything that he thought it worth while to do. He is a splendid animal.

I sighed again. 'Will you sit on the back seat with Bill,' I asked, 'or on the front seat with me?'

'With you, Peter. I have a lot of things to tell you.'

Chief started off with quite as much speed as I wanted, although there was no gong to ring. Burbury seemed to have extracted that stone. I was busy with my driving through the streets, and busy with my thoughts, and I fear that I was forgetting Felicia.

'Peter!' she cried suddenly. 'Wake up! Here I've been talking a steady streak for the last ten minutes and you have n't said a word, and I don't believe you've heard a word I said.'

'What? Have you? I beg your pardon, Felicia,' I replied contritely. 'I was busy. What have you been saying?'

Felicia looked sweetly at me. 'Does your sailor weigh on your mind so much, Peter?' she asked softly. 'Turn round, and find him if you want to. I don't mind, truly. I was horrid.'

I shook my head. 'No. He can walk. Besides, I'm going to send Mike down for the trunks this afternoon.'

She laughed a little, suddenly. I did not see what there was to laugh at. Of course, her trunks had to be sent for. We had again reached the outskirts of the town and she suggested that I run the Chief. Felicia is a good sport.

'I was telling you about my visits, Peter,' she said, when I had the horse running and could give her some attention. 'But that is not important and I can't say it all over again now. I shall have to tell father about them and you can listen if you want to. The really important thing that I wanted to tell you is that Mary Alnwick is coming over and I have made her promise me a whole month, at least.'

Mary Alnwick is an English girl and an especial friend of Felicia's. Felicia visited her off and on for the better part of two years. I have never seen Mary Alnwick, and I can't be expected to feel any very active interest in a person whom I have never seen.

'That's nice,' I replied perfunctorily. 'When is she coming?'

'*That's nice!*' Felicia repeated after me with withering contempt. 'Is that the best you can do, Peter?'

'What's the matter with it?' I asked. 'It is nice, is n't it?'

'The expression strikes me as inadequate,' said Felicia coldly. 'Mary Alnwick is lovely; perfectly lovely, Peter.'

'You must remember, Felicia, that I do not know her.'

'Well,' sighed Felicia, 'there is some excuse for you. But just you wait until the middle of August, and you do know her!'

'I will,' I said.

III

Burbury came back that afternoon. I had been sitting in my room for an hour trying vainly to busy myself with what I hope may prove to be my profession. There had been a gentle breeze

blowing through my windows and stirring the curtains, and everything had been as favorable as possible, but I had seemed unable to think and I had accomplished nothing. And that was strange, too, with such material at hand that I ought not to have to think at all. Nothing had happened; and I had thrown down the pen and had gone out to the barn and sent Mike down after the trunks.

I was wandering aimlessly about the barn, rather anxious about the man I had lost, and wondering whether Mike would manage to find him, — I had given him private instructions, — when I saw Burbury himself come in, timidly, and with his tail between his legs. He looked much as Bill looks when he returns from one of his infrequent foraging expeditions and encounters me unexpectedly. To be sure, Bill has no tail to speak of, — not enough to get it anywhere near his legs, — but neither has Burbury.

I confronted him. 'Well?' I said, with what sternness I could muster. I was much relieved at seeing him again, but I would not say so yet. He did not deserve it.

There was an ingratiating smile on his face; at least, I suppose he meant it to be ingratiating. 'Well, Peter,' he replied, drawing a deep breath which must have increased his chest measure about ten inches. Burbury's lungs are all right and his heart must be all right, too. I speak of his heart as a functional organ. But there was a curious little quiver in that deep breath which betokened nervousness.

'Well, Peter, here I am. I came back to apologize, you know, and I do. I had a bad case o' funk. Ran away. I don't excuse it. Can't, you know; and I should n't think it strange if you could n't.' He laughed a little. 'I just funk'd it, Peter, and that's the truth. And now I'd better be goin', really. I

— I'd take it as a favor if you'd slip out my things while I wait here.'

I disregarded the appealing tone in his voice. 'Rot!' I said.

'But, Peter,' he protested plaintively, 'just put yourself in my place — that is, if you can. You run away from a girl you're most anxious to meet. Nothin' else to do but to slip out and not remind her that you're livin'.'

'Rot!' I repeated. 'You're not going.'

He wavered. I could see it. I took his arm lest he escape again.

'Besides,' I said, 'it would disappoint my father. You don't want to do that. As for Felicia, you can't remind her of what she never knew.'

'Eh? What?' He was startled, although I don't know what at, and then he laughed. 'No, of course not,' he agreed, chuckling. 'I never thought of that.'

'Come along, then. Do you contemplate an explanation? Because if —'

He interrupted me there. 'I never give 'em, Peter,' he answered simply. 'I never explain. It saves me trouble, and other persons not interested in my explanations. No. You need n't be afraid.'

I was not. This philosophy of Burbury's — if it is philosophy — commended itself to me.

Felicia was on the piazza. A magazine lay in her lap, but she was not reading. She was gazing out over the Sound past Lesser Pungatit, very nearly in the direction of the lightship. She may have been watching the deliberate and seemingly well-considered movements of the wrecking tug; she may even have been watching the wreck on Singing Reef, the wreck that seemed likely never to make another well-considered movement. It would have been strange if she could have been satisfied to read, with that spread out before her. Father was sitting,

apparently doing nothing at all, and literally bathed in content.

As soon as Felicia caught sight of me, she gave me a welcoming smile that warmed my heart. She had not particularly noticed Burbury; she knew, of course, as soon as I turned the corner, that I was bringing somebody. Now she did notice him. He produced a most extraordinary effect upon her. She went very white, and rose precipitately, so that the magazine which had been upon her lap fell on the floor; and she made a movement with her hand toward her heart, but the movement was quickly checked; and the welcoming smile upon her face disappeared as if by magic. It was extraordinary behavior for Felicia.

I felt Burbury hanging back, and I glanced at him. He looked as utterly miserable, at the moment, as any man I ever saw, with the humbly-beseeking look of a dog coming to be punished. He reminded me more than ever of Bill with his tail between his legs. But he was not looking at me. He looked at Felicia.

It had passed in an instant. Burbury seemed to have braced up as I glanced at him. Once more he was the Burbury whom I knew; but very grave and serious, and with something defensive in his attitude, and not defensive of himself either. And Felicia stood and awaited us, a woman of ice, and rather pale, as a woman of ice should be. My father came down and took Burbury's other arm and, together, we took him up to Felicia and I presented him.

I felt no more than a reasonable resentment at her manner. What if I have picked up a man on my shore? If I choose to present him to my sister I am ready to answer for him, and it is not becoming in her to show too evident a dislike for his acquaintance.

Felicia inclined her head slightly,—

very slightly,—but she did not speak. Burbury waited for a seemingly interval; for more than that. Then he murmured something, stammering and hesitating at first, but ending smoothly. I did not hear what he said. Probably it was no more than any man would say under like circumstances; perhaps not so much. Felicia inclined her head again, even more slightly than before, but she uttered no more than a single syllable. She did not seem inclined to talk, and Burbury could find nothing to say, and I found the silence awkward. Felicia did not seem to find it so. She was looking past Burbury, and she did not seem to be interested in anything whatever. She seemed never in her whole life to have been interested in anything whatever for a single instant. She might have been one of the wooden images from a Noah's Ark. No one would expect speech to issue from the mouth of a Noah's Ark figure, the mouth which is but a dab of paint clumsily put on. Felicia's is not clumsily put on; it is something better than a dab of paint.

Burbury stood waiting, and looking at Felicia's face. I wondered what he was waiting for.

I glanced from one to the other. 'Is there anything the matter, Felicia?' I asked. I asked purely for information.

Felicia flushed; but not even then did she say anything. She only smiled in a manner which I thought supercilious. Burbury flushed too, but he did not smile in any manner. He did not speak either.

Again I glanced from one to the other. I could make nothing of it, and I turned and found my father smiling as though he was amused at something. I should have been glad to know what he was amused at. I could see nothing amusing in the situation. I went and sat down beside him and looked out

toward the reef, leaving Felicia and Burbury to work out their own salvation. The wrecking tug was as near the reef as it was at all safe for her to go, and there was something connecting the two vessels that looked like an enormous cable.

'She can't be going to try to pull her off!' I observed in astonishment. 'If she stirred her at all it would only be to pull her to pieces.'

I took the glass off my belt and put it to my eye and gave no more attention to the two Noah's Ark figures standing there. And I saw that the thing which connected the tug and the wreck was no cable, but a great hose. They were trying some new method of wrecking with which I was not familiar.

'I must go out there and see what they are about,' I said.

'I'd like to go with you, Peter,' said a voice at my shoulder; and I turned and found that Burbury stood close behind me.

Felicia, it seemed, had stolen away without further words. I did not understand it. She never did such a thing before.

I felt as if I ought to do something about it: get down on my knees and tender my heartfelt apologies to Burbury, perhaps. I did n't, of course. One does n't apologize in that abject manner for one's sister. I must have shown something of my feeling in my look, for he smiled.

'Come on,' he added. 'There's time.' He looked at my father. 'Comin', Mr. Harden?'

My father smiling and shaking his head, Burbury took my arm and piloted me firmly and steadily toward my boats.

'Burbury,' I began, not quite knowing how I was coming out, 'Felicia may be tired, you know, and —'

He interrupted me. 'Miss Harden's quite right. Very presumin' of a sailor

picked up on the beach, you know, Peter, — but she's quite right. Shall we go in the dory?'

The subject of Felicia having been disposed of in that summary manner, we went in the dory. Burbury was strangely silent and sober. He did not speak, on the way down, except to chide me gently for letting the dory fall off, and to suggest that we might flatten the sheets a bit. He proceeded to carry out the suggestion while he made it.

We had loafed about the wreck for half an hour, watching the operations of the tug, when Burbury spoke again, suggesting that it was getting late and that we had better go back. I obediently put about. I do not know why I should have done so, except that it was the natural thing to heed his suggestions. The wind dropped rapidly, and Burbury lay on his back, in a most uncomfortable position, gazing up at the clouds and the sail, and saying nothing.

Felicia met us as we went into the house. 'You are late, Peter,' she said. That was all, and she did not smile while she said it, or look pleasant or anything. It was not the sort of greeting that I was used to from Felicia, and I could not help concluding that the remark was meant for Burbury.

'I should be much later,' I replied, 'if it had not been for Burbury.'

We persuaded my father to go down with us the next morning in the ketch. I did not expect to persuade Felicia, although she is very fond of sailing in my ketch.

The ketch is scarcely longer than the dory. She is but twenty-three feet long, but she draws nearly five. She was built after my own design and turned out to be very fast, as I expected. I had her rigged as a ketch for convenience in reducing sail, for I am often alone in her; but, practically, I never

reduce sail. She will stand anything short of a hurricane.

Burbury came near not going. At the last minute he made some excuse and went back to the house, calling to us not to wait more than two minutes for him. It could scarcely have been two minutes when I saw him emerge, running; and he ran down to the stage and jumped into the boat.

'Afraid I might miss you,' he explained, red and breathless.

He did not look back once. We cast off our lines hastily, and then I heard a whistle which I knew well, and there was Felicia, with the Emperor of the Germans, making her dignified way from the house. She did not hurry, even when I called to her.

'I'm going with you, Peter,' she announced clearly, and without emotion, except that she seemed annoyed, as though she did n't want to go and was only going to oblige me.

So we put back and she stepped aboard and calmly took the wheel and kept it. Burbury talked, but not to Felicia, and he played with Bill, who has become very fond of him. Felicia scarcely spoke and did not look at Burbury except to glance at him, now and then, in a half-scornful way, but she could not help hearing what he said. He has not spoken of himself — has not told me the least thing, although I should be glad to have him. But I have faith that he will, and I can wait. Felicia's behavior made me, at least, very uncomfortable. It did not seem to have that effect upon my father, who was occupied with Burbury. Burbury, so far as I could see, was not aware of it. He must have supposed that it was the usual thing with Felicia. It is not.

That was ten days ago. And now, although Felicia has been at home for ten days, not once has she asked me anything about Burbury Stoke. It is

queer and it is not natural. And I was all ready to tell her all that I know of him, which, to be sure, is hardly more than she knows. But she gives me no chance to talk about him. She will not ask.

I have one comfort. Felicia seems to be drawn, in spite of her very obvious intention and against her will, to go with us wherever we go. It makes her cross. I should think it would. To go where you had determined not to go, and not to be able to make any fight against it; to have to go out in the ketch, to know that you will have to, — even although you like it better than anything else, — when you had made up your mind firmly to sit on the piazza, or to go to the village, or to do anything rather than go in the ketch! It gives one a feeling of helplessness which is peculiarly irritating to any one who has had an idea that she had a strong will. I say 'she' because I refer to Felicia. And I thought she had a strong will, too; but she has to go. Her only remedy — and it is not a remedy — is to be cross and out of sorts. If she were a man she would probably curse heartily and feel much better. As she is a woman, she persuades my father to go when he does not wish to, — my father is very obliging, — and she makes us all uncomfortable. Perhaps I should except Burbury, who gives no evidence of uncomfot, although he can hardly help feeling it. The whole thing distresses me. And, having got us all out in the ketch, she sails the boat herself, and does not condescend to tell us where we are going or when she means to get back. She sails a boat very well; as well as I do or as any of the fishermen. She does not sail as well as Burbury does. He is one of the few people who can sail better than I can. He does everything a little better than I can do it.

As for Burbury, he does not exactly follow Felicia about, but he seems to want to, which is not strange. I have known several men who had that same inclination. And I have surprised a sort of hungry look in his eyes when Felicia was present, and when he thought himself unobserved. Felicia ignores him.

Although Felicia does not condescend to tell us where we are going, as I said, we always know now, for we are sure to bring up at Singing Reef and the Mary Sayles, and the wrecking tug when the tug is there. When we started yesterday morning in quite the opposite direction, heading for the eastern end of Greater Pungatit, we knew well enough our destination. We had the wind just aft of the beam and it was light, for it had not been long growing. It was the kind of sailing that my father likes, but I was a little worried, for it is a long way around Greater Pungatit to Singing Reef.

'Don't you think, Felicia,' I asked, 'that we had better try Punk Hole?'

'No, Peter,' she answered quietly. 'The tide is not half down yet.'

What has the tide to do with it? It is easier, to be sure, to make the passage of Punk Hole with the tide in your favor; but it was in our favor, and it is no great matter, anyway. I looked at Burbury, but he was looking ahead, and I thought that he smiled. Felicia was gazing off to leeward and saw none of us.

I said no more. No doubt Felicia had her own plans, and those plans of hers would bring us to the reef, and then home in the time that she saw fit.

We rounded Greater Pungatit in time, — not so long a time, either, — and it is all of twelve miles from my house to the Whale's Nose, and the wind light most of the way. But when we rounded, we ran into a greater sea and more wind, for we were

in the open ocean. We had to beat the whole length of the two Pungatits, a short tack off-shore, and then a long one, until Felicia thought we were as near as was safe. I thought we were nearer than that to the shoals which make out here and there. I remonstrated accordingly, but Felicia smiled calmly and replied that there was no sea to speak of, and that she wanted Mr. Stoke to see the points of interest along the shore. Points of interest! Why, the Pungatits are mere wastes of sand, with no more than the Life Saving Station and a few scrubby oaks in the middle.

I got Felicia's meaning when she began to name the coves and beaches as we passed them and to give a catalogue of ships which had been wrecked on each stretch of beach. I was surprised at the extent of her information. She began with a time more than a hundred years ago and she named over a very long list of vessels, with their tonnage and rig and port of departure and the number of men lost from each. She did not give their destination. Their destination was the beach. She must have spent days in acquiring that information, and it almost seemed as if she must have got it up for the occasion. Burbury seemed appreciative, but secretly amused.

'Felicia,' I said, 'you should lecture on the points of interest of the Pungatits.'

She smiled rather scornfully. 'I could,' she replied; and changed the subject. 'See, Peter, we are catching the fishermen. We shall pass Ole in a quarter of an hour.'

I had been watching them. The fleet was well scattered over miles of ocean. There was no concerted movement, but the time for catching fish was past, or the boats had a full fare. The best time for catching fish is early in the morning, for the fish bite better then. I

do not know why. Perhaps because they are hungry. And the boats were all making for Punk Hole.

Felicia's guess was accurate. In fifteen minutes we were abreast of Ole, who had changed his course so as to be near us. We went so near him that I could almost have reached his boat with the boathook.

We had the wind more nearly abeam when we had passed Lesser Pungatit and stood over for the reef. My father was sitting on the weather side with his feet well braced, although that is never necessary in the ketch. Burbury was on the lee side, watching the swirling, hissing water go past the rail, always three or four inches below it. He watched it for some time.

'I say, Peter,' he said at last, 'I see she never takes any water over the rail, you know. I've noticed. I never saw a boat do that way before; give you my word. Why is it, Peter?'

I shook my head. The water never comes over her lee rail, however fast she goes.

'I don't know, Burbury. No doubt I should know, being her designer, but I confess without shame that I don't.'

Burbury was about to make some further observation; but there came to us clearly a note that, without being very loud, seemed to fill the air all about us, so that it was quite impossible to tell where it came from. It was an exact middle C, as though blown on some gigantic horn, soft and melodious, and there was a fairly long note first, nearly as long as a swell of the ocean, and several short ones after.

Burbury looked up, startled. 'I say now, what's that?'

Felicia was smiling. Her expression was positively pleasant. I wished that Burbury could see her often with that expression. She is lovely so, if she is my sister.

'It is the singing of the reef,' she an-

swered. 'It is a contrary thing, and it sings only when the tide is nearly out, and when there is just the right sea. I thought that it would sing to-day and I thought that it would be interesting for you to hear it. It is one of the points of interest.'

So that was why we had come round Greater Pungatit. That explained her remark about the tide.

'Singing Reef,' Felicia went on, 'has many vessels to its credit.' And she proceeded to give the list, ending with the Mary Sayles of Belfast, from Savannah, loaded with lumber, one man lost.

Burbury looked up again, but he was smiling. 'But I say, you know, Miss Harden, the man was n't lost.'

Felicia looked full at him. She did not smile. 'His family think he was, I have no doubt. They have no reason to know that he is safe. They probably mourn him.'

Burbury turned away, muttering something about writing them.

'I had a letter from Mary, yesterday, Peter,' Felicia remarked.

'Did you?' I asked. 'And is —'

'She is very well,' said Felicia, interrupting me. 'That completes the list of ships, Mr. Stoke.' There was a curious emphasis on the name. 'I trust you found it edifying.'

'Oh, yes, thank you,' said Burbury quickly, 'very instructin'. And with a moral, too. But I'll write my people, Miss Harden, directly we get home; I give you my word.'

'Thank you,' Felicia returned quietly. 'That will please me.'

Burbury acted as if his sole wish was to please Felicia. He may have been about to say something to that effect. He began to speak twice, but hesitated and stammered and did not get it out after all, because Felicia interrupted him.

'What is the tug doing?' she asked.

We had reached the reef and were just hanging round between it and the tug.

'Pumpin' air into her,' answered Burbury.

'Oh,' said Felicia slowly; 'I see. And will they get her off? I supposed her case was hopeless.'

'I don't know,' answered Burbury again. 'They're just tryin' her, now, to see if she's tight, you know.'

'Oh,' said Felicia as slowly as before. She was silent for a little. 'Would Mr. Stoke show us his quarters — where he slept?' Again that strange emphasis on the name.

Burbury was surprised, but he pointed. 'In the fo'castle. Very humble; give you my word. You know where the fo'castle is, Miss Harden.'

'Of course,' she returned coldly. 'I meant show it to us. Could you?'

'I'm afraid I could n't.' He seemed somewhat distressed that he had to refuse any request of Felicia's. 'I have n't any right aboard of her now, and there's the tug.'

Without another word Felicia turned toward home. I heard my father sigh with relief.

Burbury was busy for an hour after luncheon with his letters home. Then, with them fluttering in his hand, he sought Felicia. Neither saw me at first.

'Will you look at these, Miss Harden, and tell me if they're all right?'

Felicia did not seem as much surprised as I had expected. She looked up at him with a curious expression.

'Why?' she asked softly and slowly. Then she saw me. 'Why should I, Mr. Stoke?'

There was no softness in her voice now, but it was as it had been usually on the few occasions when she had spoken to Burbury at all.

'No reason, of course, if you don't want to. I thought that, perhaps, — but I beg pardon for troublin' you,

Miss Harden. Do you happen to know where Peter is?'

Felicia waved her hand toward me without other reply. I was half-concealed from her and behind Burbury. The concealment was not intentional.

'I say, Peter, goin' swimmin'?''

I nodded; and I noted Felicia's look of suppressed eagerness and the note of self-scorn in her voice as she spoke. No doubt she was doing just what she had determined not to do.

'I am going swimming, too, Peter,' she said firmly; as if she had just had to take some medicine and did n't like the taste of it.

'Good girl!' I replied. 'Come on.'

Burbury and I had been in almost every day, but this was the first time that Felicia had offered to go with us, although she is very fond of it. It was the one thing she had been able to hold out about.

Burbury was ahead and I was having some difficulty in keeping pace with Felicia. He reached the shore and turned round and waited for us.

'Friend o' yours, Peter?' he asked, nodding in the direction of my wall.

I looked. There was a man, of some outlandish race, I did not know what, and he was coming along the shore. He had evidently climbed over the wall where it is low, although I did not make the wall low until it was well into the water. He had a bundle in his hand. I advanced to meet him.

'Here!' I said. That was not what I meant. I should have said, 'Hence!' but I did not. 'Here! What do you want?'

The man smiled and began to speak earnestly. It sounded as if he had set off a bunch of fire-crackers. He spoke so earnestly that his smile faded and he pointed to the water and he unrolled his bundle. It contained a cake of yellow laundry soap and a towel.

I laughed in spite of myself. He

smiled again. It was a very winning smile, but I was adamant.

'Not here,' I said, shaking my head. 'You can't do it here.'

He set off another bunch of fire-crackers and gesticulated wildly. I took him by the shoulders and turned him round, gently, and urged him toward the wall.

'Over you go.'

And I helped him to it, still gently, with one hand; and he came down on the other side and went slowly down the road, setting off a fresh bunch of fire-crackers now and then. I could hear them spluttering for some distance down the road. When I was satisfied that he was well on his way, I went down to the water and washed my hand. Then I walked back to Felicia and Burbury.

Burbury ran down the plank onto the stage as I came.

'Here's Peter,' he called. 'Been speedin' the partin' guest, Peter?'

I could hear Felicia, in her bath-house, chuckling. Burbury had not stopped and he did not wait for an answer, but dived into the water from the edge of the stage. Perhaps I should give a more accurate idea of his movement if I said that he slipped into the water. He just pushed himself into it, head first, without the least splash, and that was all. He did not reappear, puffing and blowing, as I should have done. There is a second float-stage, about a hundred yards off-shore, equipped with a ladder and a spring-board. I watched the water, but I saw no trace of Burbury — not the least ripple to mark his progress — until he popped out at the edge of the second stage and drew himself up on it in one motion. It was as if he had been shot out and landed on his feet on the stage. Instantly, he whistled clearly and peculiarly. No lack of breath there. That deep chest of his must

hold a lot of air. I should really like to know what his chest capacity is.

Burbury in his swimming-rig is a sight for a painter or a sculptor. I, who am neither, could be content to watch him for hours. I usually do watch him for half an hour at a time, sitting on the float meanwhile. He is the best swimmer that I ever expect to see. I have never seen any one who could compete in the same class with him. He could probably swim the English Channel with the same ease with which he swam from Singing Reef, and think no more of it as a feat. I have no doubt that he could take his hot tea and toast on the way and never turn a hair. If he said that he could make the toast on the way over I would stake a good deal on his doing it.

When Burbury whistled, Felicia ran out and dived into the water, too. No doubt it was no more than a coincidence, her coming just at the whistle, but I should think she would want to avoid such coincidences. She did not try to swim under water to the second stage, but she kept under for as much as twenty feet, so that I began to be anxious, and I pushed my tender into the water and rowed after her. It is not safe for Felicia to swim even a hundred yards without a boat near. Of course she can do it, but I see nothing to be gained by taking any chances, and I told her so when I had caught her.

'Please let me alone, Peter,' she replied, panting a little. 'It is perfectly safe.'

There was gratitude for you! I rowed back to get my own things on.

Burbury amused himself, and exasperated Felicia, by doing stunts. He did all kinds of dives that I ever heard of, and some that I had known nothing about, from the springboard. He turned double backward somersaults, and entered the water as straight as a

pikestaff. He dived to the bottom once and brought up some stones.

'I don't care for deep divin',' he remarked, smiling. 'It makes my head feel bad. I won't try it again.'

And Felicia tried all his stunts, and some of them she did and some she failed to do. I do not know what possessed Felicia. She should have known that she would fail, but it made her angry, and she tried again and again. There was something splendid in her determination. I was proud of her. Seeing her so determined, Burbury looked about for a diversion. He had already tried all the strokes there were and some that he invented himself, swimming out about a hundred yards and back, and he ended with a crawl of his own, which was the fastest stroke I have ever seen and done without overmuch splashing. The very perfection of his performance seemed to provoke Felicia, and she was apparently about to try the same thing. There was a flock of terns fluttering and plunging and screaming a little way out and, almost under them, a school of menhaden was milling, as is their custom. It is not likely that the presence of the menhaden had anything in particular to do with the actions of the terns, but there they were.

'See those fish?' Burbury asked hastily, to keep Felicia busy, I suppose. 'Well, watch 'em.'

And he slipped silently into the water, swimming rapidly and strongly, but with the water washing over his head and half his length. When he was half-way to the fish he sank out of sight. He did not dive, he simply sank. The fish were still milling senselessly, and as I could not see any sign of Burbury, I watched them. Suddenly, in the very middle of their senseless circle Burbury shot out of the water to his waist, and shouted and waved his arms. You should have seen those fish and the

terns. Not having the brains of a fish, I cannot imagine what sort of monster they thought he was, but the menhaden vanished with a tremendous flurry of tails, and the terns fled, incontinent, not even waiting to give one scream. When I had stopped laughing, I turned to make some observation to Felicia. She was not there. She had seized that opportunity to try that crawl of Burbury's.

She was already well out from the float and making some progress with her crawl, but she did not seem to have got the hang of the breathing. There is some difficulty in getting it, for the face is down most of the time, and you have to know just when you are going to snatch your breath, or you don't get it at all. Felicia seemed to be in that case, but she would not give up. She would much prefer to drown. I thought it was quite time that she had some help, and I dived in after her.

Burbury was farther from her than I was, but he got to her first. I doubt if he knew how near I was. I doubt if he was aware of me at all. He got to her and raised her chin. She was too far spent to resist and, for an instant, her head rested in the hollow of his arm, and her unseeing eyes looked up into his.

'*Felicia!*' he said. His voice was low and pleading, — scarcely more than a whisper. 'Why *will* you?'

She made no reply, and then I was there, and she withdrew her head from its resting-place.

'I will go back,' she said. Her voice was not steady, but that was not to be wondered at. She would have been very near to being drowned if we had not been near. 'I can do it alone, thank you. It seems to be all that I *can* do — alone,' she added bitterly.

Burbury seemed distressed beyond words, but he had no reply ready. We swam slowly back, one of us on each

side of Felicia. She was swimming on her side, and her face was turned away from Burbury.

IV

We were sitting on the Rock one morning, Burbury and I, while Bill chased rats among the boulders. My father had been with us, but he had become restless and had gone to the garden and begun to work. It was a rare thing for my father to become too restless to sit still, and I followed him with my eyes and saw him get a hoe from the tool-house and go to the garden and wander about, hoeing spasmodically, a little here and a little there. The spirit of restlessness was with him still. I did not know where Felicia was. It occurred to me as strange that she was not with us.

'Rotten weather!' said Burbury. 'Beastly! Don't you think it's beastly, Peter?'

I could have loved him for that, if for nothing else. I did think it was beastly. I never before found anybody who would agree with me. It was a bright day, with the sun shining out of a cloudless sky and a brisk wind which came in gusts out of the northwest, hard and dry. Every gust set my nerves quivering afresh. It does not need to be a gust. Every minute of northwest weather keeps me keyed up to the breaking-point — every nerve in my body. My muscles are all tense, in spite of my conscious effort to the contrary. It is fatiguing to have to keep your muscles all tense. I do not like to be strung up. Such weather is hateful to me. After three days of it I could commit murder more easily than I refrain from it.

I welcome the southeast wind, heavy with wet; and when the wind has set in from the southwest, with its haze and its dampness, — perhaps its fog, —

I am filled with peace once more. I do not object to fogs, so long as they are from the salt sea.

It is strange that a mere change of wind should have such effect, but it has, upon me at least, and upon some others, too, as I believe, even if they do not know it. It has that effect upon Burbury, it seems, and he does know it.

Until this year, I have concealed the fact that I do not like this weather, and I have always replied suitably, I think, and as was expected of me, to the rhapsodies of my friends. I don't know why; probably because of some lingering fear of what people would think. Hypocrite that I was! I shall no more answer that the weather *is* charming — perfectly *lovely*! when I hate it. I broke the ice last month and gave Mrs. Armstead a hint.

In reply to her remark, I smiled as charmingly as I could, so that she did not suspect what was coming.

'Hellish!' I said. 'Is n't it?'

And the poor lady looked as if she had been struck by lightning, and she stammered a little, and she giggled, and she laughed, and she turned away, not knowing how to take my observation, nor whether I had been talking English or German. It does make a difference.

Burbury sat up, sighing, and looked out toward the reef. Whenever we have nowhere else to look, now, our eyes turn toward the reef instinctively. The tug was there, pumping air. She has pumped a lot of air into the Mary Sayles, of Belfast, loaded with lumber, one man lost. What becomes of it? Even as we looked, the tug stopped her everlasting pumping, and pulled in her hose and steamed away.

Burbury sighed again, but he said nothing; and he got up slowly, and wandered up to the tool-house, leaving me sitting on the Rock. And he, too, got a

hoe and joined my father in his spasmodic hoeing. After a while, I saw them both leaning on their hoes. Burbury seemed to be talking. After another while, I saw them sitting on a great stone that I pulled out of the garden last year, their hoes in their hands, and Burbury was talking earnestly. There was no doubt about it.

Suddenly, I saw my father break out into a hearty laugh and grasp Burbury's hand and wring it. Then they got up, still shaking hands, and my father had an arm about Burbury's shoulders, and he gave them a gentle thump. And Burbury turned and ran, juggling his hoe as though it had been a drum-major's staff, throwing it up into the air, and turning it and catching it as it came down. He cast the hoe into the tool-house and went to the pen where he keeps that game cockerel.

The Game came to his whistle, and Burbury took him out and sat down in front of the barn and proceeded with his education. The education of the Game has progressed astonishingly. He already knows several tricks and is learning others. Then I saw Felicia come out of the house and walk with slow and manifestly unwilling step toward the barn where sat Burbury with his Game.

I wondered. Why had Felicia come—or gone? Had that whistle anything to do with it?

'Faugh!' I cried in disgust.

And I got up and went along the shore to my little breakwater, where my boats were. I had a mind to go out in the ketch—and alone.

I had not reckoned with Felicia and Burbury. They came, almost running, before I could get off.

'Peter!' said Felicia reproachfully,—rather more than that. She seemed to mean it as a rebuke. 'You were not going without telling me? I'm going.'

Burbury said nothing, but waited. I asked him, of course. Indeed, Felicia suggested it in a way.

'I have no doubt,' she added, 'that Mr. Stoke meant to go, too.'

But I noted that she did not look at Burbury.

So they both got in, but I had the wheel and I kept it. I had a mind to sail my own boat for once. I headed for the wreck. We should inevitably end up there, and I thought we might as well go where we were going.

We had a fair wind and smooth water, and we sailed very fast. Felicia fiddled round—no other word expresses it—as though she wanted to take the wheel and expected me to let her. I affected not to see her and kept my eyes fixed on the distant waters. The tug had become hardly more than a speck on the horizon, hull down already. I saw her stack, belching smoke, and occasionally her house when she lifted on a sea. There was no mirage. There never is, with a northwest wind, but with a southerly wind you see strange things on the water. It is a bit disconcerting to see a stack as tall as a factory chimney and a pilot-house that must be thirty feet high, at least, go floating over the waves with nothing to support them, apparently.

Felicia seemed embarrassed, being deprived of her usual occupation and her usual excuse for seeming to pay no attention to what Burbury was saying. But Burbury was not saying anything so far as I could see, and three people have to sit pretty close in the cock-pit of a boat twenty-three feet long. It holds only four. I think I should have known it if he had whispered. By the time we got to the reef, Felicia had wearied of the silence.

'I'm going aboard of her,' she announced, referring to the *Mary Sayles*.

Burbury was grieved and distressed. 'I beg you won't, Miss Harden,' he said

quietly. 'We've no right to go aboard, you know, any more than any stranger has a right to walk into your house when you're not there. The wreckin' company has charge now, you know. I beg you won't.'

Felicia looked at him — that was all. 'I said that I was going aboard,' she repeated.

Burbury gave a shrug and sighed. 'Bring her up under the starboard quarter, Peter, so we can get aboard. Lee there and plenty o' water.'

He was giving me orders as though it were I who was the sailor; and the strange thing about it was that I obeyed without question. Burbury went up first, by a rope that hung there, no doubt for that purpose. He tried the rope and then went up it easily, hand-over-hand, swinging between heaven and earth, for there were many feet to go before he could touch her side. That rope was hanging well astern. Then he got a Jacob's ladder — he knew where to find it — and dropped it over the side, farther forward, and hauled us along to it, and Felicia went up. Then they went forward.

The ketch was nearly opposite the mizzen-hatch, I judged. Of course I could see nothing of what went on up there, on the deck of the *Mary Sayles*, and I only guessed that I was nearly opposite the mizzen-hatch. There was nothing to be seen — by me — but the high black side of the schooner. After a while I heard footsteps on the deck and then silence again. Then I heard Felicia's voice say something, coldly and incisively, but I could not distinguish the words.

Then, suddenly, there came a gigantic cough from the bowels of the schooner and the hatch-cover shot high in air, struck the rigging, and bounded far over the side into the water. I heard a shout from Burbury, a brief scuffling sound, as of somebody run-

ning over the deck without shoes; and nothing more. I thought that Burbury had shouted something about the 'other side,' and I cast off hastily and got round the schooner's stern as quickly as I could. It took some minutes, even with as handy a boat as the ketch; and, as I rounded the stern, I saw Burbury swimming, on his back, and Felicia was lying with her head on his left shoulder and his arm about her. She seemed as limp as a rag and was not helping herself at all.

Burbury was heading for the boat of Ole Oleson, which lay with flapping sail. I had not seen Ole because of the schooner. He leaned far over the side, and took Felicia as Burbury passed her up to him. How Burbury managed to do it passed my comprehension, but Burbury does many things which pass my comprehension.

I brought the ketch alongside Ole's boat and made her fast, while Burbury swung himself over the side. Then, together, we got Felicia into the ketch and laid her down, and Burbury dived below and got the brandy.

'The old hooker blew up,' Burbury murmured. I had inferred as much. 'Felicia's not hurt, I think. But she was standin' on the hatch, and the shock, you know —' And his voice trailed off into silence. No doubt he was unaware that he had called her Felicia.

She came round in a few minutes, although she was much shaken and did not seem herself.

'If there's anything I can do, Peter,' said Ole, sympathetically, 'I'll be glad to do it.'

All the fishermen call me Peter. I thanked him. There was nothing. The ketch would get in before him, anyway. Burbury suggested that he would be glad if Ole would get his hat and coat and shoes, which he had shed on the deck of the schooner; and, Ole under-

taking to do it, we cast off again and put out for home.

Burbury sat beside Felicia, who did not seem herself, as I said. Her hurt must have been more serious than he thought, for she was feeling round for something. That something was Burbury's hand; and when she had found it she kept fast hold of it and would not let it go once, all the way home. And she closed her eyes and looked happy. I had not seen her look happy — as happy as that — for a long time. Why, bless me, it was nearly four years. But she was not responsible; she could not have known what she was doing.

As for Burbury, he was plainly in the seventh heaven. He did n't care whether she was responsible or not. He forgot me entirely.

V

Felicia came to herself completely in two or three days. She had to, for Mary Alnwick was due on the fourth day. As Felicia recovered, she resumed her old manner toward Burbury. That little episode in the ketch had passed from her mind entirely. At least so it seemed. Burbury did not remind her of it — not in my hearing. He acted as if it had passed from his mind, too, and he was as he had been. That is, — no doubt I spoke hastily, for I meant that he seemed so to me. Whether he seemed so to Felicia I have no means of knowing.

It was the eve of the festival of Mary Alnwick. I can call it no less than that. I had been called out to the other side of my wall by a deputation of the inhabitants of the village who wished to dicker with me for the use of my horse to draw their fire-engine. It is a new engine and rather light, they said; and they gave the weight of it, but I have forgotten it. And, casting about in their minds for a suitable horse to pull

it, they had chanced to think of mine as being by nature, size, weight, and education fitted to turn the trick. So he is; but they did not reflect, it seems, that the connection between my horse and their engine is normally rather remote. He is stabled at some distance from it; and however fleet and well-trained he may be, it would be more for their advantage and less for the advantage of the occasional fire, to have a horse that was not quite so good, provided that he was at hand when wanted. I told them of a case I knew of, — I saw it myself, — where the horses engaged for the purpose of hauling the engine were hauling sand, instead, four miles away, when a fire started in a church. The horses ran all of those four miles, dragging their heavy cart, and were hitched up to the engine and had started with it when one of them dropped dead. They were a very handsome pair. The church burned down. 'Call' horses, so to speak, may prove a very expensive frugality.

All this, of course, took some time; and when I left the deputation digesting my answer it had grown dark.

I found my father alone on the piazza.

'Where's Burbury?' I asked in surprise.

I could just see him shake his head. 'I don't know, Peter.'

'And where's Felicia?'

'I don't know, Peter,' he said again. 'She was sitting here a while ago.'

A sudden suspicion seized me. 'Did they disappear together?' I asked.

He gave a quiet laugh. 'I think not,' he replied. 'In fact, I know they did not. Felicia was here for some time after Burbury left. He started down toward the Rock.'

I moved back and forth for a minute or two. 'I am going to disappear, too,' I said then. 'Don't you want to come, father?'

'You are n't going to the Rock, Peter?' he asked, rather anxiously, I thought.

'I am not going to the Rock,' I answered. 'I am going somewhere out of range of that devilish lighthouse.'

He laughed again, quietly, and came with me. We walked aimlessly at first, but there was no protection from that blinding flash except on the west side of the house, and that is not a pleasant place to stroll. My driveway comes around there, and it is too close to the barn. I bethought me of some lilac bushes and a honeysuckle trellis behind which I had seen Mike putting up a rustic seat. They are on the east side of the house and exposed to the full glare of the flash, but the seat is in shadow; or I had flattered myself—or Mike—that it was. It was not completely in shadow, but I did not find that out at the moment.

We strolled round toward the seat I have mentioned, our feet making no sound on the short grass, and were nearly there, when that abominable lighthouse turned on its searchlight. I saw the sheen of a dress on the seat. I could not see more, the light dazzled my eyes so. It must have dazzled Felicia's eyes, too. The dress was Felicia's. I was about to call to her when I heard her voice.

'Oh!' she cried rather low. 'That light is so bright!'

The light was gone, leaving me staring into utter blackness. And there came another voice from the direction of the seat. It was Burbury's, and it was very low, so that I scarcely heard the words.

It was something about 'only one girl in the world for me.' And '—always have been.'

'But you went away,' Felicia murmured in reply, her voice unsteady. 'You went away without a word. Why, Burbury?'

Again I heard Burbury's voice. 'Vagabond —' and 'could n't ask —' were all I heard.

Evidently that was no place for me. It was no place for any one but those two. I put my hand on my father's arm to enjoin silence, and we stole away on tiptoe before the lighthouse should flash again. There was no need to enjoin silence upon my father. I found that out in another minute.

'Well!' I said as soon as we were safe on the piazza. 'What do you know about that, father?'

He was smiling quietly, I knew, although I could see nothing.

'I suppose I know all about it, Peter,' he answered. 'Burbury told me the whole story the other day. I promised to tell nobody until Mary Alnwick comes.'

'That means me, I suppose. But why Mary Alnwick? What has she to do with it?'

'That's a part of the story. I'm afraid you'll have to wait until tomorrow, Peter.'

I was not to hear more, apparently, and I went to my room to engage in that occupation which I have mentioned.

As I was going to bed, a little later, I heard a man's voice singing snatches from various familiar operas. The voice was rich and powerful, and well-trained. It was Burbury's voice, of course. I had been stupid not to think of him as having a voice, with that great chest of his, but he had never said anything that would lead me to think that he knew how to sing. It was like him. He never exploits himself.

He ended up with the Sextette from Lucia. It may seem strange that I could derive any pleasure from one voice trying to sing a sextette. I did. It may be because I am very fond of it, in spite of what modern critics may say,

—not that I know what they say,—and very familiar with it. His voice is a baritone of wonderful power and richness and beauty; and he filled in the other parts by humming or singing them, when he was not singing his own,—even the soprano, in a clear falsetto,—in a remarkable way which served to suggest six voices instead of one. It may be because I knew it so well that I seemed to hear all the parts going at once, but I could not doubt that he heard them all as I did. Altogether, it was a great performance. I did nothing at all but stand at my window, scarcely drawing breath, until it was over.

As I turned back again there was a soft step at my door.

‘Good-night, old Peter,’ said Felicia softly.

Old Peter! And I am but five years older than Felicia. She is no spring chicken, if it comes to that; twenty-four years old on the fourth of June.

‘Good-night, my child,’ I answered, with the smooth tones of a promoter. ‘Sleep well!’

There was one of Felicia’s sudden bursts of laughter and I heard her going on to her own room. I had not heard a sudden burst of laughter from Felicia since the day she got back.

I had got into bed, and was just dropping off to sleep when there was another step at my door.

‘I say,’ called Burbury’s voice, ‘Peter!’

‘Go to the devil!’ I growled, exasperated. ‘What do *you* want?’ This was no time for confidences.

At that there was a sudden burst of laughter from Burbury, but subdued, as though he were afraid of disturbing somebody. He did n’t mind disturbing me.

‘I say,’ he asked, ‘is your horse good for two trips to town in one day?’

What did the fellow mean? Was he

going after a license? But I did n’t care. I wanted to sleep.

‘Yes, he is,’ I answered. ‘Twice in a morning if you like.’

‘Thank you,’ he said. ‘That was what I really wanted t’ know. Sorry to disturb you, Peter. Good-night.’

He went away, stepping lightly. No doubt he would have whistled if he had dared.

VI

When I got down, this morning, I found my father sitting in the dining-room alone. I looked at him inquiringly, half expecting to learn that Burbury and Felicia had gone off together, leaving me to welcome Mary Alnwick. He smiled and answered my look.

‘Good-morning, Peter.’ I had forgotten my greeting. Trust father not to forget his to me or to any one! ‘Burbury went off to town about seven o’clock. He wanted to go earlier, but I persuaded him that it would be of no use. Felicia is not down.’

I was somewhat relieved, I found. Probably Burbury ran Chief at the top of his speed all the way, but that would not tire him so much as going slowly. Father and I ate our breakfast in silence; a companionable silence. Felicia did not appear. She is not accustomed to be late.

‘Shall I call Felicia?’ I asked.

‘Felicia was rather tired,’ he replied. ‘I would n’t call her, I think. She will be down presently.’

‘Oh, if she is all right —’ I began. And I did not finish what I had begun, but I strolled over to the window and looked out; and because I could not see the reef I went out. Father did not come with me.

Presently I wandered over to the barn and then down to my boats, and took an old broom and fell to cleaning their bottoms; as much of them as I could reach. Suddenly I felt a breath

of air. I straightened up, threw the broom on the float, hoisted my sails, and went out.

It was a lovely morning. There was a gentle breeze coming in from the southwest and a soft bluish haze over the whole horizon; over things as near as Lesser Pungatit and Singing Reef. The outlines of the island were not sharp, but softened — glorified by the haze into things of beauty on which the sun shed a softened light. Even the Mary Sayles, the wreck on the reef, partook of that glory, and the tug, too. And the imagination has little chance with a four-masted coasting schooner, — I don't know why they seem so awkward, but they do, — the imagination, I say, can do little with a four-masted coaster, and still less with a tug.

So I cast myself into the arms of the morning; and the ketch sailed herself while I — but I have no recollection of doing anything. I did not even steer, I think.

What was time to me? I did not care if I did not get home before the crack of doom.

But the ketch seemed to know. It was just twelve o'clock, — I knew it was twelve, for I heard the village bell, and I counted the strokes, — it was just twelve when I was near enough to my Rock to perceive that it was a stranger who stood upon it. I looked at him through my glass. The slight motion of the ketch prevented me from seeing clearly, but I saw well enough to be sure that it was a stranger. If a man were to be judged by his clothes, this man was a gentleman. I know better than to judge a man by his clothes, I hope, but at least it was no Syrian. Would a Syrian be clad in a well-fitting suit of tweeds and carry a stick as though he had been born with it? I hurried.

The gentleman was still standing

there when I came upon him, but he had his back to me. I made some noise in going over the stones, and he turned.

'How are you, Peter,' he said, smiling rather shyly. 'Obliged for the horse. I hope it won't hurt him, goin' there twice in a mornin'.'

I was puzzled, and I must have shown it, for Burbury seemed to feel obliged to make some explanation.

'I went for some clothes I ordered,' he went on, 'from my tailor.' He appeared ashamed of mentioning the matter.

'Your tailor!' I exclaimed incredulously. 'In the town?'

'In London.'

'Oh,' said I.

And there fell a silence which neither of us knew how to break. We stood until I was tired of it.

I seated myself. 'Afraid to sit down, Burbury?' I asked.

He grinned gravely — a man can grin gravely — and sat down. He said nothing; and we sat there like two graven images, watching the tug, which was industriously pumping air.

'The tide is almost in,' I remarked finally, becoming tired of the silence.

He nodded, but he did not speak.

'Is anything the matter, Burbury?' I asked, when I could stand it no longer.

'I'm nervous, Peter,' he answered. 'I have hard work to breathe; give you my word. You would n't believe it, but there are times when I'm overcome with shyness.'

He stopped and swallowed hard, and did not speak for some time. I waited. I knew it would come: the whole of his story, probably.

'I think you ought to know, Peter,' he resumed at last. He spoke slowly and was tracing patterns on the rock with his stick. 'Somethin' 's happened. It's what I'd given up hopin' for.

Felicia, you know. Nothin' sudden about it. I've been waitin' for it for —'

He stopped again and looked toward the house. I looked. There stood Felicia, waving to us.

'They want us, Peter,' said Burbury, with a sigh of relief.

He got up hastily and started off at a tremendous pace.

'Hold on!' I cried. 'Don't you know that a fellow can't walk so fast over stones and stubble with no shoes?'

He glanced back in surprise; then he smiled and came back and held out his hand. I took it.

'Thank you, Peter, for remindin' me,' he said. 'I had n't really forgotten, you know. We'll walk up together.'

He dropped a step or two behind me as we mounted the steps. We had not more than got onto the piazza when Mary Alnwick came out. I supposed that, of course, it was Mary Alnwick. I don't know what she could have thought of me. My mouth hung open, I am reasonably sure, and I have no doubt that I was staring. I don't know what I thought of her. I have thought enough about her since; enough to please even Felicia. I wonder if it would please Mary Alnwick.

There was a certain triumph in Felicia's manner as she presented me. She had a right to feel it. I am afraid that I only smiled like any fool and mumbled unintelligible things. I did n't know what I was saying. There is some excuse for me. As for Mary Alnwick, I thought she seemed unnaturally grave, perhaps a little sad, although I had no means of knowing what degree of gravity was natural to her, being at that moment in the process of meeting her for the first time. I thought, too, that she seemed to be a little reproachful of Felicia for being gay. I did not see what reason there was why Felicia

should not be gay, and there seemed to be abundant reason why she should; but perhaps Mary Alnwick did not know it. Felicia need not have been flippant. She was.

I saw Mary Alnwick, — I was watching her face, you may believe, — I saw her stop suddenly in the midst of her greeting to me, and her face went as white as a sheet. She was looking over my shoulder, and it was just as if she saw a ghost there. Then the color flooded her face and she brushed me aside.

'It is!' she cried. 'It is!'

I turned and saw Burbury standing there, bashful and grinning, with Mary Alnwick's arms round his neck. She kissed him on both cheeks.

'Why, Bubs!' she cried. 'Who would n't be Bubs? 'Why-ee, Bubs! And we thought —'

She could not speak for a moment. Then she turned and saw me staring at them.

'You know, of course, Mr. Harden,' she began; and then Burbury chuckled, and Felicia laughed, and Mary Alnwick went on. 'You don't mean that you have n't told him!' she said, addressing Burbury and Felicia. 'Well, I think that is disgraceful.' It was, and ungrateful, too. 'Burbury is my cousin, Mr. Harden, and a very dear one. We had been trying to trace him — to find him, for a very special reason, although we don't, usually, when he is off on his vagabond trips. Three weeks ago we heard that he had been lost. That will explain my joy at seeing him — risen from the dead!' she cried softly, looking fondly at Burbury again. She gave a nervous little laugh. 'And here, of all places! Did you do it on purpose, Bubs?'

'I did n't; give you my word,' answered Burbury with an attack of entirely unnecessary laughter. 'Pure accident, 'pon honor.'

Meeting something strange in his look, I suppose, — I don't know what it was, — Mary looked at Felicia and back at Burbury.

'Tell me!' she commanded, giving him a little shake. 'What have you gone and done?'

Burbury looked helpless and thoroughly distressed. He glanced at Felicia.

'Felicia,' he said appealingly. 'Don't you think you'd better?'

Again Mary Alnwick looked accusingly from Burbury to Felicia and back at Burbury.

'Have you two —' she began slowly. She did not finish, for Burbury laughed and glanced once more at Felicia; and Felicia laughed happily, and she went to him and took his hand with a pretty air of proprietorship.

'Behold!' she said, blushing faintly. 'Are n't you going to congratulate us, Mary?'

'Well, — I'm — glad.'

That was all the congratulation they got out of Mary Alnwick. At least, it was all I heard. I was still staring at her. I suppose I shall get past that stage in time, but the time is not yet. Felicia had reason to feel impatience at my fatuous remark about her. Mary Alnwick — but I must not forget that this is supposed to be the story of Burbury Stoke, not of Mary Alnwick.

While I had stood staring, Mary Alnwick had been talking earnestly to Burbury.

'Well, I say,' he exclaimed with as much irritation as I had ever known

him to show, 'that's a go! Now, is n't it? Give you my word.'

He looked over at me. He seemed to think that I deserved an explanation, and I have no doubt that he meant to give it, but he did n't.

'Very annoyin', Peter,' he said. 'Got to go back to England directly. So prepare to speed the partin' guest again,' he went on gayly. 'You're good at that.'

Of course he would have to go back to England! But I was not prepared for such a sudden announcement. And I suppose that Mary Alnwick will go with him — perhaps.

'But you're coming back, Burbury?'

'Oh, I'm comin' back very soon, directly I finish my business. Comin' here, if I have to wreck another vessel and swim it. I see,' he added, smiling, 'that they've cleared her berth. Kind of 'em. Room for another.'

He nodded in the direction of the reef and laughed contentedly. And Felicia smiled, and she reached over shyly and took his hand again. I don't know what they did then, for I had turned and was looking in the direction of the reef, and I saw the Mary Sayles going off in tow of the tug.

I felt rather lonely. I might as well go, too, — in tow of my tug. And I slipped away and went up to my room to finish the story of Burbury Stoke. But I do not know the story of Burbury Stoke. It will have to be pieced together from the scraps that I have told — I have told all that I know; and, besides, his story seems to be but just begun.

WOMAN

BY HARRIET ANDERSON

'MALE and female, created He them.' The dawn of Creation saw the beginning of the problem which confronts us to-day. It is man who has made the woman question possible. Perhaps he feels that woman is making it impossible! Certainly she is following some blind alleys, and as certainly man is blockading the path to open vistas. Man must help all he can to better and forward the woman movement, for it is also a man movement and involves him. But, if the woman movement is conducted on certain lines now in evidence, it is bound to break down. So long as woman tries to find herself in man, it will go to pieces. She must find herself in herself. Man and woman are different, yet they are made for each other in a sense which we have not yet been large-minded enough to grasp. It is worth while to consider some ways in which woman differs, and in what directions lie her purposes. Perhaps we can get light on that great, oracular phrase, 'Das Ewig-Weibliche zieht uns hinan' — which is German for 'Cherchez la femme!'

I suppose the most rabid single-sex agitators must admit that society is made up of men and women. The most abstruse philosophers must admit with the most simple that in this world there is a ceaseless *being* and *becoming*. Do not the men and women who make up the human part of the world differ in their relation to this eternal process? Look at their bodies. Man's gives out strength and energy in action; woman's stores them up in endurance. Man

reaches out toward his aim; woman reaches in. There is an immediateness about woman; she seems to be in the heart of life's secret, which man strives toward in vain. The Great Teacher has said, 'Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child, he shall in no wise enter therein.' It is a fact based on scientific research that woman 'remains nearer to the infantile type.' There may be no particular value in the connection, yet it is interesting.

We find, then, in the nature of the two sexes that man has preëminently the quality of *becoming*, and woman that of *being*. It is not accident which has made woman play the greater rôle as a subject of man's art. Does she not in her own being solve the problem which has pursued, worn, and ruined many men — the problem of the struggle between the personal and the universal? Is she not the repository of creative force? This harmony with divine nature is hers by birthright. It has been taken from her. She must win it back.

Divine nature! Before going any further, many will wish that term more clearly defined. Some will quarrel with it in any case. The term is difficult of definition. It stands for Goethe's word 'Gott-Natur,' and it is, I think, a different thing from the back-to-nature slogan of a few years ago. There is no sense of 'back' in it at all; it is forward. Why should we go back to what we have with so much effort come from? This divine nature means a conception which has futurity in it, which must be realized if we are not to stand still.

Christ says, 'God is Spirit'; Science says, 'Evolution is Spirit.' We have left theological wranglings and philosophical disputes to give ourselves over to science. The study of evolution has changed our attitude toward nature. Can it be that through this study we are coming to a synthesis of these three — theology, philosophy, and science? We find that there is a cosmic intelligence, and an individual intelligence, and that in the harmony of the two lie wisdom and wealth. It is really beginning to dawn on our senses that the individual is not the centre of the world, but that each is a part of the whole. Each one, it is true, is a whole in himself, as a blood corpuscle is; but, like a corpuscle, incomplete in himself.

We are shifting to a very respectful attitude toward nature, toward this everlasting process of being and becoming, passing and appearing. We do not train nature. Nature is training us! Who invented the steam-boiler? Who invented the electric plant? Who invented the air-ship? Nature! And who invented Watt, Edison, and Lilienthal? Nature, divine nature! What is it that makes men perfect the technic of locomotion? Nature, calling them into the country where they are nearer her. To-day nature is calling us more distinctly than ever before. We feel more keenly the divinity of which we are a part; of which tree and stream are a part. But when we endeavor to identify ourselves with the All, we come into conflict with the feeling of personality! Thus man, to whom the attribute of personality is a native inheritance cannot easily bring himself into harmony with the universe, though he looks on this harmony as his goal and, therefore, it is he who worships woman, the symbol of it. She is the symbol of creativeness, the divine creativeness which, in spite of contact with the world, accomplishes its wonders

through its own inherent power. Therein lies woman's significance and strength.

A bare outline of social development will make clear the starting-point of woman's estrangement from her own power, this power which moulds men even as an impersonal force of nature.

When Adam dived and Eve span,
Who was then the gentleman?

This well-known Utopia in miniature takes us a step beyond the time when Eve did the delving and there was no spinning; for at first, as we know, the woman engaged in all the more stationary pursuits round the 'home,' while the man went away on dangerous, fatiguing hunting trips. Both sexes labored. There was no 'question,' nor was there any prearranged standard of what one sex should do or not do. According to their organic differences they naturally chose the work best suited to them, and carried it out valiantly. Later, when through failing supplies man was cut off from the activities of the hunt and fight, he began to take up agriculture and the more settled occupations which had been woman's. Here, by virtue of his greater energy and inventiveness, he soon became master, and she was left mistress inside the home, her activities still many, but narrowed in scope and more restraining.

Gradually the greater energetic force of man made him dominant in all activities. His economic and social inventiveness made him absolute master. Woman, instead of being economically productive as formerly, became economically dependent. Instead of being a necessity, as the sun or rain, she became a luxury, as vice or any other superfluity. Instead of being sought out as an equal and a needed mate, she was forced to use her innate cunning in competition to win him. She

accepted his standards. She accepted his ideals.

Now, while man was very busy, seeking first not the kingdom of God and its righteousness, but the material world and its resources, he developed that curious katabolic thing, personality: a quality or state of being peculiar to himself, the natural outcome of his inherent nature and training. This dynamic force has been man's strongest asset. On his feeling for personality rest all his accomplishments. It is essential that he keep this feeling. He must be allowed untrammelled action, for only thereby can he find power to do, and the entire mechanism of things done in the world is man's work.

To woman, anabolic in her habits of body, different in her disposition, this fact and feeling of personality is foreign. Woman is not a personality. She is a symbol. This is by no means assigning to her an inferior place. Far from it. To regard woman as an inferior man is foolish, and as long as the woman movement, working on that basis, tries to prove that she is an equal or superior man, it must break down. As long as scientists and scholars insist on treating the points where woman differs from man as inferiorities, so long will their work remain useless. Equally foolish is the discussion as to which is the more highly organized. Both are superior; both complete. They are merely different.

Woman has a different nature, a different purpose; and the self-centred feeling of personality is impossible to her. She is god-centred, a symbol of divine nature, a power working through man to accomplish what she will. She is to men the vision of creativeness, and this vision it is their part to make reality. One has only to look at the curious results of woman's interpretation of the word personality, and her application of it to herself as a

'right,' to see how ill this man-quality fits her. When woman starts out with a baleful determination to 'live her own life,' it makes one weep or laugh, according to one's temperament. Woman's strength and power lie not in a pseudo-personality, but in her nearness to divine nature.

All the creative work upon which our civilization rests owes its existence to the feeling of personality in man. If this feeling is weakened by the feminist agitation of the time, the whole fabric of our world is in danger. In support of this contention, let me quote from Dr. Georg Groddeck of Baden Baden, Germany, whose stimulating ideas have set me thinking again on this whole subject, and to whose arguments, used by his permission, many passages in this paper are directly due.

'On this feeling of personality,' says Dr. Groddeck, 'rests a man's sense of duty, his energy, his capability for sacrifice, his worship of the Idea. Without this worship of the Idea, which has always created all the deeds of man, everything is lost that has been won. Every great and beautiful thing in life is the work of the man; it is the work of personality in man, and that will remain so, for only a human being who possesses personality can do creative work; and woman has no personality.'

No one can deny that this same ebullient personality in man has aided him in cruelty and oppression in regard to woman. He has indisputably kept her as his toy or his ox or his ass or a stranger within his gates. He has prevented her from taking any part in the 'march of mind,' from keeping pace with him, from being what she ought to be. Worst of all, he has slowly and thoroughly robbed her of her sense of duty. That was 'the most unkindest cut of all,' for only through the possession of a high sense of duty and dignity in her calling can woman accomplish

her great purpose. A prototype of Mother Nature, a symbol of divine creativeness, woman finds her beauty, her goal, her god-head, in motherhood. In what way she discharges this great office lies the crux of the woman question, and the determination of the future.

In woman's hands is placed the destiny of the race. *She* must decide whether or not we are to walk that path which shineth more and more unto the perfect day. *She* controls the quality of posterity. *She* has her hand on evolution's course. In the face of that, is it 'rights' she is after? *Rights!* What has any one to do with rights? *She* has *duties*, heavy, constant, supreme. Let her noble revenge on man be to restore to him *his* sense of duty which he lost in depriving her. *She* can do this, if *she* will, for *she* is the great educator and stimulator of man. *She* stirs his heart and binds him to her in reverence and love.

This love, however, is different in man and woman. Its morale is looked at from two different standpoints. To the woman feeling is everything; to the man, reason. The man loves his wife as the symbol of the All, this impersonality which compels his allegiance. He worships her as the highest idea of his life. *She*, on the other hand, loves him in particular, loves his personality, his immediate ego. To worship an idea and to love impersonally are two abilities not native to woman. *She* is physically much more bound to him than he to her. *She* becomes his flesh, and her fidelity is more a natural law than a moral question. His fidelity, however, is preëminently a moral act, an act of his power and will. It is not always a sign of moral greatness. When a man is narrow in mind, and insignificant in quality, it is no effort for him to be faithful; but when he is high-minded, and glowing in personality, the effort

becomes great. As he demands more from himself, he also demands more from his wife. He can be faithful if she grows with him; he can be faithful if she has once given him the keys to divine nature and changed the world for him, even though she herself has lost significance; but when she utterly blots out divine nature for him she deprives him of the highest to which he is by right entitled. For this reason, man must not be judged exclusively by the feminine idea of fidelity. A man of personality and strength who is not faithful to his vows, alone knows why he injures himself, and for himself he must be judge to clear or condemn.

It is just here, in regard to loving, that women show, perhaps, their greatest need of a revived sense of duty. They have lost all dignity and guidance of divine nature in a thoughtless chase after 'happiness.' Brought up to regard their own happiness as the one aim and object of life, they have lost the sense of mighty Nature's purpose, lost the reverence for life, for their pressing responsibility. The tremendous words from Faust — 'Das Ewig-Weibliche zieht uns hinan' — fall on deaf ears and hardened consciences. We have the criminal spectacle of a woman's not achieving her purpose for fear she will not be 'happy.' *She* selfishly commits inverted murder by not allowing the race to be born that should come to flower. Or we see a woman rushing to a marriage of happiness, regardless of whether the husband is diseased or not, whether he is fitted to her in race or character. *She* has no idea of direction, control, or responsibility. *She* must fearlessly face facts of life, learn to discriminate between instinct and will, longing and love.

The idea that woman must marry 'only for love' has bred about as much evil as one could expect from an emotional catch-phrase! It has led woman

to think that she possesses a unique, peculiar feeling. She has lost sight of the fact that she is possessed by the great world-force. She thinks this 'love' is something above appreciative study, just as a piously brought-up freshman is horrified in her English class at the thought of criticizing Milton. Milton is 'above criticism.' It takes her some time to understand that criticism was necessary in order to place him above it, and then she realizes that leaving him there is an incomplete criticism which gives her no basis of knowing why he is a splendid name in poetry. She gradually sees that a critical study of him does not mean moral disintegration, but integrity. In somewhat the same way, woman must see her duty to study and direct this force that 'makes the world go round.' She shares it with all living creatures, and she, of all living creatures, can make it the most beautiful thing in the world. Behold now our blind and diseased, drunkards, epileptics, prostitutes! A branch of this evil may be cut off by the woman's ballot, but the root will not be touched. That lies within her.

Though women have estranged themselves from divine nature as givers and trainers of life, though many mothers are untrue to their trust, it is significant that only single and childless women decry the demands that motherhood makes. It is true that woman must be restrained in her activity if she is to accomplish her purpose. Nature has shown that quite definitely. On physical conditions alone woman is kept in bounds which do not affect man. This does not mean that woman's work is less valuable or interesting or comprehensive. This does not mean that woman should not have college and university training, that she should not have the ballot, that she should not partake in the tasks of

the work-a-day world. But it does mean this: she should have all these as radii leading to the centre of motherhood. In the way in which she performs her duties as mother lies the heart of all progress. She is *par excellence* the lover, and man is the doer. If she tries to be a second man, the woman movement must fail; if she insists on being herself, it must come to fragrant flower and wholesome fruitage.

One of the most subtle and insistent bondages which woman suffers is her slavery to the man-ideal. Will she do anything? She unconsciously places the man-standard before her endeavor. She measures herself by his rules. Her measure should be her own divine nature! Woman is the brooder, she is near the heart of divinity, she overhears godlikeness. Let her be the educator of the thought which will take his activities up and down the earth. Let her be the stimulator of the deed which will take him to conquer ocean and air. There lie her two peculiar fields, — education and stimulation.

To say that her peculiar field is education would seem to satisfy at once those who interpret from the foregoing any narrowing of woman's 'sphere.' To fit herself to bear beautiful children, train them to be honorable, intelligent men, and honorable, intelligent women, surely opens up an educative field which can not justly be called narrow. It is by her own gratuitous interpretation that she thinks this means keeping her among the ashes of her hearth in continual mental darkness. To be able to educate her sons and daughters she will need to be at one with her inherent divine nature, and any study or line of work which can help her to that end is good. Think what she needs of biology, psychology, philosophy, to give her a basis of ideals from which to get and give spiritual direction, — to say nothing of other

branches needed for definite, practical work! Here again she must free herself from man-standards. She does not need to study these subjects as men do, giving up their entire lives to their great problems; but for her own use she can get a knowledge of these sciences which will change her whole attitude and give her strength and enthusiasm to inculcate vital, normal ideas into her children; to be actually a *help-mate*, instead of a *hindrance-mate*.

She can then teach her daughter in what way, and in how far, she differs from man. Hers is the sex which is born with a 'calling.' Man waits for his call, follows it or not, fails or not. Woman is the bearer of, and carer for, the next generation. She has, as woman, a special task. She is the homemaker. For that task she needs all that education in both its narrow and its broad senses can give her. She, the shaper of the future, should acquire first of all a holy and natural regard for life, so that she will not bring into the world any child who cannot be well-born and well-reared. Why an indiscriminately large family? Why should there be so many people? Nature must be prodigal in plant and animal, that the species may survive; but conditions among human beings are not the same. We do not need lavishly to create children so that two or three may remain. Quality is what we need.

She can teach her daughter to carry on the education of love, teach her how it has been made a horrible fetish, and how she needs to bring all her energy to making it a wholesome religion for herself. Poor Love! The greatest art in the world, and no one studies its technic; the most intimate science, and no one studies its origin, potentialities, or growth. The daughter must be taught not to mistake for a special, individual love her compelling maternal instinct and desire. She shares it with all na-

ture. It is only after marriage, after close companionship with her husband, that a woman can *love*. Before that, her emotion was merely longing. It is her duty to choose as wisely, as unamorously as possible, the mate who is to be the father of her child. The future of the race is in her keeping. Our progress toward harmony with divinity lies in her decisions.

She must realize, also, that she is incomplete without motherhood. It is a biologic fact that the man is always male entirely, but the woman after marriage is a mixture of maiden and man. It is, indeed, the very exceptional single woman who does not exhibit some abnormality, some lack of completeness, some one-sidedness. Woman needs contact with man to complete her nature. Married life is natural, it is normal, it is the basis from which progress is possible, and woman should regard it as her high duty to enter into it. She should be taught to pass on the torch of life in the light of this *being* and *becoming*. She should teach her children to feel themselves a part of the whole, and to keep in harmony with it. They are channels for divine nature. They must learn that life is fluid, that the eternal process of being and becoming is an eternal change in eternal changelessness. The children must grow on beyond their parents, or what is the point of marriage? Although they cannot 'borrow experience,' they can be better prepared for it.

The training of the son would be naturally somewhat different from that of the daughter. First of all, he should be trained to deeds, for he is the future doer. He should be fired with an exuberant love of life, taught to accept serenely the great processes of birth, growth, decay. Everything should be done to develop his personality, the marvelous force which in man corre-

sponds to the marvelous force, mother-love, in woman. He should be trained to feel himself a part of divine nature, a tool of hers. Woman he should be taught to regard not as an inferior kind of man, but as an equal being at his side, different from him in service and purpose. He should be taught to reverence divine nature in her, and in himself strength and creativeness. He must realize the seriousness of marriage, and his duty to beget only sound, able children. The enticements of a life of sensuality he must scorn. He must live wholesome, strong, active, a life near to the nature of mountain and river, storm and sky. He must take a stern part in the great cosmic plan, and know that duty and not happiness is the nobler aim.

Woman cannot escape her fate. If she will not make it a glory for humanity, she can only spoil it. She is, for weal or for woe, the educative and stim-

ulative force of mankind. The French are right in their diagnosis, '*Cherchez la femme.*' The German is right with his more remedial statement, '*Das Ewig-Weibliche zieht uns hinan.*' There is always a woman back of the deed the man does. Will she help man to bring his personality into harmony with the universe? Will she help him to that cosmic unselfishness which places one's self gladly as a part of the whole, a less than the all? Will she open men's ears to Bacon's significant aphorism, '*Nature is to be commanded only by obeying her*'? Will she make true the reverent words of a German physician, '*An archetype of God: that is woman*'? 'In her, man loves past and future; to him through her streams creative power, will, high endeavor. Woman is, in truth, the source of the most beautiful of earthly things, a being whose praise will never end, a symbol that leads upward: verily, a mother of God.'

SUNDAY: A DAY FOR MAN

BY GEORGE PARKIN ATWATER

WHEN our ancestors discarded the mediæval hair-shirt as a means for mortifying the flesh, they were careful to create substitutes. These latter provisions were not crudely physical, but they were as subtly oppressive to the spirit of man as were the hair-shirts to his body. To our grandfathers one of these spiritual inflictions was known as Sabbath observance. It consisted of a fixed code of acts permissible, and of offenses not to be tolerated, on the first day of the week.

Sabbath observance as thus practiced may be traced to two sources. First, to an undue emphasis upon the sterner Old Testament teachings, with a consequent stress upon the fourth commandment. To men struggling with the primal needs of life and society the iron virtues of the older sacred literature were more adaptable, ay, even more intelligible, than the Gospel precepts.

In the second place, it may be traced to the fact that in many parts of our

land, one hundred years ago, society was nearer in spirit to the social conditions of ancient Israel than to the complexities of modern life. The primitive conditions that prevailed in rural communities in our early history have affected the observance of Sunday. When men worked all day in the fields what was more natural than that they should prefer to spend Sunday indoors with their families; or that they should enjoy discussing the crops with their distant neighbors in the porch of the church? They wanted on Sundays what they did not get on week-days. Under the stress of naturally religious temperaments these habits became fixed, inexorable, and intolerant of change.

The severity of Sabbath observance under these two influences — for the sternness of the first blighted the natural joyousness of the second — had a distinct and disastrous effect upon the children. Thomas Bailey Aldrich, in *The Story of a Bad Boy*, — would that all boys were as wholesomely bad, — gives a description of Sunday in the Nutter household at Rivermouth. It was like a shroud. 'People who were prosperous and natural and happy on Saturday became the most rueful of human beings in the brief space of twelve hours. I don't think there was any hypocrisy in this. It was merely the old Puritan austerity cropping out once a week. Many of these people were pure Christians every day in the seven — excepting the seventh. Then they were decorous and solemn to the verge of moroseness.'

Dickens, in *Little Dorrit*, has painted a gloomy picture of a child's Sunday in London. It is somewhat different in detail from the Sunday in New England, but it has the same doleful atmosphere. 'Everything was bolted and barred that could by possibility furnish relief to an over-worked people. . . . Nothing to see but streets, streets,

streets. . . . There was the dreary Sunday of his [Clennam's] childhood, when he sat with his hands before him, scared out of his senses by a horrible tract which commenced business with the poor child by asking him in its title, why he was going to perdition? — a piece of curiosity that he really in a frock and drawers was not in a condition to satisfy — and which, for the further attraction of his infant mind, had a parenthesis in every other line with some such hiccoughing reference as 2 Ep. Thess. c. iii, v. 6 and 7.'

The children were oppressed; and the revolt has followed. With it has come a new world and a new type of men. Sabbath observance, in the old sense, is gone in our land. With it have gone much wholesome restraint and many beneficial practices. Our modern Sunday is a chaos. Under the cloak of privilege many evils are rampant, and under the guise of principle many natural liberties are denounced. The battle is on. The Church, the guardian of Sunday, has a problem exceedingly complex and intensely modern.

Its complexity is not unique. It is a condition which surrounds all problems of morality, the distresses of society, and the failures of our civilization. It arises from the intricate machinery of industrialism and our highly organized social forms.

Is the Church losing the battle? To all outward appearances, yes. In reality it has not yet done more than skirmish. But the skirmish has startled men by the suddenness with which it has revealed the inadequacy of the weapons with which the Church hoped to crush the adversary. A great light is dawning.

The first duty of the Church in the discharge of its guardianship of Sunday is to make absolutely clear to itself and to others what the Church intends to uphold. If it plans to restore

that ancient austerity known as Sabbath observance, then it must first undertake the easier task of restoring the hand-loom and the stage-coach.

If, on the other hand, its task is to create or arouse an appreciation of all those elements of wholesome living, for the upbuilding and enjoying of which Sunday becomes the opportunity, then it must reckon no part of that task too arduous.

To formulate any valid principles for action we must free the mind from faulty or irrelevant conceptions. They do more than obscure the issue: they prevent the solution of the problem. The Sunday question has been clouded by several popular misconceptions. The Church cannot take one step forward until certain facts are plainly asserted.

The first is this: the observance of Sunday was not originally based on the fourth commandment or any other Jewish ordinance. The principle of the Sabbath is not identical with the principle of the Sunday. The change from the seventh to the first day is insignificant compared with the vast difference between those two days. To condense a whole volume of historical investigation into a sentence, it may be said that there is not a shred of evidence that the Jewish Sabbath with its peculiar sanctions developed into the Christian Sunday. There is a vital distinction between the two, because the principle of the Sabbath was *rest*, while the peculiar mark of Sunday for centuries has been *action*.

The second fact to be asserted is this: an act is no more immoral on Sunday than on a week day unless (a) it is a transgression of a statute law framed to safeguard Sunday, in which case there attaches to the act a legal, not an ethical immorality. Any possible ethical immorality involved is not in the act, but in the lawlessness of the

person performing it; or unless (b) it is an act, like unnecessary labor, which encourages a practice whose universal indulgence would deprive men of their higher privileges or prevent their more sacred duties in life.

Such statements lead us at once to the origin and purpose of Sunday.

Sunday is a Christian institution. It originated in the Apostolic practice of meeting for religious exercises on the first day of the week in memory of our Lord's resurrection. It was a festival — a day of joy and gladness — an echo of the first Easter. As such it continued. When Constantine issued the famous Edict of Milan in 313, by which toleration was extended to the Christian religion, he gave imperial sanction to the first day of the week. The Christian church, as a whole, has never relaxed its observance of Sunday as the festival of the resurrection, although in divers times and places it has obscured this character of the feast by other and more remote sanctions.

But it was a bold stroke on the part of the Church in later days to claim Sunday as its own to the exclusion of other interests that are involved in its observance. For it must not be forgotten that, although the Sabbath and Sunday are of distinct historical origin, they are both the expression of that necessity, imposed on man by divine law and human infirmities, to change the occupations, thoughts, interests, and habits of man at least every seventh day. Otherwise the man suffers and the race degenerates. The Church, with a wisdom unsurpassed, was masterful in its strategy when it claimed Sunday, the day of coincidence of historical religious worship and natural necessity, as the time over whose entire occupations it might exercise exclusive control. To claim that the complement of a man's usual activities might be found in a day devoted exclusively to

passive and religious practices was a daring appeal to the religious instincts of man. It assumed the sufficiency of the six days for the adequate exercise of all man's faculties except the religious. For that faculty alone it claimed Sunday.

This bold claim of the Church succeeded and failed.

It succeeded, so far as success may be claimed for any religious endeavor, because the men to whom the appeal was made were men in primitive conditions of society, who indeed found in their occupations all the other elements needed for wholesome living. It was before the age of specialized labor, and the normal man could find change of thought, habit, and interest from day to day. The divine necessity which, stated as an average, was one day's change for six days' work, was satisfied by a more even distribution of both elements. The labors of men of earlier generations were a means of livelihood, a source of enjoyment, an opportunity for social intercourse, and a stimulus to active thinking. The labors of vast armies of men and women to-day are mechanical, uninteresting, monotonous, and joyless.

The Church failed because it could not anticipate these latter conditions of labor. Consequently the Church created a false impression both of Sunday and of religion; making religion a highly-specialized interest for a chosen day — an interest whose peculiar sanctions practically ceased when the sun set on Sunday.

We are now reaping the results of this claim of the Church. There can be no doubt that its motives were the highest, and its sacrifices for its ideals most noble. But of its neglect to emphasize all the uses of Sunday there can be no doubt. The age that is gone did not need this emphasis. But when the modern world was ushered in, the world of

machinery, high social organization, slavish labor, and crushing specialization, the question rushed again to confront the Church. And the question is — What is the full purpose of Sunday? Has it any purpose other than as a day for the practice of religion?

Here is the heart of the Sunday question, and here is the answer the Church must make: —

Sunday is the day when the Church will endeavor to give to each man all those elements of wholesome living of which his week in the modern world deprives him.

Would the Church in so doing surrender Sunday as its peculiar day for religious observance? No. It would rather enlarge its conception of its own purpose by including in its vision the real service of the whole man. Nor would the Church belittle its worship and practices. Under the inspiration of such a vision it would but emphasize them as the essential part of its ministry to men. It would never waver in its appeals to men to serve God. It would never fail to insist and plead that all other privileges and purposes of Sunday would be fruitless unless Sunday were employed also in upbuilding the chief of all man's conceptions, his duty toward God.

With such a conception of its duty, with the conviction that Sunday is a Christian day rightly devoted to any purpose which is advantageous in regenerating and uplifting the lives of the people, the Church would go into the struggle for righteousness in our nation with a vigor and resourcefulness never before realized. Such principles boldly stated and acted upon would enlist the interest and help of multitudes of people who now shirk their duty in the Church. They are in the curious position of doing on Sunday that of which they believe the Church to disapprove; and yet in so doing they maintain the physical efficiency necessary to their

well-being. The people have taken the Sunday question into their own hands. How great is the folly of attempting to compel men and women to look upon themselves as conventional sinners when they have not the inner conviction of sin, when their consciences are not disturbed.

That many have over-stepped the bounds and have made Sunday a day of mere pleasure, and even reveling, there can be no doubt. But is one misapprehension ever corrected by another of the opposite sort? If Sabbatarianism were defensible as a principle it might eventually prevail more largely as a practice. To maintain an indefensible Sabbatarianism as a bulwark against an equally indefensible Sunday laxity not only alienates those friendly to a Christian Sunday, but does a grave injustice to the broader principles of religion. If Sunday is to be serviceable to the righteousness that is the heart of religion, if it is to promote that wholesomeness which is the fruit of the divine process of salvation, then Sunday must be a day whose agencies are as broad as the needs of the whole man. And, to-day, the whole man needs his Sunday as he never needed it before, to correct the incompleteness of the week's work. We must never forget that the use of Sunday is not to be judged by the privileges of the fortunate, but by the needs of the vast mass of men and women upon whom the burdens and cares of this world are falling with ever-increasing weight. They are the ones for whom I make my plea.

What likewise shall be the attitude of the Church toward the children? Must the Church be apologetic and weakly admit that, perhaps, a little play on Sunday afternoon is not so very wicked? That is quite different from the practice of the saintly Keble who, in his parish at Hursley, encouraged Sunday cricket. The mind of the child

is intensely set on things modern. The boy is very impressionable to strong religious teaching, but he is intolerant of artificial sins and misty symbolism. He prefers aëroplanes to archangels. Must he be brought up to believe that proper Sunday recreation and a sincere religious life are incompatible?

But the problem is not solved by the Church's assertion of the full freedom of men to use Sunday for such interests as will upbuild them spiritually, mentally, and physically. This attitude, however, brings with it the possibility of finding a solution. The Church will organize and serve with a fresh enthusiasm if it looks upon the liberties of Sunday, not as a concession to laxity, but as a right of men which the Church must assist in maintaining.

And now I seem to hear the fatuous and shallow criticism that this is but another form of the idea, so unjustly attributed to many godly people, that if a man goes to church on Sunday morning he may do what he pleases the remainder of the day. Such a fallacious statement needs no refutation. It is not the doctrine of this article. The real principle of Sunday privilege is on the highest plane in its appeal. It is this. If a man does his duty to God on Sunday, not merely by being present at church, but by active participation in all the phases of worship, then he may use his Sunday likewise to re-create himself mentally and physically, that he may become the wholesome being through whom the great ideals of worship and character may be applied to the world's work and mediated to his fellow men.

Upon such a principle what would be the Church's attitude toward Sunday baseball, theatres, and moving picture-shows? It is a vital question. There seems but one solution. When the Church, as a whole, has awakened to its full duty; when it shall compel

the opening of our libraries and the freedom of our parks for recreation; when it shall create and use every possible agency to provide the over-wearied worker with that of which his week's work in the world deprives him; when it shall strengthen wavering hands and direct indecisive feet by its service for the uplifting of the whole man; then and only then may it logically demand of society the application of a rigorous principle. The principle is this: —

Any money-making enterprise on Sunday not essential to the continuance of life, or the protection of property over an interval of general cessation from labor, and not necessary to the fulfillment of life's higher purposes, is detrimental to the people and a menace to society.

By this principle would be justified the continuance on Sunday of such vital contributors to our social welfare as the railroads. The stopping of all traffic on Sunday would be a menace to the orderly continuance of industrial activities on week-days. This would bring hardship and privation upon an army of toilers. But by the same principle would be condemned those petty devices by which an avaricious host attempt to enrich themselves in taking advantage on Sunday of man's weakness for amusement.

The practical programme of the Church must be developed from a careful adaptation of its resources and ideals to the actual needs of the community which it serves. Freed from all suspicion of material self-interest, it

must give to each man, in their purest form, the essential things of which he is ordinarily deprived. It must give him religion. That is fundamental. If, to make him more capable of appropriating the benefits of religion, it must also give him physical recreation, even on Sunday, let not the Church shirk its duty. If it finds him dulled and apathetic by reason of the dreary and monotonous labor to which his days are enslaved, then the Church must rise to its opportunity and give him amusement.

The Church alone can do this effectively because it gives likewise that deep interest by which amusement and recreation are transformed into instruments for emphasizing the principle, so often proclaimed but so insufficiently practiced, of the brotherhood of man. It is admitted that the evils of Sunday laxity cannot be entirely eradicated by the activity of the Church. But the Church would accomplish much toward this end by well-directed efforts to make Sunday a cheerful and active day of moral and physical recreation and development for men. That it would thereby regain the respect and allegiance of the masses is certain. The Church faces a great opportunity. To grasp it completely will require patience, courage, and wisdom. Not secularizing a sacred trust, but exercising a lofty privilege, the Church must make Sunday the day for the fullest expression of its purpose to apply the vital spirituality of its Master to all the needs of our common humanity.

THE GHOUL

BY EVANGELINE WILBOUR BLASHFIELD

WE were rather a gay party on the deck of the Professor's dahabeah that moonlight evening at Luxor, but the Captain's story sobered the levity that provoked it, and we broke up in a mood half-pensive, half-constrained, that affected us all, each after his kind. This last naturally, since we were an extremely multifarious lot, thrown together for the moment by the chances of travel.

One of us was known by her own immediate party as the Investigator, and the dinner and the brief general conversation on deck afterward were sufficient to enable the rest of us to understand why. This quite charming young person was obviously the victim of a thirst for information which she slaked by accumulating disconnected data of all kinds. Her preference, however, seemed to be for the marvelous, and she further discriminated in favor of the uncanny.

Our host, the Professor, was a savant, pleasantly tintured with worldliness, who spent his winters on the Nile; he entertained as easily as he read cursive Greek, and the dinner had been good. Among the rest were Herr Doktor Wissenkraft, a world-renowned reader of Demotic; Captain Edgerton, and Doctor Herbert, surgeon, of the Camel Corps; Achmed Effendi, an Arab, brought up in Lord Dudley's household in England and a good type of the Anglicized Oriental; Colonel Forester Pasha, K.C.B. (and more letters), Overlord of Upper Egypt, with *droit de justice basse et haute* over

all the inhabitants thereof, and a number of other persons whom — including several ladies — it is needless to particularize.

The talk at dinner had been largely of the English occupation, and the Investigator was stronger on less complicated subjects. Accordingly, after suffering some prolongation of it during coffee, she turned with a little air of decision to her neighbor Achmed, and inquired cosily, — she began with generalities, —

'Are you interested in the supernatural?'

'I might be if I knew anything about it,' he answered in the purest of British accents.

'Oh, don't you?' she lamented; 'I'm so disappointed. I thought that I should find spirits — marids and ghins and ghouls — here. Don't tell me that they have disappeared like the lotos and the chibouque!' The Investigator's violet eyes expressed sorrowful surprise.

'We have ghost-stories like yours, but none that have much local color, I fear,' Achmed replied, politely, but not encouragingly.

The Investigator was not easily baffled.

'I am sure you must know quantities of weird legends,' she said. 'Why, our sailors on the dahabeah have told us of a lot of adventures with ghins. They were a good deal alike, though, or else the dragoman who translated them edited them as well. They were always going home or returning to the boat

late at night, and the ghins appeared in the form of a camel or a buffalo; sometimes in that of a cat with fiery eyes like the one in the story of the Three Calenders, don't you remember?'

'I can't say that I do; awfully sorry though; it does n't make any difference, does it?' rejoined Achmed, trying to be courteous and wary at once. Discussing Egyptian beliefs and ideas with portionless American girls had long since palled on him.

'Of course it does. You ought to know *The Arabian Nights* by heart. I thought all Arabs learned it at school,' said the Investigator, reproachfully.

Achmed was not living up to her preconceived notion of what an Egyptian should be, and she was correspondingly severe with him.

Here Captain Egerton, whose mind moved leisurely, sauntered into the conversation.

'You were talkin' of ghouls,' he said slowly, 'and askin' if we'd ever seen one. I have. It was after Tosky in '89. You remember?' he added, addressing Cecil Carew.

The aide-de-camp looked uneasy.

'It's a long story — and hardly a dinner-table one,' he murmured to his next neighbor.

'A story, a real, true story about a ghoul! How delightful! We are all of us pining to hear it, are we not?' exclaimed the Investigator, fixing her shining eyes on the Captain's impassive face, quite unconscious that her suggestion was received with but chastened delight by the company.

'The Doctor knows it all as well as I do,' said the Captain, shifting the responsibility.

The Doctor, obviously taciturn and hitherto silent, looked round the circle scrutinizingly, then, his glance resting on the Investigator, demurred.

'The moonlight is too fine to spoil with anything gruesome,' he said.

'The scene round us is the setting for an idyl.'

Even to people densely hedged in by purely personal interests the rare beauty of the night, and the spell of the strange landscape, had appealed for a fugitive moment. The young moon, her horns turned eastward, a slender Isis-bark of silver, floated in a cloudless sky; in the still, dry air the great constellations flamed with unwonted fire to Northern eyes. Alien stars, Canopus, out-burning in his turn all Cleopatra's lamps, swung low over their own shimmering images in the gently-flowing river. On the left bank, whence the air reached us sweetly burdened with envoys from the jasmines and mimosas of Luxor's gardens, the three pyramidal peaks of the Arabian chain rose dimly-bright against a sombrely lucent sky. The faintly-outlined western shore seemed, transformed under the glamour of moonlight, to assume its true aspect, that of a mysterious and sacred realm, peopled by gods and the spirits of the blessed dead. And beneath the splendid calm of the ordered planets, and the tranquil caress of the quiet air, was always the pleasant sense of life and motion, in that smooth flood of moon-freighted water gliding silently below us.

The Investigator, in whom the pursuit of emotion via the garnering of facts had not dulled the capacity to feel emotion at first-hand, looked from river to sky, and from sky to mountains, with a quick, shuddering intake of the breath. Curiosity for the nonce was stilled, and she was content to enjoy mutely; but Captain Egerton, whose imagination was not his strong point, and whose scruples had apparently been transitory, persisted. If the Doctor was reluctant he would tell us the story himself.

'We — it was just after Tosky,' he began.

'What was Tosky?' queried the Investigator, as if with pencil poised for recording a new fact.

'It was — ur — ur — Well, you see,' explained the Captain, 'in the summer of '89, Waad en Negumi, one of the Mahdi's ablest generals, invaded Egypt.'

'Was he not the general who defeated Hicks?' interjected the Professor, who, though a loyal British subject, was not a jingo.

'The same,' returned Captain Egerton meekly. 'He was an uncommonly clever man, and an awfully plucky beggar. Really, you know, to lead an army of five thousand soldiers, as many women, babies, and camp-followers —'

'And the wretched prisoners whom he drove before him out of their ruined villages,' added Achmed.

'With no commissariat, and only a few transport camels,' went on Carew, intrepidly, 'a hundred miles across a waterless desert to fight a battle, was rather a mad project; but Negumi's plan was to avoid Wady Halfa, where our troops were stationed, and to strike across the desert to a village called Buriban and give battle there. That was where he made a mistake. He expected to find an open country, and unarmed fellaheen. Instead he found half the garrison of Wady Halfa under Colonel Wodehouse marching between him and the river just ahead of his troops, destroying the date crops in the villages so the dervishes could not victual in them.'

'Practically starving them to death before fighting them, and incidentally starving the luckless, loyal villagers also,' exclaimed the Professor.

'Oh, did you really treat those poor peasants so?' questioned the Investigator anxiously.

'Why! Why! Those were my orders. God bless my soul! I'm the Queen's soldier —'

'Baid by the Wiceroy, howefer,' mumbled the Herr Doktor.

'And my first duty is obedience to my commanding officer,' explained Captain Egerton, goaded to fluency by a sense of injustice.

'We did feel awful brutes, though,' admitted the Honorable Cecil. 'Why, the first place where we ordered 'em to pull the green dates and burn 'em, the Sheik-el-Beled, who was an old man, came to Egerton's tent and offered him two hundred pounds to spare the crop. "My people will die of hunger," he groaned, looking like one of those Old Testament prophets, Jehu or —'

'Jeremiah,' murmured the Professor, surprised by this sudden incursion into his own realm.

'What did you do,' queried the Investigator.

'Told him orders must be obeyed, and promised a steamer-load of rations for the lot when the battle was over. But he did n't believe me. They never do believe us,' added the Captain, thoughtfully.

'Well, then,' he continued, 'he refused, saying Allah forbade him to starve his people, and I had to use the koorbag. The old man could n't have stood it, but he had a son of five-and-thirty, and we laid on till the old man gave the order to cut down the dates. In the next village they had heard of our proceedin's, so we had no trouble, but in the next the sheik was childless and we had to burn the water-wheels before the beggars would give in. Now while half our flyin' column was cuttin' off Negumi's supplies, the other half, marchin' between him and the Nile, was keepin' him away from water; so his army soon began meltin' away, the women and children first, of course. Then they killed the transport animals for food, and naturally moved more slowly, and every day we potted half a dozen dervishes who ran onto our guns

to get to the Nile and drink. They stood lots of killin'. I've seen 'em with their skins full of holes, crawl to the river and die in it, lappin' up the bloody water. Well, we wandered on up the river until the Sirdar —'

'That's Anglo-Arabic for General Grenfell,' explained the Professor.

'Marched down from the north, joined us at Tosky, and forced Negumi to give battle.'

'Who was nearly deat from hungar alreaty,' added the Herr Doktor.

'I know,' rejoined the Captain, 'but the dervishes were game; they were skeletons, but they fought like devils.'

'It never seemed like a battle to me, though,' objected Cecil Carew; 'more like a big row; like the grand chain in the Lancers when half the men don't know the figure and turn the wrong way. I don't remember much about it except that I kept thinking when it was over I should get something to drink.'

'Without being shot first,' suggested the Professor grimly.

'I was dead-beat before the battle began,' added the Captain. 'My black men were so hot to fight that I had to keep ridin' up and down the lines crackin' 'em over the head to keep 'em quiet until we got our order to charge. Well, anyhow,' the Captain pulled up suddenly, 'all this has nothing to do with the story you want. When it was over we were saddled with a lot of prisoners. The dervishes we shot — not *officially*, don'tcherknow. What could we do with 'em? We had no rations for 'em, and it was kinder than lettin' 'em starve — and some of 'em escaped —'

'The old one you hid in your tent, for instance, whom you've taken care of ever since,' said Carew.

'That's because I can't get rid of him,' returned the man of war, with a fine blush at being discovered by the company in the very act of committing

mercy. 'We divided the women prisoners among our black troops. Among the young women was one tall girl with big eyes, who was by way of bein' good-lookin', though she was dark —'

'"*Sed formosa*,"' quoted the Professor; but nobody understood him save the Herr Doktor, who also knew his 'Wulgate.'

'The other women were makin' an awful row, wailin' and puttin' sand in their hair, when we took 'em into camp, but this one was quite quiet — dazed, or dull, it seemed to me.'

'Why, man, she was a Barbarian queen among those cattle,' protested Carew, in whom the makings of an æsthete occasionally appeared. 'Who knows? She may have been a gentlewoman in her own country, wherever it was. She had delicate hands that had never worked. Neither had she, poor wretch, and naturally enough her masters —'

'Her what!' gasped the Investigator.

'Her — ur — ur — husbands, then, if you like that better.'

'I don't know that I do. Please explain.'

Carew colored like a *débutante*, and twisted his baby moustache.

'You see it's like this, Miss Ising. The black trooper is a marrying man. He won't fight without his *hareemat*. In camp we bar more than one wife at a time, but we can't prevent him from changing that one rather often. There used to be a kind of informal matrimonial exchange on Fridays, which shocked the missionaries, and they stirred up the moralists at home; so we got a *mo'alem* from Cairo, whom we called a native chaplain for our niggahs, and he said a prayer over them whenever they *chassez-croissez*-ed and changed partners. It was n't an ideal arrangement, and would n't satisfy those Dissenting Liberals in Birmingham, but it was the best we could do.'

After this apology had been received in bewildered silence by the Investigator, and with covert grins by the men, — more amused than edified by this worthy effort to drape raw savagery with the mantle of British propriety, — the narrative finally fell into the Captain's hands.

It appeared that Yasmin, which was the tall woman's sweet name, made trouble at once in half-a-dozen families. The heads of several husbands and fathers already abundantly provided with domestic ties were immediately turned by her mere appearance, and after vainly trying to adjust rival claims, the aspirants were persuaded to draw lots for her, and a trooper of the Camel Corps won.

In less than a week she was on the market again, her value much decreased by the declaration of her late possessor that she had a devil in her; that she frightened him with her eyes — and then, when she had quite bewitched him, stole out of his tent at night and remained away until morning, doubtless on some gruesome business. A braver or less credulous gentleman succeeded him, and still more promptly divorced her, and then another, and another. All had fallen under the same benumbing spell; all had been rendered nerveless, motionless, by the weird force that drew a man's soul out of its sheath, and fettered it at will. All told the same story of being turned to stone under her steady look; of lying helpless while she glided from the tent, and of seeing her return at dawn, weary, haggard, with torn hands, and dust-covered head.

The Doctor, who, though he was a deft and experienced surgeon, was suspected of being a member of the Society for Psychological Research, was deeply interested in her. She made him believe in the old tales of possession, he said, and explained a lot of curious phe-

nomena. But he could n't explain her satisfactorily to the other wives in the camp, who were jealous of her to a woman, and wild with fear of her as well. There were horrible whispers about her crawling through their quarters. She was not only a sorceress, she was a vampire — a ghoul. She had been seen in the moonlight by a terrified sentry slinking like a jackal out of camp, and running toward the battlefield where the unburied dead still lay. She had returned with bloody hands the next morning.

Rumor became so busy with her, and in such hideous fashion, that the English officers were obliged to give her a tent to herself and a white man to guard it. As for the native officers, they were convinced that she was a ghoul, and clutched their *hegabs* when they passed her tent. They even asked for a court-martial to try this strange case, which the troopers would have settled more simply by throwing her into the Nile, attached to something weighty. Similar suggestions soon became ominously numerous, and the apparently childish affair rapidly assumed a sinister aspect.

It was against all precedent to interfere with the *hareemat*. The native women were outside or beneath military discipline, or indeed discipline of any sort save of the domestic variety. The code of Islam, scrupulously respected by the English Protectorate, treated the human female as an irresponsible being. The men of her family answered for her good behavior, and the law left in their hands the punishment of her misdeeds and even of her crimes. The well-bred man affected ignorance of a woman's existence. Still, English gentlemen could not allow this wretched being to be torn to pieces by a pack of she-wolves who would not long be content merely to snarl and growl at her, for only a firm belief in her maleficent

powers protected her from some horrible form of death.

Captain Egerton and Mahmoud Bey, the most skeptical of Egyptian officers, who, in spite of his Anglo-French education, and a strong desire for 'modernness' in ideas as well as in speech, still believed in the evil eye and in possession, had had an anxious consultation late one night on this apparently puerile yet fundamentally serious question. The 'poison wind' had been blowing all day, laden with sand and hot as a blast from a kiln. It had unstrung their nerves and set them jangling like loose harp-strings; it had filled them with a feverish restlessness and sent curious electrical thrills shooting through their veins. The force of the wind had slackened at sunset, but there were still fitful wafts of it, and one of them entered the officers' presence unceremoniously with Private Parkins when he interrupted their conference.

Private Parkins was Yasmin's guard, a comely, flaxen-haired English boy. On this special night something more potent than the heat had wiped the wholesome, brick-dusty color off his cheeks, which wore a wan gray look, and excitement was tugging hard at the reins of discipline when he saluted and answered Captain Egerton's interrogative, 'Well?'

'She's just gone toward Tosky — with a shovel w'ich she stole from Private Cooper,' panted Parkins. 'Directly she left camp I came to you, as was your orders —'

'How did she pass the sentry?' questioned the Captain curtly.

Parkins grinned in spite of his evident apprehension.

'She just looked at 'im 'ard, and 'e almost dropped 'is gun and ran 'owlin.'

'When did she start?'

'Five minutes ago,' replied Parkins, whose damp uniform and thumping

heart testified to the time he had made in bringing his information.

'Take that little lantern with you — no, unlighted — and hand me that flask yonder,' said the Captain, examining his revolver.

'You are surely not going to follow her?' exclaimed Mahmoud Bey in alarm.

'I surely am,' returned Captain Egerton shortly.

Mahmoud laid a shapely detaining hand on the other's arm.

'Don't! Let it alone. This is something you can't understand. You people know lots of things, but you don't know it all, you know. There are strange powers which you have n't seen at work. It's really unintelligent to disbelieve in them, because you have n't studied them and can't explain them. Is n't it, Doctor?'

'Quite right, Mahmoud Bey. I am of your opinion: there are many curious phenomena which we have not had time to investigate yet. But, of course, it is our duty to do so, when they come our way; this, for instance, is a heaven-sent occasion and I am going, too, — if I may join the excursion.'

Mahmoud shrugged his shoulders, and touched the silver *hegab* under his tunic.

'You're crazy, both of you. Is it worth the risk of being struck rigid and speechless among those wolves and jackals, or worse, finding yourselves, or what will be left of you, on four paws, gnawing carrion under a hyena's hide?'

'Oh, I say!' exclaimed the Captain. 'Come on.'

And the Englishmen hurried off, followed by the still expostulating Mahmoud.

'We'll never come up with her at this rate,' growled the Captain.

'I think you will, Captain, 'er feet is that bad — all cut and swollen — as you can easy overtake 'er,' he was

respectfully assured by the perspiring Parkins.

As they bustled through the camp, Mahmoud made one last appeal 'to their reason,' as he expressed it, and then sadly left them to run upon their doom.

The awesome predictions of this tarbooshed Cassandra rudely shook the courage of the youthful Parkins, who nevertheless plodded doggedly on in Captain Egerton's footsteps, his round boyish face stiffened with the resolve to 'see it through' at any cost. Naturally brave, he had been infected with the insidious miasma of panic which had lain like a malarial mist over the camp for many days. Fear is contagious, and even the Captain's nerves began to respond to those of his subordinate.

'I say, Doctor, perhaps you'd better go back,' he suggested, as they began to wade through the deep, hot sand of the desert, silken and tawny as the coats of the wild creatures who made it their home.

'Go back? What for? To nurse Mahmoud? He does n't need me or valerian yet. Don't you remember that I have promised *The Scalpel* two articles, one on elephantiasis, and the other on lycanthropy. I have n't had any luck with the first—I have only seen two cases since I came here; and now's my chance for the other thing, perhaps, or I may possibly be able to work this business into something else. There's a great demand for the sensational scientific article, you know. Besides, why the devil should I go back?'

'Because they need you there more than they do me. Suppose something should happen, something *real*, of course. This girl may go out to meet some of the chaps who escaped—why should n't there be some of them hangin' about? We are only three, and it might —'

'Be safer if there were only two? You're a good fellow, Egerton, but you're no logician. Go back if you like, but I won't. By Jove! There she is!'

Through a haze of sand tossed high by the restless wind, a tall figure wavered into sight, her ample draperies blown backward like huge dusky pinions.

'There's your vampire; she does look like a big bat—one of those blood-suckers from South America. She's trailing the wing, too.—Why, she's down.'

'Er feet are that cut she can 'ardly walk,' Parkins explained again.

'She's only a third-class witch, then, or she may have "put down" her broomstick since the war. Perhaps she stole the shovel for a mount and her cantrips don't work on it. She's up now.'

'And she'll hear us unless we keep quiet,' suggested Egerton.

'Not she,' contradicted the Doctor, 'with this blast in her face carrying every sound down wind.'

The figure limped on with bent head, collapsing every now and then in a mass of fallen draperies on the sand, and rising again to continue its march. Now and then it turned and glanced backward, but the three soldiers were sportsmen and had stalked creatures far more quick-eyed and alert than this halting, half-blinded quarry, and before the clinging folds of the heavy veil had been swept aside, and she was peering anxiously through the gloom, they were flat on the sand or behind some sheltering hummock. So they waded on, dripping, thirsting, gasping; the scorching breath of the desert burning the moisture from their skins, and plastering them with fine dust, until they looked like the dim spectres of the storm, brothers of the ghins the Arabs see riding wan clouds of sand.

After an hour of heavy walking, the wind which, though it seared the throat and crisped the lips, was pure and sweet as only the virgin air of the desert can be, reached them fouled with an indescribable feter, the scent of the sepulchre.

The men looked at each other in silence and quickened their steps, for the fluttering wraith before them seemed to inhale life fresh from this breath of the Pit, and pressed onward with renewed strength. A kind of vague horror of it oppressed its pursuers. Private Parkins remembered how Yasmin had merely tasted the rations he had brought her, picking at the rice just like Ameeneh, the ghoul-bride in *The Arabian Nights*, a memory of his not-remote boyhood; the Captain recalled the compelling, magnetic gaze of those deep-set eyes, which alone seemed alive in her impassive face; and the Doctor, being a wide reader, and possessing some imagination, was oppressed by various hideous suggestions. The study of nervous disorders has explained and justified certain ancient beliefs, and a dozen gruesome images flitted through the Doctor's brain as he tramped steadily on.

By this time the outskirts of the battlefield had been reached, and delicate treading was required to avoid the stragglers who lay starkly, turning grinning, eyeless faces to the dim moon, blood-red, behind dun haze. Before long the Englishmen became conscious of the living among the dead; of black shadows that slunk away before them, and once Egerton stooped and examined the foot-prints that crossed and recrossed their path.

'Wolf or perhaps hyena,' he said, half to himself; and then, as if in response to his conjecture, an unearthly sound floated toward them on the wing of the tainted wind — a sound which made their hearts plunge like panic-

stricken horses — a laugh, strident, inhuman, without mirth or significance, the cry of the ghoul. In the mean time the object of pursuit had made her way to the heart of the field of slaughter. A field it seemed, indeed, over which the great reaper had passed, mowing his plenteous harvest wantonly, for though here the dead lay in rows like ordered sheaves, there they had fallen in great whorls and broken circles, and again were piled in formless heaps as though the gleaners had garnered them in a capricious and wasteful fashion. It was a sight which should be spared all save the makers of war, and yet the kindly desert had cloaked its ghastliness. It had brought to its sons three most ancient and cunning *paraschites*, the wind, the sun, the sand, to purify and embalm the dishonored dead, and they had done their task well; but the winged wardens of the air, the earth-guardians, the feathered and furred sanitary commissioners of the wilderness, had been at work, too, with such result that those who unflinching had faced the living, quailed before the dead.

Yasmin walked on, straight as a homing bird, to an irregular stack of corpses; here she paused, bound back her veil, turned up her fluttering sleeves, and to the sick horror of those who, crouching low on the sand, watched her, began to throw the piled-up dead aside until she had uncovered the body of a tall dervish. At this moment the moon dropped her veil and glared red and sullen down on the battlefield. In the weird, unreal light, the three spectators saw the dead man lifted, after many efforts, out of the grisly heap, and dragged to a clear space of sand.

Though she had trailed him awkwardly and rather roughly over the ground, Yasmin now gathered her charge into her arms, and sinking softly down, laid the withered head gently on her shoulder. Then, with a beau-

tiful wide gesture of protection and tenderness, which seemed to enfold the beloved burden like a great wing, she swept her long veil round her dead, and rocked softly to and fro for many moments. Not a cry or a groan escaped her until she bent her head and began to kiss the Thing that lay on her breast, with shuddering sighs and tearless sobs and foolish, fond words: 'O my Strong One! O my Master! My Camel! My Beloved!' And soon, the rising tide of emotion overwhelming speech, she fell to unspoken endearments: low moans and wordless murmurs, the inarticulate language of passion.

There is something so impressive in the direct manifestation of an overmastering feeling that the three men, flat on the sand as they were, instinctively uncovered their heads. Private Parkins, sadly bejuggled by camp-gossip, turned bewildered blue eyes on his superior officers. The Doctor felt it necessary to explain the obvious.

'She's been coming here night after night to look for him, and when she found him she hid him from the crows and the jackals under those others. She's come now to bury him — and we are going to help her.'

'Hush!' warned Captain Egerton, 'she's quiet again.' For Yasmin had laid the dead man's head on her knees, and with raised arms and uplifted face sat motionless, evoking blurred memories of a Mater Dolorosa darkly seen behind flaming altar-tapers, or of those mourning Egyptian goddesses who glance into vision under the glare of the tourists' torches in the dusky depths of some temple shrine, and to whom the Aryan Madonna with her sorrows is but a newcomer. One moment Yasmin sat, as if in dumb appeal to an unresponsive heaven, before she sent her voice quavering down the wind in that lamentation for the dead which once heard remains in the memory. It is as

if the intolerable anguish of parting had acquired utterance in the long-drawn, high-pitched, poignant tremolo, which assaults the nerves even when it does not strike at the heart; as if the desolation of all bereavements had been pressed down and distilled into one bitterest essence; as if grief for the one irremediable human ill had found tongue. It is the oldest as well as the saddest of threnodies. It was ancient when the First Born were smitten; venerable when Isis and Nephthys shrilled it over the murdered Osiris; and for all we know, it echoed through the waterways of the lacustrine towns, and reverberated in the dark caverns that were nightly barricaded against the cave-tiger.

The long, plaintive cry swelled, wavered, sank, ending abruptly in a deep note, and the mourner, rising, unfastened her veil, laid it carefully over the dead, and began to dig his grave.

'It's our cue now,' whispered the Doctor.

They were close upon Yasmin before she perceived them. Quick as light she straightened her bent back, and stood on the defensive like some fierce mother-beast of the desert, her tall figure dilating, and her jewel-like eyes, which had encroached sadly on her narrowed face, seeming to emit light.

The Doctor, whose acquaintance with the vernacular was less limited than that of his companions, assumed the office of spokesman.

'O Lady,' he began, touching breast, brow, and mouth in Oriental salutation, 'we come to bury your Lord. A strong man, and a great Captain deserves a better grave than a woman's hands can make.'

The wildness of her look softened instantly; veiling her face with the webbs of her loosened hair, she resigned the shovel to the Doctor with a regal gesture. The three men worked, and

relieved each other at intervals, until a grave deep enough to baffle the paw of jackal or hyena was dug; then they moved away and left Yasmin alone for a little space with what was once her lover; and when they returned she helped them, dry-eyed and firm-lipped, to push the sand into the pit. After it was piled up, she threw herself upon it and lay there quietly, save for the long shudders which shook her from head to foot, until the Doctor bade her return to camp with him, when she rose and followed the Englishmen like an obedient child, carefully covering her face with the shrouds of her heavy hair, and keeping a certain distance, prescribed by Moslem etiquette, from her companions.

The dauntless spirit that had cowed her would-be masters, that had steeled her against the horrors of her quest, and those phantom-terrors with which the African imagination peoples darkness and solitude, had departed. Half an hour before, she had been a highly-individualized being, a valiant fellow creature with a desire and a will, enfranchised from the bondage of her sex by her high purpose; now she had be-

come again an Oriental and a woman, a thing mysterious and remote. The veil which suffering had swept aside had fallen, more impenetrable than before. The chasm between the East and the West had opened once more. The Doctor's questions she answered half-shyly, half-sullenly, in monosyllables; she either could not or would not explain the mystery of her hypnotic power; the sorceress had been cast out of her. At the door of her tent she kissed the hands of her escort with the dignity of an empress bestowing an accolade, and it was with noble humility that she bade her English friends farewell.

The Captain stopped, and for a time no one broke the silence that followed.

'What became of Yasmin?' finally questioned the Investigator, turning her face, gravely sweet, toward the story-teller. 'Did she die?'

'No. — Yes. — She was drowned in the Nile two days afterwards. There was a strong current, and the river was high; perhaps some of the other women pushed her in. We never knew. You can't tell anything about native *hareem*, and we don't interfere with 'em.'

VISION

BY MARGARET SHERWOOD

As each slipped from the place
Where all had walked with me,
I, on each passing face,
Saw immortality.

MY FRIEND THE RUBY-THROAT

BY KATHERINE E. DOLBEAR

I

SOME years ago it was suggested that we add the ruby-throated humming-bird to our list of domesticated animals and turn him to account in greenhouse work, in cross-pollinating flowers, and destroying troublesome insects. It did not seem a difficult task: just catch a few, find what their foods were, free them in green-houses, and let them do the rest.

Just catch a few! We were weeks in catching even one. For more than a year, at odd moments, we tried. Many methods were used: insect-nets, bird-lime, a spray of water, open windows with flowers inside, and finally a trap. At last! Could it really be? I hardly dared trust my senses. Yes, — it was a humming-bird squeak that came from the little bag, and the boy asked if I was the lady who would pay a dollar for a humming-bird. It must be! How had he caught it? — Under his cap! — How strange! — And had it a ruby throat? He was n't sure. Well, we could find that out.

Doors were closed and locked, and screens carefully placed in every window. Then the wonderful bag was cautiously opened. Way down in the bottom crouched the dear, funny little bird, with his bright eyes looking us straight in the face and his long bill pointing at a sharp angle from the wee body. Just a baby one — Would he die of fright? He did not attempt to fly out, so we tore open the side of the bag down to where he sat; but he

did not move. Then, placing my finger gently under his toes, and lifting slowly, I beheld the jewel upon my hand.

Never was a sweeter creature in the world. So beautiful with his green and golden reflections, with his white-tipped tail and trusting face! He looked about, not in the least afraid, and when a moment later we offered him a drop of honey from a finger-tip he sipped it off in apparent glee. Such a busy little white tongue! When the finger was removed farther and farther from the tongue, the tongue reached farther and farther for the honey. Then drops of water were given and accepted in the same way. After the lunch he still held tightly to the finger and, tipping his head this way and that, surveyed his new home. A whole house, but even that seemed cramped quarters for such a sprightly creature. The new perch of soft warm material suited his toes and he was in no hurry to leave. There he sat while I made a strenuous attempt to finish my supper in left-handed bliss.

When he was invited to sit on another's finger he decided to fly instead. The curtains had been drawn lest he should dash out his life in an attempt to fly through glass, but this proved an unnecessary precaution. Back and forth he flew, from one room to another, near the ceiling. When he tried to alight he had considerable difficulty, but finally got nicely perched on the curtain-pole and tucked his little toes under the soft meshes of curtain and went to sleep. We wondered whether he would tuck his head under a wing,

and what would become of the long bill; but his habit of sleep seemed to be different from other birds we had noticed, for he just tipped back his head and slept with upturned bill. When, an hour later, we returned with all the wild flowers of our immediate neighborhood, we found him still sleeping and his position unchanged.

Early the next morning I hurriedly crept down to see if he was impatient for breakfast; but he was still sitting where he had been the night before, and when I stood upon a chair and touched him he gave a sad squeak and opened his bill very wide, yawning like a waking child. Then he was still again, and I feared his toes were entangled and that he was dying. He seemed so weak and cold that I took down the pole to warm him; but there was no fire in the house and my hands were colder than he. To breathe upon him was the only hope, for he had fallen upon his side and his eyes were closed. Honey could not tempt his arrow tongue. No; he was dying. So short a life, so unnecessary a death! What could I do?

Remembering the stories of how easily humming-birds get chilled and how successfully they may be warmed to life, I kept breathing upon him. Faster and faster his wee body shook; was it the death-gasp or returning life? No; it was regular. Nearly an hour passed and he still lived; his health was improving, it seemed. Little eyes opened for a moment; he sat upon his feet; yes, he was surely getting stronger. But what would become of him during the next two hours while I was away from the house?

We decided to arrange a sitting-room for him; so two strawberry baskets were tied together, and in the lower one a carpet of clover blossoms was placed. While I arranged this new home he was taken into bed and kept in warm hands, which revived him so that he

tried his wings, — though without attempting to fly away, — just to see if they would work. Then he was put in his basket for safe-keeping, and this was surrounded by warm bed-clothes.

When I returned two hours later, he was in prime condition, had had an early lunch, and was flutteringly impatient for breakfast.

The box was opened, and he crept out upon my hands and was placed upon a wild rosebud in the centre of the table; and he sat there contentedly enough, looking about and sipping honey whenever a sweetened finger was presented to him. Just before we had finished he decided to have a bit of exercise, and leaving his wild-rose parlor, he flew and flew — but not high as he had the night before. This time he alighted on objects much lower — on the backs of chairs, on the frame above the hanging lamp, once upon a plate, where he struggled awkwardly like a boy on skates for the first time. He was far too apt a pupil not to learn where it was best to alight. Over the back of one chair we placed a Japanese napkin so he could hold on better, and he discovered the fact at once and never lighted again on any of the other dining-room chairs. The bunch of roses interested him greatly, and he made frequent hovering visits to them, getting his bill covered with pollen. Next, he flew upon my sister's back as she bent over the table, and made haste to clean his bill on her big apron. He flew round and round the rooms, but never dashed at a window, though the curtains were left well up. Several times, however, he tried to find out what eyes were made of, and we had to close them for protection.

Of all the flowers he seemed to like the evening primrose best, and hurried to probe each new one we presented. Red clovers he tried, but found rather unsatisfactory; dog-bane seemed to

please him, and blue-bells, sweet peas, and red lilies. We hoped that if we brought them in straight from the garden he might find tiny insects to keep him well and strong. Water and honey he had found plentifully on our fingers, and he came to believe that honey grew on skin as nectar does in blossoms, and he followed us all about, licking our faces or hands whenever he could get near enough. In the kitchen he was charmed by a big tin-can with a gorgeous red and green label. It was standing on the stove, and after trying in vain to find its nectar glands, he alighted beside it on the stove, which fortunately was cool enough, so that he was not injured.

We noticed that his wings, when he alighted, instead of being placed close to his body, drooped by his side, half outspread, as if he were prepared to dart away at any moment. Another peculiarity was his apparent inability to light while suspended buzzingly over flowers or a drop of honey. We would raise a hand beneath his little body, hoping that he would settle down upon it; but instead he would draw his tightly-curved toes closer and hang himself higher in the air — higher and higher, until he seemed to stand on his head above the flower. After several trials he learned to light when a hand was presented. At first we brought this about by having one hand over him as the other rose toward him; and he did not appear frightened in the least, simply stopped his wings and was at rest in a moment, but continued busily probing the flowers.

The greatest difficulty we had with him was in getting him to leave a finger after he had settled upon it. If he chose to rest we could not coax him off; he would nap contentedly while we carried him all about.

A large net-house had been erected for him in one corner of the room so he

need not be confined in a basket while we were away from the house, and there he spent an hour or more the latter part of the morning. Later, he had a little fly about and more honey, water, and a flower-visit; then he seemed tired and fell asleep. He was put back in his net-house to finish his nap, and a little later I found him dead.

Was it a murder, or may the accidental and unexplainable death be forgiven? Is my study destined to destroy humming-bird happiness? or may it by careful methods finally increase the ruby-throat species and add greater happiness to them and those who love them?

II

My humming-birds visited cannas, salvias, fuchsias, trumpet creepers, petunias, larkspurs, morning-glories, verbenas, weigelias, evening primroses, the cypress vine, red clover, blueberry blossoms, Missouri currants, altheas, jewel-weed, fire-weed, and red milk-weed, red field lilies, sweet peas, mignonette, phlox, orange sweet-william, lilacs, hybiscus, coral honeysuckles, lantanas, columbines, scarlet-runner beans, coral closed clematis, butter-and-eggs, and various other wild and garden flowers.

It is evidently color which attracts the birds rather than odor, for they have been known to probe the artificial flowers on ladies' hats, to fly to bright ribbons or pictures of flowers.

The birds seemed to have individual tastes, some preferring one flower, some another. The general favorites appear to be cannas, salvias, trumpet-vines, and honeysuckles. If these are in bloom it is useless to spend much time waiting for visitors among the other flowers. The honeysuckle vine will be visited perhaps ten times as often as the hollyhocks and lilies.

The frequency of the visits is a variable quantity and has often seemed to vary inversely as the square of my leisure.

The birds probably visit many gardens, often long distances apart. I have waited at sunrise in most tempting honeysuckle bowers and have been repaid for three hours' watching by but two visits. Then again, the birds have come every ten or twenty minutes until nine o'clock, and then every half-hour or hour, or at even longer intervals, till toward dusk, when they again come frequently.

A casual observer may think that the ruby-throat lives on nectar and takes his food only from flowers, but a little careful watching will show that after a visit to the nasturtium bed he alights on a dead twig in some neighboring tree. Thence he surveys the gardens, and pounces upon unsuspecting insects. Their minute size makes it almost impossible to detect what they are.

A number of times we observed that one bird would feed while the mate perched some twenty feet away, apparently watching over it. Again and again I crept up close to a bird which was busily feeding in some deep corolla, and was on the verge of dashing my net over it when, from the observation twig a few yards away, down came the mate, squeaking vociferously, and the feeding bird at once made a hasty retreat.

One day a bird which was sipping among the cannas flew to a canna leaf and, with feet curled up and wings closed, coasted down the sun-warmed surface. When she reached the bottom she spread her wings, flew to the top, and repeated the performance. After some ten or more coasts she went on feeding. Do humming-bird mothers have to punish their children for running away and spoiling their best clothes coasting?

On one occasion I witnessed what must have been the love-scene. A male ruby-throat had taken possession of the coral honeysuckle vine and sat there most of the morning, even though I moved about on the porch and went within a few feet of him. After a while he went away, and a female appeared and busily gathered nectar. Some of the time she fed on the wing, but not infrequently alighted on a twig and bent over to the blossom. She was much more timid than he had been. Finally, he returned and they dashed upward some ten feet as if quarreling, but came back together; and then she perched in the vine and he flew about in a most threatening manner. He darted back and forth past her — going about four feet in each direction. As he flew there was a sound audible, which was very different from his squeak or from the ordinary sound of his buzzing wings. It was higher in pitch than the buzz, and was produced each time he passed her. Her head moved back and forth, watching him intently. This was continued for three or four minutes, and then they flew away together.

The birds are said to be easily overcome by cold or a sudden shower; and when chilled or frightened they fall into a condition not unlike a faint, and it requires very delicate treatment to get them safely on the wing again. One chilled in this way was found in Celia Thaxter's garden, and she warmed it to life in her hands and placed it in a basket among the flowers. Later, this same bird would come to her as she roamed about the gardens.

III

After days and days of unsuccessful efforts to catch a humming-bird, at last, when the autumn migration season approached, and the birds were more nu-

merous, I did manage by the assistance of a small boy and a park policeman to get one in the net. It was quickly transferred to a box and taken home, and there it was allowed to fly about my room, where a maple branch was placed across a corner on the moulding. Great masses of flowers were arranged on a large table, and some of these were sprinkled with honey. This capture took place at noon, and before four o'clock the bird came to the flowers I held and stopped to rest, alighting on my arm. All went well till dusk, when the poor creature could not be satisfied with such accommodations for the night. I brought in branches of various sizes and kinds, and placed them all about the room, but nothing was satisfactory. The little captive flew and flew until it fell to the floor exhausted. After it had been sufficiently restored by means of drops of water on its head and drops of honey on its bill, it was put in a cage in the closet so that it might remain quiet. And when we looked in upon it before going to bed, it seemed to be asleep, sitting on the little perch with its head tilted back.

Early in the morning it was lively, and fed from the flowers, but the restless flying along the ceiling was continued till its tiny bill left streaks of blood everywhere it touched, and the poor bird fell to the floor so often and so hard that we had to put sofa pillows all about to soften the falls.

I could not understand the reason of this flying. There were fresh flowers, plenty of honey, and water-drops; the perches seemed like the ones the bird chose out-of-doors; but she lacked her freedom and that was something she could not endure. Early the next morning she was taken to some canna-beds and allowed to go. She seemed in no hurry, but sat on my hand and was carried from blossom to blossom, and she would sip from them as soon as she

was brought near enough. After waiting five minutes or more for my guest to take her departure, I was obliged to hasten it by lowering my hand suddenly. Then she took the hint and flew away.

This experience of two days of untold misery for both the bird and myself was very conclusive evidence to me that I must know more of humming-birds' ways and needs before I could handle them successfully, so all efforts to capture them were abandoned.

Nevertheless, when summer came again with its semi-leisure and humming-birds, a few interesting experiments were tried. Instead of going to the birds I coaxed them to come to me. A bottle filled with sugar-syrup was hung against a tree-trunk. A nasturtium blossom with its spur nipped off was placed in the bottle, so that the open end of the spur dipped into the syrup. Soon the bird came along, and after visiting the nasturtium-bed came to the lone blossom on the side of the tree. Again and again it came, neglecting the gardens and devoting all its energies to extracting nectar from this new species of nasturtium. Between its visits I pinched off one petal and then another, and finally took out the spur, and the bird continued the visits to the flowerless bottle.

As the tree was not conveniently located for close watching, especially in early mornings, the bottle was removed to my window in the second story. A jar of nasturtiums was placed on the window-sill to flag the bird, and she found the bottle early the next morning. She went to it at once and began to partake of its contents. I held it in my hand and still she came; she would even come two feet into the room to it, and within a foot of my face.

Next, a series of bottles was placed on the window-sill containing, in order, sugar-and-water, sugar-syrup, maple-

syrup, honey and water (fifty per cent), and pure honey. She went from one to another, tasting each, and then made all her future visits to the fifty per cent honey. For several days the bottle was hung on the hook of the blind, and she came some twenty-five times a day, consuming about fifteen cubic centimetres of liquid each day.

Next, we tried to take pictures of her, and after several unsuccessful efforts to get pictures looking outwards from the window, an improvised table containing the camera focused on the bottle was placed outside, so that the bird would be taken from the lighted side. All this paraphernalia disquieted her, and for a day she returned to the flowers, and refused to come near the bottle. Little by little, however, she gained courage, and cautiously resumed her new habit of feeding.

But our troubles were not over by any means, for humming-birds do most of their marketing at early hours in the morning and in late afternoon. An exposure of one twenty-fifth of a second showed a ghost of the bird. She was drinking at the first click, but had gone long before the twenty-fifth of a second had elapsed. To have a shorter exposure meant to have more light, and only between eleven and one o'clock could that be had, and then only on most favorable days. But during those hours she usually made only one or two visits. Even when a picture was secured it was unsatisfactory and a white background had to be added. This had to be placed only a foot from the bottle and was looked upon with suspicion. It also cut off my view of the bottle, but I remedied that by a mirror. The chief difficulty, however, was beyond my control. The rate at which the humming-bird's wings vibrated in sustaining the bird in a position of poise over the bottle was one hundred and seven per second. The quickest time of the

camera was one one-hundredth of a second, so that the wings always showed a blur.

After the bird had become quite dependent upon her new food, I removed the bottle from the hook one night. At ten minutes to five in the morning she came for breakfast, and not finding it in its usual place came into the room and flew back and forth over me till I got up and served her in the customary way. This was tried several mornings with the same effect. Later, a perch was arranged beside the bottle, and the bird sat down for lunch. By this time she was so thoroughly addicted to the bottle-habit that we could move the bottle from place to place and she would invariably find it. At one time it would be by the dining-room window, at another in the netting on the veranda, or on the tree where it was first placed.

Ants and bumble-bees made no end of trouble, however. The ants fell in in great numbers and a bee insisted upon blocking the entrance. The bird did her best to drive it away by darting at it and squeaking, but it paid no attention. Sometimes it reached too far and fell in, more often it had to be put in a box till the bird was supplied; for in spite of her pugnacious tendencies she was entirely unable to control the situation.

I am told that the same bird must have returned the second year, as she imbibed freely as soon as the bottle was hung out.

IV

After watching birds out-of-doors and coaxing them in, I began to feel more competent to cater to one in captivity, and succeeded in getting one early in the autumn. She was coaxed into a plant-room through an open door and became confused and could not find the way out. We allowed her the freedom of two rooms, but restless-

ness came on at dusk, whereupon I placed her on an orange-stick, and she quieted down and slept till morning.

On the second day, she learned to drink from a bottle and to get tiny flies from the window-pane. By the third day, she drank from the bottle while I held it, and when the bottle was not hung in its customary place she buzzed about me till I got it for her.

One day she got the feathers of her head very sticky, and I had to wash them for her, which she greatly resented, showing her disapproval by refusing to come to me for some time. Occasionally she got restless at dusk and buzzed along the ceiling, but when I called her she came down to me and became quiet. After being in captivity ten days she escaped when the room was being cleaned, during my absence.

At last, this past summer was set apart for making the long contemplated study, and I went to the aviaries at Shawnee, Pennsylvania, on the Delaware, where there were facilities for such a study. A close-mesh-wire netting-room was selected and a garden arranged. Cannas, salvias, hollyhocks, lilies, verbenas, pinks, a geranium, a fuchsia, and some nasturtiums were set out. There were several dog-wood trees and two evergreens.

A trap was made and painted green, and in the meantime a bottle of honey was hung among the honeysuckle vines. In a few days a humming-bird was attracted by the unusual supply of sweets and made very frequent visits. And when I was sure the bird had learned to recognize the bottle, I moved it from place to place and put the trap near the feeding-ground. When the bird was accustomed to seeing the trap there, the bottle was hung against it; then lower and lower to the door, and then inside the trap. So entranced was the little creature that we could walk up to her as she fed, and after a few

days it was a perfectly simple matter to walk quietly to the cage and close the door with the treasure inside.

When she found herself imprisoned she made no struggle whatever, but perched on the little branch, or flew quietly about, as the trap was carried to the large cage half a mile away. When the trap-door was opened she flew into the net-inclosed room and, after feeding for a while from the bottle and on numerous tiny insects, she quieted down for the night.

At seven o'clock the next morning she was sitting against the netting, though she had been flying about among the flowers earlier. Time after time I went to see her, but still she clung to the wires in the same position, and when I put my hand over her she gave a pathetic squeak, but did not move. Her claws were so tightly closed about the wire that I dared not try to lift her off. She would not touch honey or water, and we were in despair of saving her. At two o'clock in the afternoon the director of the aviaries went with me to the cage and we decided she must be taken down if we hoped to save her; so with forceps he unclasped her claws while I covered her with my hand and held her when she no longer rested against the netting. She was breathing, and clasped my fingers when her feet were freed, but still the eyes did not open. However, after we had breathed upon her for a few moments, and put drops of honey at the base of her bill, she recovered.

The recovery from such a faint is a marvelous thing to witness. The heartbeat gets stronger and stronger, the eyes open for longer intervals, the toes grasp something substantial, and even the feathers show the improving condition and stand out more firmly.

From that time on she was a normal humming-bird, testing the merits of the various blossoms in her garden,

and arranging her attire with the most feminine precision. In four days she would come to drink from her bottle while I held it; indeed, so rejoiced was she to see it coming that I had difficulty in getting into the cage without letting her out. She would sip from any receptacle I chanced to bring, bottle or spoon or jar. She took from six to ten grams of honey-and-water solution each day. A banana was hung in the cage and she fed on the pomace flies which gathered about it. A curious habit and difficult to explain was that of almost alighting on a leaf and then pouncing down and seizing the insects that flew out from the under-side.

Not being acquainted with her bathing habits, I put out an abalone shell as the most artistic bathing-dish for her; but never to my knowledge did she pay the least attention to it. One morning, in the midst of a shower, however, she crouched down on the wet blade of a dogwood leaf and, with head outstretched and rapidly fluttering wings, spattered the raindrops in every direction. She went from leaf to leaf until she had succeeded in getting her feathers very wet; then she perched on a twig, shook off the drops, and carefully preened her feathers. It is not improbable that, in the absence of rain, humming-birds use the dewdrops in early morning. In closer captivity this bird bathed in a gladiolus blossom. Hereafter, a pitcher-plant is to be used. A humming-bird which was accustomed to drinking sweetened water from a spoon, one day found water there instead of sweets, whereupon she at once alighted on the edge and took a bath.

The extreme hot weather of July did not affect my bird in the least, though hundreds of other birds sat with bills open, as if gasping for breath. Severe thunder-showers with heavy rain came, but she flew about as if nothing were happening. Occasionally in the heaviest

storms she did perch in an evergreen tree.

Then I went away for five weeks, and when I came back I had difficulty in coaxing her to drink from the bottle while I held it. She had forgotten me. But now it was time to go home, so she was again trapped and brought from Pennsylvania to Worcester, an eleven-hour trip during which, so far as I could tell, she ate nothing.

The migration season did not seem to make her restless, but during the last two weeks of October she became weaker and weaker, and seemed to be moulting. A greater variety of food was given and she was allowed to fly out into the laboratory, but still she grew weaker, and finally died on the last day of October. A post-mortem examination showed carbon-monoxide poisoning.

During the summer we made a constant effort to catch a mate for her. We did trap another female, but as she was terribly frightened and beat against the sides of the trap we gave her her freedom at once. It is impossible to get near the male birds with a net, and they do not become accustomed to bottle-feeding. The only male birds I ever got were two which flew in at open windows, and both died in a few hours. One was dead when brought to me, the other was seriously injured by beating against the windows and walls.

Nevertheless, from these few observations I feel more and more certain that with proper green-house facilities it will be possible to breed these treasures in captivity, and to establish a most friendly relation with them.

Even were the ruby-throat to be of no value for destroying insects or for cross-fertilizing hot-house and garden flowers, he would still be worthy of our love and care from an æsthetic standpoint, so swift is he, so graceful, so altogether lovely.

THEOCRITUS ON CAPE COD

BY HAMILTON WRIGHT MABIE

CAPE COD lies at the other end of the world from Sicily; not only in distance but in the look of it, the lay of it, the way of it. It is so far off that it offers a base from which one may get a fresh view of Theocritus.

There are very pleasant villages on the Cape, in the wide shade of ancient elms, set deep in the old-time New England quiet. For there was a time before the arrival of the Syrians, the Armenians, and the automobile, when New England was in a meditative mood. But Cape Cod is really a ridge of sand with a back-bone of soil, rashly thrust into the Atlantic, and as fluent and volatile, so to speak, as one of those far western rivers that are shifting currents sublimely indifferent to private ownership. The Cape does not lack stability, but it shifts its lines with easy disregard of charts and boundaries, and remains stable only at its centre; it is always fraying at the edges. It lies, too, on the western edge of the Ocean stream, where the forces of land and sea are often at war and the palette of colors is limited. The sirocco does not sift fine sand through every crevice and fill the heart of man with murderous impulses; but the east wind diffuses a kind of elemental depression.

Sicily, on the other hand, is high-built on rocky foundations, and is the wide-spreading reach of a great volcano sloping broadly and leisurely to the sea. It is often shaken at its centre, but the sea does not take from nor add to its substance at will. It lies in the

very heart of a sea of such ravishing color that by sheer fecundity of beauty it has given birth to a vast fellowship of gods and divinely-fashioned creatures; its slopes are white with billowy masses of almond blossoms in that earlier spring which is late winter on Cape Cod; while gray-green, gnarled and twisted olive trees bear witness to the passionate moods of the Mediterranean, mother of poetry, comedy, and tragedy, — often asleep in a dream of beauty in which the shadowy figures of the oldest time move, often as violent as the North Atlantic when March torments it with furious moods. For the Mediterranean is as seductive, as beguiling, and uncertain of temper as Cleopatra; as radiant as Hera, as voluptuous as Aphrodite. Put in terms of color, it is as different from the sea round Cape Cod as a picture by Sorolla is different from a picture by Mauve.

Theocritus is interested in the magic of the island rather than in the mystery of the many-sounding sea, and to him the familiar look of things is never edged like a photograph; it is as solid and real as a report of the Department of Agriculture, but a mist of poetry is spread over it in which, as in a Whistler nocturne, many details harmonize in a landscape at once actual and visionary. There is no example in literature of the unison of sight and vision more subtly and elusively harmonious than the report of Sicily in the *Idylls*. In its occupations the island was as prosaic as Cape Cod, and lacked the

far-reaching consciousness of the great world which is the possession of every populated sand-bar in the western hemisphere; but it was enveloped in an atmosphere in which the edges of things were lost in a sense of their root-age in poetic relations, and of interrelations so elusive and immaterial that a delicate but persistent charm exhaled from them.

Sicily was a solid and stubborn reality thousands of years before Theocritus struck his pastoral lyre; but its most obvious quality was atmospheric. It was compacted of facts, but they were seen, not as a camera sees, but as an artist sees; not in sharp outline and hard actuality, but softened by a flood of light which melts all hard lines in a landscape vibrant and shimmering. Our landscape painters are now reporting Nature as Theocritus saw her in Sicily; the value of the overtone matching the value of the undertone, to quote an artist's phrase; 'apply these tones in right proportions,' writes Mr. Harrison, 'and you will find that the sky painted with the perfectly-matched tone will fly away indefinitely, will be bathed in a perfect atmosphere.' We, who have for a time lost the poetic mood and strayed from the poet's standpoint, paint the undertones with entire fidelity; but we do not paint in the overtones, and the landscape loses the luminous and vibrant quality which comes into it when the sky rains light upon it. We see with the accuracy of the camera; we do not see with the vision of the poet, in which reality is not sacrificed but subdued to larger uses; we insist on the scientific fact, the poet is intent on the visual fact. The one gives the bare structure of the landscape; the other gives us its color, atmosphere, charm. Here, perhaps, is the real difference between Cape Cod and Sicily. It is not so much a contrast between encircling seas and the

sand-ridge and rock-ridge as between the two ways of seeing, the scientific and the poetic.

The difference of soils must also be taken into account. The soil of history on Cape Cod is almost as thin as the physical soil, which is so light and detached that it is blown about by all the winds of heaven. In Sicily, on the other hand, the soil is so much a part of the substance of the island that the sirocco must bring from the shores of Africa the fine particles with which it tortures men. On Cape Cod there are a few colonial traditions, many heroic memories of brave deeds in awful seas, some records of prosperous daring in fishing-ships, and then the advent of the summer colonists; a creditable history, but of so recent date that it has not developed the fructifying power of a rich soil, out of which atmosphere rises like an exhalation. In Sicily, on the other hand, the soil of history is so deep that the spade of the archæologist has not touched bottom, and even the much-toiling Freeman found four octavo volumes too cramped to tell the whole story, and mercifully stopped at the death of Agathokles.

Since the beginning of history, which means only the brief time since we began to remember events, everybody has gone to Sicily, and most people have stayed there until they were driven on, or driven out, by later comers; and almost everybody has been determined to keep the island for himself, and set about it with an ingenuity and energy of slaughter which make the movement toward universal peace seem pallid and nerveless. It is safe to say that on no bit of ground of equal area has more history been enacted than in Sicily; and, when Theocritus was young, Sicily was already venerable with years and experience.

Now history, using the word as signifying things which have happened,

although enacted on the ground gets into the air, and one often feels it before one knows it. In this volatile and pervasive form it is diffused over the landscape and becomes atmospheric; and atmosphere, it must be remembered, bears the same relation to air that the countenance bears to the face: it reveals and expresses what is behind the physical features. There is hardly a half-mile of Sicily below the upper ridges of Ætna that has not been fought over; and the localities are few which cannot show the prints of the feet of the gods, or of the heroes who were their children.

It was a very charming picture on which the curtain was rolled up when history began; but the island was not a theatre in which men sat at ease and looked at Persephone in the arms of Pluto: it was an arena in which race followed close upon race, like the waves of the sea; each rising a little higher and gaining a little wider sweep; and each leaving behind not only wreckage but layers of soil potent in vitality. The island was as full of strange music, of haunting presences, of far-off memories of tragedy, as the island of the *Tempest*; it bred its Calibans, but it bred also its Prosperos. For the imagination is nourished by rich associations as an artist is fed by a beautiful landscape; and in Sicily men grew up in an invisible world of memories that spread a heroic glamour over desolate places and kept Olympus within view of the mountain pastures where rude shepherds cut their pipes:—

A pipe discoursing through nine mouths I made,
full fair to view;
The wax is white thereon, the line of this and
that edge true.

The soil of history may be so rich that it nourishes all manner of noxious things side by side with flowers of glorious beauty; this is the price we pay for fertility. A thin soil, on the other hand,

sends a few flowers of delicate structure and haunting fragrance into the air, like the arbutus and the witchiana, which express the clean, dry sod of Cape Cod, and are symbolical of the poverty and purity of its history. Thoreau reports that in one place he saw advertised, 'Fine sand for sale here'; and he ventures the suggestion that 'some of the street' had been sifted. And, possibly, with a little tinge of malice after his long fight with winds and shore-drifts, he reports that 'in some pictures of Provincetown the persons of the inhabitants are not drawn below the ankles, so much being supposed to be buried in the sand.' 'Nevertheless,' he continues, 'natives of Provincetown assured me that they could walk in the middle of the road without trouble, even in slippers, for they had learned how to put their feet down and lift them up without taking in any sand.' On a soil so light and porous there is a plentiful harvesting of health and substantial comfort, but not much chance of poetry.

In the country of Theocritus there was great chance for poetry; not because anybody was taught anything, but because everybody was born in an atmosphere that was a diffused poetry. If this had not been true, the poet could not have spread a soft mist of poesy over the whole island; no man works that kind of magic unaided; he compounds his potion out of simples culled from the fields round him. Theocritus does not disguise the rudeness of the life he describes; goat-herds and he-goats are not the conventional properties of the poetic stage. The poet was without a touch of the drawing-room consciousness of crude things, though he knew well softness and charm of life in Syracuse under a tyrant who did not 'patronize the arts,' but was instructed by them. To him the distinction between poetic and unpoetic things was

not in the appearance, but in the root. He was not ashamed of Nature as he found her, and he never apologized for her coarseness by avoiding things not fit for refined eyes. His shepherds and goat-herds are often gross and unmannerly, and as stuffed with noisy abuse as Shakespeare's people in *Richard III*. Lacon and Cometas, rival poets of the field, are having a controversy, and this is the manner of their argument:—

LACON

When learned I from thy practice or thy preaching
ought that's right,
Thou puppet, thou mis-shapen lump of ugliness
and spite?

COMETAS

When? When I beat thee, wailing sore; yon
goats looked on with glee,
And bleated; and were dealt with e'en as I had
dealt with thee.

And then, without a pause, the landscape shines through the noisy talk:—

Nay, here are oaks and galingale: the hum of
housing bees
Makes the place pleasant, and the birds are piping
in the trees,
And here are two cold streamlets; here deeper
shadows fall
Than yon place owns, and look what cones drop
from the pine tree tall.

Thoreau, to press the analogy from painting a little further, lays the undertones on with a firm hand: 'It is a wild, rank place and there is no flattery in it. Strewn with crabs, horse-shoes, and razor-clams, and whatever the sea casts up, — a vast *morgue*, where famished dogs may range in packs, and crows come daily to glean the pittance which the tide leaves them. The carcasses of men and beasts together lie stately up upon its shelf, rotting and bleaching in the sun and waves, and each tide turns them in their beds, and tucks fresh sand under them. There is naked Nature, — inhumanely sincere, wasting no thought on man, nibbling at the cliffy shore where gulls wheel amid the spray.'

It certainly is naked Nature with a vengeance, and it was hardly fair to take her portrait in that condition. Theocritus would have shown us Acteon surprising Artemis, not naked but nude; and there is all the difference between nakedness and nudity that yawns between a Greek statue and a Pompeian fresco indiscreetly preserved in the Museum at Naples. Theocritus shows Nature nude, but not naked; and it is worth noting that the difference between the two lies in the presence or absence of consciousness. In Greek mythology, nudity passes without note or comment; the moment it begins to be noted and commented upon, it becomes nakedness.

Theocritus sees Nature nude, as did all the Greek poets, but he does not surprise her when she is naked. He paints the undertones faithfully, but he always lays on the overtones, and so spreads the effulgence of the sky-stream over the undertones, and the picture becomes vibrant and luminous. The fact is never slurred or ignored; it gets its full value, but not as a solitary and detached thing untouched by light, unmodified by the landscape. Is there a more charming impression of a landscape bathed in atmosphere, exhaling poetry, breathing in the very presence of divinity, than this, in Calverley's translation?

I ceased. He, smiling sweetly as before,
Gave me the staff, 'the Muses' parting gift,'
And leftward sloped toward Pyxa. We the while
Bent us to Phrasydeme's, Eueritus and I,
And baby-faced Amyntas: there we lay
Half-buried in a couch of fragrant reed
And fresh-cut vine leaves; who so glad as we?
A wealth of elm and poplar shook o'erhead;
Hard by, a sacred spring flowed gurgling on
From the Nymphs' grot, and in the sombre boughs
The sweet cicada chirped laboriously.
Hid in the thick thorn-bushes far away
The tree-frog's note was heard; the crested lark
Sang with the goldfinch; turtles made their moan;
And o'er the fountain hung the gilded bee.
All of rich summer smacked, of autumn all:

Pears at our feet, and apples at our side
 Rolled in luxuriance; branches on the ground
 Sprawled, overweighed with damsons; while we
 brushed

From the cask's head the crust of four long years.
 Say, ye who dwell upon Parnassian peaks,
 Nymphs of Castalia, did old Chiron e'er
 Set before Heracles a cup so brave
 In Pholus' cavern — did as nectarous draughts
 Cause that Anapian shepherd, in whose hand
 Rocks were as pebbles, Polypheme the strong,
 Featly to foot it o'er the cottage lawns, —
 As, ladies, ye bid flow that day for us
 All by Demeter's shrine at harvest-home?
 Beside whose corn-stacks may I oft again
 Plant my broad fan: while she stands by and
 smiles,

Poppies and corn-sheaves on each laden arm.

Here is a landscape seen with a poet's eye; and the color and shining quality of a landscape, it must be remembered, are in the exquisitely sensitive eye that sees, not in the structure and substance upon which it rests. The painter and poet create Nature as really as they create Art, for in every clear sight of the world we are not passive receivers of impressions but partners in that creative work which makes Nature as contemporaneous as the morning newspaper.

It is true, Sicily was poetic in its very structure, while Cape Cod is poetic only in oases, bits of old New England shade and tracery of elms; the peace of ancient sincerity and content honestly housed, the changing color of marshes in whose channels the tides are singing or mute; but the Sicily of Theocritus was seen by the poetic eye. In every complete vision of a landscape what is behind the eye is as important as what lies before it, and behind the eyes that looked at Sicily in the third century B.C., there were not only the memories of many generations, but there was also a faith in visible and invisible creatures which peopled the world with divinities. The text of Theocritus is starred with the names of gods and goddesses, of heroes and poets; it is like a rich tapestry on the surface of which

history has been woven in beautiful colors; the flat surface dissolves in a vast distance, and the dull warp and woof glows with moving life.

The *Idylls* are saturated with religion, and as devoid of piety as a Bernard Shaw play. Gods and men differ only in their power; not at all in their character. What we call morals were as conspicuously absent from Olympus as from Sicily. In both places life and the world are taken in their obvious intention; there was no attempt, apart from the philosophers, who are always an inquisitive folk, to discover either the mind or the heart of things. In the Greek Bible, which Homer composed and recited to crowds of people on festive occasions, the fear of the gods and their vengeance are set forth in a text of unsurpassed force and vitality of imagination; but no god in his most dissolute mood betrays any moral consciousness, and no man repents of sins. That things often go wrong was as obvious then as now, but there was no sense of sin. There were Greeks who prayed, but none who put dust on his head and beat his breast and cried, 'Woe unto me, a sinner!' There were disasters by land and sea, but no newspaper spread them out in shrieking type, and by skillful omission and selection of topics wore the semblance of an official report of a madhouse; there were diseases and deaths, but patent-medicine advertisements had not saturated the common mind with ominous symptoms; old age was present with its monitions of change and decay: —

Age o'ertakes us all;
 Our tempers first; then on o'er cheek and chin,
 Slowly and surely, creep the frosts of Time.
 Up and go somewhere, ere thy limbs are sere.

Theocritus came late in the classical age, and the shadows had deepened since Homer's time; the torches on the tombs were inverted; the imagery of

immortality was faint and dim; but the natural world was still naturally seen, and, if age was coming down the road, the brave man went bravely forward to meet the shadow.

It was different on Cape Cod. Even Thoreau, who had escaped from the morasses of theology into the woods and accomplished the reversion to paganism in the shortest possible manner, never lost the habit of moralizing, which is a survival of the deep-going consciousness of sin. Describing the operations of a sloop dragging for anchors and chains, he gives his text those neat, hard touches of fancy which he had at command even in his most uncompromising, semi-scientific moments: 'To hunt to-day in pleasant weather for anchors which had been lost, — the sunken faith and hope of mariners, to which they trusted in vain; now, perchance, it is the rusty one of some old pirate ship or Norman fisherman, whose cable parted here two hundred years ago, and now the best bower anchor of a Canton or California ship which has gone about her business.'

And then he drops into the depths of the moral sub-consciousness from which the clear, clean waters of Walden Pond could not wash him. 'If the roadsteads of the spiritual ocean could be thus dragged, what rusty flukes of hope deceived and parted chain-cables of faith might again be windlassed aboard! enough to sink the finder's craft, or stock new navies to the end of time. The bottom of the sea is strewn with anchors, some deeper and some shallower, and alternately covered and uncovered by the sand, perchance with a small length of iron cable still attached, to which where is the other end? . . . So, if we had diving bells adapted to the spiritual deeps, we should see anchors with their cables attached, as thick as eels in vinegar, all

wriggling vainly toward their holding ground. But that is not treasure for us which another man has lost; rather it is for us to seek what no other man has found or can find.' The tone is light, almost trifling, when one takes into account the imagery and the idea, and the sub-consciousness is wearing thin; but it is still there.

Thoreau's individual consciousness was a very faint reflection of an ancestral consciousness of the presence of sin, and of moral obligations of an intensity almost inconceivable in these degenerate days. There was a time in a Cape Cod community when corporal punishment was inflicted on all residents who denied the Scriptures; and all persons who stood outside the meeting-house during the time of divine service were set in the stocks. The way of righteousness was not a straight and narrow path, but a macadamized thoroughfare, and woe to the man who ventured on a by-path! One is not surprised to learn that 'hysterical fits' were very common, and that congregations were often thrown into the utmost confusion; for the preaching was far from quieting. 'Some think sinning ends with this life,' said a well-known preacher, 'but it is a mistake. The creature is held under an everlasting law; the damned increase in sin in hell. Possibly, the mention of this may please thee. But, remember, there shall be no pleasant sins there; no eating, drinking, singing, dancing; wanton dalliance, and drinking stolen waters; but damned sins, bitter, hellish sins; sins exasperated by torments; cursing God, spite, rage, and blasphemy. The guilt of all thy sins shall be laid upon thy soul, and be made so many heaps of fuel. . . . He damns sinners heaps upon heaps.'

It is not surprising to learn that, as a result of such preaching, the hearers were several times greatly alarmed,

and 'on one occasion a comparatively innocent young man was frightened nearly out of his wits.' One wonders in what precise sense the word 'comparatively' was used; it is certain that those who had this sense of the sinfulness of things driven into them were too thoroughly frightened to see the world with the poet's eye.

In Sicily nobody was concerned for the safety of his soul; nobody was conscious that he had a soul to be saved. Thoughtful people knew that certain things gave offense to the gods; that you must not flaunt your prosperity after the fashion of some American millionaires, who have discovered in recent years that there is a basis of fact for the Greek feeling that it is wise to hold great possessions modestly; that certain family and state relations are sacred, and that the fate of *Œdipus* was a warning; but nobody was making observations of his own frame of mind; there were no thermometers to take the spiritual temperature.

In his representative capacity as poet, Theocritus, speaking for his people, might have said with Gautier: 'I am a man for whom the visible world exists.' It is as impossible to cut the visible world loose from the invisible as to see the solid stretch of earth without seeing the light that streams upon it and makes the landscape; but Gautier came as near doing the impossible as any man could, and the goat-herds and pipe-players of Theocritus measurably approached this instable position. On Cape Cod, it is true, they looked 'up and not down,' but it is also true that they 'looked in and not out'; in Sicily they looked neither up nor down, but straight ahead. The inevitable shadows fell across the fields whence the distracted Demeter sought Persephone, and Enceladus uneasily bearing the weight of *Ætna* poured out the

vials of his wrath on thriving vineyards and on almond orchards white as with sea-foam; but the haunting sense of disaster in some other world beyond the dip of the sea was absent. If the hope of living with the gods was faint and far, and the forms of vanished heroes were vague and dim, the fear of retribution beyond the gate of death was a mere blurring of the landscape by a mist that came and went.

The two workmen whose talk Theocritus overhears and reports in the Tenth Idyll are not discussing the welfare of their souls; they are not even awake to the hard conditions of labor, and take no thought about shorter hours and higher wages; they are interested chiefly in Bombyca, 'lean, dusk, a gypsy,'

... twinkling dice thy feet,
Poppies thy lips, thy ways none knows how
sweet!

And they lighten the hard task of the reaper of the stubborn corn in this fashion:—

O rich in fruit and corn-blade: be this field
Tilled well, Demeter, and fair fruitage yield!

Bind the sheaves, reapers: lest one, passing,
say —
'A fig for these, they're never worth their pay!'

Let the mown swathes look northward, ye who
mow,
Or westward — for the ears grow fattest so.

Avoid a noon-tide nap, ye threshing men:
The chaff flies thickest from the corn-ears then.

Wake when the lark wakes; when he slumbers,
close
Your work, ye reapers: and at noontide doze.

Boys, the frogs' life for me! They need not him
Who fills the flagon, for in drink they swim.

Better boil herbs, thou toiler after gain,
Than, splitting cummin, split thy hand in twain.

In Sicily no reckoning of the waste of life had been kept, and armies and fleets had been spent as freely in the

tumultuous centuries of conquest as if, in the over-abundance of life, these losses need not be entered in the book of account.

Theocritus distills this sense of fertility from the air, and the leaves of the *Idylls* are fairly astir with it. The central myth of the island has a meaning quite beyond the reach of accident; poetic as it is, its symbolism seems almost scientific. Under skies so full of the light which, in a real sense, creates the landscape, encircled by a sea which was fecund of gods and goddesses, Sicily was the teeming mother of flower-strewn fields and trees heavy with fruit; trunks and boughs made firm by winds as the fruit grew mellow in the sun. Demeter moves through harvest fields and across the grassy slopes where herds are fed, a smiling goddess,

Poppies and corn-sheaves on each laden arm.

Forgetfulness of the ills of life, dreams of Olympian beauty and tempered energy in the fields: are not these the secrets of the fair world which survives in the *Idylls*?

The corn and wine were food for the gods who gave them, as truly as for the men who plucked the ripened grain and pressed the fragrant grape. If there was a sense of awe in the presence of the gods there was no sense of moral separation, no yawning chasm of unworthiness. The gods obeyed their impulses not less readily than the men and women they had created; both had eaten of the fruit of the Tree of Life, but neither had eaten of the Tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil. Anybody might happen upon Pan in some deeply-shadowed place, and the danger of surprising Diana at her bath was not wholly imaginary. Religion was largely the sense of being neighbor to the gods; they were more prosperous than men and had more power, but

they were different only in degree, and one might be on easy terms with them. They were created by the poetic mind, and they repaid it a thousandfold with the consciousness of a world haunted by near, familiar, and radiant divinity. The heresy which shattered the unity of life by dividing it between the religious and the secular had not come to confuse the souls of the good and put a full half of life in the hands of sinners; religion was as natural as sunlight and as easy as breathing.

There was little philosophy and less science in Sicily as Theocritus reports it. The devastating passion for knowledge had not brought self-consciousness in like a tide, nor had the desire to know about things taken the place of knowledge of the things themselves. The beauty of the world was a matter of experience, not of formal observation, and was seen directly as artists see a landscape before they bring technical skill to reproduce it. So far as the men and women who work and sing and make love in the *Idylls* were concerned, the age was delightfully un-intellectual and, therefore, normally poetic. The vocabulary of names for things was made up of descriptive rather than analytical words, and things were seen in wholes rather than in parts.

From this point of view religion was as universal and all-enfolding as air, and the gods as concrete and tangible as trees and rocks and stars. They were companionable with all sorts and conditions of men, and if one wished to represent them he used symbols and images of divinely-fashioned men and women, not philosophical ideas or scientific formulæ. In this respect the Roman Catholic Church has been both a wise teacher and a tender guardian of lonely and sorrowful humanity. Homer was not a formal theologian, but the harvest of the seed of

thought he sowed is not even now fully gathered. He peopled the whole world of imagination. Christianity is not only concrete but historic; and some day, when the way of abstraction has been abandoned for that way of vital knowledge, which is the path of the prophets, the saints, and the artists, it

will again set the imagination aflame. Meanwhile, Theocritus is a charming companion for those who hunger and thirst for beauty, and who long from time to time to hang up the trumpet of the reformer, and give themselves up to the song of the sea and the simple music of the shepherd's pipe.

IN THE GUTTER-GARTEN

BY DOROTHEA SLADE

THE FROWN OF GUTTER-GARTEN

IN the whole world there is nowhere such an oppression and desperation of loneliness as within that atmosphere of human estrangement which is known behind the cold shoulder of Gutter-garten.

Here in my own Gutter home, in the very heart of familiar associations, I have been so suddenly and bitterly alone!

For I suppose the Gutter will never quite forget, or allow us entirely to ignore, the fact that we were born into a world outside Gutter-garten, and can never really share fully the sweet communion of the Children of the Kingdom.

In the old days of many mistakes and *gauche* offenses in Gutter-garten, I remember being once overtaken by this same isolation in the middle of a Christmas supper-party.

We had gathered about the long white table, laden with candles and flowers and the inevitable gaudy profusion of bilious cakes. Lizzie and Topsy were there side by side, dressed

exactly alike, in purple plush bodices, and with a crimson rose poised delicately on the frizzled head of each.

Johnny had brought the boy who blows the organ at the Mission to protect him from the deadly enemy of Gutter loneliness, and Blanchie had looked in for a few minutes on her way to a professional turn at a public-house concert in the neighborhood. She was resplendent in all the cheap magnificence of her frilled skirts and slim pink-stockinged legs, with thin cheeks painted to a hot flush which the stare of coarse criticism and drunken admiration had long ago ceased to kindle there. Her dancing eyes were alive with mischievous invitation, and her pert profile tossed self-conscious smiles at us over an impudently-tilted shoulder.

'Ain't 'er lovely!' whispered the enchanted company; and the organ-blower was feeling 'sweet on her,' and fast losing control of his ardent boyish heart.

His name was Laughing Alf, because he had never yet been seen with a straight face. He had an amazing and

profound devotion to his sacred vocation, and blew the organ as tenderly as his own mother rocked her baby's cradle, but he could not help smiling over it all the time.

'I wish you would not let your face slip so frequently!' the Gutter Parson had once peevishly remarked, when the broad enjoyment upon the organ-blower's honest face had more than usually irritated him during the office hymn.

But in spite of this reproof, which Laughing Alf took bitterly to heart, his face continued to slip in the accustomed way, and his nickname stuck to him through the years.

On the other side of the table, storm-clouds were gathering. The Younger Lizzie was forgetting herself. Her temper was slowly rising and nobody knew exactly why.

'Wotcher grinnin' at, yer fule?' she suddenly inquired sharply of the laughing Alf, whose shy grimaces above his plate of Christmas pudding had fixed their wandering attention in her direction.

'It don't matter which ways yer looks at 'im, 'e's always laughin'. If 'e were to drop dead afore our very eyes 'e'd still be laughin' all the time we was layin' of 'e out!' Topsy observed irritably, with a glance at her pal's wrathful profile.

Special Johnny's puzzled countenance rose suddenly round and greedy from the over-loaded plate which had, till this point, entirely absorbed his attention. He had recognized the fact that Laughing Alf, for whose introduction to the company and subsequent behavior he was painfully responsible, had become the centre of an atmospheric disturbance.

He plunged furiously with a cruel thin elbow at the ribs of his disorderly protégé. 'I'll stick me bleedin' fork in yer silly old eye in a minute,' he warn-

ed him, while the nervous Alf smiled blandly on.

On the other side of the narrow strip of white table the Younger Lizzie had abandoned herself completely to an acute attack of the Gutter sulks. Her dark face rose above the bright flowers and trembling candle-flames, set in rigid frowns, and her black eyes flashed wild and narrow under her lowered brows.

There was an uncomfortable sense of coming disaster in the air, and the pudding cooled untasted, while we awaited the warning of the inevitable explosion.

Lizzie, wrapped in her sulks, refused speech, but the others began to chatter foolishly.

'I can make people cry,' bragged the Art Nursling. 'It's a much finer thing to do than making them laugh. There ain't a dry eye in the 'ouse when I'm singing "Mother's little blue-eyed boy"!'.

'Yer clever if yer can make Laughin' Alf cry, then!' snapped Topsy, who was upset in her friend's confusion. 'E's got no feelin's at all in 'im! 'E 'as n't.'

At this point an expert hostess might have done much to remedy the situation, but over me had swept suddenly that fiercely annihilating wave of Gutter loneliness, and I was floundering helplessly in an outside atmosphere, somewhere far away, behind the shrug and the frown of Gutter-garten.

In another moment Blanchie would have taken on a bet to subdue the persistent merriment of Alf with the cunning of her arts. But loud knocks below announced the arrival of those who were to take her from us to charm another audience.

'It's my dadda! I ain't goin' with 'im!' she protested firmly; and we waited for the usual scene as she tripped away defiantly to greet him with cheerful opposition.

'It don't suit me to come just now! Shan't dance and sing till I chooses any'ow, even if yer do make me! And if yer 'its me, yer'll only black me eye, or spoil me new dress! Leave me be, I tells yer!'

There was only a very brief discussion over the matter. A man's harsh laugh and a little frightened squeal of pain, and we knew that Blanchie had been reduced to submission.

'Whacky-whack!' said Special Johnny with solemn intelligence; and we heard the catch in the proud little voice that called bravely up the stairs, —

'Toodle-oo, girls, I'm out of this scene!'

With the Art Nursling's departure had evaporated every faint ray of sunshine and hopeful suggestion from the gloomy atmosphere of that table where I was a stranger among my own guests.

'Ain't 'er come over red in the mug!' remarked Johnny clumsily as his observant eyes fell before the frowning gaze of Lizzie. It was always the part of Special Johnny to pounce upon the psychological moment, and hasten the crisis in any complication of Gutter affairs. Once again in the long history of our correspondence he had come to the rescue. For Lizzie's sulking fit broke into a hot burst of passion and drove her out wrathfully from us.

Topsy rose in dignity to hasten to her aid with consolation, while the bitter cloud of Gutter loneliness lifted slowly, and the warm heart of Gutter-garten smiled out at me in sympathy once more, between the nervous excitement of Alf's hysterics and the healthy greed of Special Johnny's insatiable appetite, as he made a careful tour of the neglected plates, and gathered up with a patient sticky finger every unappreciated luxury.

'Serve 'er glad,' he declared, amid the difficulties of an over-crowded mouth; 'next time there's a party, there won't

be no party, little Johnny come by 'isself. 'Er ain't got no call to show off all those hairs afore company!'

But it was a useful lesson, without which the educational system of Gutter-garten would have been quite incomplete. For never since have I lightly undertaken the perilous function of a Gutter hostess, and I am never likely to forget the awful significance, the freezing horror, of the Frown of Gutter-garten.

There are some mornings when Gutter-garten gets up in a bad temper, and gives no reason at all for the phenomenon of its gray and sullen face. Yesterday, perhaps, the Gutter Parson on his long round of sick calls may have been greeted deferentially, and with most amazing cheerfulness, by every visible member of his straying flock.

'Mornin', uncle,' squealed the factory girls, with merry courtesy; the old women blessed him with profound devotion, and the Gutter-babies called loudly to one another of his arrival among them, and swarmed round him in a little body-guard till he reached his destination.

'What number did yer say, mister? Twenty-two? 'Ere 't is, two knocks and a walk in. 'Er died this mornin', father. She's a beautiful corpse.'

And then they waited for him till his ghastly visit was ended, and he was ready to be escorted somewhere else.

But to-morrow, perhaps, it may be very different. The strings of factory girls will only stare rudely, and collapse in hysterical amusement after he has passed.

'Good morning! — A fine day!' he will remark to the very same weary old women as they stare drearily out of their tired eyes at him without pleasure, and without welcome.

'Ere's father!' the Gutter-babies will soon herald him, but with a curious

subtle note of malice and distrust in their shrill threatening voices. And it will be quite representative of the extraordinary attitude of this new phase of Gutter-garten if Special Johnny suddenly springs up in the way with his little fists menacingly doubled, saying, —

'I'll knock the bleedin' 'ead off of you!'

I have been a long time among the Gutter-dwellers, and I have seen Guttergarten turn its face from me many times, but I have never been told the reason of this change of heart, or known why such a bitterness of punishment was inflicted upon me.

THE ELDER LIZZIE

'Scabby 'ead, yer lousy!'

'I ain't. — Lousy yerself.'

'Git out of it!'

'I'll gob in yer eye — take that!'

Over the way, in the asphalt court of the Gutter-castle, two of the little wild people were quarreling on the new green seats which the London County Council has this summer generously placed at their disposal.

I was in time to see Blanchie carry out her unpleasant threat very efficaciously. But I had by this time suffered some sharp experiences in the rearing of Gutter-babies, and this one should know what was best for herself. I did not, therefore, interfere in their little differences. It was certainly not my fault that Blanchie had left off her stockings temporarily, and was wearing a rusty jersey over her scrappy petticoats. The pose of her slim bare ankles, and the naughty mischief in her face, veiled under a web of tangled black hair, innocent just now of curls and ribbons, was still oddly suggestive of the music halls. And yet one felt that the Art Angel might have wisely withdrawn into his heaven while the Nurs-

ling was in the safe keeping of Special Johnny.

She had been minding the Elder Lizzie's baby for a penny this afternoon, and during the whole of that fierce dialogue had held it clasped tenderly in her thin arms against her narrow, childish bosom, and hushed its bitter weeping with frequent pseudo-maternal caresses. The Elder Lizzie was exceptionally busy. It was her turn in the wash-house, and now and then I caught a glimpse of her worried figure flitting through the yard, often loaded with the eccentric fuel of rotten boots and miscellaneous débris with which she kept the copper at boiling-point, and filled the air of Gutter-garten with suffocating odors.

A thunder-storm was riding up over the darkened sky. There had always been trouble in the air when the Elder Lizzie washed. It was, indeed, a part of the tragedy of her life that she never had a day for drying. She was talking about it even now, in that saddened and yet aggressive voice which had so often and so insistently told us the weary story of a Gutter-mother's grief.

There was much matter for gossip to-day, too. It was holiday-time, and there had been quite a small commotion round the Gutter-castle over the removal of Teddie to the fever hospital. Teddie had not behaved very well himself, and there had been some difficulty in persuading him to go quietly.

He did not feel the fever; and the sore throat, he told us, would not be near so bad if he could stay at home. Blanchie's heart had been wrung by the scene, and for many days after, she clung to the painfully exciting memory of it, and hugged her woe as only a Gutter-woman-baby can.

But at the time she had been able to comfort the afflicted Teddie upon his outward-bound journey. She had raced up the street after the departing

hero, and screamed into his hungering ears the last cheering message of the Gutter: 'They sends yer 'ome ter peel now!'

This morning as the Gutter Parson came back this way from mass, a swarm of Gutter-babies hailed the appearance of his tall black figure among them with ecstasy. The long string of the laundry girls called merrily to him over their pert shoulders, 'Mornin', uncle!' Johnny wheeled his wooden box-cart over his toes without any apologies, and Blanchie was clinging to his hand in precocious flirtation.

Yet it was here, in the very heart of us, that the Gutter Parson was really most himself. He stood there amongst us, in every thought and fibre of him so infinitely removed from the earth-bound game of Gutter-garten, as it rolled below his feet. We were crude and vulgar and primitive, we were stubborn and strangely-disobedient children. We hugged the anti-Christ in the immoral secret of our homes, and our playground was the haunt of devils, and yet he knew that, pagans as we were, within the sympathy and influence of his consecrated personality we were really his to charm, his to be called out one by one, and acknowledged individually, as our human need of him arose.

He might, of course, have chosen a very different career. And yet I do not believe, in spite of our singular want of recognition, that his deepest gifts were really ever wasted here, or thrown away upon the children of the Gutter, as they played with their mud-pies far below the shadow of his lofty ideals. We should have missed something if he had been less of a visionary. We should most certainly have known if he had been a little less of a man.

And this morning, as he played a little while in the sunshine of Gutter-garten, out of the Gutter-castle had

come to him suddenly, with his ashen face covered in trembling hands, a dreadful child of the Gutter with a shadow on his brow.

It was the boy-husband who had occupied the next-door flat to the Lizzies. He had had a small disturbance with his wife the night before, and he had only given her one under the chin to go on with, for cheeking him about his slack work. He had never been able to stop her jaw when she once started, but this time she did not answer back. She would never answer back any more. And yet he knew that that white and ghastly head that he had silenced would chatter to him in his prison cell, would mouth and grimace at him in the supreme moment of disgrace, and go down laughing with him into hell itself.

They fetched him away in the afternoon, and he made only a very poor fight of it. In a corner of the deserted home which had been so abruptly broken up a baby cried for him. In the street, Gutter-garten booed and spat its contempt after him. But the murderer's hand still tingled with a friendly grip, and he knew that the Gutter Parson would come to him.

All this had happened, and yet the Elder Lizzie was still fully occupied in her own narrow round of self, and its small and confined activities. She was still able to concentrate all the energies of her petty, domesticated intellect upon that threatening storm as it hovered in ill-omened menace over her day's labor.

It was not the fault, but the great misfortune, indeed, it was the whole tragedy of the Elder Lizzie that Gutter-garten was a desert that would not blossom for her.

The thunder was driving Blanchie in to tea, and I could see that she was intending to offer hospitality to the baby and to Johnny also.

'Come in,' I could hear her saying, 'and we'll play mothers and fathers with the baby.'

We had tea, and Blanchie presided over the feast, cutting huge slices for Johnny and nursing the Elder Lizzie's baby. Afterwards they carried out their plan, and played 'fathers and mothers' in a little furnished room which they had made for themselves under the table. Blanchie washed pocket-handkerchiefs, and the baby cried a good deal, and Johnny went out to look for work and came back again without any luck.

'We'll 'ave a row next,' suggested Blanchie. 'Miss, 'old the byby; we're goin' to 'ave a lovely row.'

They had their row. Johnny went under the table and began to break up the home, flinging bits of the furniture out of the little windows, which had been carefully arranged in brown paper, and tastefully decorated with muslin curtains by Blanchie's domesticated genius. Johnny's language, while he faithfully executed his part of the play, was too realistic to be recorded here.

Meanwhile Blanchie walked up and down outside wringing her hands.

'O, Johnny, do be quiet!' she wailed. 'Oh, just 'ark to 'im! There won't be a stick left!'

In the middle of the tragic scene the Elder Lizzie arrived, and demanded her baby.

'We can't play fathers and mothers without a baby,' said Blanchie. 'Can't yer leave 'im a bit longer? I won't charge yer nothink hextra.'

It was just what one might have expected of Lizzie, that she should not understand in the least why they could not go on with their 'bleedin' nonsense without her baby.'

No wonder that the Elder Lizzie had never been a happy woman. I began dimly to guess at the secret tragedy of that lonely heart. Blanchie was in-

clined to take the abrupt interference in her domestic play quite seriously, but Johnny was ready with other suggestions.

'Never mind! Let's 'ave a trunk murder,' he ventured. 'And I'll be the little 'ound wot smelled out yer corpse!'

As I left them so, — fully absorbed in the intense seriousness of their play, — I found myself wondering sadly how long it would be before they, too, would lose, in the deadening reality of Gutter domesticity, the capacity to think and care.

THE STARVER

Behind the top windows of the Gutter-castle the wreck of the Elder Lizzie's little home had begun.

'Oh, my Gordon!' shrieked Johnny suddenly. 'Ere, miss, come and look at this horful show-up!'

The Elder Lizzie was being uncereemoniously dragged out of the Blue Star, through a gaping and astonished crowd.

'Yer bleedin' starver!' she defended herself. 'You ought to 'ave a wife, you ought! Oos money do I treat meself with? Oo keeps your 'ome for you, tell me that, I say, yer bleedin' starver!'

He did not tell her, but he hit her mouth to stop the flow of abuse, and she gave him a black eye.

And that was the beginning of the collapse of the Elder Lizzie's patience. For this crisis she had worked so bravely day and night at the laundry, and dragged the children's earnings from them to keep his home safe, while he hung about Gutter-garten with his hands in his pockets and a pipe in his mouth. She had often wondered how he had got the money for his tobacco. It did not come from her — not much!

As she hurried homeward now with her little ones clinging to her skirt in

frightened sympathy, the heart of the Elder Lizzie was filled with bitterness and hatred. She sat down in the grandmother's empty chair, struggling to command her dizzy senses, and wiping the blood from her wounded face. He was her man, and she had kept him all these years; she did not turn against him because he had hit her. She liked a man of spirit; but now he had shown he was a man, he should keep himself.

Of course she knew he had a fancy for her not to gossip in the Blue Star with Topsy's mother, and he had said if he caught them at it, he would knock their two heads together until he had split every ounce of brain in each of them.

It was her being out at tea-time that had done it. A man wants his tea when he comes in, and it ought to be ready for him even if he has only been walking round the houses with his pipe, while mother has been sweated out at the wash-house all the afternoon. But this was the last of it. He had gone out; when he came back he should have a surprise. She remembered with a mocking smile that it was his birthday on Monday. Well, she did not suppose she would ever remember his birthday again, but this once she would give him another surprise to mark the day. She would send him a summons for his birthday. But there was a great deal to do. It was no time for sitting in the grandmother's chair and nursing her troubles. The children must help her. She flung up the window and shouted for Teddie.

'Come in at once, yer wicked boy, or I'll knock yer 'ead off. Yer won't want to run the streets to-morrow, I s'pose, when yer've got no 'ome!'

And then began the destruction of the Elder Lizzie's home. There was not a great deal of it to break up, much less than there used to be.

It had been a hard winter, very hard indeed, inside the Gutter-castle. They made you pay your rent there, and if there was no money coming, one had to make it on the home. Most of the bits went to the pawn-shop on a borrowed barrow now, and the rest was soon disposed of in other ways.

Johnny and Teddie rather enjoyed the proceedings; every Gutter-baby loves moving day, and neither of them had the least idea that they were taking part in the tragedy of the Elder Lizzie.

At last everything was done. The little home behind the top windows of the Gutter-castle had been utterly devastated. The cold bare rooms, with their blackened ceilings and untidy walls, were forlornly suggestive of desertion. They might have said many things to the wild misery of Lizzie's heart, if she had cared. In that corner she had rocked her first baby, and talked of love. Here she had washed and mended and scolded and suffered for the twenty years of her married life. Storms had swept over the little home she had defended so bravely, but they had passed as suddenly as they came. But now the sun would shine no more there.

This was the tragedy of Lizzie, that she had lost her home. And now she must go before he came back. He would kill her if he found her there, and she must get her summons out first. Down the stairs she came, and the children must not follow.

'I'm goin' away to the sea-side,' she told them. She had lied to her own Gutter-babies.

'Could she be a woman!' Johnny sneered, when it was all over.

Lizzie went out from the Gutter-castle, but she did not go far. She must be where she could carry out her poor little vicious plans. She must be, too, where she could see her own little

ones crying for bread and running the streets barefoot.

The Elder Lizzie must be mad!

She went to a furnished room in the next street and hid herself there. The family of the Elder Lizzie did not suffer any serious privation after all. Perhaps she had known they would be all right. Topsy's mother took in the little boys and the new baby, and Lizzie went to the free shelter for a night or two till things came straight again. Billy found a shake-down for himself with a pal, and Teddie persuaded Johnny to befriend him.

Only the Starver sat alone among the shadows in his empty home, and wondered what the devil was the matter.

Presently he, too, went out to find his mates in the Blue Star.

The birthday came, and Lizzie got her summons out, but it did not surprise the Starver.

Nobody could find the Starver; he had disappeared; the bare rooms in the top of the Gutter-castle were as empty as when the Elder Lizzie had left them. Everybody wanted to know what the devil had become of the Starver. But only the devil knew.

At last some one volunteered to tell Lizzie of the Starver's disappearance. Lizzie was disappointed. After all, her little birthday surprise had been a failure. But she would find him; she would hunt him to the end of the earth; she would drag the canals, and dive into the deep places of Gutter-garten for the missing body of the Starver.

But she knew where he was. He had got pinched on Saturday night in his cups, and this time there had been no Elder Lizzie to bail him out. But upon investigation Lizzie's theory collapsed. The Starver was not in the lock-up.

The Elder Lizzie went on going to the laundry and paying for her furnished room, while other people minded the

Starver's children for her, and we all lived breathlessly under the shadow of this tremendous mystery. But at last the end came.

It was the Saturday after the disappearance of the Starver. He had been away a week, when Johnny bounced in in a state of wild excitement.

'I've seed 'im!' he screamed. 'I'll take me dyin' oath on it!'

The Starver had come home at last. He carried a bag of tools with him, and he was up there in the Gutter-castle, collecting his scattered family. Lizzie stood out in Gutter-garten and watched the gathering of the home circle. Could the Starver really have found work? Of course she had never meant to take the matter to court. It was only her little birthday surprise for him. Would he ask her to come back? She wondered! She knew what a lot of washing there must be by this time. Why, his poor socks must be fair walked through if he had been on tramp. Presently the window flew up, and the Starver looked out. He seemed to look very peeky, she thought, but there! work had never agreed with him.

'Liz,' he said, 'ain't yer comin' up?'

He must be clean daft to think she would go back to him like that. If he went down on his hands and knees he could n't expect more.

'Tom,' she said, 'I never meant to take that to court, but you've seen the last of me. Mind you're good to the kids, Tom, when I'm gone, and don't forget to give Nannie 'er cough mixture. Maybe you'll find me in the canal, but there's plenty of chaps 'ud be glad to 'ave me work for 'em as I've worked for you, and the children knows as 'ow I 'ave.'

The Starver's face, as it hung out of the window, became troubled.

'Ain't yer comin' up, Liz?' he persisted gently.

'Me comin' up, Tom? Not me. I

can't do it no more, Tom. I'm fair broke, I am, Tom. If yer went down on yer bended knees yer could n't ask no more!

For the whole afternoon it seemed as if this dialogue would continue. But I was not anxious about Lizzie. I knew that curiosity and wounded pride would certainly carry the day, and land her safely once again in the bosom of her abandoned family.

That the Starver should have found work after all these years was an unfathomable mystery; that the Starver should have become independent was the sting of cruelty.

'Ain't yer comin' up, Liz?' went on the gruff voice, kindly.

'Wots 'ome without a mother?' suggested Johnny at her elbow.

'Yer don't want yer wife now yer can keep yerself, I s'pose? 'Ow did yer find work?'

'I ain't found no work, Liz! Oo says I got any work?'

'Why, wot you got in yer bloody bag, then? Ain't they tools in there?'

'They ain't no tools, Liz. I've been down in the country, along of my mother, wot I ain't seen this ten year. Tramped it all the way, I did, and I brought back a few apples for the kids. Ain't yer comin' up, Liz?'

The Elder Lizzie mounted the stairs of the Gutter-castle with a bursting heart and brimming eyes.

'I've got me week's money for the dinner to-morrer, Tom,' she said.

And then began the laborious collection of the new home of the Lizzies.

MAD MARY

BY GRACE FALLOW NORTON

DUSK came out of the wood and found the croft where I lay.
Lips as bright as the morning and eyes like the stars of night,
I dreamed of the morn of the morrow and midnight's dark delight.
Dusk covered my heart, all with her sleeve of gray.

Dusk covered my lips: O morning veiled alway!
Dusk dimmed mine eyes: now one are noon and night.
Dusk entered my dream and dulled my dear delight.
Dusk in my heart, dusk for my hope, over the hills I stray.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF AN INDIVIDUALIST

IV

BY JAMES O. FAGAN

I

HAVING made up my mind to leave South Africa, it did n't take me long to get under way. The situation at the time, political and otherwise, was not very promising. With outspoken sympathy for Boers and Kaffirs, my prospects were anything but bright. In most of the towns, British sentiment was very aggressive, and personal encounters between Uitlanders and Afrianders were of daily occurrence. As a matter-of-fact, there was nearly as much danger in leaving the country as there was in remaining and facing the music. But having made up my mind, I selected the easiest route and that was by way of the Diamond Fields. On a former visit to these fields I had got a glimpse of their interesting activities, and I was anxious to widen the experience. So I made my plans to travel from Pretoria to Kimberley, and thence to the Cape.

Just before leaving Pretoria, however, I met a prospector by the name of James. He was one of those enthusiastic individuals who never take no for an answer, or defeat for an end. He had been one of the first on the ground at the Pilgrims Rest Gold Fields, and when speculation grew tame in that quarter, he turned his attention to Rustenburg and to the district now known as the Rand,

When I met James in Pretoria the future of the Rand, with commerce and railroads and Johannesburg and billions of gold in the mountains, was already clearly mapped out in his prophetic yet practical imagination. In fact, he had the samples of quartz in his saddle-bags at the time, and he was quietly trying to raise the funds wherewith to purchase a few farms in the district, upon which his faith in the Transvaal and his hopes for his own future were pinned. His enthusiasm was contagious. His was the inspiration derived from a certainty. I was sorely tempted to embark, in a small way, in his venture. Indeed, I actually put off my departure for a day or two, hesitating.

But James could n't wait for me or anybody else. The gold fever was already in the air, the price of farms in the promising districts was on the jump, and altogether the situation was vastly different from the days at the end of the Burgers' administration, when a farm of six thousand acres was actually exchanged for two bottles of Hennessy's 'three star' brandy.

But mental and political considerations were more potent than the glitter of gold dust or the dreams of riches. So, finally, I purchased a passage on the Kimberley coach and made my exit from the Transvaal.

The Diamond Fields at the time of

my last visit was without doubt one of the most peculiar and interesting spots on the face of the earth. Their desolate, sun-baked surroundings, the diamond-crazed faces of the inhabitants, the absolute fury of the social and business conditions, and above all, that awful 'pit' with its hive of toiling humanity in the bowels of the earth, are never-to-be-forgotten features of my African experience. If I were not positive, however, that these scenes and conditions made such a lasting impression on my mind as to influence, in some degree, the current of my human philosophy, I should now dismiss the diamond fields without further comment. But the impressions were lasting, and the pictures that remain in my mind are most interesting. In passing, then, let me take a final glance at the strange panorama.

Kimberley was not then the city of to-day. The pit itself was its principal and its unforgettable feature. Forever widening and deepening, it was constantly forcing the houses away and back from its edges. Everywhere on these edges, shanties and bar-rooms and brokers' offices were literally hanging. Farther back there were streets, hotels by the dozen, and a wide market-place. Scattered in tents, wagons, and houses on the surrounding plain were thousands of white men, thousands of Kaffirs, and here and there a woman. Over the town itself, during the day-time, there was a dazzling glare from a sea of white iron roofs. The pit itself, as far down as the eye could penetrate, was a labyrinth of steel wires and flying buckets, forever hoisting, darting hither and thither, and emptying their precious loads of slimy blue clay. Everywhere on the enormous wings and ends of the pit, terraces rose above terraces, all of them lined with puffing engines, and swarming with human dots.

At the time of my last visit to these

diamond fields the community was divided into two hostile camps, consisting of legitimate and illegitimate brokers. The former had offices and a license, the latter scorned expense and control of any kind, and had dealings directly, and on the quiet, with the Kaffirs in the pit. The Kaffir laborers were just then beginning to understand the opportunities connected with their employment, and scores of valuable stones were finding their way into the market and giving no end of trouble to the legitimate dealers. When a Kaffir was caught at the game he received an unmerciful thrashing from the vigilance committee, and occasionally was strung up on a lamp-post, for there were no trees in the vicinity. But the thrashed Kaffir went home to his Kraal and thought it all over; he inevitably returned with all sorts of ingenious devices for concealing the gems on his naked person, which he perforated with holes and tunnels, and in his stomach, which he manipulated in various ways at will. Finally, in course of time, the mine itself was surrounded by a high fence and a rigid system of examination was instituted by the authorities. Its principal features were emetics, tapping the bodies to locate the cavities, and hanging by the neck; but at the time I left the fields this naked Kaffir thief was still the unsolved problem.

I took passage for Cape Town on the 'Royal Mail' cart. It was then known as the 'Diamond Express.' The fare was double that charged on the ordinary diligence. The equipment was a small two-wheeled cart, four horses or mules, a Hottentot driver, the mailbags, and a single passenger. The stages were about two hours, 'on horseback,' apart, and the pace was a break-neck gallop, night and day, four hundred miles, from Kimberley to Beaufort, — the latter was then the terminus of the railroad, — and thence to Cape Town.

In this way, then, without further adventure, I took my departure from South Africa.

II

In looking back I always find that the days spent in South Africa are among the most useful and personally interesting of my career. Just at the time when my intellectual and religious development was being subjected to tests, on the outcome of which to quite an extent the direction of my activities for the future was dependent, a sort of physical appeal to my manhood, and to my human sympathies, was experienced. It is quite clear to me now that a healthy and vigorous body and an adventurous spirit, such as I acquired in South Africa, were among the essential characteristics that later on enabled and encouraged me to go to work on wider problems than were to be found in the surroundings and routine of a switch-tower.

The voyage from Cape Town, South Africa, to Boston, Massachusetts, was uneventful; and there was not an incident connected with it, or a personage met on the way, that calls for attention.

I arrived in Boston in the month of May, 1881. So far as my acquaintance with a single inhabitant of the United States was concerned, I might just as well have dropped down from the moon. I was almost as ignorant of the geography of the country as was Columbus at the time he was trying to figure out the location of the continent in the western hemisphere. My personal interest in the country dates from my conversation with 'Bull Run' Russell; and backed by a roving disposition, and a mind that was just beginning to develop its world-interest, I came over to America to investigate. My people in different parts of the world had already given me up as an irreclaimable wanderer.

Following along the lines of my special interest then, I began by spending some time wandering about the streets of the city of Boston, studying manners, conditions, and people. I had a little money in my pocket, and I was in no particular hurry to make myself known or to settle down at a fixed occupation. I visited churches, factories, stores, theatres, dance-halls, and the slums. To a certain extent, under different conditions, I had behaved in a similar manner in South America and Africa; but my points of view had been changing and, when I arrived in Boston I was no longer a boy, trying to protect myself from society and social temptations, but a man of considerable experience, with a more or less definite purpose.

My personal appearance at the time was a little out of the ordinary. I wore a corduroy coat with a belt, very negligée shirts, and on my wrists were a number of copper rings or Kaffir bangles, popularly worn by white people of those days in many parts of South Africa. But, to my mind, I was by no means as picturesque as the average Bostonian of the period. For one thing, the coat of the day was ridiculously short, and the significant feature of the male countenance was the popular 'mutton-chop' patch on the cheeks, which hitherto I had always associated with the box-seat of a carriage.

Still more astonishing was the costume of the women: hideous 'barber-pole' skirts, which gave an up-and-down appearance to the faces, were supplemented by greasy-looking curls or ringlets patched indiscriminately on the forehead and occasionally on the back of the neck. Added to this was the huge, yet in some way jaunty, projection or bustle that brought up the rear of this typical female ensemble of the early eighties.

Turning from people to conditions,

however, the situation at the time appeared to be something of a paradox. Taking into account the manifest energy and resourcefulness of the people, it was difficult to account for the unsatisfactory social conditions that existed, it would seem, almost unobserved. Beggars were numerous, side streets were filthy, in some districts loafers and drunkards on the sidewalks seemed to constitute a majority of the people in sight, while on some of the streets the soliciting heads of women at windows could be noticed in rows, and counted by the dozen. This state of affairs elicited but little comment in newspapers or otherwise, and I myself, like the community at large, looked upon it all as more or less inevitable.

But when I turned from this social and economic survey of the mental and personal activities of the average New Englander of those days, a remarkable state of affairs, in which I was intensely interested, was unfolded. Society at the time, from top to bottom, was absorbingly interested in personal culture and development of every description. In the year 1881, self-culture was the supreme topic in the public mind, much as is social and industrial betterment at the present day.

Notable among the teachers of this personal religion were Phillips Brooks, and William H. Baldwin of the Boston Young Men's Christian Union. There were many others, but I was particularly impressed by the wide human sympathy that permeated the individualistic doctrines of these men. It was through Mr. Baldwin that I was able to come in contact with people who were actively engaged in spreading the propaganda of personal development and personal responsibility so congenial to me.

After a month or two spent in circumsppection of this kind in and around the city of Boston, I began to think

about securing some kind of employment. Very naturally I turned my attention to the telegraph business with which, already, I was more or less conversant. After some preliminary breaking-in, I secured a temporary position at Hancock, New Hampshire, and then a permanent one as a telegraph operator in a railroad office at East Deerfield, Massachusetts.

Thus my personal venture on the sea of American social life and industry was made. Intellectually, my equipment at the time was very crude. Religiously, so far as affiliations were concerned, I was in a sort of personal dreamland, in which, I confess, I am still thankfully and joyously floundering. In the distance the problems of American life were beginning to take form on the horizon, and there was no mistaking the nature of the rudder with which I was preparing to navigate into the beckoning future.

Shakespeare has divided the itinerary of imaginary human pilgrims into a number of characteristic stages. He takes 'the whining school-boy,' and conducts him through a series of adventures from stage to stage, until, finally, in old age, tottering in limbs and faculties, with 'shrunk shank' and 'childish treble,' he ends his strange eventful history in mere oblivion.

But the thinking man on the upward climb, pausing at intervals and looking backward, has or should have a much more vital and interesting experience to chronicle than is contained in Shakespeare's theatrical conception. On the whole, either in tendency or emphatically, the man has been one of two things — either his associations, and the inner impulse coming down from the inscrutable past, have been carrying him along and directing his movements this way or that, or, on the other hand, his will in great and small, consciously and persistently, has been

hewing a personal trail through a forest of difficulties. With individual progress of the latter description my story has now to deal.

III

From the standpoint of conditions on railroads at the present day, the buildings and equipment at East Deerfield at the time of my first appearance on the scene were decidedly primitive. The principal structure was a long pier-like shed, erected on piles, on one end of which my headquarters, the telegraph office, was poised at an ever-shifting angle, according to the weather and the moisture, or lack of it, in the ground. In the rear of the office there was a long wooden building with facilities for the transfer of freight. Again, close at hand, there was an engine-house, a coal-elevator, a building used for the storage of flour, and an extensive freight yard. The buildings and facilities, however, were not much ahead of the methods that were employed in taking care of the property that was being hauled over the railroad.

Shortly after my arrival I noticed in one of the sheds several pieces of merchandise for which owners were wanted. The marks on these packages were very indistinct. Some one had been guessing at the consignees' names and addresses, and the stuff was at East Deerfield to be guessed at again, and forwarded accordingly. But in pursuit of articles of this description, as I found out later, there inevitably came along, sooner or later, what was known as a 'tracer.' Sometimes the tracer came ahead of the goods; sometimes the goods came ahead of the tracer. In any case, the two items were forever in pursuit of each other, and, besides, there was a specially employed railroad official, who did nothing but travel from place to place in a desperate

endeavor to make the fugitives connect. In one instance a bale of cotton, indistinctly marked, made tours of the United States in this way, and on the second year of its pilgrimage the tracer that was hunting for it was as bulky as any history of the country for the same period.

But my life and surroundings at East Deerfield can be better illustrated by a glance at my companions and fellow workers. From these men I derived my first ideas of Americans as individuals, and of some of their characteristics. And more particularly my attention was directed to the type commonly spoken of as the Yankee. To me, at the time, he was a puzzling personality. I was given to understand that he was world-famous as the man with a 'knack.' During the period of my initiation at East Deerfield, three of these typical New Englanders formed almost exclusively the circle of my social and business acquaintanceship.

The first man I will simply refer to as Henry. He was a big fellow in every way, except perhaps in the matter of brains. But in his case this was not much of a drawback. That which in most people would be looked upon as unforgivable 'bluff,' in him was simply an overflow of animal spirits. His conversation, containing neither rhyme nor reason, was always on the rampage. His natural ability was insignificant, but his failures were all turned into pleasantries which became the stepping-stones to continued enterprise in other directions. His happy-go-lucky disposition dispensed with formalities and made light of impediments, and as a result, in course of time, while I and others were at a standstill, Henry bounded from one lucrative situation to another, until finally he settled down as mayor of a city in Connecticut. From this man I got my first idea of Yankee push and assurance.

The word type is frequently misunderstood and misapplied. Henry, for instance, was not a typical Yankee. He was a variation from the type, and a very forcible embodiment of one or two Yankee characteristics.

My second companion at East Deerfield I will call Jake. I cannot say that his occupation at East Deerfield could be taken as an index to his character, but it is somewhat difficult to think of them apart. He had charge of the flour-house at the back of the freight yards. He was working for one of the wealthiest and best-known business combinations in the country.

One evening Jake received a telegram instructing him to send three shipments of flour of different quality or brand to three widely separated points in New England. He happened to be in a hurry that evening, so he asked me to help him in rolling the barrels from the house into the car. Jake began operations with the matter-of-fact statement, 'I have n't got a single barrel of the brands that are called for, but just watch me make them.' So he went to work and gave me a demonstration of how quality can be imparted to flour, and stamped on a barrel in the form of a brand, in a very few minutes, with the aid of a scraper, a little paint, and a stencil.

Jake was a business variation from the original Yankee stem. Of course, the instance I have given is only an illustration of a practice that was followed in that flour-house year in and year out.

But the genuine fully equipped and right-minded Yankee at East Deerfield, was the station agent, Mr. F. A. Field. From the day of my arrival, without interruption, until I left the place, I was attached to him in a close social and business relationship. Under his friendly tutelage, I soon acquired a fairly comprehensive insight into social

and industrial conditions in America. In age, Mr. Field was my senior by four or five years. So far as knowledge of human nature and human society was concerned, he was also far and away my superior. Furthermore, at the telegraph key, in directing the movement of trains and the activities of men, in fact, in all the important and intricate duties of a railroad yard-master, I have never since met his equal. For the rest, he was a widely informed man, shrewd, honest, tenacious of his opinions, and interested in the world to an absorbing degree. His general vitality can be understood from one of his favorite remarks: 'I can never allow myself to grow old.'

But to my mind, the outstanding feature of his character was his social and economic enthusiasm. Backed by columns of facts and figures, he studied the signs of the times, and applied his own sympathetic brand of social philosophy to their interpretation. He was particularly interested in my educational ideas and programme, and the benefit I derived from his companionship was inestimable.

In regard to the recognition of personal merit, and the preservation of individual initiative in human society, Mr. Field and I were of one mind, but I remember distinctly we took different sides on the subject of favoritism in the railroad service. I insisted that, as a rule, the energetic, capable man was selected, regardless of friendships, and so forth; he contended that the exceptions to the rule were intolerable. It was plain to us both that the manager was to blame; but, alas, the manager himself was sometimes appointed in the same way.

But Field's philosophical circumspection was not confined to the railroad service. He considered his country from one end to the other, with its boundless acreage and resources, and when he

thought of the lamentable lack of food, clothing, and decent housing conditions among the masses, he refused to be comforted. So the remedy and the reform were forever the topics of his conversation. In course of time, one after another, the popular panaceas, such as the single tax, populism, and free silver, came up for discussion. In connection with them all, in their time, Mr. Field could plainly discern the signs of social salvation on the horizon. I, on the other hand, anticipated the awakening of the social conscience, and I believed in the gradual and natural evolution of the existing order of things.

At any rate, this was the school at East Deerfield in which my individualistic opinions first came in contact with the practical problems of life.

Mr. Field's home was on a farm, situated on the Connecticut River, near Montague, Massachusetts. Here, for a number of years, I was privileged to consider myself as one of the family. From the social and literary points of view, a more delightful environment could not be imagined. Our discussions, which to me were so vitally interesting, were frequently started in the office at East Deerfield, continued along the railroad tracks on the way home, and taken up again after supper, amid a circle of interested listeners.

IV

The story of my intellectual development in the school of discussion, with Frank Field as interpreter, of American life and conditions has overlapped my business experience in the telegraph office. Turning now to this side of my personal progress, my most vivid impression of American railroad life in those days was produced by man's inhumanity to man. Neither the social conscience of the community, nor the personal conscience of the employee,

paid any attention to the sacrifice of life on the railroads that the nation was paying to the blind spirit of industrial progress. In the business itself this lamentable state of affairs was basic, and its effect was far-reaching. For example, in some of the departments it was considered nothing less than a crime to be a beginner. The green brakeman and the green telegraph operator were the most conspicuous victims of this understanding. Only those who have run the gauntlet of this experience can have any idea of its bitterness. Without preliminary instructions of any kind, a man was assigned to a freight train; in three cases out of five the next thing for the railroad to do was to bury him. It was the link and pin, the overhead bridge, or the stealthy freight-car on a flying switch, that closed the accounts.

I was in at the death in a hundred such cases, and, although blood was as red and hearts were as warm then as to-day, there seemed to be no power on earth, or incentive in the human mind, to move people to action in the matter. As with the mind of a child, I suppose, so with that of a nation; civilized ideas have a fixed order of development and decay. Social sympathy is the last born of social conceptions. In the early eighties evidence of social responsibility, in the slaughter on railroads, was confined to the sign on the crossing, 'Look out for the engine!'

From the fact that my mind was neither obscured by traditions nor influenced by commercialism, the situation on the railroads in those days was more incomprehensible to me than the deplorable social conditions in South America. In discussion with Mr. Field the accident was one of our standard topics, and every word I have written on the matter since owes its vitality to the vivid impressions I received in those first years at East Deerfield.

The railroad itself in those days, and

particularly the train service, was looked upon by the public as a semi-disreputable business. New England parents, for example, never thought of mapping out a future for their boys in any department of railroad life. The consensus of opinion on the subject was by no means unreasonable, for the train and yard crews, especially, were recruited, generally speaking, from the floating army of misfits and breakdowns to be found at all times in every community. The average railroad telegrapher, that is the veteran, was emphatically a suspect of this description.

But the recruiting of the telegraph service was conducted in a field by itself. Generally speaking, if a telegraph operator held on to his job for two or three months, he was considered unusually reliable. Consequently, with so much shifting and discharging of men on every railroad in the country, beginners were always in demand. Almost without exception, these beginners were drawn from respectable homes in the country. In most instances, however, these boys and girls drifted to the railroad as students, against the wishes of parents. After a short period of training, they were placed in charge of offices at night. Their duties consisted in sending and receiving a variety of orders relating to the movements of trains, and in seeing to it that these orders were clearly understood by the trainmen.

Humanly speaking, these young boys and girls, some of them just out of school, had no more business in these telegraph offices than so many untutored savages. For the railroad business was not then the simplified system of to-day. It was complicated by the use of green, white, red, and blue signals, and by a score of rules and understandings, in the confusion of which the right of way on single track was frequently in doubt, and was some-

times figured out by conductors and others after considerable argument. In the midst of it all, the inexperienced operator sat in the telegraph office, frequently with a trembling heart, handing out train-orders, during the execution of which human lives were at all times hanging in the balance.

It was the green telegraph operator of those days, then, and I was one of them, who, witnessing the slaughter and understanding many of its causes, felt the inhumanity of the whole situation in double degree, and the following was one of the most significant reasons.

In everyday conversation a polite request for the repetition of a word or a remark would occasion no comment whatever; but anything of the kind on the telegraph wires, in those days, in regard to figures or words misunderstood, was nearly always the signal for a 'roast' from the man at the other end of the wire, in which the beginner was treated to a lurid description of his personal and professional shortcomings. Students, or 'plugs,' as they are called, frequently succumbed to this treatment and resigned their positions in dismay; and of those who weathered the storm, the majority became more afraid of the hectoring they anticipated than they were of making mistakes, and for this reason fatalities were continually being traced to the door of the nervously-bewildered beginners. The unreasonable behavior of the experienced men was not a matter of design, or temperament: it was simply a habit that a nerve-racking state of affairs seemed to instill into everybody from the superintendent downward; and thus the beginners themselves, when they, in turn, had climbed to positions of responsibility, resorted, without fail, to the same practices.

Personally, I was just thick-skinned enough to worry through this breaking-in period without serious results.

But it was the first phase of the personal problem in the railroad service to which my attention was directed, and the inspiration for all my subsequent analysis of conditions on American railroads was derived from the vividness of these early impressions.

Just as soon, however, as I became fairly conversant with my duties at East Deerfield, I turned once more to the wider interests of education and personal development, to which I had renewed my allegiance on my arrival in Boston.

v

My sojourn at East Deerfield may be termed aptly the reading period of my life. Once in a while, indeed, I thought about writing down some of my observations, but I was always held in check by the lack of statistics and information outside my immediate surroundings, and above all I felt the pressing need of a more extensive vocabulary. I think it was in my second year at East Deerfield, that I turned to my English dictionary to appease this craving for words. My delight in the occupation can, I think, only be properly appreciated by the student who, in his youth, has wrestled enthusiastically with passages in Homer or Virgil, turning over the leaves of his dictionary, from left to right and from right to left, hundreds of times in an evening, until, utterly exhausted, he has fallen asleep as I have, with head at rest on the open volume.

For two or three years, while at East Deerfield, I carried a small English dictionary in my pocket. I never looked at it, however, except when on railroad journeys, and on long walks which I delighted to take into the surrounding country. In this way, I read the dictionary through word by word, from cover to cover, three or four times, not to mention the more

important words, which received special attention and were reinvestigated in larger dictionaries.

Later, however, it became clear to me that stowed away in my mind somewhere there had been, from my school-days onward, words in plenty, and ideas enough for my purposes. What I really lacked was practice, conversationally and with the pen, in the use of them. Not only was my vocabulary sufficient, but in thinking it over later I discovered and followed to its source the method by which I acquired this vocabulary.

In presenting an argument, stating a case, or pleading a cause, other things being equal, I always attributed my intellectual advantage to the fact that in my youth I had received a thorough drilling in Latin and Greek, while my companions, as a rule, in my line of life, had not. As a simple practical equipment for life's journey, what may be called my classical foundation seems to me now to be worth all the other features of my school education put together.

This reading stage of my life, together with the study of the dictionary for a definite purpose, derived most of its inspiration from the literary circle on the Field farm. My own intellectual enterprise at the time, however, was not to be a fitful dipping into literature: it soon took form as a simple scheme of education. That these kind friends on the Field farm should know more than I did about life and literature was to me an intolerable situation. Every indication of the kind, and I noticed these indications daily, was an additional spur to exertion. And thus, with every topic that was brought up for discussion, or alluded to in those long winter evenings, there came to me the ever-recurring question, 'What do you know about this matter?'

How full of inspiration to me at the

time were these literary gatherings! How eagerly we used to watch each other for the slightest indication of originality in treatment or matter! It is true, I was abnormally sensitive and enthusiastic at the time. It was always up to me, I thought, to know more than the other fellows; and my ambitions, as I have said, took a definite and practical form. In brief then, what had I, comparatively a youth, fresh from the wilds of Africa, to say, in the company of these new-found American friends, about religion, slavery, philosophy, history, and the march of the human race from the time of the cave-dwellers up to Emerson and Darwin? Here was a definite outline of desired knowledge.

When men were spoken of, what did I know about Plato and Mahomet, Alexander and Charlemagne, Cæsar and Alfred, Shaftesbury and Lincoln? How about the mighty roll of poets and thinkers — Shakespeare and Milton, Gibbon and Plutarch, Scott and Lecky, Darwin and Spencer, Carlyle and Ruskin, Burns and Tennyson? But, above all, what did I know about the great industrial and social problems of the day? All kinds — grand, ridiculous, and menacing — were on the horizon, and all sorts of startling schemes for social betterment were being hatched from day to day. Sooner or later they all came up, in some form or other, in the Field circle, for debate. What then did I know about socialism, the single tax, social democracy, and the labor movement?

One night in the office at East Deerfield, the necessity for a comprehensive course of reading, to take in nearly all of these subjects, dawned upon me. I distinctly remember every detail of that night's work and thought. Being Saturday night and Sunday morning, there was little or nothing on the road. I wrote everything down — the topics,

the authors, as many as I could call to mind, and the ideas, so far as my knowledge extended at the time, and somewhat as it is all outlined above. I remember the first passenger train from the West, the 'Albany,' was just whistling into Greenfield when I finished my programme.

With me it is not now a case of recalling with an effort this incident or that experience; every step of my intellectual development at East Deerfield is as well remembered as the exciting details of an African hunting trip. This fact remains then, that I went to work and covered, as thoroughly as I could, the literary ground outlined in the foregoing sketch of my ambitions.

During this period I also paid considerable attention to the works of Shakespeare. To begin with, my delight in his genius was of a religious nature. Although I still read my Bible occasionally, I no longer had the opportunity to attend church services, and in some way Shakespeare seemed to bring my religious instincts and faith into practical contact with people and modern life, to a degree that in my experience had never been reached by the Bible. One of my favorite topics at the time was the religion of Shakespeare as it illuminated human interests from the bottom to the top of the scale. There was no preaching in this religion: it consisted of vivid word-pictures and the impressions I derived from them. I used to call attention to a series of these religious pictures in the ascending order of their importance, somewhat as follows.

I began with the glorification of physical form and expression. For example, I took a certain degree of religious pleasure in the struggle and methods of the brave swimmer beating the surges under him and riding upon their back, as described by Francisco in *The Tem-*

pest. Then again, that hymn of the horse in 'Venus and Adonis,' ending,

Look, what a horse should have, he did not lack,
Save a proud rider on so proud a back,

seemed to give spiritual sanction to my devotion to animal life. From this lower plane the religion of Shakespeare ascended in terrace above terrace of ethical significance. Coriolanus and all-sacrificing mother-love, the victory of childish pleading over cruelty and brute force in the scene between Arthur and Hubert in *King John*; the 'quality of mercy' passage in *The Merchant of Venice*; the flashlight interpretation of the human conscience, so vividly depicted as a knocking at the gate, in *Macbeth*; these scenes all came home to me as religious lessons applied to the hard-pan of everyday human conditions.

And then again, unmistakable in its usefulness to me at the time, was the chapel scene in *Hamlet*, with its graphic analysis of a soul laid bare on the pillory of repentance. Finally, in all the grandeur of its social and religious interpretation, came the study of *The Tempest*. To my mind, at the time, this play was more than a poet's dream of moral and social regeneration. It pointed to chaos as the inevitable outcome of all government without spiritual guidance and discipline of individuals. Calibans, Stephanos, and scheming political Antonios, are forever and everywhere at war with Prospero and his celestial agencies.

This study of Shakespeare was a three-cornered undertaking carried on between the book in my office, the theatres in Boston, and the Field farm.

During my stay at East Deerfield I worked, for the most part on the night-shift, for something like eight dollars a week. I saved a little money in those days. Once in a while a proposition was made in regard to an increase of salary,

but I told the authorities not to bother about it, and they did not. I had plans of my own, and seclusion on that night job with its opportunity for study and thought was absolutely essential. In course of time, however, the night job was abolished, and I was glad to fall heir to the day work at the same place.

But the old office at night had for me a strange fascination. I got into the habit of returning there in the evening for the purpose of reading and listening to the business on the wire. Frequently I remained at my desk until one or two o'clock in the morning. The train-dispatcher soon became accustomed to my presence, and sometimes asked questions about trains. One night he gave an emergency signal and asked me to rush down the yard with my red light. I succeeded in stopping the train, but, returning through the yard in a hurry, I fell into an open culvert, and did not wake up until daylight. When the superintendent heard of it he said he would not forget it, and he kept his word.

But it was just about this time that what is called telegrapher's cramp attacked my right hand, and it then took me several months of constant application to bring my left hand into service and working order. Moreover, after my fall into the culvert, my health began to show signs of long-continued physical and mental strain, so I determined to take a vacation.

I went to Boston and secured an outfit of pillow-sham holders and started out, on foot, to stock the state of New Hampshire with my merchandise. The venture was a great success so far as my health was concerned.

In about three months I returned, and met the superintendent of the Fitchburg Railroad on the station platform at Fitchburg. I told him I was ready to return to work. He replied,

'All right, and you may jump on the first pay car that comes your way: there is something coming to you.' I did so, and drew in a lump sum full pay for every day of my three months' absence.

This superintendent was one of those unforgettable men of the old school, who 'never made a mistake.' One night, while listening to the wire at East Deerfield, I heard him call attention to this fact in unmistakable language. In giving an order to an engine to 'run wild,' a train-dispatcher had forgotten to warn the engineman to 'look out for a snow-plough ahead'; consequently there was a smash-up. The dispatcher told his chief about it on the wire and added, 'We are all liable to mistakes.' The superintendent, a dispatcher himself for twenty years, got hold of the key and told the man what he thought of such philosophy in the railroad business. He concluded the dialogue in this way: 'I never made a mistake in my life and never intend to. Come to Boston in the morning.'

This was the man, Mr. E. A. Smith, from whom I derived all my ideas of duty and efficiency in the railroad service. He retired from active duties a few months ago. Forty-five years or so without a mistake is a pretty good railroad record.

But before leaving East Deerfield, I wish to mention another railroad man to whom, probably without his knowledge, I was very much indebted. He was the civil engineer who was double-tracking the Fitchburg Railroad at the time between Fitchburg and Greenfield. He is still among us somewhere. The first time I saw him he was standing on an abutment of a washed-away bridge over the Millers River, near Erving, I think it was. It was somewhere round midnight. He was watching the effect of the rushing waters on the temporary trestle that had

just been constructed. The energy and limitless resource of this man while building the old Fitchburg Railroad made a tremendous impression upon me.

Between Erving and Millers Falls, on what is now the Boston and Maine Railroad, on the right side going west, at or near the place where several turns in the river-bed were cut out, there stands in a vacant space a huge shaft of earth which is pointed out to you by railroad men as 'Turner's Monument.' His real monument, however, was the men he left behind him to continue his personal work and policy in nearly every department of the service. They are, to-day, everywhere distinguished among their fellows.

In course of time this railroad engineer became superintendent of the division. His headquarters were in Fitchburg. He was a stalwart individualist — so it seemed to me at any rate. He believed in personal contact. His own private room in a Fitchburg hotel was the sanctum into which the men whom he sometimes selected, or intended to promote, were invited, usually on a Sunday morning. My turn came for an invitation of this nature. In brief, an interlocking tower had been installed at West Cambridge; for such and such reasons, he requested me to take one of the shifts.

Without any hesitation I accepted the appointment for two or three very good reasons. In the first place, it was to be a change from a twelve- to an eight-hour situation; secondly, it would bring me near Boston, the libraries, the lecture platforms, and the churches; and thirdly, by reason of these shorter hours and the change of location, I expected to be able to devote more time and study to the great social and industrial problems of the day, to which, at this time, I was beginning to direct my attention.

FRIENDS AGAIN

BY GEORGE LAWRENCE PARKER

'Of course,' I said, 'friendships improve with age.'

'And common is the common-place, and vacant chaff,' — he answered, giving me one of those challenging looks that I had long both loved and feared.

'Not at all,' I replied, 'for it's not common-placeness but pure necessity that drives us to the repetition of the value of old friendships. The fact is, Henry, if we did n't keep on reminding ourselves of it, it just would n't be true. There's many a friendship that has only age to recommend it, and if we did n't whistle in the dark about it we'd lose it entirely.'

'Now, yours and mine, for instance,' — and Henry edged toward the fire and took up the poker carelessly, which I interpreted, as usual, not as a gesture for defense, but rather one for tribute; for it meant, as always, that he yielded the floor to me. That was one of his ways of keeping our friendship.

'Well, have that part of it your own way, at any rate —'

'Jim,' he interrupted, 'you know there is n't a blessed thing that's new to be said on this old subject. Cicero, and Damon and Pythias, and Emerson and lesser lights have circumnavigated the globe and charted all the seas of that topic. Why under the sun do you want to launch out into it tonight? If you can't be a discoverer in this field, why not contentedly follow these mariners and call it done; one of the delightful topics about which no more problems can arise to trouble us? Friendship, — why, it simply can't be

talked about any more, and that's all there is to it.'

But Henry still held the poker, so I knew that he only half-meant what he said. I surmised that I could continue safely.

'Of course,' I went on, 'all you say is true, yet it merely shows the need of further enlightening you; for the only subjects worth talking about are the closed ones, like love, and religion, and forbidden secrets, and — and friendship. Now, friendship is a science. Nothing can add to its basal facts or to its elements, but the combinations are absolutely endless; just as nothing new could possibly add to the fact that you and I are sitting here by the fire, yet the positions and attitudes and changes we might make in our sitting, you there and I here, are endless. You see?'

'Plain enough,' he grunted.

'Well, then, I maintain that friendships are divisible into many kinds. There are the inherited ones, the axiomatic, the evolutionary, the contemporaneous, the incidental, and the prospective or contributory.

'The inherited friendships are those that are usually given to us by our family. We are not to blame for them, nor do we deserve credit for them. Sometimes we may want to shake them off, but good or bad they stick pretty close; and I for one find an increasing value in some friends of the family whom, not so long ago, I placed among the things to be forgotten. They are like the last few apples on an old tree

that is long past its prime, sweet with long seasoning, and sometimes useful beyond calculation.

'For instance, ten years ago when I cut loose into the Far West, I did n't know a soul in the place. One day I happened to remember an old friend of my people. I had neither part nor lot in his destiny nor he in mine, as I supposed; and I had a sneaking feeling that, as a man far beyond me in years, he would still look on me as a small boy, worthy of nothing except to listen to advice. I had that strange feeling we all have occasionally, that he would n't give me any standing in the universe except on the shoulders of my family. I, as I, would count for nothing with him. But with a sense of duty high in my heart, and duty alone, I went to call on him. I found him outwardly as expected, a withered tree. But for the first time in my life I found out what it is to be received at your own full value of estimation plus the momentum of the family name and history.

'I learned for the first time the pleasure of being taken not only for what I was, but also for the worth of origins and sources hidden even from me. He did n't forget for one minute that I was different from my family, yet neither did he fail to reveal to me the common source of those very differences. Talk about knitting the generations each to each! why, my first evening with that man gave me back more of myself than I had ever hoped to rescue again. And if I inherited him from my family, he in turn restored my family to me along with a large part of myself. I doubt if I shall ever see him again: he's nearly eighty now, and out West; but the letter I had from him last week asked me to tell him the latest news about myself. Do you call that a withered inheritance? I don't.'

'Perhaps he's an exception,' Henry

muttered as he looked steadily at the fire.

'No, he is n't. He's simply one of the old atmospheres that we have no right to lose, and can't lose unless we deliberately throw them away. He's as mysterious to me now as the old well-sweep on the farm, or as the path that led down to the spring-house; as web-like and indefinite as the mornings when I used to gather mushrooms for breakfast in the lower lot. There's something silvery about him, as about a shining memory, and I would n't exchange the bestowal of old things he has brought to me for my richest treasure. The family beauty sweeps over me when I think of him, as it never did before I knew him. And after all, I firmly believe one has to see one's family through a friend before one appreciates them, just about as much as the reverse of that process is true. I'm all for inherited friendships anyhow.

'As for axiomatic friendships, — well, they begin along in high-school and prep-school days; perhaps even most of our college friendships are in this class. These are "the fellows," whom we take for granted as friends, no matter how far apart our courses afterward lie. Some of them will look blankly at us if we try for three short minutes to tell them what life has come to mean to us. Some of them will be thinking of stocks and bonds while we are trying to tell them of the high seas of truth and experience. Some of them will go away and declare that we have everything in us but the element of success. And after some of them we in turn can only close our door and say, "Poor fellow." But, after all, they are friends; friends by the right of the group-system that brought us together, and by the power of influences and associations that respond the moment we see each other. Some old motto stood over the gateway we entered to-

gether, and we remain friends still, although that motto is probably everything that we now hold in common.

'I met one of them in the street the other day and all he had to say was, "Why, are you round here?" It was all he could think of, our nearness to each other as to physical distances. Yet the root of the matter was in his question. It flashed through us both that he could n't even have said that but for the years when the same quadrangle sheltered us as home. We had been at home once together, and now to our surprise we were both "round here," sheltered by the same surroundings, or storm-beaten in them, who knows? That part we did not have time to ask each other.

'I can't see my way to give up even these poor axiomatic friendships. There's a space to them, they are spread over our heads like the sky; and though we don't look up at the sky every moment, it's a comfort to know it's there. Neighbors and people on the same street belong in this axiomatic class, and I'm not so sure but that they are like those whom the Good Samaritan met. They just lie on the road between Jericho and Jerusalem. And it may be that none can tell which of us will be the one lying by the roadside when next we pass each other. If you don't mind, I think I'll hold to my axiomatic friendships a while longer.'

'It's a plausible possibility,' said Henry; which was really a great encouragement to me.

'Well, then,' I went on, 'there are the evolutionary friendships. They are almost the finest of the lot. They are the friends we make because of our progress and development, veritable brands snatched from the burning, as we go on being whirled round in life's crucible, if you'll take the mixed metaphor. We fling out on our own line beyond the inherited and axiomatic peo-

ple into our own free and frightening field of activity and thought. We feel ourselves growing into something new and strange, and, worse than that, we feel dreadfully lonely. The great wide fire-expanse frightens us; we know our old friends will never recognize us again. Then suddenly we touch a hand that touches ours. The grasp is passed, and we know we are not alone. Some other man from a far corner of the universe responds to the same thoughts that stir us. Some hitherto unknown spirit declares that what we have dreamed he also has dreamed. We strike a common vocabulary. In the midst of unresponsive eyes here are eyes that gleam with our own light. Why, it's like a lamp in a house on a lonesome road at night! In the midst of mere people here is a real person. Our very progress has brought us near to each other. Look at the intellectual stimulus of it! By an entirely different route this man has found to be true the same things we have found to be true. No need now further to prove our uncertain guesses, for here is another who declares that they are not our personal hallucinations, but that in his "differing soul" they have actual validity. This gives us a foundation to stand on. What before was fluid supposition in our minds is now found to be solid human stuff. We have progressed in our own wide sea until we have found another mind.

'That's a great journey to have made. And the value of this evolutionary friendship is that it is our own. No one gave it to us; we reached it and claimed it by our own efforts. No separation is possible here, for this friendship belongs among the things that have evolved, it's a link in the fundamental process of onward growth.

'The joy of this friendship is something no man taketh from us, and while such friends are bound to be few from

the very nature of the case, nevertheless they are the select ones. They are the appreciation that the universe bestows upon us in flesh and blood, rewards of merit, the survival of the fittest, and all the rest of the glorious crown on those who keep the law of evolution. No matter how far-away they are, they carry with them that mystic sense that we and they traveled differing roads to the same goal.

'As for contemporaneous friendships, well, I would n't like to abandon the kindly touch of those who come and go, yesterday and to-day. These friends are the ones whom we meet largely because we can't help it. Some momentary occasion or business brings us together. We know it will not bind us long or closely, but while it does hold, it is a heat as warm and genial as an April sun. We are friends just because we live in the same day, read the same newspaper, and put the same date on our letter-sheet. These contemporary friends at least remind us of the mutual needs, the common sorrows, the equal pressure of the moment on both of us. We do not partake largely of each other's goods, but we are exalted and subdued by the same risings and fallings of the life of our time. I have a long list of friends to-day which next year I may not have. But, nevertheless, they sustain me as the vital tide of the present sways us together.

'They are somewhat like the people with whom we cross on the same steamer. We shall not long remember them, yet none the less it would have been a dreadful thing to have been the sole passenger on the liner. We've got to learn the worth of these contemporaneous friendships, for they are powerful over us by the very force of numbers. And it's a poor soul who goes the day's march alone when companionship may be had for the asking. The eyes that look for the more enduring friends will

suffer no hurt by using the same expression for those who pass their way on the common highroad.

'Then there are incidental friendships. These are the people whom some single or sudden event throws in our way. We are clashed together by some accident, or thrown against each other by some rude happening. We appear to have no likes or tastes in common. We even resent the acquaintance as an intrusion. Yet the result is as if two men stood on opposite sides of a sudden crack in the earth during an earthquake. Elemental forces caught them in their grip and then released them, and for a moment those men looked at each other as if an angel stood before them.

'I know of an almost perfect friendship that began in the hospital when two men lay for days at death's door, and each one made hourly inquiry for the other, forgetful and ignorant of his own close treading on the narrow path of life. Their friendship sprang from a mere incident, but the incident was elemental. Its force has lasted far beyond its own limits. The flash of something eternal does really break through now and then and reveal two people to each other in this way, seeming to single them out from all the countless millions. We can't explain it, but it's so. Of course, such incidental friendships are rare, but I really believe all of us have some one whom we first knew in that way.'

'I met Minto the day we went down into the mine to cut off the fire-damp, when our elevator broke.' That was all Henry said, but I knew what he meant, and it was more than sufficient.

'Last of all, I believe, are the prospective friendships. I don't mean those that we are yet to make, but those that have the future look to them. For instance, those chiefly that we form with people much younger

than ourselves. We get tired of our own ideals and thoughts, we realize that they will never fulfill or complete themselves in our lives. They come to look dangerously like mere theories, after a while. But then we cross the track of a man far younger than we are. We find that he holds our ideals in the light of morning while for us the afternoon light is already throwing its shadows over them. Our thoughts on this or that great theme are quiescent and tamely inactive. His are jubilant and alert. The thoughts are the same, but the light of opportunity is on one mind, while the gray of regret is just beginning to tingle in the other. A thrill goes through us as we realize that our holding of the thought was not for our sakes, but that we might act as a channel for the idea itself. Here is our relay-runner, come to meet us, waiting for us. Swifter than we he will grasp the truth and hold it, carry it further on, and pass it to the next man. Again we find we are only a link. Only a link! What more could we ask? And as we pass the torch on, giving it now to receptive hands, we feel that sense of protection rise in us that dignifies our weakest effort. We have sheltered for a while a great idea and passed it safely to another. We made little of it, we failed to touch the heights with it, but we sheltered it, gave it protection on its way down the ages.

'This prospective friendship is a

racial thing, and lifts us out of our petty place as a mere neighbor or citizen. We are more than that when we find a friendship with a younger man than ourselves. A friendship with one of them that has in it equality in spite of a dozen years or more of difference, makes us contributors to human welfare, and enables us to say with almost a messianic hope, "The government shall be upon *his* shoulders, *his* name shall be called Wonderful." Ours shall have no fame, but his has endless possibility in it.

'It seems to me that a friendship like that is compensation to a man for almost any failure, the open door to complete reparation, or even retribution, for all mistakes. I, for my part, am glad I have one or two whose younger faces light up when we talk together. It takes away some of my sense of unaccomplishment. Most of our friendships are rooted in the past. Is it wrong to suppose that we may have one or two whose main sustenance is drawn from the sense of things yet to be?'

My friend sat silent for a moment, poked the fire-log with the poker, and then said, —

'You have n't classified our friendship, Jim.'

'There are some that refuse classification,' I replied.

And then we relighted our cold pipes and watched the fire die down.

THE SUNSET OF THE CONFEDERACY

VI

BY MORRIS SCHAFF

I

SHERIDAN, on starting from Prospect Station with Custer's and Merritt's divisions, took the road nearest the river, the one that leads by way of Walker's Church, leaving orders for Crook to keep on that which runs along the railroad, notifying him that he would be followed by the infantry.

Newhall says that Sheridan only halted once for rest and water, and, while waiting, sent a regiment to Cutbank Ford on the Appomattox to see if any of the enemy were heading for the south side of the river. The regiment he dispatched was the Second New York, under the command of Colonel A. M. Randol. It was against this reconnoitring party that Lee's inspector-general, Peyton, was posting the last of the First Virginia when Colonel Claiborne asked him the question, 'Does General Lee know how few of his soldiers are left, or to what extremities they are reduced?'

Sheridan tells us that on the previous evening his scouts reported to him the presence of four railroad trains with supplies for Lee's army at Appomattox Station, and I have no doubt they did; but scouts were as a rule such infernal liars, that I doubt very much if he felt absolutely sure of the truth of their story. At any rate, the other afternoon, as we looked off on the sea

at Gloucester, General Pennington told me that he and Custer and Randol, who had returned from his scout, were dismounted and lay resting under the shade of some trees by the roadside a mile or more from Appomattox Station, when the whistle of a locomotive was borne to them. The sun was about an hour high. Custer jumped to his feet, exclaiming, 'By George! there's a train, let's go for it!' and sprang into his saddle. Randol says his regiment set off at a trot, and that Custer rode up and laying his hand on his shoulder said, 'Go in, old fellow, don't let anything stop you: now is the chance for your stars; whoop 'em up and I'll be after you.'

Randol, followed by Pennington, at once struck into a gallop. The leading troopers, catching sight of the trains at the station just getting under way, for they had taken alarm, circled ahead of them, and, spurring up alongside the engines, covered the engineers with their revolvers and told them to throw the levers and stop; which orders they wisely obeyed. Randol then called for men to man the trains, and old firemen and engineers gladly threw themselves off their horses and, mounting the cabs, started the trains, with bells ringing and whistles blowing, and soon were out of reach toward Farmville.

Randol then pushed out from the station over the several roads which

radiated from it through the thick growths of jack-oak and scrub-pine toward the Lynchburg Pike, a mile or more away. Twilight was about to give way to night.

It will be recalled that Walker's column of sixty-odd pieces of reserve artillery had bivouacked in supposed security in the open fields along the pike; but to their amazement they heard Randol's men engaging some of their stray flankers, and at once rushed to their guns. But the horses were barely hitched when the cavalry were on them. The cannoneers, however, had had time to load their pieces with canister, and companies of artillery whose guns had been abandoned and who had equipped themselves as infantry were able also to get into line, and together they met our men with a destructive fire which swept them back into the woods.

Pennington came on at a gallop with the rest of the brigade, but so dense were the scrub-pines and oaks, and so stubbornly did the enemy hold their ground, that he could not budge them. Custer hurried on the field with the other brigade and sent them in with his usual vehemence, but owing to the darkness and his ignorance of the lay of the land, he made no headway. But the fighting kept on.

In the midst of the din Randol ran across Custer who, now wild with desperation, was dashing here and there, his bugle sounding the charge, trying to push his men up against the enemy's line, although he was guided alone by the flash of their guns. Randol screamed to him that if he would let him get his regiment together he believed he could break through; but Custer exclaimed, 'Never mind your regiment, take anything and everything you can find, we must get hold of that road to-night'; and then roared out to his adjutant-general, 'Go tell

the men that those guns must be taken in five minutes.' Off went the adjutant-general, and the woods rang with the cheers of the cavalymen as they heard him shouting Custer's words through the black night. Almost simultaneously they charged in among the batteries, and the day and the road were theirs.

Meanwhile Sheridan had come up and sent Devins of Merritt's division to Custer's right; but before they could get ready to attack, the victory had been won and the uncaptured guns and wagons were fleeing, — a few westward and out of danger toward Lynchburg, but the bulk backward and downward toward the Court House, pursued by the Fifteenth New York Cavalry. At the head of this regiment was Colonel Root on a white horse, whose wild speed soon carried him to the edge of the village. There he met a volley from Wallace's brigade, which, as soon as the retreating mob of men, batteries, and wagons would allow, had formed across the road. Root fell dead in the street, and his horse wheeled madly and dashed out of the withering fire which our men were glad to run from.

It was now nine o'clock and after, and that was the end of the day's operations on Lynchburg Pike; Custer captured twenty-five pieces of artillery, over two hundred wagons, and many prisoners, and Lee's last chance was gone. By their triumph, every one will agree that Sheridan's cavalry had earned the country's gratitude.

It may be interesting to repeat in substance what Dr. Claiborne and General Pendleton, already quoted, have to say of their experiences in this spirited combat. Both happened to be with Walker when Randol's bugles sounding a charge were heard, and, says Pendleton in his report, 'to avert immediate disaster demanded the exercise of all our abilities.' The infantry

and artillery were prompt and resolute, as we know, in repulsing Randol at first; and Pendleton, concluding the affair was over and receiving a message that he was wanted at Lee's headquarters, left Walker and had got within a short distance of the Court House when — this is his language — 'the enemy's cavalry came rushing along firing upon all in the road, and I only escaped being shot or captured by leaping my horse over the fence and skirting for some distance along the left of the road toward our column then advancing, until I reached a point where the enemy's charge was checked.'

He must have skirted pretty widely, for he did not get to Lee's headquarters till 1 A.M., and from where he leaped the fence it could not have been more than two miles, and in four hours a horse can cover quite a bit of ground. But the country was very rough and new to him; besides, he had to find some place to cross the river. The old general, what with having to carry the unpleasant resolve of the council to Lee, and then being hustled so suddenly, unexpectedly, and disagreeably by Sheridan's cavalry, had certainly had a bad day.

Dr. Claiborne and his two companions, Doctors Field and Smith, had unsaddled their horses near Walker's command, and with the saddles for their pillows were enjoying some sleep, when Claiborne's attendant, Burkhardt, a soldier Quaker, leaning over, shook the Doctor rudely by the shoulder and cried, 'Doctor! The Yankees be upon thee!' It is not necessary to say that there was no delay in waking up or disappearing in the black jack-oaks. The Yankee cavalry charging with yells and clanking sabres in every direction, the doctors made good time, as doctors should when suddenly called upon in any emergency. They rambled round till the fight was over, and

then raked some leaves together and bivouacked in the corner of a fence. I have often thought that it would have been an amusing sight if one could have sat on the old fence when day broke and seen these doctors as they eyed each other on waking. There is something funny about it to me. Well, they had barely left their bed of leaves when in the mist loomed one of our cavalry videttes, who pulled a heavy revolver, and they were soon taken to the rear as prisoners.

That night Sheridan made his headquarters in a little frame house not far from the station, and, stretched out on a bench in the cheerful parlor lighted by a bright wood-fire, dictated a dispatch to Grant. It was dated 9.20 P.M., and after telling Grant what had been accomplished, it ended, 'If General Gibbon and the Fifth Corps can get up to-night we will perhaps finish the job in the morning. I do not think Lee means to surrender until compelled to do so.' At an earlier hour Sheridan had sent back word to Ord that he was across Lee's front, and urged him to bring up the infantry with all speed, for he felt sure that Lee would try to break through. Ord communicated the news to Gibbon and Griffin, and they continued the march till well on toward midnight; and on halting, the men were so tired by their march of nearly thirty miles, that they did not stop to make coffee but sank down beside their gun-stacks and fell asleep.

As soon as Crook came up, Sheridan had him join his right to Devins's left and establish a line squarely across the road; Custer's men being occupied meanwhile in clearing the field of their captures, regaining their organizations, finding and caring for their stricken comrades. Custer, before going into bivouac, rode to the hospital and visited his wounded. 'Had it been daylight,' says Tremain, 'he would

have seen green saplings, about which his men so valiantly and successfully fought, bent and split by canister from the artillery. The trees and artillery carriages in the park were perforated with bullet-holes; horses wallowed in the bloody mud, and the first dawn of the day upon the spot would tell any observer of the deadly character of that evening's contest. Surgeons of wide experience in the cavalry remarked that they never treated so many extreme cases in so short a fight.'

It was toward one o'clock when the videttes of the First Maine Cavalry, under Colonel Cilley, Crook's division, took their position. It was across the road at a point within three quarters of a mile of the Court House, and the colonel, after posting them, attracted by the noises which came through the darkness from the Confederate artillery camping in the valley below him, dismounted and passed through his line. He approached near enough to hear distinctly the angry exclamations of the drivers and teamsters at their poor, famished horses, and then, returning, sat at the foot of a chestnut tree where he had planted the standard of his regiment. Up to him as he sat there drowsing were borne the confused sounds of the enemy's corps, and over him, and over friend and foe, bivouacking or moving, fleets of clouds were drifting mid pools of starry light. And now while the hours draw on, let us turn and see what was transpiring, first at Grant's and then at Lee's headquarters.

Grant's, as well as Meade's, were at J. I. Crute's, a large white house on the stage road about two and a half miles south of Curdsville. The plantation was called Clifton.

In the afternoon Grant was taken with one of his severe headaches, and at night threw himself on a sofa in the room to the left of the hall. Unfor-

tunately for his comfort there was a piano in the opposite room, about which after supper the young officers of the respective staffs gathered, caroling and bellowing out choruses. Grant with his usual forbearance bore the racket for quite a while, hoping the buoyant youngsters would soon tire out; but at last, satisfied that they had no intention of ending the nuisance, he sent word asking them to stop; and I think I can see them tiptoeing away from the dumfounded old piano that had never been called on for anything but hymns, 'The Bonnie Blue Flag,' and 'Dixie.'

II

Grant had accompanied Meade so that he would be in quick reach of Lee's reply to his second letter, which he had good reason to believe would be answered promptly; but the afternoon and half the night passed before the expected response came to hand. Lee, as will be seen, for some reason or other, did not receive Grant's letter till a late hour. I am perfectly free to confess that there is something unaccountable in the four or five hours' delay of that mighty important communication, for it entered Lee's lines before 11 o'clock A.M., and an aide ought to have overtaken him in two and a half hours at most. If I were to guess what delayed it, I would say that the foxy Fitz Lee intimated to the aide entrusted with it not to be in too big a hurry to find the general. Let the explanation be what it may, Alexander says it was answered by the roadside and that Lee's reply was delivered to Humphreys after sundown. But it must have been considerably after sundown, for Major Mason of Fitz Lee's staff brought it to Colonel Egbert's line of skirmishers, One Hundred and Eighty-third Pennsylvania, who were not put in the advance till

after eight o'clock — and whenever it reached Humphreys after that hour, it did not reach Grant till about twelve o'clock. Up to that time, on account of his headache, he had not been able to get much sleep. Rawlins took the dispatch to him; after making a few comments, — probably to the effect that Sheridan was right, that Lee did not mean to surrender till he was forced to do so, — he lay down on the sofa again. Here is the letter.

April 8, 1865.

GENERAL, — I received at a late hour your note of to-day. In mine of yesterday I did not intend to propose the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia, but to ask the terms of your proposition. To be frank, I do not think the emergency has arisen to call for the surrender of this army, but, as the restoration of peace should be the object of all, I desire to know whether your proposals would lead to that end. I cannot therefore meet you with a view to surrender the Army of Northern Virginia, but as far as your proposal may affect the Confederate States' forces under my command, and tend to the restoration of peace, I should be pleased to meet you at 10 A.M. to-morrow on the old stage road to Richmond, between the picket-lines of the two armies.

R. E. LEE, Gen.

Lee then bivouacked and his camp-fire was started, the last that should blaze ere the flames of his hope were quenched; for before the next was kindled he had drunk the bitter cup of defeat and the end had come. But when I visited the spot on a still, golden October morning, a belated single daisy on a frail leaning stalk was blooming up out of its ashes, and amid the rug of fallen and falling russet oak and yellowing chestnut leaves, a black gum's waxy, scarlet leaf here and

there lay blazing like a living coal of that last old fire itself, and off in the surrounding woods from time to time a bird fluted a soft, pensive, farewell note.

Early in the evening, and doubtless on account of hearing Walker's guns pouring their rapid fire into Custer, Lee sent orders for the cavalry to be moved to the front, and its commander, Fitz Lee, to report to him in person, inasmuch as he had decided to hold a council of war with his three corps commanders. For the boom of that artillery was ominous, and, figuratively, he was like the captain of a ship on a tempestuous night who is feeling his way to a harbor and suddenly hears the breakers thundering on the bar.

When Fitz Lee arrived at headquarters, which had neither chairs, tents, nor campstools about it, he found Longstreet there, his arm in a sling and smoking a pipe; and soon after Gordon appeared. And then, before the low-burning camp-fire, overarched and darkened by leafy trees, — moreover, there was no moon, and the sky was heavily patched with surly, fast-drifting clouds, — they sat down on blankets and saddles and listened to Lee.

With clouded face, but in complete command of himself, he set forth the situation. It was not necessary for him to tell them what had happened since they left Petersburg: that the capital had fallen, that the chance to consult Mr. Davis and his Cabinet was gone, that the supplies were gone, and that thousands and thousands of weak and disheartened soldiers were gone; all that they already knew, but the correspondence he had had with Grant in reference to the surrender of the army, that they did not know definitely, and he read it to them. And the question then was, what next?

And now, Reader, before the momentous question is discussed in all of its

phases and then answered, I beg for a pause. For we have reached one of those solemn hours when the hand of the Inevitable is on the wheel of Fortune. Yes, it is one of those hours so fatal to institutions that are sham, corrupt, and sordid in this world, and to states and conditions which have had their day of shutting out ideals with the smoke of sacrifices on the altars of Mammon. Yes, and also, for reasons incomprehensible, the wheel has turned more than once, involving the just and the unjust; and nations with all their ties, aspiration, and glory, have passed away like a mist of the morning and are gone.

And now that same mighty, fatal wheel is about to turn again and crush a cause which God has been implored to bless, and for which many a life has been laid down. Let us not say who is right or who is wrong, but put yourself in the place of that group and forget not the dooming hour, forget not to credit each with a sense of self-respect and a conscience like your own. Think of the sacrifices that they had made beyond measure in a cause which they believed to be just, and remember that now at last, notwithstanding all, they were face to face with defeat, which meant that social, domestic, and economic conditions were bound to be disrupted into utmost chaos. Think it all over as you evoke the scene.

And so, then, Nephew Fitz Hugh, and you, Gordon, and Longstreet, hero old and tried, what next? Shall the Army of Northern Virginia, after all its defiance of the North, and after all its confident assertion and reassertion of ultimate victory, lay down its arms, and the South acknowledge that it has been utterly defeated? For with that army's surrender the Confederacy plunges into an abyss beyond reach of recovery.

And with that dire result a fact, what

political steps would necessarily follow? Were the leaders civil and military to be disfranchised till death overtook them?

And how about the states? Were they to be held as conquered provinces and never allowed to take their places again, clothed in their native sovereignty, in a Union which they had helped to form? And how about the future of the slaves themselves? What was to be their status?

Again, whatsoever the terms which Grant might make, how far would they bind his government? Had it not notified him peremptorily, 'You are not to decide, discuss, or confer upon, any political question'? Our arms laid down, let the implacable radicals cry for vengeance: what would the government do then? Would it yield to them and invoke the penalties of treason? — Treason! You are a dread old word, whether heard under the oaks of England or under the oaks of Virginia; and when had there ever been a rebellion in England that the land did not groan under the shadow of gibbets? — Had not these men, brought up on the *Spectator*, these lovers of Shakespeare, more than once read Prince John of Lancaster's cruel speech to the rebellious Scroop, Archbishop of York?

Moreover, what was to be the character of the ceremony of surrender? Is it unfair to assume that Lee, Longstreet, and Gordon had read Livy? Fitz Lee at least had had to study Blair's *Rhetoric* in his course at West Point, while his uncle Robert E. was superintendent, and surely was familiar with the story of the legions' anguish at the prospect of having to pass under the yoke after the Caudine Forks. Was Robert E. Lee on Traveller to head the Army of Northern Virginia in a march of humiliation before the Army of the Potomac? These were questions stalking round that fire like

grim spectres, and calling on the members of that last council for an answer. Let there be no mistake. This is not fancy; they were there in awful reality, cold-eyed, hollow-cheeked, and clad in steel. Gordon himself says that 'if all that was said and *felt* at that meeting could be given, it would make a volume of measureless pathos.'

But let us come to the main issue.

Should they try to force a passage through the Army of the Potomac and join the pleading standard on the Roanoke? And, if the latter were impossible, then, with the fragments which might elude capture, should they continue a desultory guerilla warfare till the government should grow weary and grant a peace on humane terms? It is needless to speak of how their swords, pride, and self-respect, and the wounds they bore, — for each of them had been carried bleeding from the field, — clamored in favor of the high attempt; it is needless, finally, to record that they won the day.

There is every reason to believe that Lee was glad when they decided as they did; and I am glad, too: for the sake of enduring peace, I am glad that the Army of Northern Virginia took war's last hazard, notwithstanding that scores of noble-spirited youths on both sides lost their lives. For when Victory finally illumined the torn banners of the Union, nowhere within the range of endeavor's vision was there a single lost opportunity to save the Confederacy; all had been done by the Army of Northern Virginia that fortitude and courage could call upon it to do.

To carry out the decision they had reached, Gordon and Fitz Lee, accompanied by four or five batteries, were to move at one o'clock, get into position by daylight, and then attack Sheridan. Longstreet was to follow after them with his heroic corps, and in case they were successful, take a

stand at the Court House, and hold Humphreys back till the trains were out of the way, Mahone meanwhile guarding their left.

Then the three corps commanders left Lee, to rejoin their shattered, sleeping forces. Gordon, while thinking intently and rapidly over the coming enterprise, suddenly bethought him, 'Where, after throwing off Sheridan, shall I halt and camp for the night?'

It was an important question, and he sent an aide back to Lee to have him settle the matter.

'Yes,' said Lee after hearing the serious aide; 'tell General Gordon that I should be glad for him to halt just beyond the Tennessee line,' — which was only about two hundred miles off to the west, amid the Alleghany Mountains!

Lee, as the world knows, was not inclined to be facetious, but this reply under all the circumstances bubbles with such spontaneous humor that I am sure that it will bring him closer to my readers.

The batteries, with Gordon's infantry and Fitz Lee's cavalry, took up the march at a very early hour; the latter, through the waning camp-fires of Longstreet's corps, faintly twinkling by the roadside, — for in those dark, still hours the fairy spinner, Mist, was weaving her veil deeply over the face of the fields and woods. Lee's staff, and a part of Gordon's and Longstreet's, lay down on the ground near the roadside, after the conference, their saddles for pillows, their horses picketed to the trees and gnawing every little while at the bark for want of better provender.

Lee rose at three o'clock and rode forward through the rear of Fitz Lee's and Gordon's troops to a commanding point overlooking the mist-covered valley below. There he reined up and waited, as they filed down the road

past him; and the time must have seemed long till dawn. But at last it came, and with its approach, the pale fog, as if it had heard a mysterious signal, began to lift slowly, and the surrounding region became visible.

Meanwhile Grimes of Gordon's corps, to whom Bushrod Johnson's divisions had been assigned, had crossed the river, and passing through the village had formed athwart the Lynchburg Road. James A. Walker's division drew up in the fog-gray darkness on Grimes's left, and Evans, under whose command was all that survived of the old Stonewall Jackson Virginia Brigade, on Walker's left.

Grimes put Bushrod Johnson on his right, Cox's brigade of North Carolinians holding the extreme flank. The cavalry formed on the infantry's right, first W. H. F. Lee's division, then Rosser, and then the young, gallant Munford, all under the command of stocky, blue-eyed, full-rusty-bearded, jolly Fitz Lee, — but he was not in a joking mood that morning. A little before daylight Gordon, accompanied by him, came to where Grimes stood, and began in his presence to talk about what should be done. Gordon, says Grimes, was of the opinion that the troops before them were cavalry, and that Fitz Lee should begin the attack; Fitz Lee thought they were infantry, and that Gordon should attack. They discussed the matter so long that Grimes got impatient and blurted out that it was somebody's business to attack at once, and that he was sure he could drive our forces from the Bent Creek Road, which it had been decided the Confederate trains were to take.

It may help to vivify the landscape if we stand where Gordon and Grimes stood and look at it through their eyes. They were within one hundred yards of the McLean house, on the edge of the village and facing south. Before

them, spread out like a tilted fan, old fields, veiled with mist and creased with gentle folds, rose toward the south, crowned at last with misty, circling woods. About midway of the incline the Bent Creek Road strikes off westward from the Lynchburg, and after a while rambles back into it again beyond Appomattox Station. It will be remembered that the First Maine's videttes, carbine in hand, were posted along it, and that their division, Crook's, was back of them up in the woods a half mile or more, dismounted, their horses browsing, and some of the men behind a line of temporary defenses of rails, brush, and pieces of old logs, whose centre was on the Lynchburg Road; and that while Gordon and Grimes were having their interview, Mackenzie's small division was moving under orders from Sheridan to take position on Crook's left.

'Well!' Gordon replied, to Grimes's soldierly, blunt remark, 'drive them off!'

'I cannot do it with my division alone,' observed Grimes.

'You can take the other two divisions!' responded Gordon.

Grimes then rode to Walker and asked him to go with him; for daylight was breaking while he pointed out Crook's position and explained his plan of attack. The cavalry, it was decided, should circuit around Crook's left, and when all were ready, a combined onset should be made to clear the road.

The early movements of Gordon and Fitz Lee were sluggish, and it was not till my classmate 'Jim' Lord, by order of Colonel Smith of the First Maine, let drive a few rounds from his battery, pushed well up on the encircling ridge, down in among the swarm of cavalry, infantry, and wagons dim in the enshrouding fog, that any advance was made. Grimes started a light

force up the pike and drove the videttes from the Bent Creek Road back on the main line.

The road clear, the right of Fitz Lee's command, Rosser and Munford, took it, moving briskly, and Grimes with lines extended waited for them to get to Crook's left. Meanwhile, the sun rose, as did the fog, and the dewy tree-tops on the timbered hills, which zigzag round the head of the Appomattox, began to loom free against the fresh sky of that Palm Sunday morning, a sky that soon, North and South, would hear the bells of many a steeple ringing.

III

But before they move let us turn to Ord's troops, who had bivouacked at midnight within four or five miles of Appomattox Station. They were called from their slumbers at 3 A.M., and although weary and foot-sore, and without breakfasting, — 'but a few had had anything to eat since noon of the previous day,' say the *War Records*, — fell in without murmuring, and resumed the march. Foster's division of Gibbon's corps was in the lead; then Turner, and behind him Griffin, with the Fifth Corps.

About the time Gordon was replying to Grimes, Foster had reached the vicinity of Sheridan's headquarters, the little frame house just south of the station, and halted for breakfast. Their fires were barely started when Ord rode up, dismounted, and, after a short consultation with Sheridan, started Foster on at full speed, and then rode back to hurry on the rest of the infantry, for word had just come in that the enemy were moving.

Rienzi was stamping in front of the door; Sheridan mounted him, and dashed for the front. Having gained a point where he could get a good view of Gordon's infantry, he halted.

They were now advancing firmly with colors, and there were so many standards crimsoning each body of troops, — to their glory the Confederate color-bearers stood by Lee to the last, — that they looked like marching gardens blooming with cockscomb, red roses, and poppies. One glance told Sheridan that Crook and Mackenzie could not possibly hold their ground, and he sent word to them to fall back slowly. He also sent orders to Custer and Devins who, after their severe trials of the night before, had retired for a little rest near his headquarters, to come on the field at once.

Meanwhile, the Confederate batteries which, under Alexander had jarred earth and sky at Gettysburg just before Pickett's charge, had opened and were thundering well. And as I loitered last October on the spot where they stood that Sunday morning in 1865, the spirits of Confederate cannoneers approached me, asking, 'Can you tell us where we can find our old commanders, Pelham, Alexander, Dearing, 'Joe' Blount, Brown, and Carter?' Yes, if you will follow a road upward, upward past moons and stars, the road that the sound of the church-bells took that Palm Sunday morning, it will lead you at last to where you will find them all.

The sound of the firing reached Ord's column, stepping briskly, and with cheers they broke into double-quick. Pennington of Custer's division, who had not found rest until after midnight, was fast asleep on a quilt of pine-needles in a grove traversed by the sunken road on which the men were marching. Their eagle-like scream awakened him, and as far as he could see the road was packed with men, their faces grimly ablaze, colors flying, and over them, like a wavering shield of steel, were their muskets at right-shoulder-shift, as they trotted forward

to the sound of the now booming guns; for Gordon's and Fitz Lee's veterans were answering the last call of the Confederacy with their old-time spirit.

Fitz Lee, having gained a position to the left and rear of Mackenzie, assailed him violently, and swept his small brigade out of the way before he could establish due connection with Crook. Reader, for the sake of a boy's love for another, let me say that Ronald S. Mackenzie (we always called him Mack) graduated at the head of my class, and that a braver, a more modest, or truer-hearted boy never lived, and that many and many a happy hour I passed with him and our fellow classmates as we sat and smoked and talked, — oh, so young and care free! — before call to quarters at West Point. Poor Mack! His mind became clouded, but death released him at last, and I know he rests in peace, for Honor and Valor saw to it that his pillow was soft.

Well, at about Mackenzie's critical moment, Grimes, supported by four or five batteries under Colonel Thomas H. Carter, struck Crook in front, and, although his dismounted men held on stubbornly, they were forced to give way finally, and mighty fast, too, at that, for W. H. F. Lee was charging squarely against their left flank and rear. Back through old fields and heavy copses of young pine and surly jack-oaks, Crook and Mackenzie were driven, their led horses and batteries retreating in great confusion, leaving a gun, and perhaps two of them — for the number is in doubt — in the enemy's hands, captured by Beal's and Roberts's brigades of W. H. F. Lee's division. The Confederate infantry had come on, too, and soon the Lynchburg Road was clear, and the tattered forces that had cleared it burst into cheers.

But their victorious shouts had hardly broken before on through the mob

of fleeing cavalry came Ord's troops and, with the greatest promptness, without regard to its own flanks, his leading brigade, Osborn's, — Thirty-ninth Illinois, Sixty-second and Sixty-ninth Ohio, — sought and rushed at the flanking cavalry. To Osborn's right and left the other brigades of Gibbon's corps, Turner's division, and the brigade of colored troops, hurried, and forthwith all fought their way to the open, where rested the right of the main body of the Confederate infantry. Several batteries now, at point-blank, fired shell and canister into Gibbon's men, and held them for a while, but were quickly driven from their position with the loss of a 20-pound gun, captured by the Eighth Maine, Fairchild's brigade of Foster's division.

Meanwhile, the Fifth Corps, Chamberlain's brigade in front, on reaching the station had been deflected to the right, and soon Pearson's brigade, second in line of the front division, was ordered to line up alongside of Ord's left. Obliquely to the northwest into double-quick they broke, and orders from Bartlett came sharp and fast: 'One Hundred and Fifty-Fifth Pennsylvania, forward as skirmishers!' 'On centre!' 'Take intervals!' and away they go to the front, the cavalry parting and falling back through them. When deployed, their right was near the Trent house. Chamberlain continued the march rapidly, heavy guns answering each other fiercely, their lordly roar mingling with the spiteful crack of carbines and muskets, which every little while were drowned in the crash of a volley. One of Sheridan's staff dashed at full speed up to the gallant Chamberlain, exclaiming, 'General Sheridan wishes you to break off from the column and come to his support. The rebel infantry is pressing him hard. Our men are falling back; don't wait

for orders through the regular channels, but act on this at once.'

At a run they followed the staff officer to where Sheridan sat on fiery Rienzi in the smoke of the batteries, man and horse living embodiments of tumultuous energy.

I do not know just the spot where Sheridan stood that morning, but for a clearer understanding let us paint the view that was swept by his blazing eye.

There is a little brook called Plain Run which has its source in woods not far from Appomattox Station, and, after creeping out into the sunshine, flows northeastwardly in a shallow valley to the Appomattox. Along the western rim of its cradle is the Lynchburg Road. On the eastward rim, which is somewhat higher, is a country road that starts at the station, and after traversing three or four large plantations, the Inge, Sears's, and Le Grande's, enters the Walker's Church Road heading westward within less than a mile of the Court House; thence the two glide on together down to Plain Run, which at this point is only a few hundred yards from the faint-beating heart of the old hamlet. Thus the shallow valley is bounded by these roads. On its gently-sloping sides are fields that last October were dun, covered with broom-grass, and dotted with low, green-tufted pines; and some of the fields bore rows of ripened, shocked corn. By the Trent house and then the Sears, the run wanders at the foot of these fields, and a lowing cow on its banks in the still hours of the night can be heard from road to road.

When I visited the field I went to the Sears house and from thence to the run itself, a few hundred yards away, for I wanted to see it at about the point where Chamberlain crossed it. I found it stealing through willows and alders, and under half-grown trees

interlaced with wild grape-vines. The water, like that of Siloam, was flowing, softly, softly, from one shadowed pool to another. A little alarmed bird was chirping nervously in the alders, a yellow butterfly wavered by me to join a colony, sitting close together with upright, bladed wings, gilding a spot on a black, damp bar, — all of them resting as though in the dream of a distant summer day, — and from the direction of the Court House came faintly the intermittent jangle of a cow-bell.

I went back, up to the Le Grande Road, and there lay the scene swept by Sheridan's blazing eye. And what did *he* see? His cavalry falling back down the sloping fields from the Lynchburg Road, and on their crest Gordon's men cheering, shrouded in the smoke of battle, with scores and scores of crimson banners flying. O stormy sea of four long years! Your last triumphant wave is breaking, but not, not forever, like a shadow, are you gone, for there is a beach in men's hearts which God in his wisdom hath made to respond to echoes of wars like this, and that creative, musical beach is emotion.

War's tumult is loud, volleys are crashing, hills and woods are throwing back madly each sullen cannon's roar, men are falling mangled and bleeding; the ultimate crisis of the war is at hand. Ord's left is drawing near the Bent Creek Road. Gibbon, Turner, and Bartlett are all surging through the timber toward the cheering Confederates.

But hark! Abruptly that cheering stops; stops as abruptly as though a deadly pang had struck each breast, or a sheeted ghost had risen before them. What has delivered the darting pang or evoked the forbidding spectre to change the mood of those cheering veterans? Lo! a mighty host with colors, fields of stars and bands of

white and crimson, is pouring from the green leafy depths of the woods, and in full view across the valley the old Fifth Corps has risen up out of the earth, as it were, and in two lines of battle is swinging down past the Sears house with flags rippling gayly; flags that waved so opportunely on Round Top that second day at Gettysburg; and the cheering stops.

Sheridan's bugles are calling triumphantly shrill; the scattered cavalry respond to their notes and gather in high spirits promptly to their standards; and Custer, at the head of the clanking column, gallops up the Le Grande Road, drawing sabres for a charge toward the Court House itself. Sheridan, as he leaves Chamberlain to join them, grits out, 'Now smash 'em, I tell you; smash 'em!' and gives the bit to the champing, restless, head-tossing Rienzi.

As Chamberlain crosses the little run, all the troops on his left press forward, and the whole Confederate line, now full of despair and heartache, begins to fall back. But as they retire, Cox gives to his North Carolina brigade the command, 'Right about face!' Behind them their young, stately commander stands, his body bearing the scars of eleven wounds. As one they whirl. Firmly rings his voice again: 'Ready! Aim! Fire!' and from leveled guns pours the last volley that will be fired by the Army of Northern Virginia. Manly was he in the morning of life; manly is he in its evening; and his heart still youthful notwithstanding its weight of seventy-odd years. Here is my hand, gallant Cox, and may your last days be cloudless and sweet!

Behold, Reader; while the smoke of his brigade is billowing up, let me tell you a monument marks the spot where that last volley was fired; and, if ever you visit the field, — and I hope it

will be in October, — do go to that stone: the tall, slender, gray-bodied, twilight-holding young pines that have grown up thickly in front of it, and the purple asters blooming round it, if you lend your ear, will welcome you to its proud record.

In vain the volley is fired, for fate's invisible hands are loosening the curtains that in a few minutes more will fall on the drama, ending the long, fierce struggle. Yes; let it roar on past Gordon. He will wonder whether it was fired by friend or foe; but whichever, it matters not: his hope has flickered and gone out, for he sees Ord beginning to form up in the fields along the Bent Creek Road; Gibbon's, Turner's, and Griffin's corps, through veils of musketry and artillery smoke, coming out from the timber; Custer on the point of charging down into the village, threatening to cut off all communication between the wings of the Confederate forces. The sight was appalling, and Custer's threatening charge called for immediate action. Gordon sent a brigade of engineer troops, under that mild and well-bred gentleman, Colonel Talcott, to stay him, and ordered Cox and the infantry to fall back to the village.

Fast now they recoil, leaving many a brave comrade behind them. They pass, on their way, the spot where a gun (or guns) was captured; and there lies Wilson, the color-bearer of the Fourteenth Virginia Cavalry, mortally wounded, his beautiful bay mare standing beside him. He has just bade his friend Moffett good-bye, murmuring, 'Moffett, it is hard to die just as the war is over!' And so it was, dying color-bearer; and when I stood where you fell, Wilson, my heart beat tenderly for you. Autumn flowers were blooming there, and a mist, like that of the morning when you made your last charge, was drenching the field,

and here and there had gathered like tears at the tips of the bending grass.

The galloping column of cavalry, with golden-locked Custer at its head, has almost reached the Walker's Church Road; drawn sabres are glinting; guidons are fluttering; foam is spotting the breasts of the horses who spring to the bugle-notes ready for the charge.

A Confederate battery gallops up, unlimbers at the left of the Peet house at the edge of the village, its right section in front of the rear door, and opens at Custer and Chamberlain's right, firing shell and shrapnel as

fast as the cannoneers can load the guns. Longstreet, watching Gordon's attack from the other side of the river, and seeing that it is failing, tells Alexander, who is at his side, to form a line quickly as a rallying-point for the retreating forces. Alexander plants battery after battery, and Wilcox and the fragments of Hill's old corps and of Pickett's and Kershaw's divisions form in line. Heth takes his place on the left; and Heth by the way was a young, spare-faced, blue-eyed, and very lovable West Point man. His portrait now adorns the walls of the Westmoreland Club in Richmond.

YOUNG CRAMER'S CHOICE

BY ALBERT KINROSS

HIS name was Cramer, and we had become acquainted at one of those garden-restaurants that dot the Carlsbad landscape. You walk out to them of a morning after taking the waters, and there you have a sort of breakfast — coffee and rolls and other trifles — and usually find the same waitress and the same table and the same guests sitting there. It was thus that we had found one another, and presently we continued, I looking out for Cramer, and he looking out for me. Mrs. Cramer was a stout blonde, and carried that air of importance which so often goes with a generous configuration. They were Americans, from Indianapolis, but resident in New York.

I liked his dry and shrewd humor — to me, coming from England, it was fresh and attractive. He possessed a

kind of secular detachment, a smiling irreverence; he would laugh at himself and his compatriots as often as he laughed at us. But I really think my open admiration dated from a morning when he decreed that Anna, our waitress, must be given another chance. She had been dismissed for some slight breach of discipline, and she showed the marks of tears. Cramer got it out of her; discovered, too, that if she were dismissed with the season half over, her family, who expected her to return with a full season's money, would curse her and thrust her out-of-doors. The girl was desperate and pitifully helpless.

'All right, Anna,' said Cramer, 'you leave it to me.'

He fought that miniature battle and won it and rejoiced in it. Anna was reinstated and thanked him, thanked

even me with an extraordinary outburst of emotion. He had done it all, quite largely, quite simply, without a trace of European self-consciousness. Where I, for instance, might have been wondering whether I looked a fool, or perhaps a knave, he had gone straight ahead. After this episode we drew nearer; somehow it had humanized our usual intercourse. Mrs. Cramer had encouraged the attempt and was proud of him; and even the proprietor, the bald and bland proprietor, came round to Cramer's side and admitted there might be 'exceptions.'

Perhaps it was this same morning that we first approached whatever views we had about America, and equally about Europe, always a delicate topic, as such comparisons will be. What had actually set us going was the sight of a certain countess, *née* Matthews, and hailing from Philadelphia. She and her count were here as well, and Cramer frankly enjoyed the spectacle. He did not know the lady, but she interested him. 'Our women seem to manage it,' he said; 'these mixed marriages, I mean; but it won't do for us men,' was how he saw the matter. 'You've remarked,' he pursued, 'that there are American women in every European aristocracy; but did you ever hear of an American man who married into their ranks?'

I admitted that I had never heard of such an one.

'Of course, there are American men with European wives; but not of that class — not of that class,' he repeated.

The subject dropped. A few days later, however, it rose again; on an afternoon when, caught by a thunderstorm, we had taken refuge in a hut from which, under normal circumstances, one obtained a view. We had strolled up hill through the pine woods, mounting steadily, and reaching at last a summit that commanded open coun-

try. It was fortunate for us that the authorities had built a shelter here. The storm burst, the heavens opened; we were just in time. Half an hour earlier we had surprised the Count and Countess, descending, and to judge by certain symptoms, enjoying an extension of their honeymoon.

'My, they'll get wet!' cried Cramer suddenly, watching the downpour and the riven skies. 'I suppose countesses get wet same as other people,' he added; and I knew then to whom he was referring, and what was exercising that original headpiece of his.

'They're half an hour nearer home than they were, and it's all down-hill,' said I.

He lit a cigar and gazed out on the storm.

'Do you know,' he pursued, 'I came near marrying a countess once; as near as any American can get to it, without losing his self-respect and playing at being something different from what the Almighty made him?'

'I should n't be surprised,' I said.

'I'm not joking. She was a girl I met in Italy and sailed with on the Mediterranean — badly chaperoned, I suppose; and, they being English and I American, they did n't seem to mind so much. Have you noticed that an American dry-goods merchant or real-estate broker can get in lots of places in Europe where the native has to stay outside? For the time being, anyway, he's a gentleman, while the native's got his offices round the corner.'

I did not interrupt, and presently Cramer continued: —

'When I left college and before I settled down to work, my father gave me a holiday. "That's all I'm going to give you," he said, "make a year of it, and take a look at Europe before you get chained up like I am. Maybe you'll never get the chance again. I've been wanting to do it all my life, and I've

never made it. I guess you'd better go instead of me."

He had a kind heart, a big heart, inside of him. Outside, he was pretty tough. He gave me a wad of money, and off I started. Culture? No, I was n't out for culture. I just liked loafing round with my eyes open. I liked watching 'em *get* culture; they used to make me laugh. I laughed all the way from London to Paris, to Berlin; and there was Dresden and Munich and Vienna; and I took a look at Moscow and Constantinople, and Athens for old acquaintance' sake. I enjoyed every mile of it, every hour of it, day and night. The languages I heard and the signs I made! I could talk better with my hands and feet than I could with my tongue.

'And I wound up with Italy, because it was winter and because I wanted to speak English again and take a look at Rome—for old acquaintance' sake, same as Athens. You hear such a lot of them at school and college. I used to sit in the Colosseum picturing to myself the circus and the games and putting my thumbs down like a Roman or giving the dying gladiator another chance. And one morning she came there with her chaperon and tried to catch a lizard, and, she not getting it, I sailed in and caught it in my hat. I handed it to her with a bow. She laughed and took it home with her, and I laughed and we said good-morning and both spoke English, and rather liked doing that. She was staying at my hotel. I had n't noticed her, but she'd noticed me. It was because I dressed for dinner every evening, unlike most of the people. She told me that later, when we had grown more confidential, and so did the chaperon, who seemed to think it very important. The fact was I had nothing else to do of an evening and it sort of freshens you up, and while that year lasted I

was making the most of it and amusing myself in every way; and the truth is that if you gave a car conductor lots of money and nothing to do for it, he'd begin to dress for dinner, just to pass away the time. It does n't bore you, does it?" asked Cramer, dropping his story and taking a look at me.

'It certainly does n't,' I protested.

'I'm rather enjoying it as well,' said he. 'I was twenty-three, and here was this girl, perhaps turned eighteen—in fact, I know she was—and fresh as spring flowers on an April morning. "How's the lizard?" I asked, meeting her again at the hotel. "It's in its box; would you like to see it? I'm sure aunt won't mind."

'Aunt did n't mind. On the contrary, she was rather glad to have some conversation. She was a talkative woman by nature, and a single niece was n't enough to satisfy her cravings. She asked me upstairs into their sitting-room, and I was shown the lizard in its new home. It had refused bread, because "it lives on insects," the girl explained; while her aunt said, "Nonsense, child, everything eats bread." The lizard would n't budge. "I shall have to take it back to the Colosseum," cried the girl; and we planned the expedition there and then, the aunt assenting.

'But it was n't exactly the lizard that really brought us together; it was an enamored Italiano who became a pest. He did n't do anything. He simply glared, and followed Lady Isabel like a shadow. Lady Isabel was the girl, and her aunt was Lady Pollexfen. This Italian used to wait for them in the street outside the hotel, and look and glower and follow them about. He meant, of course, to imply that he was madly in love with Lady Isabel. Really he was a nuisance, and the two ladies were almost afraid. They asked me to speak to him, and I

spoke. He replied that he was in love with the young lady, that his name was So-and-so, that he had very little ready money, and could n't help it. I said, "Please go away! You annoy these ladies." He repeated that he could n't help it. It was his fate, his misfortune. "You'll have to help it," I said; "now please go away." Would I fight a duel? he asked. "So that you can show off?" said I. "Coward — traitor," he answered, "Yankee adventurer!" — "All right, Signor Michael Angelo, you've had a fair warning, and I won't be answerable for the consequences," was how I closed the conversation.

I took Lady Isabel into my confidence. My room, I pointed out, was on a half-floor and overlooked the street where Signor Rinaldo used to wait for them. Often I had been tempted to throw something at him; and it would have been difficult to miss. Sometimes he actually leaned against the wall under my window. By reaching out I could almost have touched the top of his hat. We agreed that he deserved no mercy, and that, while I operated, the ladies should stand in the street and jeer. That would settle him and, at the same time, teach him a lesson; and, besides, the ladies were leaving for Naples presently — he would hardly be recovered by then.

'It was I suppose, a foolish trick and a cruel one, but she was eighteen and I was twenty-three, and the man had only himself to blame. I emptied a big jug of violet ink over him one morning when he was glaring his hardest, and the two ladies had just come out of the hotel. I shall never forget it. I used to start laughing about it suddenly, and often in bed of a night. And so did she. He stood there with his arms folded, looking like a love-sick goat. The ink ran over his face, his hands, and probably down his neck;

it dyed his hat, his clothes, his boots. He looked — his appearance is indescribable. And his innamorata was a witness, was actually present. It was a good job we left for Naples on the Monday.

'I went, too. There was nothing to detain me. And after that I sailed with them, to Sicily, to Malta, to Tunis, Algiers, and Tangier. — "Father did enjoy our description of the way you punished that Italian," she said one day. "I wrote four pages." It was the first time I had connected her with a home, a family.

"What's he like?" I asked.

'She tried to tell me. She thought no end of him. American girls don't speak of their fathers in quite that way. It was a difference, subtle and far-reaching; perhaps an American girl would have rebelled at that kind of paternity. He was the head of their house, I gathered; a great man, even with them who stood so near and dear. But kind and generous — she had no words of praise sufficient. It was sweet to hear her speak of him, to hear anybody so spoken of, with such devotion. Centuries go to make such people, to establish such relationships. I grasp that now; at the time I only felt my youth and hers. The blue skies were over us; smiling lands, blue seas below. If Lady Pollexfen could only talk a lot in the evening, she did n't care much what happened during the day. Of course, we fell in love; first looked it, then confessed it. That time comes once, perhaps twice, if one has the leisure, the vitality, the abounding hope.

'Everything seemed possible — of that we never had a doubt. I was to see her father in England, present myself, and win his consent. That was the process — the immemorial process. I don't suppose it ever occurred to her there might be others. She went on ahead to prepare the way. I followed.

'The Earl received me in his London house, a large place, stuccoed and formal, and overlooking a green patch of square. I saw him first, and afterward, when he had made his bargain, — her turn had come earlier, — we went over to another room, where Isabel waited, and where her mother was ready to give us tea. A stately woman, moving curiously, was my impression as she rose, with a pathetic, seeking look in her fine face. I remembered then that Isabel had told me she was blind. I had not realized what it meant till now, when she stood offering me a hand, conquering this late infirmity, unyielding, by the will in her. I could have kissed her hand instead of taking it. That woman moved me — and she was Isabel's mother.

'They were kind to me; but here in England was another way, different from the lax rule of Lady Pollexfen. "I ought to have known," the Earl had said, "Louisa is careless — talks a lot, does n't she?" He was gaining time, measuring me; and when he had heard my story, "I'd like you and Isabel to be friends," he said; "but an engagement — you're rather young. You can write to her if you keep it at that — at friendship. And you must come and stay with us at Wyvern, if Isabel will ask you — she's allowed to ask her friends. I've nothing against you — on the contrary; but it does seem rather — rather impossible." He was smiling; there was no offense in what he said. He knew the world — his world and hers; he had not made it; it was like that, he seemed to imply. "You're a man of honor — you've behaved like one," he ended, "but my girl's far too young, and, if you'll allow me, so are you."

'It sounded reasonable; it was reasonable. Heaven knows whether in my saner moments I had expected as much from him. For they were big

people, important people; and I — I was a college graduate who might or might not make some kind of a position.'

Cramer had paused. 'It comes out clear,' he said at last, 'just like that landscape after the blur of the storm. Then it was fogged and painful, and we felt lost in it.'

I followed his eyes across the leagues of open country, now revealed; clear, clean, new-washed, and radiant in the sunlight.

'The old Earl saw it right out,' he pursued, 'just as we, sitting here, can see it now. He was n't fogged; he was n't lost in it. He knew us both; he knew the way of things. Life was n't all travel and spending our father's money and drifting in the sunlight and hearing the music of harps; and marriage was something more definite than falling in love. He asked me down to Wyvern, their country-seat, where they really were at home, where I would get to know them, and to know myself, a good deal better. It was n't a trick; it was sheer white wisdom; and, though my year was up and ended, I went.

'That house, that park, those scores of quiet servants, the feudal village beyond — all seemed to be in league and questioning me. "Can you give her this?" they seemed to ask. "What can you give her in exchange for this? Here's her world, and yours is a different one. Yours may be as good, but it's different; and if you threw it up and came to live here, could you stand it, could you lead this life? would n't it sap you, chafe you, madden you?"

'She did her best to make me feel at ease here; she prompted me, she guided me, and no doubt stood up for me to her brothers and cousins, who were inclined to scoff. I've never known which to admire most, her loyalty to her father or her loyalty to me. It was sweet to watch her thoughtfulness; but it

could n't last. "I don't belong to this world," I said to her one day, "I'm different stuff, and there's no changing."

'And then I found a simile for it all, an illustration. In the park were thousands of birds, reared there for shooting; they came of a stock that had once been wild, but was now "preserved." We used to go down to them and watch them and feed them. The grown birds, left from last autumn's shooting, had a sleekness, a fineness, that reminded me of the men of her circle; those men who commanded always what accident had given me for a single year. They, too, had this air of a world, a life, a career, all ready made for them; of parks to dwell in, and abundant food. I was bound to make my own career; whatever it might be, it would be mine. And so, "I'm only a wild bird," I said to her that day. "All of you have grown up here and been 'preserved.'"

'She grasped it, yet denied it.

'I put it to the Earl one evening. He saw it, and admitted it. "The wild birds have more fun," he said, "but sometimes even we escape — to Italy."

'I liked him; I admired him. He had never opposed us. He had shown me her world, what she expected of life, the only world she was at home in — and let it talk. Could I give it to her? Yes, I might give it to her by destroying myself, by destroying the American in me. That was too much to ask of any man; nor would it have made her happy. The old Earl made this clear — yet not in words. He had asked me to

stay with them — it was all that was needed. When I went back, Lady Isabel and I were friends as we had promised. So was the Earl, and so was her mother. I wrote to her for years afterwards; and for years afterwards a face that recalled hers, or even the soft, shy look of her, would make me weaker than a child; and even the colors that belonged to her, in which I had known her. When she married, she told me. I dare say if I walked in on her to-day her face would lighten and she'd welcome me.

'I'd stayed weeks beyond my year when I went home to my father. "What was it, a girl?" he asked, "or was it —" I was too quick for him. "A girl," I said. "Would n't she have you?" It was difficult. "She was at that lord's you've been staying with?" I nodded. "How much?" said he, "I might do something handsome." "Money's no good — it's something more than money." He never quite understood that. I made my way and succeeded.' And then, reverting to his starting-point, 'Yes,' he concluded, 'I might have married a countess — or the equivalent of a countess — if the sky had n't cleared, if the landscape had n't come out, and the sun, and that castle over yonder.'

We looked out on the view again. It spread for miles now and included a river.

'Let's go down to Mamie,' he said: 'she'll be missing me, and I'm missing her.'

Mamie, of course, was Mrs. Cramer.

HIGH NOON

BY FLORENCE CONVERSE

Nel mezzo del cammin di nostra vita —

I

MIDDAY in upland meadows: infinite glare
Of cloudless sky; the over-seer sun
Smiting his hay-makers, and everywhere
Backs bending to the lash, hot brows a-run
With sweat, dull eyes wherein a tumult wages
'Twixt frenzy fevering over tasks not done,
And indolence that sulkily presages
A tedious endlessness of afternoon. —
The unknown meadow stretches down the ages.
What though arms steady to the scythe full soon,
Where's joy, to touch this dogged strength to power?
Where's courage when the sluggish blood's a-swoon,
Lacking the elfin lightness, morning's dower?
Where's comfort — in the day's one desperate hour?

II

O strange eternity we call the Day!
My zenith, where the sun's a-dazzle now,
Rings the horizon — east a little way.
This shadowless high noon of mine somehow
Makes sunset yonder. Though I droop my head
Some other harvester, with tranquil brow,
On other heights, has over-past my dread.
His field is shorn, his golden hay-cocks gleam
Against the level sunlight; purple-red
Over the grass their long, bright shadows stream.
His eyes are fixed on that forgotten thing,
Earth's loveliness. His happy morning dream
Of life fulfilled is now: — Hail, dawn! Come, spring. —
He rests upon his scythe, remembering.

THE ECONOMIC INDEPENDENCE OF WOMEN

BY EARL BARNES

I

NOWHERE does a human being escape compulsion. Even were he alone in the world, he would be forced to obey the physical laws governing gravity, heat, cold, hunger, and disease. No matter what his desires might be, he would find himself limited and constrained by fixed laws, the inexorable penalties of which he could escape only by obedience. If the man were not alone, then each one of his companions would limit his freedom, and he would limit each one in the group, if they were to live together in peace and efficiency; and yet, each of the man's companions would help to free him from the tyranny of physical forces, even from the bondage of his own nature.

Independence is thus an ideal to be achieved only through obedience. It begins in self-subordination and reaches its finest realization in social subordination. Since the beginning of time, men who thought have always dreamed of freedom; and during the past two hundred years, independence has been a word to conjure with. In so far as independence means freedom to follow one's own unregulated desires, it is a fantastic and dangerous dream; and yet this dream has been among the greatest influences in furthering human development in the past.

The old-time dependence of one individual on the immediate caprices of another largely disappeared with the passing of slavery. But in place of this personal subjection has come a

more complex and, in some ways, more compelling control through the monopoly of wealth. Property has become the medium through which the most binding of human relations are organized. Accumulated wealth has become a great reservoir of power, to which some individuals gain access through rights of birth, others through carefully-guarded privileges, and still others through cunning devices or through force. But the masses of the people must gain their fragments of this wealth through arduous life-long labor. Even the earth is parceled out, and all of it is now owned by individuals or groups who control it in their own interests. One man may thus have thousands of acres which he cannot use, and will not allow others to use, while another has not where to lay his head.

Laws jealously guard this wealth, which is the key to all opportunity; and public opinion, that most subtle, pervasive, and compelling of all forms of law, gathers a thousand sacred initiations, rites, ceremonies, prohibitions, and excommunications round it. A man who beats his fellow into insensibility and sends him to the hospital for a month may be less punished by the law than one who signs the wrong name to a check for five dollars. It is also true that a man who has killed his neighbor, but has escaped the punishment of the law through a technicality, or one who has ruined his friend's family, may be less punished by society than one who cheats at cards.

In primitive life, a man can be a man, and have a man's opportunities, only by virtue of what he is; to-day he may have all the rights and privileges of any man by virtue of what he possesses. In any of our communities can be found strong and honest men who, through misfortune, are begging bread and wasting their lives for want of money to live decently. And, beside these, one sees other men of weak physique and feeble minds, who have lived as parasites on society all their lives, but who are handsomely dressed, well-fed, and possessed of power to do as they will, simply because they have access to wealth. It is no wonder that if one would seek freedom to-day in America he must look for her image on a gold coin.

It is not difficult to see why property has become such a powerful instrument in civilization. Anything which a person really owns, in a psychological sense, is a home for his soul. Really owning an object — a toy, a garment, a watch, or a home — means infusing one's personality into it. A man who possesses significant things has a new body through which his soul can work; this body trains his powers; and it should give him life more abundantly. A landless man must in time become a soulless man. Of course, we are not here speaking of legal ownership. Many people own things legally into which they have never infused themselves; sometimes they have more things than any individual could possibly infuse himself into.

These conditions may prevail to some extent even in primitive life, but to-day they have been vastly increased through the fact that, with advancing civilization, money was devised. This is a system of counters, generally coin or paper, not really very valuable in themselves, but always resting back for value on the earth, or on something

derived from it. In the past it was supposed that there were some things which, because of their nature, were not marketable, while others were beyond price. To-day we set values on everything, even on men's bodies: eyes, ears, legs, and lives can now be priced. There are, in fact, insurance companies and factories that have regular schedules of value for various parts of the body. Our courts set prices on blighted affections, damaged reputations, social advancements, impaired digestions, damaged complexions, nervous shocks, and extreme humiliations. Even a woman's honor may have a price in dollars.

These property rights, like the rights of the person, have always been subject to violence. Powerful individuals and groups have always been able to overstep legal restrictions and public opinion and seize what they desired. The land-grabbing going on in North Africa and Persia to-day, and the activity of great industrial monopolies at home, show us that some property rights still need to be secured by force. In this struggle, it has come about naturally that men, being stronger, freer, and less scrupulous than women, have outstripped them and have so far had a pretty complete monopoly of wealth. In fact, women themselves have at times become property. At such times, a man who stole or bought a woman naturally took over with her possession all her rights in real estate and personal property, as well as her person and her services.

II

Only gradually did women gain power to hold property themselves. Mainly because fathers wished to preserve property in their families, the right of women to inherit became slowly established as civilization advanced. In Judea, Greece, and Rome, certain rights of a woman to hold property

were clearly settled. In the reversion to force under feudalism, woman's rights to outside property suffered; but they have been gradually restored during the last few centuries. To-day, in civilized lands, a woman's rights to property inherited, or definitely given her, or purchased by her, are everywhere recognized, if she does not marry. In France, and in other Latin countries, she may still lose control of her property if she takes a husband; but in northern and western lands, even a married woman may retain her possessions.

Woman's body, too, is increasingly looked upon as her personal property. With the raising of the age of consent, with increasing severity in laws punishing rape, and with the abrogation of judicial orders for the restitution of marital rights, it is now pretty generally recognized that a woman should have the right to control her own person. Still, in many lands there is much to be done before this right is fully safeguarded.

Where a woman has not yet achieved economic freedom is in the disposal of her labor. One must remember, however, in this connection, that not only is there no fixed standard of values in human service as yet, but that many indispensable forms of service have not even been legally recognized as valuable. In early forms of civilization, fighting and praying were considered the most important work the community profited by, and so warriors and priests gained the big rewards. They received lands, gold, servants, and dignities; while industrial workers, even the directors, were despised. To-day we have reversed all this; and we may pay a general only five thousand dollars a year, and a priest eight hundred dollars, while a man who develops a big industry may receive a hundred thousand dollars annually. Again, a man

who invents a new gun may be given a fortune, like that of Herr Krupp, while a man who invents a surgical instrument is prevented by the ethics of his profession from even patenting it. If Pasteur had been paid for his services to France and to humanity, he would have ranked in the financial world at least with Mr. Rockefeller and Mr. Schwab. We pay a professor of ethics in a university three thousand dollars a year; but Miss Jane Addams, as instructor in ethics to the United States, receives no salary; and she must even beg the money to maintain her laboratory at Hull House.

The whole question of payment for services is in a chaotic condition. Those who serve mankind most faithfully are rewarded on the principle, 'From each according to his ability'; but nowhere is the remainder of the principle, 'To each according to his needs,' recognized. Hence our greatest servants must still beg support from our cleverest exploiters; and we must look to Mr. Carnegie or to Mr. Rockefeller to endow research.

Domestic service is indispensable to society, but it has so far remained in the field of semi-slavery and uncertain barter; in a word, it is still in the feudal stage. The woman gives what she is and has, and nominally she gets protection and support. Sometimes these fail and, on the other hand, she occasionally receives the unearned gifts supposed to befit a potentate or a shrine. As women become educated, they find this condition of uncertainty and instability unbearable. They are willing to work, but they must have a chance to think and to plan their lives according to their individual needs. Some degree of economic independence is necessary to intelligent thinking and orderly living. It is not that women are demanding more property; they are demanding some definite individual

property as a home for their souls; and they are coming to realize that if this property rests on some one else's feelings and caprices it is no home for the soul: it is only a tavern.

This conception is well illustrated by the case of a woman in the western part of New York State who married about 1850 and went to live on a farm with her husband. They had little means, but she brought seven hundred dollars to the altar, which was more than he possessed in ready capital. Her part was, however, soon swallowed up in the general business, and while there was a tacit agreement, voiced at long intervals, that she had put something into the business, her part never increased, though the man with whom she worked grew well-to-do. Certain feudal rights in the butter the woman made, and in the chickens she raised, yielded her small sums, which often escaped her; but what she secured she put into a few silver spoons and dishes for her table, a square of Brussels carpet, three lace curtains, a marble-topped stand, and six horsehair-covered chairs for her parlor. These things were considered in a very special sense her own. The man might have sold them and used the money; but public opinion would have condemned him had he done so.

Meantime, the woman cooked for the family and the hired men, scrubbed and washed and mended. She strained and skimmed the milk from a dozen cows, and churned the butter; she fed the calves, cared for the hens, dug in the garden, gathered the vegetables, did the family sewing, and stole fragments of time for her flower-beds. Her hours were from five in the morning until nine at night, three hundred and sixty-five days in the year, with no half-days or Sundays off.

Incidentally she read her Bible, maintained religious exercises in the village, kept the church clean, and provided

it with a carpet by methods of indirection. She upheld a moral standard toward which men only weakly struggled; hunted down and drove away all other women who refused equal service to their lords; ministered to the neighboring sick; and doled out alms in winter-time. Her home was a social and industrial microcosm which she conducted as a feudal holding under the protection of her lord. It would be an interesting study to work out the rules of this feudal relation between husband and wife in any agricultural community, even to-day. They would be found as varied, as unjust and arbitrary, and as generous, as those of the old régime in France.

A woman in a home is supposed to furnish three kinds of service. She must be a housekeeper, a wife, and a mother. As housekeeper, her services can be estimated in current values running from three to twenty-five dollars a week, with board and lodging. The other two kinds of service have never been reduced to monetary values.

As a wife, a woman is supposed to give to her husband her love, her person, sympathy, inspiration, personal care, the latter including attention to his clothes, to his relatives and friends, and general management of his social position and reputation. If she fills this position well, she is mistress, valet, confidential adviser, and public entertainer. Possibly these services can be estimated, except the first; and even here the divorce courts scale alienated affections all the way from five hundred to twenty-five thousand dollars, according to the appearance of the woman and the skill of contending lawyers.

As a mother, the woman is supposed to give children a good heritage, nurse them, care for them, doctor them, and train them. We have established values for these services as wet-nurse, nurse-maid, governess, doctor, and teacher;

but who can estimate a woman's value in giving a child a good heritage?

It is no wonder that such a difficult problem has remained thus far unsolved. Here and there a man gives his wife a household allowance, from the money they earn in common, and she struggles to save from it some fragments for her individual needs. Others put their wives on a salary; and some others divide the income on a fractional basis. But the slightest study of existing conditions must convince any one that women are everywhere deeply dissatisfied with their economic relations to the family.

III

Meantime, economic changes have transformed our homes, and nearly eight million women have gone outside to earn money. The gladness with which they have gone shows that they were not afraid to work; though at first the money did not belong to them but to their families. Almost everywhere in the United States the money they now earn is their own; only in Louisiana can the husband collect the wife's wages. Any one who reads the masterly studies of the evil effects accompanying woman's economic dependence, by Charlotte Perkins Gilman and by Olive Schreiner, must feel how far-reaching is not only the discontent, but also the evil influences, of our present system, through the emphasis of sex and the corruption of public thinking and feeling as to services and wages in general.

Yet no one can seriously approach this problem in his own person without feeling that the relations of husband and wife contain elements that not only make it impossible to resolve the woman's service into money-values, but that would make it useless to do so even if it could be done. The most marked quality of love is its desire to

give. Love that seeks to get is not love. If, when a woman has given herself, she tries to secure individual property, it will be only that she may give it to the man she loves. Marriage is a partnership of soul and body, and this includes property. It still remains true, however, that each must have in order that he may give. Besides, there are always outside obligations and special needs within the group that require individual property for their realization.

In the past, the partnership of marriage has been incomplete on the property side; why not reorganize our law and our public opinion so that two people who establish a family, putting into it all they have, — and anything less than this is not a family, — shall pay out of the income the necessary family expenses and then divide all else between the partners, — that is between the husband and wife? No man should be contented with a wife who is not worth half of what he makes; and the same holds true of the woman. Property acquired before marriage, and all inherited property, might well be held by the individual, since it should never be a prize for prostitution, not even when euphemistically termed 'a good home.'

IV

The last two hundred years have revolutionized nearly all of our deepest conceptions concerning the relations of human beings to religion, government, property, and to one another. New knowledge has given us partial control over vast forces of nature, and has so increased mobility as almost to free us from limitations of space. We have had wonderful visions of the possibilities that lie in intelligent human co-operation, and have begun to realize them in a hundred new forms. In the midst of these compelling changes women could no more remain undis-

turbed, within the confines of kitchen and nursery, than men could remain on their little New England farms, or cobble shoes and make tin-pans in the petty shops of a century ago. But meanwhile the special interests of women have been sadly confused because of the larger changes in which all human relations have been involved in this time of readjustment. Instead of talking of 'unquiet women' to-day, we should talk of an unquiet world.

In the midst of this confusion, most of those who have sought to secure greater freedom and a truer relation of women to the life round them have worked on the lines of minimizing sex differences. It has been felt that the educational, industrial, social, and political limitations under which women rested were due to the desire of men to exploit them. Men, being economically free, had developed for themselves an ideal world of thought and work; and, if women wished to be free and happy, they needed only to break down the barriers separating them from this man's world.

Most of these barriers are now down; but the women who study in universities, teach in the schools, maintain offices as doctors or lawyers, collect news for the press, tend spindles in a factory, or sell ribbons at a counter, have found that the man's world is far from ideal and that by entering it they have not escaped the special limitations of their sex. Everywhere the feeling is abroad that, instead of having arrived at a destination, women have embarked on a journey fraught with many uncertainties.

These articles have been written in the belief that men and women alike will achieve the greatest freedom and happiness, not by minimizing sex-differences, but by frankly recognizing them and using them. If we could reduce

men and women to equality, we should destroy at least half the values of human life. They are not alike; but they are perfectly supplementary. The unit can never be a man or a woman; it must always be a man *and* a woman. This means that in all the activities essential to human development men and women must carefully study to find what each can best provide.

All the efforts to open the doors of opportunity, through which women can pass into the man's world, are but preparations for the beginning of a journey. The sooner all such doors are opened the better; then a great source of dangerous sex-antagonism will pass away; and the energy of reformers will be set free to solve the difficult problem of supplementary sex-adjustments.

And meanwhile sex remains the greatest mystery and the most powerful thing in human life. Its deeper values are lost sight of when men and women are warring over work, wages, and votes, just as the power of religion has been lost when priests and laity sought to advance their meanly selfish interests. But in the great crises of life it always comes back. When a great ship founders in mid-ocean, and but a third of the people can be saved, there is then no question of woman's rights. In the darkness of early morning, eager men's hands place the women in the life-boats and push them off. The poorest peasant woman takes precedence over any man. Almost every woman there would prefer to stay and die with her man; would glory in staying and dying if he might thus be saved; but in her keeping are the generations of the future, and she is weak, — therefore, the strong gladly stand back and go down to death. The solution of woman's place in the society of the future must be based on a recognition of the supplementary forces that send women to undesired safety while men die.

A MODERN MIRACLE PLAY

BY JOHN M. McBRYDE, JR.

SEVERAL years ago, while spending the summer in the mountains of south-west Virginia, I was so fortunate as to see a remarkable entertainment given by the Negroes of a little village for the purpose of raising money for their church. The entertainment consisted of a dramatic representation of the visit of the Queen of Sheba to King Solomon, — a modern miracle-play, — and, like some of the early religious dramas of England and of the Continent, it was arranged by the pastor of the church (himself a Negro); the entire performance was given in the church under his direction, and the actors were members of his congregation.

The church in which the play was held was a dilapidated frame building, untouched by paint inside or out, and the stage arrangements were of the crudest character imaginable. The curtain, stretched upon a clothes-line, consisted of sheets, skirts, and bedspreads clumsily pinned together. Various large openings revealed to us, in the gallery, glimpses of busy preparations going on behind the scenes.

The curtain was slow in rising, and the motley crowd below grew impatient for the 'show' to begin. There were whistles and cat-calls from dark corners. At last a signal was given, a sudden hush of expectancy fell upon the audience, and two young Negro girls in blue lawn dresses began with nervous eagerness to draw back the curtain from the centre toward each side. The scene did not burst upon us suddenly, for the curtain met with

many a hitch, and it took several helping hands to pull it over the knots in the clothes-line. As the curtain went back, the stage-manager who, from behind the scenes, acted as expositor, called out loudly, 'Opens wid song.' Immediately there appeared ten singers, standing awkwardly in a row before us: five women, four very black men, and a little girl, all elaborately costumed, who without any accompaniment sang, with some sweetness and occasional operatic flights, 'Come w'ere de lilies blow.' The curtain was then pulled together amid the applause of an appreciative and not too critical audience.

After a brief intermission and further impatience among the audience the curtain was once more pulled apart, and the stage-manager announced, 'King on 'is throne wid all 'is maidens'; and there at last sat before us King Solomon in all his glory.

He was a young mulatto of about eighteen or twenty, with a smooth-shaven face and black, kinky hair parted in the middle. His costume consisted of a black sack-suit, a white shirt, white collar and cuffs, a carefully tied black bow, and a brilliant stud in his shirt-bosom. The only thing indicative of his royal rank was a crown of tall gold points, made of pasteboard, covered with gilt paper, and sewed upon a black skull-cap, with a large red bow on the left side and a little double white bow on the right.

His 'throne of mighty state' was constructed of a dry-goods box, covered with pink cambric, over which

mosquito-netting was draped and looped up with pink bows. With his legs stretched stiffly out in front of him, he sat reading a well-bound, gilt-leaved Bible, as might have been expected of the wisest of men. His reading was interrupted by an attendant, who brought in a glass of water and held it to the King's lips, as it did not become one of his royal dignity to touch it with his hands. As he glanced toward the audience, he seemed to find difficulty in maintaining his composure, especially since he could not help over-hearing such stage-whispers as, —

'Law! Lookee, Gabriel! Don't he think he's somebody! Dat don't look like no king; he ain' got no train!'

Below him on each side sat his 'maidens,' four little Negro girls dressed in white, even to their stockings and slippers, and with hair carefully 'wropped,' and standing out from their heads like spikes.

Just as the silence began to grow painful, and the actors were about to lose their gravity, there came a loud knocking behind the scenes. King Solomon turned and, in a loud voice, called out, 'Isabella!'

In a moment out from behind the curtain came Isabella in response to the royal call. She was a good-looking young mulatto girl, dressed in a low-necked pink waist and a light-gray paper-cambric skirt, with long white mitts up to her elbows. She wore gilt bracelets, a necklace of brilliants, and a diadem of pasteboard with silver points. With a conscious air she came tripping forward and stood before the throne, uttering as she approached, the single monosyllable, 'Suh?'

'Isabella, somebody at de do,' said King Solomon gravely; 'go ter de do.'

Without a word Isabella turned and disappeared behind the scene, but in a moment came forth to announce the important news: —

'Hit's de Queen of Sheba, suh, f'um de South.'

Apparently not in the least surprised at this intelligence so abruptly announced, King Solomon replied, 'Tell 'er ter come in,' and calmly continued his reading.

In a few moments Isabella reappeared from behind the curtain, followed by the Queen of Sheba herself with her maids. The Queen was in full evening costume, consisting of a white star-spangled dress, with a skirt covered with gauze pasted all over with silver stars, and with a body of blue cheese-cloth, fastened at the shoulders with bows. A broad gold pasteboard crown, a pavilion gauze veil, long white mitts up to her elbows, gilt bracelets, and a necklace of beads completed her costume. Her first maid-of-honor, provided with a gold crown somewhat smaller than the Queen's, was also dressed in white. Two other spangled maids were in attendance.

As the Queen advanced, King Solomon, gravely closing the Bible, but with finger still in the Book, descended from his throne to meet her.

Isabella introduced the Queen to his Majesty: —

'Mister Sollermun, de Queen of Sheba.'

Whereupon both exclaimed, 'Pleased ter meet you,' and shook hands cordially.

To make his visitor feel at home, the King invited her to be seated, saying in an informal, hospitable manner, —

'Take a cheer.'

The royal visitor and the King then seated themselves near each other, while the maids stood round in awkward positions and endeavored to look interested.

The Queen began the conversation.

'Mister Sollermun, I come f'om de South, an' year in my lan' dat you is a king wid great wisdom an' riches an'

power, an' I come ter see ef dat am true.'

King (complacently): Hit am.

Queen: Who give yer all dish hyeah?

King (hesitatingly, confused, and finally prompted from behind the scenes): De Lawd.

Queen: W'at fur?

King: Fur to rule Iserl.

Queen: How long you been King?

King: One thousand an' forty year.

Queen: I see you got a lot uv servants ter wait on yer.

King: Yeh.

Queen: Den de ha'f have not been tol' me!

King: Stay ter supper; we got big supper. (*Turning to the servant*) Isabella.

Isabella: Suh?

King: Fix supper.

In front of the curtain a long table had been set, with brown oil-cloth cover, and upon it plates were laid for about a dozen persons. On the table were dishes of ham, eggs, bread, preserves, several large cakes, a dish of fruit, two plates of biscuits, and a large glass pitcher of water.

Up and down behind the table walked a maid in pink waist, vigorously ringing a large dinner-bell. After an awkward pause, a man-servant escorted the Queen to her place at one end of the table, and a maid-servant accompanied the King to his place at the opposite end. All stood respectfully while a courtier said grace:—

Lawd make us able
Ter eat all on dis table,
An' ef any mo's hot,
Ter eat all in de pot.

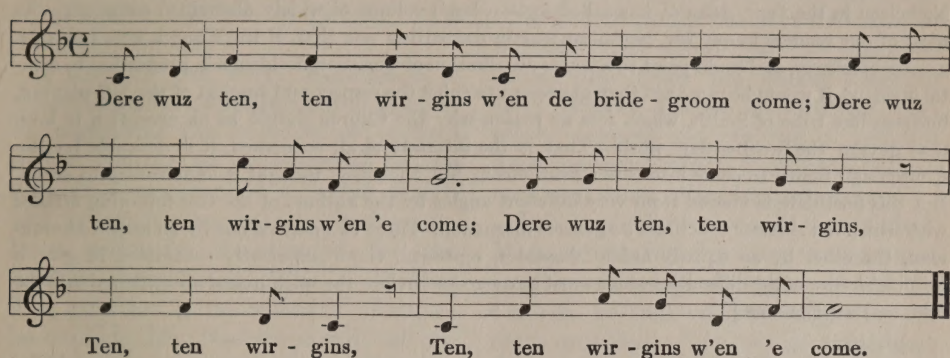
The King and Queen being seated, the servants, consisting of one man and three maids, all crowned with crowns of various colors and sizes, passed pieces of brown wrapping-

paper to represent menu cards. The King, after considering long and carefully, ordered fried eggs and ham, leaned back in his chair, and ate rapidly and greedily with his knife. The Queen's appetite was more dainty, and she partook but sparingly of the viands before her. As the King and Queen left the table (and the feast was surprisingly short), the servants, not prompted by dramatic instinct, but overcome by human weakness and the desires of the flesh, struggled and fought over what was left. In less time than it takes to tell it, the table was cleared of the eatables, and in the struggle many dishes were smashed on the floor. Thus ended the play.

As the curtain was drawn together, the applause was so loud and long that the stage-manager finally came forth and announced that the performance would be repeated at once. So the curtain was carefully pinned up again, and when opened once more disclosed to us a new King Solomon. The former king, having been degraded, possibly for his occasional want of dignity, played the rôle of servant. The new Solomon appeared more at ease on the stage, and shook hands with the Queen with elaborate grace. The dialogue was essentially the same throughout. At table the King rocked nervously in his chair, while the Queen chatted easily and constantly with the maids. When the feast was over, there was the same quarrel of the servants, interrupted this time by the former King Solomon, who rushed in, shaking a stick threateningly over their heads, and crying out, 'W'at you niggers doin'?' while, as the curtain was pulled together, he was seen grabbing everything he could lay hands on. From behind the scenes called out the voice of the stage-manager, 'Closin' uv de feas', and the curtain was finally closed amid tumultuous applause.

After a short delay, the royal personages and their attendants trooped out through the curtain down to the lower end of the church, where they danced round a May-pole left there from some

previous entertainment. Dancing in and out, winding up the ribbons, they sang, 'Jesus de light uv de worl'; and when unwinding, all joined in that old, familiar, never-ending song:—



II

O five uv dem was wise,
W'en de bridegroom come;
O five uv dem was wise,
W'en 'e come:
O five uv dem was wise,
Five uv dem was wise;
Five uv dem was wise, w'en 'e come.

III

O five uv dem was foolish,
W'en de bridegroom come;
O five uv dem was foolish,
W'en 'e come:
O five uv dem was foolish
Five uv dem was foolish;
Five uv dem was foolish, w'en 'e come.

IV

O foolish says ter Wise,
W'en de bridegroom come;
O Foolish says ter Wise,
W'en 'e come:
O Foolish says ter Wise,
Foolish says ter Wise;
Foolish says ter Wise, w'en 'e come.

V

O len' us uv yo' ile,
W'en de bridegroom come;
O len' us uv yo' ile,
W'en 'e come:

O len' us uv yo' ile,
Len' us uv yo' ile;
Len' us uv yo' ile, w'en 'e come.

VI

O go ter dem w'at sells,
W'en de bridegroom come;
O go ter dem w'at sells,
W'en 'e come:
O go ter dem w'at sells,
Go ter dem w'at sells;
Go ter dem w'at sells, w'en 'e come.

VII

O who'll be de driver,
W'en de bridegroom come;
O who'll be de driver,
W'en 'e come:
O who'll be de driver,
Who'll be de driver;
Who'll be de driver, w'en 'e come?

A collection was then taken up, to which all, white and black, contributed liberally, and the audience below trooped noisily out.

Though I dreamed that night of the Queen of Sheba and King Solomon, I despair of reproducing the scene exactly as I saw it, and I feel, as the Queen of Sheba said to the King, that 'de ha'f have not been tol'.'

FILLING THE CHURCHES

[THE discussion regarding the desirability of Smith's going to church, inaugurated by Mr. Meredith Nicholson in the June *Atlantic*, has called forth a large volume of widely diversified comment. As most of our readers know, Mr. Nicholson's main contention was that, if the Church were run with greater efficiency, and could point to a larger distribution of Christian dividends in proportion to capital invested, it would be more apt than at present to enlist the respect and support of the golf-playing, business-like tribe of Smith, which sees no reason why the Church should be an exception to laws that govern the work-a-day world. That, in the interests of all concerned, it is desirable for the Church and Smith to come into closer relationship, Mr. Nicholson thought it unnecessary to argue. But this postulate is viewed from very different angles by the authors of the two following articles with which the *Atlantic* concludes its general discussion. These two papers, one by an ardent churchman, the other by an equally ardent dissenter, represent views sufficiently contrasted to give a formidable idea of the difficulties which must be overcome before the unchurched are gathered into the fold. — THE EDITORS.]

THE CHURCH AND SMITH

BY A CHURCHMAN

I HAVE recently read in the *Atlantic* an article dealing with the question, 'Should Smith go to Church?' Mr. Nicholson, the author, thinks he should, and then proceeds to show, very pertinently, some reasons why he does not, and suggests some modest changes that might be made in 'the Church,' whereby possibly Smith might be induced to be interested. Perhaps it is too much to expect the author to go further and give some idea why Smith should go to church even if such changes were made; yet the article leaves one wondering whether the chances of ultimately getting Smith would be worth some of the suggested changes; and whether, by some of those changes, the Church might not lose all hope of getting Jones, or Brown, or Robinson.

Now, I am the last to depreciate the importance of getting Smith into the

Church. I hope it may be done. But I hope that the return of the prodigal will not be too quickly celebrated by getting him on the vestry, or sending him as a deputy to General Convention. I do not mean to be so impolitic as to imply that there are too many Smiths on vestries and in General Convention. But there are Smiths there undoubtedly, and it is just as certain that Jones, Brown, and Robinson are not there, and will not be there so long as the Church in some way, to a greater or to a less extent, revolves about the unmodified Smithiness of Smith.

Not that Smith should be unclothed, but that he should be clothed upon, if he is to 'take his true place' (that is the phrase we poor objects sometimes actually use) in the Church. Not that Smith should be un-Smithed. Heaven forbid! Certainly, the Church

must first go to him, as well as to Jones or Brown, if they are ever to come to her. But why should the Church, having utterly despaired of Jones, who is absorbed in his Socialist club, and Robinson, who is immersed in his science or art, clutch desperately at a vanishing Smith?

I will tell you why. Because of a prevalent habit, among church people, of regarding the support or control of the Smiths to be essential to the Church's existence — a habit which has never, for several hundred years, been seriously discouraged by the Smiths themselves. Who is Smith? The question is unnecessary. But, to be explicit, Mr. Nicholson will tell us.

'Smith now spends his Sunday mornings golfing, or puttering about his garden, or in his club or office, and after his mid-day meal he takes a nap, then loads his family into a motor for a flight countrywards.'

It need not be insisted upon, after this, how essential the Smiths are to the Church. The Church might have gotten along once merely with fishermen and tent-makers, but now — she cannot really afford to lose a Smith. She really must leave the ninety-and-nine Joneses and Robinsons, and seek the lost Smith!

How did the Church become so dependent upon the Smiths? Let us remember that the Smith family goes back to a stirring period. They were among the first to be dissatisfied with the Mediæval Church. They had a noble rage against priestly arrogance and the ignorant superstition of the masses. They were progressive; they chafed under the oppressive laws against usury, and the indiscriminate charity dispensed by the rich monasteries. There was too much public land devoted to raising grain for Englishmen to eat, which might be devoted to raising wool for the foreign markets.

In short, the Smiths yearned for a more spiritual religion; and with royal help, they rose in their might and rescued the Church of England from besotted ignorance and from the unintelligent allegiance of the mob. They removed from her services as much as possible that might jar an educated mind, and from her moral teaching they erased almost everything that might suggest the bearing of religion upon material things. Incidentally they removed some other incumbrances.

It is true, they were still dissatisfied. Many of the Smiths went further, and sought to destroy and reconstruct the Church, so that religion might be yet more purified. Yet let us remember that some of the Smiths championed the Church, and so have earned her undying gratitude for permitting her to exist, side by side with other churches, which served the purpose of chastening her pride and, by competitive pressure, restraining her reactionary tendencies. Out of these conditions, guided by the policies of the Smith family, has developed the present state of organized Christianity in America.

And now the modern Smith, the heir of the Smith religious policy, finds religion too complicated to be interesting. He has inherited the family propensity to simplify and whittle down the Church, but the family ingenuity in spiritual matters has played out. He is content to wait till some master-mind has un-churched the Church sufficiently to suit his taste. Smith must always be the constant; the Church must always be the variant. And so we have the Smiths within the Church cosily making suggestions to bishops and priests how, by tact, statesmanship, and moral courage, they may possibly recover the Smiths who are outside the fold.

For my part, I fear very much that

the Smith family will not very long be the centre round which the modern world revolves, and that the Church has a far wider problem than how to get Smith to go to church. The Smiths have grown to dislike creeds and dogmas, and they have reason to, for the family in the past has made a pretty mess of them. But the *genus homo*, speaking generally, has a remarkable capacity for believing. Jones and Robinson are ready to believe that all things are possible; but it is a pretty severe test for their faith in the Church, so long as they see the Smiths there, still ensconced in the churchwarden's pew, with the air of conscious, though modest and restrained, power.

I am concerned about Jones and Robinson. Of course, I am also concerned about Smith, because I believe there are some surprises awaiting him in the next world. His remoter ancestors decided that Purgatory was a 'fond thing, vainly invented,' and his immediate forebears later proceeded, somewhat less wordily but just as effectively, to dispose of Heaven and Hell, so far as they personally were concerned. And now the cry goes up from the Smith family: 'There is a Smith overboard! Not that it matters to us much, for a Smith can take care of himself anywhere; but it puts the

ship in such a sorry plight. Really, we must get rid of some more useless ballast in the shape of creeds and dogmas, and perhaps our brother will consent to be rescued.'

One is tempted to think of Jonah. Yet it would be neither decent nor 'expedient at this time,' to heave the rest of the Smiths overboard. After all, they are nearer at hand than Jones and Robinson, and the Church must begin with them, if Jones and Robinson are ever to be reached. And I believe that they can be converted; and that the only possible way to begin their conversion, is to let them see themselves just as they are, and to refuse so far as possible to take their money for church support except under conditions that make it perfectly clear to Jones and Robinson that the Church is emerging from Smith domination.

For Jones and Robinson simply cannot be reached unless it becomes absolutely clear to them that the Smith family, as such, has ceased in any degree to control church policy. And this cannot become clear until the doctrine of the Church loses the ear-mark of Smith simplification, and until the ethics of the Church become downright materialistic, as they were when usury was a mortal sin, and when the theory of absolute private ownership of land was a heresy.

SMITH AND THE CHURCH

BY AN OUTSIDER

SHOULD Smith go to Church? asks Mr. Meredith Nicholson in the June *Atlantic*. I think he should not. Now Smith, as described by Mr. Nicholson,

'is one of the best of fellows, — an average twentieth-century American, diligent in business, a kind husband and father, and in politics anxious to

vote for the best interests of the Country.' Smith was brought up in a Christian household, was taught to repeat the Apostles' Creed and the Ten Commandments and he learned his Catechism, so that he has the advantages of a Christian training. He has retained the kindness, the charity, and the goodwill that are taught in all religions, but without announcing it or even publicly admitting it, he has, in his heart, renounced Christian dogma. He feels a little mean, and just a bit ashamed of himself, to stand up and repeat the Apostles' Creed. He does not publish his thoughts about these things, but he knows his own mind.

Let us examine the processes of his mind a little more closely. If you take a child and repeat again and again, continually, certain statements, they are likely in time to assume the form of truth to him. The constant demand of the Roman Catholic Church that it be permitted to supervise the instruction of its children is witness of this. It knows very well that certain processes of thought may become fixed so that they abide in many well-ordered minds as final conclusions, and that it is then difficult to disturb them. It is, therefore, far easier and more profitable in results to make converts of children and hold them to this habit of thought than to persuade adults that any branch of organized Christianity is the True Faith. All ease of conversion falls away, however, if the adult has not been trained to consider certain dicta as true without the privilege of questioning, or if the automatic connection in his mind between ideas of dogma and truth have become loosened or atrophied. This automatic connection is the basis of faith, and when it is seriously disturbed, so that the whole subject is approached *de novo*, the question of the reasonableness of dogma is frequently con-

sidered for the first time, and the dogma then appears as true or false. With Smith it does not appear to be true.

And yet, he is tied to the Church by ties innumerable. His father and mother were diligent in attendance and firm in the faith. It has touched him at all the vital points of life: as a child it gave him his name, as a youth he was welcomed into its fellowship, it joined him in wedlock to his wife, it baptized his children, it performed the last rites over the bodies of those nearest and dearest to him; it has been close to him at every intimate and tender point in such a way that it seems almost impossible that he should ever turn from it. Nothing could touch him so closely: at birth, in childhood, in youth, at his marriage, in the naming of his children, and, at the end of life, for him and his own.

The Church has laid fast hold of these things. They are the emotional points which religion claims. They are the times when we need help, and this very help is the benefit of clergy, the office of the priest. We can get along without him, but under stress of emotion we can not think very well, and we want someone with us. Surely the judge, the umpire in a court of law, has not the training for this, yet he is the only substitute we can call, — and he will not officiate at funerals.

Now, Christianity is the only religion that Smith really knows. There are the Jews, but they do not want him, and he is no more bound to the Old Testament than to the New. Then there are the Unitarians, — a few of them — but they seem very like the others, and there is so much in Christianity that appeals to him that he does not protest against it; he simply lets it pass, he does not want to stand in the way of any good that it may do. On every hand he finds Christian men

and women doing what he himself calls God's work. This consists in working in a thousand ways for human betterment, and in this Smith works with them, so long as it is not made propaganda for dogma. As soon as the Church is brought in, Smith drops out. Nevertheless, when he dies, his wife will call in the minister and he will have a Christian burial, in which his glorious resurrection will be assured because of the faith which he really did not have.

He does not believe in the virgin birth of Jesus, although it is better for him not to deny it; the consequences of offending the Church are sometimes serious. Moreover the order of things occasionally requires the offices of a priest or minister. He does not think that his soul is eternally damned, because he does not think that Christ, the Jesus of history, is one and the same with God, the Father Almighty, or that he shall come to judge the quick and the dead. His idea of the life everlasting is no idea at all; he does not profess to understand eternity, so he does not know whether he believes in it or not. He does not believe in the Holy Catholic Church, and as for the communion of saints, he hopes for it, if it means that he may meet his loved ones after death, but he is not animated by faith in it; he only hopes for it. And he does not believe in the resurrection of the body.

Well, once in a while, Smith goes to Church, and it is usually to his hurt. He hears a great deal of reasoning that seems strained to him, in which he is urged to believe many things to be true which in his heart he does not believe to be true. Now Smith tries to be honest. He does not confuse single facts with the whole truth. His ideas of the truth are in no wise pedantic, but he has a sense that the truth involves all the facts in their proper

relation on the one hand, and a mind capable of grasping and coördinating them on the other. He does not live up to this ideal, and he knows that he could not reach it if he tried. With the large example of his friends and neighbors, he does not try always to get all the facts about a subject into their true relation if this should operate to the disadvantage of his affairs. But he has no sense of a Larger Truth that is not so.

He also hears in church that without Christ all is as nothing, — and this has set him to thinking seriously to find out what his attitude really is in the matter. He has re-read his Bible, more especially the Sermon on the Mount, and even there he finds that the rule does not work with him. He finds, for instance, that he must resist evil, that he must take thought of the morrow, that he must not give without discrimination. These are not offered as indicating that Smith is right, they merely indicate his point of view. You see the automatic assent that whatever is in the Bible is true, and that whatever Jesus said is of necessity right, has gone out of him. The emotional glow has faded away from dogma. He not only feels free to think alone and independently, but this appeals to him as his duty. He is doing his best, and he feels that he must be honest whether he is right or not.

The unpleasant thought comes to him that the clergy are in the same boat as a lawyer conducting a case at court: that they have taken their retainer and are not free to present other than the one side. All the ethics of their profession inhibit them from the expression of views contrary to the dogma that they represent. Nevertheless, he recognizes that their teaching has righteousness in view, and so far as he may be of aid to them in helping

along the cause of righteousness, he is willing and glad to do so; but in matters of belief he wishes that they would let him alone. If others feel that they achieve merit by the faith that is in them, he has no objection; he neither argues against it, nor does he oppose them. In his heart he feels that it is better for him to work things out as best he may than to lie about what he does not believe. This is the substance of his resentment against the Church: that it urges him to affirm that which he does not believe to be true.

The pressure upon him, however is very strong, so he goes to church again, and hears the usual appeal, demanding how anyone can resist the marvelous example of the only life that ever was lived without stain or flaw. But he knows that the preacher, no matter how honest he be, can only give record of about three years of that life, and assumes the rest. Surely there is nothing new in this knowledge; he has always known what he knows now, and so has substantially the whole Christian world. The facts remain just what they were. The difference lies in the angle of Smith's vision, in the order in which it seems necessary to him to arrange the facts so as to get a vision of the truth; thus, although he does not enter into any dispute about it, what the preacher says does not go into him.

Again, he hears a tirade against divorce, with quotations from Scripture to support its prohibition, but he knows that divorce is occasionally a real human need, whether the clergy approve or not; and that marriage should sometimes be severed in spite of ecclesiastical condemnation. Ecclesiastical law does not appeal to him as based upon present needs.

Appeals for aid for foreign missions usually rouse his ire. He does not try to explain why; perhaps it is because

the missionaries are not his neighbors, and he can vent against them his impatience at the whole Christian establishment without incurring the ill-will of those of his neighbors who do not think as he. Smith is very human! He hears horrible tales of the perversity of the heathen, but since there is so large a fraction of organized Christianity to which he cannot subscribe, he thinks that there may well be a considerable fraction of heathen ways that are not so bad. He may not think well of the theory and practice of the Christian religion as he knows it, but he is sure he would defend it if some foreigner were to come to his home town and tell all the people that they were living in vileness; and he sympathizes with the foreigner who resents the American missionary. As for medical and social helpers, he would think more of them and have all praise for them if, being inspired with the need of their work in foreign fields, they were to go out from sheer love of it, and make their own way among the people they desire to help.

Occasionally an effort is made to stem the tide of Sabbath-breaking. He does not protest. He is wholly willing to avoid interference with those who find it to their souls' good to devote the day to services and meditation. As for him, he knows that he is better off for an outing, and at the expense of his reputation among the pious, he goes fishing, plays golf or tennis, — in short, he lives his life as his experience shows him is best. He is not disturbed over the idea that he is exercising an influence for evil in doing so; he is very democratic, and is of opinion that people in humble circumstances may have as good minds as he, and may have the same way of looking at things; and he thinks that they should not be hindered from enjoying themselves, either. In short,

strangely enough, his attitude toward the Church is distinctly the Christian one of non-resistance. His unbelief is condemned, and his way of life is held to be evil, the while it is the best that he can do; and to all this he makes no reply. The Church condemns while the unbelieving sinner forgives.

Smith is a man capable of prayer. He yearns, as do so many sincere men, for a way unto God. Of course he could say that he believes all that the Church requires of him. That would be a lie, even though it consisted only in acknowledging his belief that Jesus Christ is his salvation, and that the Bible is the inspired word of God, the father of us all. It would be the easiest way, because all the brethren and sisters would encourage him in the idea that he was doing that which is right. Still, he refuses to be other than severely honest in this matter, and so he holds his peace. Evil report is upon him if he makes known his unbelief in the dogmas that oppose his way unto God. So he goes his way without offending, wishing for a light unto his spirit, but neither asking nor receiving from those who condemn.

Lately I had a talk with a very earnest and efficient officer of the Young Womens' Christian Association. We

discussed their objects and work, and I could not but admire their large and comprehensive helpfulness. Finally I asked her if she could see the time ahead when they would work together with Unitarians, Catholics, and Jews.

'I have a vision of it,' she said; 'although I shall probably not live to see it.'

'What do you need to bring it about?' I asked.

'Only some funerals,' she answered.

I believe the time is coming when the fence of dogma will be broken down, and no one will be asked to lie, and none will be condemned for his vision of the truth. It may not be, perhaps, until Paul and Peter and John have ceased to speak with authority, until the Torah and the Talmud are laid aside, and the bishops and prelates and dignitaries and presbyters have gone their way into a forgotten past, that the day will dawn when the Church shall cease to curse and shall live by love alone. Until then it is better to leave Smith in peace, so long as he is a good man. He is thinking, and none of us knows the way yet. Some day we may all be able to go to church together, being neither Catholic nor Protestant nor Jew, but all praising God.

ENTOMOLOGICAL

BY ROBERT M. GAY

I CANNOT understand the dislike of most people for creeping and crawling things, and shall never consider a love of nature anything but a sham that does not embrace the lowliest worm. From childhood I have cherished a fondness — perverted, if you choose — for the little people underground.

One day, when I was a very little boy, I turned over a flat stone in the garden and uncovered three black beetles and a slug. I was in an earth-gazing and earth-smelling mood, when the grass and the ground allured. The smell of the warm soil thrilled me, I have no doubt, even then; a perfume of sweetness springing out of decay, touchingly familiar as the air of a room we have long lived in; a persuasive odor, enticing one to exploration. I feel yet my interest as the flat stone turned over and the nervous beetles and the phlegmatic slug were disclosed. They were creatures that I had never seen before. In my innocence I caught one of the beetles and, by some secret process of his own, he ejected upon my hand an overpowering perfume, — I speak euphemistically; for, truly, as the poet says of the saint who had a battle with the devil, 'Oh, my! how he did smell!' My first acquaintance with the under-world, you see, was unfortunate; yet, so strong was the fascination of the new and strange, I bore the black beetle no grudge, but merely decided not to keep him or take him home to mother. I turned my attention to the slug, and found him soft and cold and slimy, and probably of a

low order of intellect; for, when I poked him with a straw, he merely shrank and exuded soapsuds.

I do not hope to carry very many of my readers with me when I say that the discovery of these humble friends was an event in my life. Yet somewhere beneath the sun, if I may credit my fluttering heart-strings, there is some one who will understand. As for the rest, it is useless for me to enter into the psychology of the occasion. During the following week, I passed my time between meals turning over the other stones in the garden, and the sticks and the logs and the dead leaves. Everywhere I made new friends, an imposing catalogue, — wood-lice, centipedes, earthworms and wire-worms, ants, a toad, a garter-snake, beetles, snails, slugs, and grubs. Among these, the Coleoptera were my first loves. I felt no fear, but handled them all, when I could catch them; and the pockets of my rompers, or whatever primitive apparel I wore, from that day were usually full of beetles of assorted sizes and makes, which I loved to produce in the presence of visiting ladies, scornful of their consternation. My family were aghast, for they did not share my passion; but they soon saw that I knew how to handle my treasures without getting bitten, and forebore to rebel. You remember that Lavengro won his other Romany name, Sapengro, from his skill while yet a child in handling vipers. He was for vipers, and I for beetles. There was something about a beetle that clutched at my heart.

This strange predilection has been lasting. Even yet a June-bug gives me a thrill, and the grip of his horny legs on my finger will set my associative memory working as will few things else. For me he is a living question, a puzzle, a hard little lump of primeval nature, that stands for the flower in the cran-nied wall. Above all, he is a scarab. Around his foolish head lingers a glory visible only to the mind's eye, but made up of vestiges of Karnak and Thebes, of Isis and Orus and the dog Anubis, of the old moon-mountains African. Just as now this evening he booms athwart the thicket lone, and bumps his dunder-head against mine, so his cousin *scarabæus sacer*, wheeling his droning flight some millenniums ago over papyrus and lotus and sand, collided as impolitely with the cranium of a Shepherd King, or a Ptolemæus Soter, or a Hermes Trismegistus. The Egyptians embalmed *sacer* and cut effigies of him in costly stone, fabling him to be an emblem of fertility and eternity; and all because he was a tumble-bug, depositing his eggs in dung, and burying them in the ground for warmth and safe-keeping. I cannot follow all the ramifications of their symbolism: I only wonder whether at the age of three I already felt in the presence of a scarab some vague fore-feeling of that love for the old and the strange that later I experienced so keenly in the presence of the relics of the Egyptians themselves.

There is, however, quite enough of engaging simplicity and pertinacity about the scarab family to make them attractive. Their peculiarities are more ancient and more permanent than pyramid or sphinx. The experience of millenniums has not taught them to 'stryve noght, as doth the crokke with the wal.' They continue to strive, but, unlike 'the crokke,' seem never to get hurt. Too insignificant even to fear extermination, while the mountains

wear away and the forests are cleared, and the river is dammed and diked, and the lion and the bison go the way of the dodo, the little scarabee has crawled yearly out of the sod, tried his wings, and soared away in a bee-line for the nearest or brightest light, be it Pharos or Eddystone or only the modest beam of my desk-lamp. Year in, year out, while all else goes merrily sliding down the ringing grooves of change, he continues to bump his dusky carapace against window and wall, falling on his back, wildly waving his crooked legs, blundering into corners, under tables, down people's necks, up their sleeves, into their ink, their waste-baskets, their soup. Eternally ridiculous, he has in him, nevertheless, a spark of divine aspiration, sharing the desire of the moth for the star or the flame. In my symbolism, he stands for a class of people, familiar though not numerous, stupid but lovable, who blunder their way through life, seeking the light with utmost seriousness, but leaving a wake of laughter behind them.

These are the speculations of later years. I cannot pretend that it was the scarabeid suggestiveness of the June-bug and his cousins, the stag-horn beetle and the tumble-bug, that made me love them in my romper period. Who shall give a name to such subtle affinities? My passion was strengthened before long by a wonderful book that some wise person gave me. Blessings on the man who wrote that book, and triple blessings on him who fashioned the pictures, — great full-page pictures in gorgeous colors, smelling of oil like chromos! As nearly as I can remember, the author had planned his book with a pedagogic intention, hoping to make entomology attractive to babes. He succeeded. His idea was, I think, to make a fairy story in which the hero was, say, an inch high, place him in an entomological world, and let him live if

he could. Stop and consider the situation. How would you like to be an inch tall and have to fight with a dragon-fly or a stag-horn beetle? The idea was full of meat. I gloated over those pictures for hours, days, glorying in the bulbous eyes of the dragon-fly, the scythe-like jaws of the spider; pictured, you understand, as they looked to the diminutive hero, — that is, much as an Irish elk or a sabre-toothed tiger may have looked to one of our ancestors. The drawings were accurate, I think, — merely magnified five diameters or so; yet no pictured shag-haired cyclops or Dragon of Wantley or Laidly Worm of Spindleston ever gave me the same delicious tremors.

As a jog to a childish imagination, then, the book was a success. For a long time man-made toys became stale beside the playthings of nature. Somehow I hit upon the device of lying on my stomach, looking sidewise through the green colonnades of the grass-stems, and imagining that I had mysteriously shrunk to the stature of a fingerling. If you have never tried this play, you had better try it now. You may never otherwise discover that to an ant or a grub the grass is a forest of tropical density, a spear of timothy a palm, a sunflower a giant redwood, a lump of turf a hill, a rockery a mountain.

I made the discovery early, yet can remember very well the day I made it. From that day I spent so much time thus reclining with my nose close to the ground that I imagine I impressed the Olympians as queer. Unconsciously, however, I was laying up stores of pleasant memories, of earth-smells and earth-sounds, of warm brown and fluid green and orient gold, of prickles and spines and harsh edges of grass leaves and soft down of dandelion, and the sour of sorrel and the spice of mint and pennyroyal, — a multitude of tiny sense-perceptions, seemingly as fugitive

as thought, but each a lasting thread in the woof of life.

One day as I was lying thus on the lawn in the shade of the grape-vine, watching a dozen ants grappling with a green worm, suddenly the similarity of their employment to that of a dozen savages attacking an elephant occurred to me, and with it, as in a flash, an entire new conception of life. I saw for the first time that man's world is only one in a long series of worlds, one within another, like a nest of Chinese boxes. Here, in my beloved garden, was a world bounded by board fences, and within that a smaller world coinciding with the grass-plot. The most venturesome ant would hardly ever wander to the terræ incognitæ beyond the fences; the most strenuous grub would know nothing of the Cimmeria beyond the flagged walk. In each world there was birth and death, marriage and giving in marriage, carnage, heroism, hope, and despair. The ant might enter the world of the grub just as I had entered the world of the ant; yet, as a rule, we both were of our own world and of no other. I wondered, however, whether the ant ever played at being a grub. I am retailing ideas that it took me years to master, of course. For the present, it was enough that I arrived at the conception of the myriad of worlds.

One day, a long while afterwards, rummaging in an old desk, I found a magnifying-glass. Armed with this, I went like Alexander to spread my conquests further. It was September, and in a sunny weed-ridden corner of the garden I had discovered a big black-and-gold spider who had strung her web between two tall burdocks and was doing a thriving business in grasshoppers. Seated on the ground, I now surveyed her through the glass for an hour, as she hung in the middle of her engine of destruction. When I touched the net with my finger, she swung frantic-

ally to and fro, prompted doubtless by some instinct of self-preservation, but otherwise was as motionless as if carved in jet. Big grasshoppers were not very plentiful as yet, but at last a fat green fellow flew into the toils, the spines on his legs, that had so often discoursed sweet music, becoming entangled. Instantly the crafty spinner was all alive. Darting upon her victim, she took her station above him, and, hanging by two legs, seized him in her other six, and rolled him round and round, enswathing him in a band of silver silk until he was as helpless as a mummy; and then she bit him in a dozen places with fangs oozing poison. At the spectacle of her evil eyes glittering with the lust of killing, magnified as they were by the glass, I turned sick and rolled over on my face among the weeds, and lay for a long time miserably inert.

I had seen enacted a tragedy; and no human play that I have ever seen since on the stage has given me a keener taste of pity and fear. As I lay there, I made another generalization about life. Around me on every side, I knew, there were other spiders, large and small. I had seen the little 'tiger spiders' on the sunny sill of my bed-room window leap upon a fly, and the big, brown, bloated spiders in the hay-fields, who carry their eggs on their backs, do battle with wasps, but these had excited merely my interest. It was only now that I looked with the eye of imagination, — aided, it is true, by the eye of glass, — that I attained the new ground of sympathy, that I entered upon a second stage of mental and moral growth, which so many enter by other doors, and so very many never enter at all.

Our fear of creeping and crawling things is a natural heritage, coming to us chiefly from the mother's side. Yet, as I have said, I had known no fear until I saw the spider pounce upon the

grasshopper. Up to that time the little creatures with more than four legs were all my brothers in a universal democracy; I had supposed that on the whole they lived together in amity, fighting occasionally, killing sometimes, but generally peaceable. My impressions of the little world into which I had intruded had been sunny and amusing; but now, like millions of children of a larger growth, I had had a peep at the darker picture. My mind began to dwell upon the thought of the sadness of nature: the waste, rapine, war, terror, that are constant in the lives of the wild folk, making their daily existence more perilous than that of any human nation plagued with barbarian invasion or civil war. The idea possessed me to such an extent that a few years later I expressed it in an interminable philosophic poem, which I labored on for some weeks and then offered to the Muse as a burnt sacrifice. Some of the lines linger in my head. 'This sunlit field,' I wrote, —

This sunlit field, could we but see it plain,
Incloses in its fence a world of pain;
The strong pursue the weak, the wise the dull,
The swift the slow; there is no truce or lull
In that stern conflict, that perpetual strife. . . .

and so on for pages in true butter-woman's jog. Having thus at last eased my mind of such perilous stuff, I became somewhat reconciled to what I perceived was the order of nature.

We can never tell just what experiences the young idea will seize upon and suck for nourishment. I have never met any one else who as a child went to school to the beetles and spiders. Yet it does seem strong food for thought that the youngsters, whom we pride ourselves we are educating very properly by means of the usual pedagogical appliances, are perhaps picking up their correctest notions about life instinctively in the lanes and hedges, the streets and alleys.

Thackeray has somewhere spoken of the advantage of turning a boy, or girl, loose in a library and letting him read what he pleases, and has counseled us to trust that the immature mind will keep what is good for it and reject the bad. There is a great deal to be said for the theory. We, at least, might learn to leave our children alone more than we do. There is a perversity in the infant mind that makes it hostile to formal teaching, and it very early generates a function for ejecting what it learns but finds unpalatable. We sometimes forget, however, that this function coexists with a thirst for knowledge that will make any information palatable if it is properly presented.

I studied botany for a year in school under a teacher so naturally anhydrous herself that she rendered all her surroundings dry. The consequence was that I so thoroughly detested botany that at the end of the term I could not tell a petiole from a pistil. But one rainy day, ransacking an old trunk in the attic for mysteries, I came upon an antique botanical text-book that, I have no doubt, my mother had detested as a girl. The musty volume — I have always loved the smell of an old book — somehow aroused my interest, however, and I pored over its wood-cuts and descriptions for the rest of the afternoon. What attracted me most were the allusions to the part insects play in the economy of fertilization, — a subject, as I now know, that, at the time that the book was written, was just beginning to arouse a great deal of interest. By the time that the rain stopped I had learned what a stamen is and what a pistil, and how to name a plant by counting these organs. That evening before dark, I had identified a dozen flowers in the garden, and had found the process of nomenclature so pleasing that for a time I even neglected the bugs. For a

year I continued my researches before I discovered that I had all this while been learning a botanical system long since dead and buried — the artificial classification of Linnæus: a good deal better system, by the way, for little boys and girls, than the natural classification that has superseded it. The interest in botany thus adventitiously originated lasted for years.

Oh, those long days in the attic after school, with the rain on the roof and its spray on the pane, while I pored over Hermann Müller's plates of bees and butterflies pollinating primroses, or Darwin's accounts of the agency of earthworms in burying Roman temples! A whiff of ether from the college laboratory will still call up in my mind my collection of moths. How I suffered as I killed them, as Isaac Walton killed his frog, gently, and as if I loved them! For I killed them only in 'the interest of science.' In the garden I had my vivarium with a pond in the middle, out of which the water persisted in perpetually escaping; and in the workshop at the end of the garden were my boxes full of live caterpillars and snails and mosquito larvæ and microscopic 'torments of innumerable tails.' They have all fallen prey to *Tempus Edax Rerum*, but their memory is green.

It is a good thing to accustom a child early to be alone. It is during the long glorious hours of solitary play that he does his hardest thinking. For him as for us the world may be too much with him. If we could but learn merely to supply him the incentive in the form of book or garden or personal suggestion, and then leave the heaven to work. If we elders could but have a little more faith in nature, a little more strength to efface ourselves and let our children alone. Here is an element of education that all the text-books seem to have overlooked. If we could but learn — well, some day we shall, perhaps.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

WOMAN — ONE WORD MORE

WHATEVER else the Suffragettes have done, they have made many of us heartily weary of being women. Every one is talking about us; no one is content to leave us alone. Some solution of the 'woman question' is an ingredient in every panacea offered to the contemporary world. We are praised for qualities we are ashamed of having, and blamed for things we never did. It is really no wonder that we long for our 'rights'; we are so used to being put off with either injustice or mercy. Even the Presidential campaign, as it turns out, does not leave us quite out of the lime-light. It must be very easy, in comparison, to be a man. A man may have duties as a citizen, as a husband, as a father; but no one particularizes his duties as a mere male. Being a woman, on the contrary, has apparently a code of its own; and women of entirely different races, temperaments, and circumstances, must somehow agree upon it. Some of us who are busy living up to our personal fates would cravenly beg the Zeit-Geist to take care of it all. But that, we are told, is the unpardonable Laodicean sin.

So that when a writer in this *Atlantic* takes to quoting and upholding one Dr. Groddeck of Baden-Baden in his strictures on our sex, we turn uncomfortably to listen. It cannot be said that this writer makes the rough places plain. Her counsel of perfection would be uncommonly difficult to follow. All of us must agree that we are told here some very true things; but the true things are often made to lead to odd conclusions.

Honestly, and in all soberness, we must wish to know what we, as a sex, are to do with our destiny — since obviously it is in a bad way, and something must be done with it. But it is hard to reconcile some of these *ex cathedra* pronouncements. How, for example, does woman manage at once to lack the creative power and to be the repository of creative force? 'Woman cannot worship an Idea' — she can only, apparently, be it. Is she then an unconscious thing, an image erected in the world by a careful deity (like the ring-streaked wands of Jacob), that man, by contemplating her, may produce more perfectly? Not even that, precisely; for '*she* controls the quality of posterity,' by the wise initial choice of her mate, by her devotion to her offspring, by the excellent education that she is enabled (by virtue of a smattering of knowledge) to give her children. 'She is *par excellence* the lover, man the doer' — yet 'she must choose her husband as unamorously as possible'; bearing it in mind, probably, that inasmuch as 'it is only after marriage that a woman can love,' it would be too silly to be guided by love in the first place.

As for man: 'he loves his wife as the symbol of the All,' 'an impersonality that compels his allegiance.' (*Je n'y crois guère, madame!*) That is why it is not always, according to this author, a sign of moral greatness for a man to be faithful to his wife. When he is narrow-minded, it is all very well; but when he is high-minded and growing in personality, we are told, it becomes a great effort for him to remain faithful. A proper fidelity to the All

does suggest, certainly, the 'imperfectly monogamous' hero of scientific fable. But one is not sure that is the turn the author meant to take.

Then comes the ageing protest against race-suicide — coupled bewilderingly with the injunction to mothers not to create children too lavishly, since not quantity but quality is what we need. Would it not have been more civil to credit the hesitating mother, in the first place, with preferring quality to quantity? Can any one affirm positively that this is not the purpose which underlies 'inverted murder'? Especially as we are explicitly told that it is only single and childless women who decry the general duties of motherhood!

Oh, for the lost art of logic! — as lost, one sometimes feels to-day, as if it had been the peculiar property of the Etruscans.

Out of this tangle, like a skein of worsted in the kitten's clutch, comes one loose thread that we can lay our hands on. Dr. Groddeck speaks out loud and clear. "On this feeling of personality rests a man's sense of duty, his energy, his capability, for sacrifice, his worship of the Idea. Without this worship of the Idea, which has always created all the deeds of man, everything is lost that has been won. Every great beautiful thing in life is the work of the man; it is the work of personality in man, and that will remain so, for only a human being who possesses personality can do creative work, and woman has no personality."

I do not know at first-hand the writings of Dr. Groddeck; but I incline to believe that he does not mean that statement to be entirely flattering to our sex. In the hands of his commentator, however, it becomes flattering — thus. 'Woman is not a personality; she is a symbol.' A symbol of what? Of the harmony of the universe, which

man looks upon as his goal. And we are told, furthermore, that woman 'overhears godlikeness' (a curious process!), and that she is 'near the heart of divinity . . . verily a mother of God.' '*Ut puto, Deus fio*' — as a certain Roman emperor notoriously remarked.

Now, most of us will individually accept canonization — with thanks; but very few of us feel up to being deified. And certainly not many of us are going to take that Icarus flight without personality as it is here defined. If we do not need personality — which alone, we are told, enables man to create great and beautiful things, to do his duty, to exhibit energy, and to sacrifice himself (all sufficiently important acts) — then either we really are already as gods, or we are committed eternally to a lower moral plane than men. No quibbling will help us out. We know that we are not as gods; and very few of us believe — outside of Germany, at least — that we are eternally committed to a lower moral plane than men. The only way out is to say that women are not really human beings at all — and even biology, though here invoked afresh, does not say that. We cannot solve it by accepting Islam, for Islam is merciful, and in denying woman a soul relieves her of all the dreadful duties that having a soul involves. No: we are adjured to do our duty, to create beautifully, to sacrifice ourselves to the good of the race — all of them things that we have just been told only personality will enable human beings to do.

Personality, the wonder-worker! — and we have it not. It is a belief that monks and pagans have shared. To this day, there is an echo of it in any cynical Frenchman's comments on *le sexe*. Soberly speaking, it does not much matter, if you deny woman's personality, whether you consider her the mouthpiece of God or of the Devil: the

infallible Pythia, or one of the lustrous shapes that beset Saint Anthony. If it were true, it would be a melancholy business. Luckily Science, the dark discourager, has not discouraged us in this. For who will say that the accident of chromosomes, which controls sex at the instant of conception, puts into the odd number that predestines the female so fundamental a significance? It is over-mystical to pretend that it does. Ahriman has his mysticism as well as Ahura Mazda — but if there must be magic, let it be white, not black.

And yet it may well be that the wrong-headedness is only wrong-wordedness, after all. Miss Anderson's paper does summon confusedly for us a vision of woman, half prophetess, half bond-slave, sitting, reverend and meek, at the hearth of bewildered man. Perhaps our writer means that woman should be a nice balance between Godiva and Artemis. Perhaps she only means that we should re-read the *Germania* and, on top of that, the *Divine Comedy*.

The vision is, I fancy, too mystical for our present purposes; the verbs, essentially, too little in the indicative mood. The address we are to go to might have been given by Mrs. Nickleby. But in these days of sentimental materialism it is good for woman to be told both that she has divine significance, and that her powers are in some ways less than man's. We are in danger of forgetting both. And for logic: be sure that in the end we shall be taught the complicated truth by life, which is logic in the raw.

STARS AND STOCKINGS

THE Palmist-Lady spread my hand open like a horse-chestnut leaf, pinched it and pulled it, palm and fingers.

'You have a composite hand, my

dear,' she said, with the air of one who imparts a deep mystery. 'Your hand is half-idealistic and half-practical. You live a great deal in the regions of your mind; you have a strong imagination; you like study and reading' (this again with an important smile); — 'in fact, the length of your fingers and the shape and texture of your whole hand' — she squeezed it together like an accordeon of little bones — 'indicate clearly the artistic temperament. You are fond of poetry; you would make a success at lecturing,' — I shuddered, — 'you are musical, too. But, —' she paused dramatically, — 'while I see these strong artistic indications, you are not one of the unpractical up-in-the-air sort. Your fingers are spatulate, blunt at the tips, you see; so that, though the length and tapering of them is artistic, they are really a combination. You like to use your hands; you can sew and cook and tinker things together. If you had been a man you might have made a good carpenter or house-decorator. Really,' she said, laying down my hand and beaming upon me from under her peroxide pompadour, 'you have a most *fortunate* hand; you have capacities for doing almost anything that you want to; and such a balance of the idealistic and the practical will always keep you from going to extremes.'

Then she resumed the study of my mounts and lines, and I heard with more or less edification about my future husband and possible financial affairs.

But before I departed, the Palmist-Lady patted my fingers with the patronage of a stout and kindly sibyl, and repeated, —

'You ought to be a very thankful young woman, to have such a balance of qualities. Why, it's a most *fortunate* hand: you'll never get into trouble with such a hand as that.'

I thanked her and said farewell. Save for the future husband and wind-fall of money, I could find little fault with the truth of what she had 'seen' in my hand. But as I went away, I could not altogether agree with her flattering conclusions as to the blessedness of my dual temperament.

It seems to me that the chief stress of my life has arisen from the civil war of precisely those two tendencies, the artistic and the practical.

My artistic self and I lie under the pine tree in the backyard, staring blankly and gloriously into the blue; we purr and bask and begin to see a vision;—when up bounces my practical self, fetches us a slap on the ears, and cries, 'Up! Up! the stockings are to darn, the pickles are to brew, and there's company coming to supper!'

Or again, my practical self and I are being happy over trimming a hat or refreshing a sorrowful chair with a glad garment of black paint. We pin and tie, or mix and slap with a swinging brush-stroke, when my artistic half peers in at us, and smiles cynically. 'Folly!' he says, in the scornful music of his heaven-haunted voice. 'What earthly treasure you prepare for moth and rust! The hat is a cheap vanity; the chair will moulder in the garret; and here am I with a song to sing, and a vision of strong angels to body forth. Come away! Come away!'

My state becomes like that of a man with two friends, very dear to him but very hateful to each other. They cannot leave him alone, for it seems to each that the society of the other will corrupt him eternally. So they are forever interrupting, quarreling, inventing pretexts; making the poor man's life a veritable Bedlam of thwarted desires to please them both. From one to the other he is tossed like a shuttlecock, till often he wishes he could cast himself on the bosom of one, and stay there

in single peace. But this he cannot do, for are they not both his friends? Has he not deathless joy in both? Could he support life if the comradeship of either were denied him for long?

So is it with me and my dual self. Often enough have I longed to sweep and sew and plan and patch; to serve my family in all humility; to ask nothing of my friends save gossiping laughter, and nothing of my life save day-to-day worship, labor, delight, and weariness. It seems as if that would be a very normal, heaven-blessed life for a woman.

But I cannot reach such a rest. All the stars of heaven lean down and touch me with keen, white, urgent fingers, and then I think, "Oh, to fly sunwards and starwards! Why should I sweep a room that to-morrow will be even as dusty? Why should I dress myself delicately and go out to chatter with folk who forget me in an hour? I have a song to sing: let me sing it, World! for I would fling something of myself to Eternity, not to the grinding juggernaut of Time!'

Truly, kind Palmist-Lady, this is no good state for a woman who is neither great enough to follow stars, nor small enough to be blind to them!

THE ROUND WORLD

I HAVE a neighbor, a man now over eighty years of age, who has a philosophy of his own about most things, and who does not believe that the earth is round nor that it turns round; and he can prove it to you, to his own satisfaction, with his level on the floor. I confess I sympathize with him, and half hoped he could prove it to me, as I am turned topsy-turvy every time I try to see myself on a round globe; but I am also bound to confess that he did not quite convince me.

I fancy that all persons who think

much about the matter have trouble to adjust their notion of a round world to their actual experience. After we have sailed round the world and seen its round shape eclipsing the moon, and seen the ships drop below the horizon at sea, we still fail to see ourselves (at least I do) as living on the surface of a sphere; by no force of imagination can I do so. The eye reports only a boundless plain, diversified by hills and mountains; and travel we never so far, we cannot find the under side of the sphere — we can never see ourselves as we see the house-fly crawling over the side of the globe in our room, and we wonder why we do not drop off or see the sky beneath us. Yet when we reach the South Pole, the sky is still overhead, the same as at the North. This is the contradiction that staggers our senses.

The truth is that as dwellers upon the earth, we are completely under the law of the sphere, so completely that we cannot get away from it even in imagination, without seeing ourselves involved in a world of hopeless contradictions. The law of the sphere is that there is no up and no down, no over and no under, no rising and no falling, apart from itself. Away from the earth, in empty sidereal space, we should be absolutely lost, and should not know whether we were right-side-up or not, standing on our heads or our heels, because we must experience a negation of all direction as we know it here. We might know our right hand from our left hand, but can we picture to ourselves whether we should be falling up or falling down, whether the stars should be over us or under us?

Or go to the other extreme, and fancy yourself at the centre of the earth; which way would your feet point, up or down? Which way would things fall? Try to think of the dilemma you would be in, if you could tunnel through the

earth, when you came out on the other side! And what is curious about all this is that our experience with balls and spheres here does not prepare us for these contradictions. Every globe we see, even the sun and moon, has an upper and an under side. If we fancy ourselves on the moon we see the heavens above us at the North Pole, and below us at the South. Is not the fly crawling over the under side of the globe in our room in a reversed position? Yet we know from actual experience that, go where we will on the earth's surface, we are right-side-up with care. We find no under side. The heavens are everywhere above us, and the ground is beneath us, and falling off the sphere seems and is impossible. We nowhere find ourselves in the position the Man in the Moon would appear to be in if we could see him searching for the South Pole. South Pole and North Pole are both the same so far as our relation to them is concerned.

The size of the globe, be it little or big, cannot alter the law of the globe. If we were to make a globe ten miles or a hundred or a thousand miles in diameter, it would still have a top and a bottom side, and if we placed the figure of a man at the South Pole his head would point down and we should have to tie him on.

When we get a flying-machine that will take us to the moon, I shall want to alight well up on the top side for fear I shall fall off. In fact, landing on the under side would seem a physical impossibility. I try to fancy how it would seem if we could alight there. Of course, the sky would still be overhead and we should look up to that bigger moon, the earth, from which we had just come on an upward flight. We go up to the moon or to Mars, and we turn round and look up to the point of our departure! It is the apparent contradiction

that I cannot adjust my mind to; that up and down, over and under, can be abolished, that they are only forms of our experience, and that out in sidereal space they would have no meaning; that is something hard for us to realize. We apprehend it without comprehending it. Are all our notions thus relative? The globe is bigger than our minds. We cannot turn the cosmic laws round in our thoughts. We are adjusted to the sphere, not it to us.

If the moon were to break from its orbit and fall to the earth, its course would be downward, like that of the shooting stars. How would it seem to people on the moon, if there were people there?

This sense of contradiction that we feel in trying to adjust our minds to the idea of a round world, may be analogous to the difficulty we have in trying to reach an intellectual concept of the universe as a whole. Our minds are so constituted and disciplined by our experience that we look for the causes of every event or thing. We make a chain

of causes, the end of which we never reach. A causeless event, or thing, we cannot think of any more than we can think of a stick with only one end. God is unthinkable, because He is causeless.

We cannot penetrate the final mystery of things, because behind every mystery is another mystery. What causes life? What started evolution? Why are you and I here? Who or what ordered the world as we see it? We cannot help asking these questions, though we see when we try to take the first step that they are unanswerable. When we find the end of the under side of the sphere, we may hope to answer them. There is no ending, and no beginning, there is no limit to space or to time, though we make our heads ache trying to think how such can be the case. There is no final Cause in any sense that comes within the range of our experience in this world. We are prisoners of the sphere on which we live, and its bewildering contradictions are reflected in our mental lives as well.

WISCONSIN'S DIMINISHING VOTE

A DIRECT PRIMARY LESSON

MILWAUKEE, June 28, 1912.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ATLANTIC:—
Sir,—

In connection with the excellent article in the July number of the *Atlantic*, by Mr. Woollen of Indianapolis, a few facts as to Wisconsin's experience with the new primary system may be of interest. The figures are taken from official sources.

Under the direct primary system, Wisconsin is casting a steadily-diminishing percentage of her total vote. The census of 1910 gives Wisconsin's male population of 21 years of age and over, at 683,743. That year, in our state election, we polled 319,462 votes, for all parties. By the census of 1880 the state had a population of voting age of 340,482. The total vote for

governor that year was 319,978. For governor, Rusk polled more votes in 1884 than McGovern polled in 1910. LaFollette has never polled as large a vote in the state as that polled by his immediate predecessor, Governor Scofield. In 1905, 22 per cent of the total vote of the state stayed away from the polls. In 1910, 53 $\frac{1}{4}$ per cent were absent.

Facts like these — absolutely indisputable — might be multiplied, but these are enough to show that the primary is not bringing control back to the people. The human animal is gregarious. He does not take his politics in solitude, nor form his opinions, nor express them, in secret. The primary detaches the vote from the political forum. The result is purely personal

politics. We are likely, this year, fully to realize the meaning of this term, with Taft, Roosevelt, LaFollette, Cummins, Bryan, Wilson, Clark, Debs, and the rest, each with his own special and personal appeal to the suffrages of the people. Platforms and principles never before had so little significance in a presidential campaign.

It may be that the apathy of the average voter is due to the turmoil of personal politics which has been continuous since William Jennings Bryan destroyed the Democratic Party in 1896. Having inhabited a boiler-works for so long a period, the voter cannot now be aroused from his lethargy by a cannonade.

Yours respectfully,

ELLIS B. USHER.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

SEPTEMBER, 1912

MR. BRYAN

WHETHER it marks the final term of his leadership, Mr. Bryan's valedictory at Baltimore brings to a close a period without parallel in the history of American politics. Like Clay, Mr. Bryan has thrice been an unsuccessful candidate for the Presidency. Like Clay, he has preserved through discouragement and defeat that constant devotion of a mighty following which is the last test of democratic leadership. But in the larger matters of principle Mr. Bryan has never tried to win by compromise, and he has ever repaid his devoted followers by new demands of self-sacrifice. The great teachers have taught that the supreme reward men covet is the opportunity for service, and the light of that truth has not been lost on Mr. Bryan. Every defeat has swelled the numbers of his volunteers, and there are more men who would follow a forlorn hope led by him to-day than at any moment of his career.

Such a record indeed deserves to be noted. Although of late years the veil of prejudice has been gradually lifted, Mr. Bryan is still very imperfectly understood. While anything like a complete explanation of his character would far exceed the limits of my space and powers, I may perhaps, serve a useful purpose by setting forth a few of the causes which underlie his personal achievement.

The most familiar criticism of Mr. Bryan's leadership is that it has ever

led to failure. The Democratic sun set in 1896, precisely as Mr. Bryan's star rose from the horizon, and now, sixteen years later, as that star wanes, comes the promise of a Democratic dawn. Thrice during that period Mr. Bryan has not only been his party's candidate for president, but has dictated the plans of the electoral campaign; and each time the issues he has selected have been emphatically disapproved by the voters of the United States. Furthermore, upon the successful men within the party Mr. Bryan has waged unrelenting war. He never lets well enough alone. Murphy in New York, Taggart in Indiana, Sullivan in Illinois, are successful leaders. Moreover, of their conduct toward him personally Mr. Bryan has little reason to complain. These men have worked loyally for a leader they dislike, on occasions when wormwood would have been to them as balm, and gall as the waters of comfort. Finally, to compromise of all sorts,—the time-honored solvent of political feuds,—Mr. Bryan is obstinately opposed. There are few professional politicians in the Democratic party who do not approve of his abdication. His theory of politics finds its inevitable outcome in defeat. The empty chairs of Democratic office-holders tell their plain story. As the efficient enemy of success Mr. Bryan has no equal.

Straight from premise to conclusion

runs the logic of the street. But that logic is founded on a false premise. It takes for granted that the success at which Mr. Bryan has aimed is the same 'success' writ large in every politician's dictionary. But the truth lies in this. The success which Mr. Bryan has pursued he has abundantly enjoyed. The great object of his career has been, not to secure office, not to win Democratic triumphs, but to enlarge the people's vision with a new conception of social obligation. He has sought not so much to gain the enactment of democratic laws as a change in the very stuff of which democracy is made.

Of the new political ideas which pass current in our time, more by far have been shaped by Mr. Bryan, or at least passed on by him from his Populist inheritance, than have come into being from any other single source. For, as everybody knows, Mr. Roosevelt's familiar image and superscription have been stamped on coin annually borrowed from his rival's mint. The publicity of campaign expenditures, the election of senators by the people, the system of direct nominations, initiative, referendum, and all the paraphernalia of direct government based upon complete confidence in the people — all these eclectic issues, from whatever source derived, were articles of Mr. Bryan's faith when Mr. Roosevelt's creed knew them not. It is a safe assertion that, in the making of the American nation to-day out of the materials of twenty years ago, Mr. Bryan has been the largest personal factor. And if this be true, then indeed he is a successful man.

That Mr. Bryan has been a wise leader, a reader of history might well be slow to assert; but that he has been successful is printed below the surface of the whole Progressive movement. And the first secret of this success is, I

believe, that Mr. Bryan is a devoutly religious man. Brought up in the simplest tenets of an Evangelical faith, he has accepted them as naturally as though Copernicus and Darwin had never lived. A man whose Creator daily rectifies the errors of the universe acquires a confidence in the imminent triumph of right which the most gallant skeptic can never hope to achieve. If Mr. Bryan has become famous as a 'good loser,' it is this confidence in a corrective Providence which makes him so. When he has done his best, he has done as the Lord bade him, and the event is in the Lord's hands. There is no wasting of strength in vain regrets; he can rest in peace before new labors. In a personal record of the Silver campaign, Mr. Bryan thus describes his reception of the telegraphic news of the defeat of his hopes: —

'While the compassionless current sped hither and thither, carrying its message of gladness to foe and its message of sadness to friend, there vanished from my mind the vision of a President in the White House, perplexed by the cares of State; and in the contemplation of the picture of a citizen at his fireside, free from official responsibility, I fell asleep.'

Another result of the religious life which is so close to Mr. Bryan's heart is the extraordinary impersonality with which he conducts his battles. As Religion bids us hate the sin and forgive the sinner, so Mr. Bryan throws all his animosity at the principles emblazoned on the banners of the foe. How fair and free from personalities has been his attitude toward McKinley, toward Roosevelt, toward Taft! For sixteen years he has fought a fight of unexceeded bitterness. Yet it was no trick of oratory which led him, at Baltimore, when the frenzy roused by his attack on Ryan and Belmont had not yet subsided, to declare that in all

this world there was no man whom he hated. The words were literally true. Of how many of the smarting veterans of public life can this be said?

It is an interesting speculation to consider what effect upon Mr. Bryan's character might have been produced had he been born into one of the more aristocratic sects of Protestantism. Undoubtedly his Evangelicism has immensely broadened the affection which he naturally feels for the 'plain people,' as the popular instinct makes him love to call them. For the tragic struggle of humanity he feels a sympathy which understanding has deepened to a poignancy unusual among politicians. The thought of crucifying mankind upon a cross of gold held for him a kernel of something sacred within the husk of the orator's phrase.

With the formalities of religion Mr. Bryan has always been in the closest accord. His parents were Baptists, and since his fourteenth year he has been a member of the Presbyterian church. His lectures and speeches have always been colored by the traditional phraseology of the clergy. But it was more than an interest in external things which took him to the Edinburgh Conference for the securing of Christian unity, and which has prompted his continuous and earnest interest in church matters throughout his active life.

But this true religion of Mr. Bryan's runs in a narrow channel. Charity he shows toward men, but never toward ideas. To his primitive mind a creed is right or it is wrong. God does not chequer with light and shade things so important for mankind to see. Mr. Bryan opposed with zeal an attempt to broaden the usefulness of the Young Men's Christian Association by laying less stress upon the importance of the religious code which it maintains, thinking he saw in it that weakness

which the churches have found a subtler foe than sin. And in his long war against Privilege the crude objectiveness of his faith has found new expression in his symbolic vision of the forces arrayed against him. Apollyon and the Scarlet Woman of his Bible class and Sunday-school have become the 'Wall Street' and the 'Plutocracy' of his maturer years. To his pictorial imagination these Devil's children are as real as their father who forever dogs the faltering footsteps of mankind.

Mr. Bryan is an interesting man with an uninteresting mind. He has none of those powers of generalization which lead to the larger reaches of thought; nor has he that mental flexibility which enables a man to understand a position alien to his own. His ideas are cement hardening to stone before they can take rightful shape. To genius the great gift is given of seeing problems in their simple forms; but, like many uneducated men, Mr. Bryan thinks a problem simple because he sees not its complexities. He is forever telling the people that complicated questions of finance or of government should be plain to the dullest understanding. To his mind there is something shady about an intricate question. Its seeming difficulties are the *hocus-pocus* of interested politicians. No wonder that to his opponents he seems a demagogue,—just as he seemed in the Silver campaign, when, to bring the issue to the proof, he used such arguments as this:—

'If you throw a stone into the air, you know it will come down. Why? Because it is drawn to the centre of the earth. The law upon which we base our fight is as sure as the law of gravitation. If we have a gold standard, prices are as certain to fall as the stone which is thrown into the air.'

In hundreds of such passages analogy is confused with logic, and the

very clearness of the figure seems to Mr. Bryan to cast a corresponding light upon the problem involved. This is not demagoguery. It is but native simplicity of mind.

A demagogue, so the first master of politics has told us, is he who flatters the people, not for their own sake, but for his own. Of this Mr. Bryan is not guilty. When he tells the people they can understand finance, he recalls the childhood lessons in fiat money he learned at his father's knee.¹ Surely these things are not difficult for the multitude to learn. The self-complacency of the crowd Mr. Bryan has not soothed. He has sought continuously to rouse them from their satisfaction, and he has not allowed his human wish for office to thwart a larger destiny.

Though Mr. Bryan is without intellectual power, he is far from lacking readiness of wit. To his surroundings he is delicately responsive. Those who have often heard him speak in public will readily remember how sensitive he is to the sympathies of his audience, and how swiftly he wins his way toward them. If oratory is Mr. Bryan's single talent, it is a supreme talent. His voice is an organ of a hundred stops, and its modulated music has in it that Celtic strain of human pathos which, rising from the heart, goes to the heart again. No one who has been through the heat and turmoil of a national convention can forget the weary hours of listening with hand to ear for the fragmentary words drifting from the speaker. I have seen twenty thousand men, when Mr. Bryan rose, sit comfortably back in their chairs, knowing that the irritating strain was over. If conversion be the test of oratory, the value of such a mental change in a vast audience can scarcely be over-

estimated. Credulity ever keeps pace with comfort.

Mr. Bryan's oratory, however, is far more than the possession of the voice of Boanerges. He speaks from conviction, and he speaks with courage. Never has he more assurance, never is he more perfect master of himself, than when he faces a hostile audience. Often indignant, he is never angry; and in moments of emotional stress he hews his speech to the exact line of his meaning, with a precision which would do credit to a discourse in a college lecture-room. To his great speeches posterity will not do justice. Preachers, actors, journalists, orators — all are judged fairly by their contemporaries alone; and, in writing their epitaphs, historians must learn that of them at least it is Tradition that speaks the truth. The magic of voice and gesture, the passion of speech, the dramatic pause which drives the argument home, the captivating assurance of the speaker that the audience must believe in his integrity and in his cause — these things lend words a deeper and a more eloquent meaning. These things men remember, but you cannot read them in books. Without a great occasion there can be no great speech. Place, hour, issue, audience, and orator make up one work of art.

I have spoken of Mr. Bryan's simplicity of mind. It is better to be simple in character than simple in mind, and to Mr. Bryan has been vouchsafed this compensation of his defect. The homely virtues which make up the sum of the world's happiness are his in ample measure. He is kind, direct, friendly, conscientious, enormously industrious. He has those natural good manners which Nature meant to bestow on all of us. No hint of humor colors his candid speech. The family virtues are his and the citizen's, and through his whole nature runs a win-

¹ The elder Mr. Bryan received the support of the Greenbackers in his unsuccessful campaign for Congress in 1872. — THE AUTHOR.

ning ingenuousness to which thousands of his chance acquaintance can testify.

Mrs. Bryan has somewhere recorded an instance of this naïve quality, which deserves to be repeated. In the year 1890, when Mr. Bryan entered his first race for Congress, he engaged in a joint debate with a certain Mr. Connell who then occupied the seat which Mr. Bryan coveted. Local excitement was intense, and the partisans of both sides packed the house nightly. At the conclusion of the debate Mr. Bryan turned toward his rival with these remarks, which I somewhat curtail:—

‘Mr. Connell, if I have in any way offended you in word or deed, I offer apology and regret and as freely forgive. I desire to present to you in remembrance of these pleasant meetings this little volume because it contains Gray’s “Elegy,” in perusing which I trust you will find as much pleasure and profit as I have found. It is one of the most beautiful and touching tributes to a humble life that literature contains. Grand in its sentiment and sublime in its simplicity, we may both find in it a solace in victory or defeat. If it should be your lot

Th’ applause of list’ning senates to command,
and I am left

A youth to fortune and to fame unknown,
forget not us who in the common walks
of life perform our part, but in the
hour of your triumph recall the verse,

Let not ambition mock their useful toil.’

Did ever hero of historic occasion
appear in the light of a more engaging
simplicity of heart?

Those critics who, in steadily decreasing numbers, ascribe inconsistency to Mr. Bryan’s doctrines take small pains to study his record. Those who proclaim him a man of one idea blunder near the truth. He has not a logical mind, but he has logical sympathies, and he has never put forward

an important measure which was not designed to curb the control which the few exercise over the many. His mastery of himself has increased with years; experience has sharpened his political skill; but his ideas are the ideas of his youth. With him the Silver Question, the tariff, government ownership of railroads, control of the ‘Money Power,’ even the freedom of the Philippines, are but successive phases of a single purpose. No one of his ‘issues,’ indeed, is so much a distinctive measure of reform as a new voicing of the world-old protest of the sons of Ishmael against the sons of Jacob. From Mr. Bryan’s point of view, nothing is more salient about Mr. Bryan’s programme than its cohesiveness. To box the political compass a statesman must have either more mind or less character than Mr. Bryan has. An evolution analogous to that of Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Chamberlain, Mr. Roosevelt, or even of Mr. McKinley, is unthinkable for a man whose intelligence is static and whose heart is oak.

Any discussion of Mr. Bryan’s character leads irresistibly to a comparison with that of his famous antagonist. Not since Plutarch’s time has there been a contrast more inviting to the observer who cares to speculate on the chiaroscuro of human nature. Appearing on the national stage within a year of each other, the destinies of both men have been continuously intertwisted. The *ifs* of history are a profitless speculation, but after the carnival of materialism of the late nineties the people cried aloud for a revivalist, and if the nation had not followed Roosevelt it would have followed Bryan. Both men have preached the same gospel. Bryan preached it first and sowed the seed. Roosevelt preached it afterwards and reaped the harvest. He that sows the good seed, though others reap, is the good husbandman.

And here it is that I come upon an essential difference between the two men,—a difference which cuts through flesh and sinew to the heart of each. Mr. Roosevelt has taught the young men of this country to mix success with their ideals. He has made us believe that ideals can be successful, and for this we owe him much; but too often he has made success ideal, and in this he robs us of our birthright. There is success and there are ideals, but between the two there is nothing in common. Indeed, when the ideal is touched by success it ceases to be the ideal, for in that instant new heights are made to climb; and to the unscalable summit Mr. Roosevelt never points. With Mr. Bryan, defeat is but an incident. To press on with undampened ardor, that is success indeed. We can hardly imagine Mr. Roosevelt fighting without the magic of popular applause. We can scarcely think of Mr. Bryan unpurified by popular defeat.

The two men furnish a comparison as striking as their contrast. Both are optimists; both born preachers. Each has the body of an athlete and that Olympian digestion which nowadays the statesman's life demands. Both are fundamental democrats, instinctively reaching over the heads of the politicians to strike hands with the people. Mr. Roosevelt is enormously the more astute; Mr. Bryan the more tenacious. For law as law, Mr. Bryan has a sentiment which to Mr. Roosevelt cannot seem short of mawkish. Again, for Mr. Bryan's consistency Mr. Roosevelt is too practical. Mr. Bryan follows the wide, plain road; for Mr. Roosevelt no by-path is too devious if in the end it will save time and travel. Personal unselfishness has bestowed on Mr. Bryan a moral power which would have given his rival the strength of ten. Chicago and Baltimore are fresh in men's minds. Had Mr. Roosevelt

gone to Chicago to purchase principles at the sacrifice of his own leadership, the Republican party would be to-day united behind a Progressive candidate. The drama at Baltimore had a different ending.

The glamour of the gentleman in politics still plays about Mr. Roosevelt. In a democracy the blood of ancestors tells doubly. Mr. Bryan has never touched the imaginations of college youth, and the gallant doctrine of *noblesse oblige* has brought no volunteers to his standard. But throughout this country tens of thousands of young men are leading different lives because he lived before them.

I shall never forget Mr. Bryan as I saw him eight years ago. The convention at St. Louis was nearing its predestined close. The conservatives were in control. The votes to nominate Judge Parker were in the pocket of David B. Hill as he sat at the head of the New York delegation, indulgently allowing the routine of the convention to proceed. In the great hall it was dizzily hot, and toward four in the morning my head fell forward on my desk. Suddenly the sound of music thrilled me. It was Mr. Bryan speaking. He was protesting against the seating of the boss-ridden delegation from Illinois through what he regarded as a fraudulent vote. And then, when his argument was finished, he spoke a few personal words. His career seemed over. The general had returned to the ranks, and this was an *apologia pro vita sua*. The printed record of that speech I never saw, but the sound of Mr. Bryan's words rings in my ears:—

'There are some of you who will say that I have run my race. There are many of you who will maintain that I have fought my fight. But there is not one man here who can say that I have not kept the Faith.'

E. S.

THE AUTOMATIC CITIZEN

BY THOMAS R. MARSHALL

ONE of the foremost figures in American life said a few days since, while addressing a great body of workingmen, that he was opposed to two shifts a day for seven days in the week, and in favor of a law requiring three shifts a day for six days in the week. He was not an employer of the men nor was he a co-employee. His language was calculated to implant firmly in their minds the idea that it was the law which was wrong, and not the employer. He led them to believe that a new law would rectify their grievances, regardless of a change of heart on the part of their employers. He left without telling those unfortunate men when or how they were going to get the law, or how his views, if crystallized into statutory enactment, could be enforced.

Last winter, while storm-bound in Kansas, I met an employer of labor who expressed the opinion that we should have a law to prevent the further continuance of labor unions. He recited at great length what he claimed were the evils arising from these organizations, but he did not tell me when or how he expected to obtain governmental regulation, or, if obtained, how he expected it to be enforced.

For three years, it has been the fortune of politics that I should serve the people of my native state in the office of governor. During that period scarcely a day has gone by without some one's pointing out to me what he claimed to be an evil or an injustice to the public at large or to himself. Invariably, the recital has wound up with

the phrase, 'We should have a law to prevent it.'

Indiana is, I take it, an average state among the forty-eight. Her General Assembly convenes biennially, and remains in session sixty-one days. At the session of 1911, nearly eleven hundred measures were proposed. In the sixty-one days, two hundred and ninety-two proposals were enacted into statutory law, making a volume of more than seven hundred pages. Take forty-eight states in the Union with their legislative bodies meeting annually, or biennially, and the volume of printed laws becomes appalling. Critical examination of these enactments discloses that but little care is taken to repeal conflicting provisions. Expensive litigation is constantly in progress in every state of this Union to determine whether statutes have or have not been repealed by implication. An illustration of the ever-changing condition of the law because of legislative tamperings is furnished by the answer of a lawyer in Northern Indiana to an inquiry by a client as to the law: 'Do you mean what the law is this morning or what it was last night?' he asked the client. 'What it is this morning,' said the client. 'I don't know,' the lawyer made answer, 'but I'll telegraph to Indianapolis and find out.'

A legislator discovers what he believes to be an evil or an injustice; he suggests a statutory remedy, and succeeds in adding another enactment. It is put to the touchstone of enforcement, whereupon it is found to be a

failure. A subsequent legislature offers a new remedy, but does not repeal the old law. In some other state, the first enactment comes to the notice of a legislator, who straightway begins to crystallize it, failure though it be, into a statute. The kaleidoscope does not change its views more swiftly than man-made laws.

It is difficult to tell whether people want these statutory enactments to wear as phylacteries or as charms. We know that they want them and would not cry for them unless they were conscious of evils which they believed could thus be rectified.

In view of the social unrest which is manifest, and the almost universal cry for a law for every evil, no harm will be done in endeavoring to ascertain the truth of Mr. Edwin Chadwick's statement that he had never known an investigation 'which did not reverse every main principle and almost every assumed chief elementary fact on which the general public, parliamentary committees, politicians of high position, and often the commissioners themselves, were prepared to base legislation.' I understand this deliberate statement to mean that it is the tendency of mankind to expect, and of sociological doctors to administer, symptomatic, rather than causal, treatment. One of our mistakes in diagnosis is in thinking that the good is wholly good and that no evil can flow from it; that the bad is unqualifiedly bad and that from it no good can arise.

The history of mankind discloses that this is not true. Beautiful and sweet was the Garden of Eden, but it had its apple tree. Dr. Jekyll is Mr. Hyde not only in fiction, but in history. Among all Protestants, the two-seed-in-the-one-spirit, predestinarian Baptist, holding as he does that life is a contest between the good and evil tendencies in man, is actually correct, however mis-

taken he may be theologically speaking. The finest thing in the world is the love of a mother for her boy; but this love without intelligent maternal judgment, is likely to do him as much harm as good. Out of our public-school system, which is generally admirable, comes an evil whenever it teaches a boy whose aptitude is for mechanics that labor is dishonorable. Great was the discovery of the art of printing, but this art has become the American Frankenstein, and produced a monster of such proportions, and with an output so great, that the average man is lost in a wilderness of words and becomes possessed of what he calls opinions, which are in reality mere prejudices. A headline in a newspaper is sufficient for many a man to fix a theory and to warrant a course of conduct.

It may be that these wrongs do not grow out of these privileges and benefits. Perhaps my mental eyesight is not clear enough to see distinctly. But whether the evil grows out of the good, or grows beside the good, I am quite sure that the doctrine of evolution has proved that evil appears synchronously with good. Oliver Wendell Holmes, in defining walking, gave a fair illustration of the average life. He said that walking was a series of falls and pick-ups. Man gets on in that way. This definition is pleasing to an old-fashioned Calvinist who believes in the perseverance of the saints. I am convinced that Holland had a true vision when he wrote:—

Heaven is not reached at a single bound;
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to its summit, round by round.

But what has this theory of the evolution of evil out of good, or the evolution of evil beside good, to do with society as now constituted? Let me recall that Thomas Jefferson was responsible more than any one else for

the idea of individualism. He thought that church and state in combination hampered the progress not only of the whole human race, but of every individual member thereof. His ideas were drawn from Rousseau and others of like mind, who were afterwards responsible for the French Revolution. He bent his energies, therefore, first, to a separation of church and state, and then to the organization of a state whose powers were merely delegated; reserving everything which was not necessary for peace, quietude, and good order, to the individual citizen. It was good statecraft to remove the power of ecclesiastical authority from the human race. If the authority of the church had been removed and the religious instinct had remained in all its vigor, then the individualism of Jefferson would have been almost perfect.

These same ideas led to the political philosophy of Adam Smith. And the mad rush for individual success and preferment induced the breeding and rearing of children in England, not to become part and parcel of the Empire, but to become parts of the machinery of the manufacturing industries of that country; and individualism became tyranny. Its practical workings could have produced nothing else than Karl Marx and his philosophy of socialism. An individualism which teaches the right to success without emphasizing the duty of not depriving any other man of his opportunity, is as much an evil as the system which exalts our common rights by depriving us of our personal rights. Both individualism and socialism contain germs of good. It is, however, only by striking a balance between opportunity and duty that justice may be obtained in a republic.

I am myself an individualist. I hope there are ways whereby this system may survive without the destruction

of the doctrine of liberty, fraternity, and equality before the law. If it is to survive, however, there must be a more thorough knowledge on the part of the people of the cause of present conditions, and they must be courageous enough to cure the cause and cease treating the symptoms.

What is true of the average man is true of society at large. Forbidden fruit is the fruit we want. With a garden filled with other kinds of fruit, Adam wanted apples. The abolition of the compulsory worship of God, the submission of that question to the dictates of one's own conscience, and the teaching that it was the right and the duty of a man to get on in the world, rapidly led to the conclusion that if by legislative enactment we might separate church and state and make men free and equal, then all moral responsibility would be shifted from the shoulders of men to the shoulders of legislators, and he who kept himself within the strict letter of the statutory law would be a good and faithful citizen: honest, moral, and upright. Men began to devote their entire time, energy, and thought to success. When criticized for his conduct, man said, 'The courts have decided in my favor and I am not wrong.' The pages in the family Bible most frequently consulted were those in the centre of the book, where births, marriages, and deaths are recorded. They were valuable in determining how an estate should be divided.

To-day, statutory crime is followed by punishment, usually sure and swift. Few who with bludgeon or pistol strike down their fellow men, escape; those who steal are safely incarcerated within prison walls, and punishment is meted out because of statutory enactments. Among the memorabilia of the law is the incident of a business man in Boston who went one Sunday to consult Chief Justice Parsons and was

told by that great justice that he did not practice law upon the Sabbath. The man urged that it was a matter of great moment, whereupon he was asked if he knew what in the premises was right. Acknowledging that he did, he was told to go and do the right thing with the assurance that the Chief Justice would furnish the law to uphold his acts. Is it not a startling commentary upon the individualism of this country that business men will go to a lawyer to find out whether a dollar is theirs or the other fellow's, and to ascertain to what lengths they may go in a business transaction without violating the statutory law of the land? Has not the getting-on in the world of Thomas Jefferson been turned into the getting-all in the world?

In the exercise of our individual rights we perhaps have forgotten the existence of our individual responsibilities. There can be no right without this corresponding responsibility. The worship of God according to the dictates of a man's own conscience implies that he should have a conscience, and demands that it should dictate. Men are not sent as perfect men into a perfect world. The facts of life, whatever its theory, demonstrate that it is a place for men to struggle in, and, if possible, to succeed in. They must struggle physically, mentally, morally. They must be equipped physically, mentally, morally, for the struggle. It will not do, in a republic at least, to shift responsibility to the shoulders of constituted authority. It is necessary for men to know the facts, to grapple willingly with them, and righteously to overcome them.

Men thought when they had bred two-minute horses that the limit of speed had been reached; that the possibilities had been exhausted. Then came the automobile. A new Mother Shipton could prophesy on any street

corner to a credulous audience, unchallenged. The medical profession, after it had driven malaria from Indiana, thought that its occupation was gone, but appendicitis has developed. New diseases constantly call for new cures at the hands of science. New pests on field and farm and tree urge the husbandman and the fruit-grower to seek new remedies. The process of the evolution of evil keeps pace with the evolution of good everywhere.

The manufacturer of food-products, kindly and well-disposed, generous and charitable, who would not dream of taking the life of his fellow-man, will use benzoate of soda as a food-preservative. It is immaterial whether it is dangerous to life or not. He is feeding dirty food to the people, and he is taking a chance with human life. His individualism is making a success of his business. What is it doing with his conscience? A manufacturer, who would weep over the unfortunate condition of a defective child, takes into his factory hundreds of immature children, and never dreams that under the evolution of evil there can be any moral responsibility resting upon his shoulders, inasmuch as the law of the land does not forbid.

What shall be said of the railroad director who has knowledge of a defective road-bed and of decayed rolling-stock, but prefers to declare a dividend and risk an accident? What shall be said of the landlord who permits his tenants to take their chances with bad plumbing and leaking gas-pipes? What shall be said of the individual who waters stocks and bonds and sells them to the unwary because the law does not forbid? What has come upon a world prating of its love of brotherhood, when men have no higher idea of responsibility than conformity to the strict letter of legislative enactments? Do we believe that

we are going to control all things by mere statutes?

Even a cursory examination in any state of this Union of an attempt thus to control life will disclose the fact that too little good has been accomplished thereby. The placing in the code of laws which the people do not enforce, does little more than bring the code into disrepute. Executive authority everywhere recognizes that a law which rises above the moral sentiment of its community is not enforceable. Judges frankly admit that we cannot make men honest, truthful, just, by statute. We can drive a man out of a dishonest business, but his dishonesty will appear in some other business unless a change takes place in the man himself.

Few people now remember that it is the moral law which says: 'Thou shalt not kill,' 'Thou shalt not steal,' 'Thou shalt not covet.' They think that general assemblies have said these things; but even in a mad rush to reform the world, legislatures have not gone that far. The utmost that any one of them ever does is to affix punishments for those who thus violate the law. Legislative enactments read: 'Whosoever shall kill,' and, 'whosoever shall steal,' shall be punished. If not understood, it is at least taken for granted, that the striking down of men in cold blood will not be wholly prevented by any punishment which the law may affix. Indeed, the fathers did not anticipate such a result, and they did not affix the punishment for that purpose. They declared in many of the charters that punishment should be reformatory in its character. They were not obsessed with the wisdom and power of law-making bodies. If the violations of the strict letter of these ancient laws are lessening, this desired result comes not so much from the fear of punishment

as from the lively conscience of the individual citizen. I mean to speak reverently when I say that Jehovah Himself failed in dealing with mankind when He said, 'Thou shalt not.' The glory and the splendor of life to-day are not traced to his, 'Thou shalt not,' but rather to the 'Thou shalt' of his sinless Son.

There are three grades of citizens. There are those who obey the law through fear of its penalties, — men who deal squarely because their lawyers tell them that they will lose money, and perhaps their liberty, if they do not. These constitute the lowest grade of citizenship. There are those who obey the law because it is the law; they have no respect for it; they regard it as crude, foolish, immaterial legislation; but their respect for constituted authority induces them to keep the letter of the law regardless of their opinion of the spirit of it. These constitute an improved class of citizens. But the citizens of the third and highest grade are the men who make for righteousness. They are the salt of the Republic. These I am pleased to call automatic citizens. They are men who realize that with the right of individual success in America has come the duty of individual responsibility; that they may 'go the limit' in the way of success, but that they must not injure their fellow men. Not one of them would have demanded his pound of flesh, for he would have known that he could not get it without the shedding of Christian blood.

If, more and more, the men of America put their life's work and success simply to the touch of statutory law, and, more and more, entertain the delusion that individualism authorizes them to do anything which the legislature has not forbidden, and which the courts cannot punish, then the individualism of Thomas Jefferson will be

pronounced a failure, and those who have suffered from the failure of his followers to remember their duty to their fellow men will either peaceably or forcibly deprive future generations of rights now thought to be inalienable.

On the other hand, if we restore to our individualism our religious conscience, if we do not lose sight of our responsibility while at the same time insisting upon our rights, if we cease to think of laws and ordinances and customs and view ourselves from the standpoint of the other man, and if we go only as far as we can go without depriving our brother of any of his rights, then we shall begin to modify, lessen, and destroy the evils of to-day; and from age to age, as new good arises, so new evils will appear, and it will remain the duty of men of thought and conscience, of writers and orators alike, to cry aloud and spare not, urging all men to live righteously, deal justly, and die honorably. This individualistic Republic will survive, not by the might and power of its legislative enactments, but by the equitable spirit implanted in the heart of every citizen.

In olden days, it became necessary for a Prophet in Israel to rebuke very sharply that great King of Israel who was said to be a man after God's own heart. The Prophet recounted a certain grievous condition of affairs, and when the injustice of it had appealed to the King, he brought him back to a knowledge of the right by the single sentence: 'Thou art the man.' This article is not intended to be by way of carping criticism, nor to charge that willfully, purposely, and with premeditated malice, we are doing wrong things in our American life. It is intended to induce introspection as well as retrospection. It would not thus be written did I believe that our people are not at heart sound and normal.

Our conduct is the thoughtlessness of

the child, not the deliberate wrong of maturity. Our American conscience is at ease in this our Zion, but it is a somnambulistic conscience. We are doing nothing which the law of the land does not warrant. If it be charged that we wrong men in the market, the all-sufficient answer is: 'Behold our benefactions to missions.' We dread death, not because it means separation from friends, not because it marks the termination of our loving ministry to mankind, but because it deprives us of title to this tenement and control of that corporation. Our right to success has blinded us to our duty toward the success of another. We assume that stone walls make a prison, and iron bars a jail. We believe that if we ever go wrong, the commonwealth will tell us so.

Are we not mistaken? Will it ever try to do so? The difficulty with representative government is, not that it does not represent, but that it does represent. While we are content, government will not make black, white; bitter, sweet; wrong, right. But when we become discontented with conditions, we shall change them without governmental interference.

As the source of national success is the individual, so is the individual the source of national morals. We can see what we please with our eyes, but it is our duty to see beauty. We can hear what we will with our ears, but we should listen to the harmony of life and be enabled to discern its jarring and discordant notes. Ours are the hands with which the labor of the world must be done. They must work for the happiness of all, or equality before the law is a glittering generality. Our birthright in America is the right to success, but it is not success unless thereby men attain unto collective opportunity. We have the right to get into the 'bread-line,' but we have no

warrant to push out of it a weaker brother. Unless the individualism of America rests upon fraternity and faith, it will crumble to the dust, and our boasted Republic will be but another of that long line of fraternal efforts whose ruins strew the pathway of the past.

The need of the hour is not for new laws, but for new men. We must be born again—not once, but every day; born to answer aright Cain's far-off cry, 'Am I my brother's keeper?' Thus and thus only can individual success look with honest eyes upon each day's

opportunity. Our brother has certain inalienable rights which kings and emperors may not seize, of which legislatures and courts and written constitutions may not deprive him; nay, more, strange as it may appear, which he, in justice to his posterity, cannot cede away. Truth, honor, justice, and mercy demand that we shall respect those rights. There is a greater man within us than the mere citizen, submerged though that man may now be in our materialistic consciences. He must arise and dominate our lives if our American individualism is to survive.

THE CONTEMPORANEOUSNESS OF ROME

BY SAMUEL McCHORD CROTHERS

I

'You here, Bagster?' I exclaimed, as in the Sistine Chapel I saw an anxious face gazing down into a mirror in which were reflected the dimmed glories of the ceiling. There was an anxiety as of one who was seeking the Truth of Art at the bottom of the well.

Perhaps some reader of the *Atlantic*, with an unusually retentive memory, may remember that some time ago the Reverend Augustus Bagster¹ had a leave of absence from his pulpit in order to recover from the effects of his multifarious labors. The good causes which had appealed to his alert conscience had been too much for him, when they

had each demanded his attention at the same time. I had supposed that he had followed my advice and gone up to a quiet nook in New Hampshire to recuperate. I was, therefore, surprised to find him among the crowd of Roman sight-seers.

My salutation did not at first cause him to look up. He only made a mysterious sign with his hand. It was evidently a gesture which he had recently learned, and was practiced as a sort of exorcism.

'I am not going to sell you cameos or post cards,' I explained.

When he recognized a familiar face Bagster forgot all about the Last Judgment, and we were soon out-of-doors and he was telling me about himself.

'I meant to go to Chocorua as you suggested, but the congregation ad-

¹ For a diverting account of the Reverend Mr. Bagster, see 'In the Hands of a Receiver,' by S. M. Crothers, in the *Atlantic* for August, 1911.

vised otherwise, so I came over here. It seemed the better thing to do. Up in New Hampshire you can't do much but rest, but here you can improve your taste and collect a good deal of homiletic material. So I've settled down in Rome. I want to have time to take it all in.'

'Do you begin to feel rested?' I asked.

'Not yet. It's harder work than I thought it would be. There's so much to take in, and it's all so different. I don't know how to arrange my material. What I want to do, in the first place, is to have a realizing sense of being in Rome. What's the use of being here unless you are here in the spirit?

'What I mean is that I should like to feel as I did when I went to Mount Vernon. It was one of those dreamy autumn days when the leaves were just turning. There was the broad Potomac, and the hospitable Virginia mansion. I had the satisfying sense that I was in the home of Washington. Everything seemed to speak of Washington. He filled the whole scene. It was a great experience. Why can't I feel that way about the great events that happened down there?'

We were by this time on the height of the Janiculum near the statue of Garibaldi. Bagster made a vague gesture toward the city that lay beneath us. There seemed to be something in the scene that worried him. 'I can't make it seem real,' he said. 'I have continually to say to myself, "That is Rome, Italy, and not Rome, New York." I can't make the connection between the place and the historical personages I have read about. I can't realize that the Epistle to the Romans was written to the people who lived down there. Just back of that new building is the very spot where Romulus would have lived if he had ever existed. On those

very streets Scipio Africanus walked, and Cæsar and Cicero and Paul and Marcus Aurelius, and Epictetus and Belisarius, and Hildebrand and Michelangelo, and at one time or another about every one you ever heard of. And how many people came to get emotions they could n't get anywhere else! There was Goethe. How he felt! He took it all in. And there was Shelley writing poetry in the Baths of Caracalla. And there was Gibbon.'

'But we can't all expect to be Shelleys or even Gibbons,' I suggested.

'I know it,' said Bagster, ruefully. 'But if one has only a little vessel, he ought to fill it. But somehow the historical associations crowd each other out. When I left home I bought Hare's *Walks in Rome*. I thought I would take a walk a day as long as they lasted. It seemed a pleasant way of combining physical and intellectual exercise. But do you know, I could not keep up those walks. They were too concentrated for my constitution. I was n't equal to them. Out in California they used to make wagers with the stranger that he could n't eat a broiled quail every day for ten days. I don't see why he could n't, but it seemed that the thought of to-morrow's quail, and the feeling that it was compulsory, turned him against what otherwise might have been a pleasure. It's so with the *Walks*. It's appalling to think that every morning you have to start out for a constitutional, and be confronted with the events of the last twenty-five centuries. The events are piled up one on another. There they are, and here you are, and what are you going to do about them?'

'I suppose that there is n't much that you can do about them,' I remarked.

'But we ought to do what we can,' said Bagster. 'When I do have an emotion, something immediately turns

up to contradict it. It's like wandering through a big hotel, looking for your room, when you are on the wrong floor. Here you are as likely as not to find yourself in the wrong century. In Rome everything turns out, on inquiry, to be something else. There's something impressive about a relic if it's the relic of one thing. But if it's the relic of a dozen different kinds of things it's hard to pick out the appropriate emotion. I find it hard to adjust my mind to these composite associations.

'Now just look at this,' he said, opening his well-thumbed Baedeker: "Santa Maria Sopra Minerva (Pl. D. 4), erected on the ruins of Domitian's temple of Minerva, the only mediæval Gothic church in Rome. Begun A.D., 1280; was restored and repainted in 1848-55. It contains several admirable works of art, in particular Michelangelo's Christ."

'It's that sort of thing that gets on my nerves. The Virgin and Minerva and Domitian and Michelangelo are all mixed together, and then everything is restored and repainted in 1848. And just round the corner from Santa Maria Sopra Minerva is the Pantheon. The inscription on the porch says that it was built by Agrippa, the son-in-law of Augustus. I try to take that in. But when I have partially done that, I learn that the building was struck by lightning and entirely rebuilt by the Emperor Hadrian.

'That information comes like the call of the conductor to change cars, just as one has comfortably settled down on the train. We must forget all about Agrippa and Augustus, and remember that this building was built by Hadrian. But it turns out that in 609 Boniface turned it into a Christian church. Which Boniface? The Pantheon was adorned with bronze columns. If you wish to see them you

must go to St. Peter's, where they are a part of the high altar — at least so much of them as is not transformed into cannon. When you go inside you see that you must let by-gones be by-gones. You are confronted with the tomb of Victor Emmanuel and set to thinking on the recent glories of the House of Savoy. Really to appreciate the Pantheon you must be well-posted in nineteenth-century history. You keep up this train of thought till you happen to stumble on the tomb of Raphael. That, of course, is what you ought to have come to see in the first place.

'When you look at the column of Trajan you naturally think of Trajan, you follow the spiral which celebrates his victories, till you come to the top of the column; and there stands St. Peter as if it were *his* monument. You meditate on the column of Marcus Aurelius, and look up and see St. Paul in the place of honor.

'I must confess that I have had difficulty about the ruins. Brick, particularly in this climate, does n't show its age. I find it hard to distinguish between a ruin and a building in the course of construction. When I got out of the station I saw a huge brick building across the street, which had been left unfinished as if the workmen had gone on strike. I learned that it was the remains of the Baths of Diocletian. Opening a door I found myself in a huge church, which had a long history I ought to have known something about, but did n't.

'Now read this, and try to take it in: "Returning to the Cancelleria, we proceed to the Piazza Campo de' Fiori, where the vegetable market is held in the morning, and where criminals were formerly executed. The bronze statue of the philosopher Giordano Bruno, who was burned here as a heretic in 1600, was erected in 1889. To the

east once lay the Theatre of Pompey. Behind it lay the Porticus of Pompey where Cæsar was murdered, B.C. 44."

'It economizes space to have the vegetable market and the martyrdom of Giordano Bruno and the assassination of Julius Cæsar all close together. But they are too close. The imagination has n't room to turn round. Especially as the market-women are very much alive and cannot conceive that any one would come into the Piazza unless he intended to buy vegetables. Somehow the great events you have read about don't seem to have impressed themselves on the neighborhood. At any rate, you are conscious that you are the only person in the Piazza Campo de' Fiori who is thinking about Giordano Bruno or Julius Cæsar; while the price of vegetables is as intensely interesting as it was in the year 1600 A.D. or in 44 B.C.

'How am I to get things in their right perspective? When I left home I had a pretty clear and connected idea of history. There was a logical sequence. One period followed another. But in these walks in Rome the sequence is destroyed. History seems more like geology than like logic, and the strata have all been broken up by innumerable convulsions of nature. The Middle Ages were not eight or ten centuries ago; they are round the next block. A walk from the Quirinal to the Vatican takes you from the twentieth century to the twelfth. And one seems as much alive as the other. You may go from schools where you have the last word in modern education, to the Holy Stairs at the Lateran, where you will see the pilgrims mounting on their knees as if Luther and his protest had never happened. Or you can, in five minutes, walk from the Renaissance period to 400 B.C.

'When I was in the theological seminary I had a very clear idea of the

difference between Pagan Rome and Christian Rome. When Constantine came, Christianity was established. It was a wonderful change and made everything different. But when you stroll across from the Arch of Titus to the Arch of Constantine you wonder what the difference was. The two things look so much alike. And in the Vatican that huge painting of the triumph of Constantine over Maxentius does n't throw much light on the subject. Suppose the pagan Maxentius had triumphed over Constantine, what difference would it have made in the picture?

'They say that seeing is believing, but here you see so many things that are different from what you have always believed. The Past does n't seem to be in the past, but in the present. There is an air of contemporaneity about everything. Do you remember that story of Jules Verne about a voyage to the moon? When the voyagers got a certain distance from the earth they could n't any longer drop things out of the balloon. The articles they threw out did n't fall down. There was n't any down; everything was round about. Everything they had cast out followed them. That's the way Rome makes you feel about history. That which happened a thousand years ago is going on still. You can't get rid of it. The Roman Republic is a live issue, and so is the Roman Empire, and so is the Papacy.

'The other day they found a ruined Arch of Marcus Aurelius in Tripoli, and began to restore it. New Italy is delighted at this confirmation of its claims to sovereignty in North Africa. The newspapers treat Marcus Aurelius as only a forerunner of Giolitti. By the way, I never heard of Giolitti till I came over here. But it seems that he is a very great man. But when ancient and modern history are mixed up it's

hard to do any clear thinking. And when you do get a clear thought you find out that it is n't true. You know Dr. Johnson said something to the effect that that man is little to be envied whose patriotism would not gain force upon the plain of Marathon, or whose feeling would not grow warmer among the ruins of Rome. Marathon is a simple proposition. But when one is asked to warm his enthusiasm by means of the Roman monuments, he naturally asks, "Enthusiasm over what?" Of course, I don't mean to give up. I'm faint though pursuing. But I'm afraid that Rome is not a good place to rest in.'

'I'm afraid not,' I said, 'if you insist on keeping on thinking. It is not a good place in which to rest your mind.'

II

I think Bagster is not the first person who has found intellectual difficulty here. Rome exists for the confusion of the sentimental traveler. Other cities deal tenderly with our preconceived ideas of them. There is one simple impression made upon the mind. Once out of the railway station and in a gondola, and we can dream our dream of Venice undisturbed. There is no doge at present, but if there were one we should know where to place him. The city still furnishes the proper setting for his magnificence. And London with all its vastness has, at first sight, a familiar seeming. The broad and simple outlines of English history make it easy to reconceive the past.

But Rome is disconcerting. The actual refuses to make terms with the ideal. It is a vast store-house of historical material, but the imagination is baffled in the attempt to put the material together.

When Scott was in Rome his friend 'advised him to wait to see the proces-

sion of Corpus Domini, and hear the Pope

Saying the high, high mass
All on St. Peter's day.

He smiled and said that these things were more poetical in the description than in reality, and that it was all the better for him not to have seen it before he wrote about it.'

Sir Walter's instinct was a true one. Rome is not favorable to historical romance. Its atmosphere is eminently realistic. The historical romancer is flying through time as the air-men fly through space. But the air-men complain that they sometimes come upon what they call 'air-holes.' The atmosphere seems suddenly to give way under them. In Rome the element of Time on which the imagination has been flying seems to lose its usual density. We drop through a Time-hole, and find ourselves in an inglorious anachronism.

I am not sure that Bagster has had a more difficult time than his predecessors, who have attempted to assort their historical material. For in the days before historical criticism was invented, the history of Rome was very luxuriant. 'Seeing Rome' was a strenuous undertaking, if one tried to be intelligent.

There was an admirable little guide-book published in the twelfth century called *Mirabilia Urbis Romæ*. One can imagine the old-time tourist with this mediæval Baedeker in hand, issuing forth, resolved to see Rome in three days. At the end of the first day his courage would ooze away as he realized the extent of his ignorance. With a hurried look at the guide-book and a glance at the varied assortment of ruins, he would try to get his bearings. All the worthies of sacred and profane history would be passing by in swift procession.

'After the sons of Noah built the

tower of confusion, Noah with all his sons came to Italy. And not far from the place where Rome now is they founded a city in his name, where he brought his travail and life to an end.' To come to the city of Noah was worth a long journey. Just think of actually standing on the spot where Shem, Ham, and Japhet soothed the declining years of their father! It was hard to realize it all. And it appears that Japhet, always an enterprising person, built a city of his own on the Palatine Hill. There is the Palatine, somewhat cluttered up with modern buildings of the Cæsars, but essentially, in its outlines, as Japhet saw it.

But there were other pioneers to be remembered. 'Saturn, being shamefully entreated by his son Jupiter,' founded a city on the Capitoline Hill. One wonders what Shem, Ham, and Japhet thought of this, and whether their sympathies were with Jupiter who was seeking to get a place in the sun.

It is hard to understand the complicated politics of the day. At any rate, a short time after, Hercules came with a band of Argives and established a rival civic centre. In the meantime, Janus had become mixed up with Roman history and was working manfully for the New Italy. On very much the same spot 'Tibris, King of the Aborigines' built a city, which must be carefully distinguished from those before mentioned.

All this happened before Romulus appeared upon the scene. One with a clear and comprehensive understanding of this early history might enjoy his first morning's walk in Rome. But to the middle-aged pilgrim from the West Riding of Yorkshire, who had come to Rome merely to see the tomb of St. Peter, it was exhausting.

But perhaps mediæval tradition did not form a more confusing atmosphere

than the sentimental admiration of a later day. In the early part of the nineteenth century a writer begins a book on Rome in this fashion: 'I have ventured to hope that this work may be a guide to those who visit this wonderful city, which boasts at once the noblest remains of antiquity, and the most faultless works of art; which possesses more claims to interest than any other city; which has in every age stood foremost in the world; which has been the light of the earth in ages past, the guiding star through the long night of ignorance, the fountain of civilization to the whole Western world, and which every nation reverences as the common nurse, preceptor, and parent.'

This notion of Rome as the venerable parent of civilization, to be approached with tenderly reverential feelings, was easier to hold a hundred years ago than it is to-day. There was nothing to contradict it. One might muse on 'the grandeur that was Rome,' among picturesque ruins covered with flowering weeds. But now a Rome that is obtrusively modern claims attention. And it is not merely that the modern world is here, but that our view of antiquity is modernized. We see it, not through the mists of time, but as a contemporary might.

When Ferrero published his history we were startled by his realistic treatment. It was as if we were reading a newspaper and following the course of current events. Caesar and Pompey and Cicero were treated as if they were New York politicians. Where we had expected to see stately figures in togas we were made to see hustling real-estate speculators, and millionaires, and labor leaders, and ward politicians, who were working for the prosperity of the city and, incidentally, for themselves. It was all very different from our notions of classic times which we had imbibed from our Latin lessons in school. But it

is the impression which Rome itself makes upon the mind.

One afternoon, among the vast ruins of Hadrian's Villa, I tried to picture the villa as it was when its first owner walked among the buildings which his whim had created. The moment Hadrian himself appeared upon the scene antiquity seemed an illusion. How ultra-modern he was, this man whom his contemporaries called 'a searcher out of strange things'! These ruins could not by the mere process of time become venerable, for they were in their very nature novelties. They were the playthings of a very rich man. There they lie upon the ground like so many broken toys. They are just such things as an enormously rich man would make to-day if he had originality enough to think of them. Why should not Hadrian have a Vale of Tempe and a Greek theatre and a Valley of Canopus, and ever so many other things which he had seen in his travels, reproduced on his estate near Tivoli?

An historian of the Empire says: 'The character of Hadrian was in the highest degree complex, and this presents to the student a series of apparently unreconciled contrasts which have proved so hard for many modern historians to resolve. A thorough soldier and yet the inaugurator of a peace policy, a "Greekling" as his Roman subjects called him, and saturated with Hellenic ideas, and yet a lover of Roman antiquity; a poet and an artist, but with a passion for business and finance; a voluptuary determined to drain the cup of human experience and, at the same time, a ruler who labored strenuously for the well-being of his subjects; such were a few of the diverse parts which Hadrian played.'

It is evident that the difficulty with the historians who find these unreconciled contrasts is that they try to treat Hadrian as an 'ancient' rather than as

a modern. The enormously rich men who are at present most in the public eye present the same contradictions. Hadrian was a thorough man of the world. There was nothing venerable about him, though much that was interesting and admirable.

Now what a man of the world is to a simple character like a saint or a hero, that Rome has been to cities of the simpler sort. It has been a city of the world. It has been cosmopolitan. 'Urbs et orbis' suggests the historic fact. The fortunes of the city have become inextricably involved in the fortunes of the world.

A part of the confusion of the traveler comes from the fact that the Roman city and the Roman world are not clearly distinguished one from the other. The New Testament writer distinguishes between Jerusalem as a geographical fact and Jerusalem as a spiritual ideal. There has been, he says, a Jerusalem that belongs to the Jews, but there is also Jerusalem which belongs to humanity, which is free, 'which is the mother of us all.'

So there has been a local Rome with its local history. And there has been the greater Rome that has impressed itself on the imagination of the world. Since the destruction of Carthage the meaning of the word Roman has been largely allegorical. It has stood for the successive ideas of earthly power and spiritual authority.

Rome absorbed the glory of deeds done elsewhere. Battles were fought in far-off Asia and Africa. But the battlefield did not become the historic spot. The victor must bring his captives to Rome for his triumph. Here the pomp of war could be seen, on a carefully-arranged stage, and before admiring thousands. It was the triumph rather than the battle that was remembered. All the interest culminated at this dramatic moment. Rome

thus became, not the place where history was made, but the place where it was celebrated. Here the trumpets of fame perpetually sounded.

This process continued after the Empire of the Cæsars passed away. The continuity of Roman history has been psychological. Humanity has 'held a thought.' Rome became a fixed idea. It exerted hypnotic influence over the barbarians who 'had overcome all else. The Holy Roman Empire was a creation of the Germanic imagination, and yet it was a real power. Many a hard-headed Teutonic monarch crossed the Alps at the head of his army to demand a higher sanction for his own rule of force. When he got himself crowned in the turbulent city on the Tiber he felt that something very important had happened. Just how important it was he did not fully realize till he was back among his own people and saw how much impressed they were by his new dignities.

Hans Christian Andersen begins one of his stories with the assertion: 'You must know that the Emperor of China is a Chinaman and that all whom he has about him are Chinamen also.' The assertion is so logical in form that we are inclined to accept it without question. Then we remember that in Hans Christian Andersen's day, and for a long time before, the Emperor of China was not a Chinaman and the great grievance was that Chinamen were the very people he would not have about him.

When we speak of the Roman Catholic Church we jump at the conclusion that it is the church of the Romans and that the people of Rome have had the most to do with its extension. This theory has nothing to recommend it but its extreme verbal simplicity. As a matter of fact, Rome has never been noted for its pious zeal. Such warmth as it has had has been impart-

ed to it by the faithful who have been drawn from other lands; as, according to some theorists, the sun's heat is kept up by a continuous shower of meteors falling into it.

To-day, the Roman Church is more conscious of its strength in Massachusetts than it is round the Vatican. At the period when the Papacy was at its height, and kings and emperors trembled before it in England and in Germany, the Popes had a precarious hold on their own city. Rome was a religious capital rather than a religious centre. It did not originate new movements. Missionaries of the faith have not gone forth from it, as they went from Ireland. It is not in Rome that we find the places where the saints received their spiritual illuminations, and fought the good fight, and gathered their disciples. Rome was the place to which they came for judgment, as Paul did when he appealed to Cæsar. Here heretics were condemned, and here saints, long dead, were canonized. Neither the doctrines nor the institutions of the Catholic Church originated here. Rome was the mint, not the mine. That which received the Roman stamp passed current throughout the world.

In the political struggle for the New Italy, Rome had the same symbolic character. Mazzini was never so eloquent as when portraying the glories of the free Rome that was to be recognized, indeed, as the mother of us all. The Eternal City, he believed, was to be the regenerating influence, not only for Europe but for all the world. All the romantic enthusiasm of Garibaldi flamed forth at the sight of Rome. All other triumphs signified nothing till Rome was the acknowledged capital of Italy. Silently and steadily Cavour worked toward the same end. And at last Rome gathered to herself the glory of the heroes who were not her own children.

If we recognize the symbolic and representative character of Roman history, we can begin to understand the reason for the bewilderment which comes to the traveler who attempts to realize it in imagination. Roman history is not, like the tariff, a local issue. The most important events in that history did not occur here at all, though they were here commemorated. So it happens that every nation finds here its own, and reinforces its traditions. In the Middle Ages, the Jewish traveler, Benjamin of Tudela, found much to interest him. In Rome were to be found two brazen pillars of Solomon's Temple, and there was a crypt where Titus hid the holy vessels taken from Jerusalem. There was also a statue of Samson and another of Absalom.

The worthy Benjamin doubtless felt the same thrill that I did when looking up at the ceiling of the Church of Santa Maria Maggiore. I was told that it was gilded with the first gold brought from America. The statement that the church was founded on this spot because of a vision that came to Pope Liberius in the year 305 A.D., left me unmoved. It was of course a long time ago; but then, I had no mental associations with Pope Liberius, and there was no encyclopædia at hand in which I might look him up. Besides, 'the church was reërected by Sixtus III in the year 432, and was much altered in the twelfth century.' But the gold on the ceiling was a different matter. That was romantically historical. It came from America in the heroic age. I thought of the Spanish galleons that brought it over, and of Columbus and Cortés and Alvarado. After that, to go into the Church of Santa Maria Maggiore was like taking a trip to Mexico.

In the course of my daily walks, I passed the Church of Santa Pudenziana, said to be the oldest in Rome, and recently modernized. It is on the spot

where Pudens, the host of St. Peter, is said to have lived with his daughters Praxedis and Pudentiana. This is interesting, but the English-speaking traveler is likely to pass by Pudentiana's church, and seek out the church of her sister St. Praxed. And this not for the sake of St. Praxed or her father Pudens or even of his guest St. Peter, but for the sake of a certain English poet who had visited the church once.

Close to the Porta San Paolo is the great tomb of the Roman magnate, Gaius Cestius, which was built before the birth of Christ. One can hardly miss seeing it, because it is near one of the most sacred pilgrimage-places of Rome, the grave of John Keats.

Each traveler makes his own Rome; and the memories which he takes away are the memories which he brought with him.

III

As for my friend Bagster, now that he has come to Rome, I hope he may stay long enough to allow it to produce a more tranquilizing effect upon him. When he gives up the attempt to take it all in by an intellectual and moral effort, he may, as the saying is, 'relax.'

There is no other place in which one may so readily learn the meaning of that misused word 'urbanity.' Urbanity is the state of mind adapted to a city, as rusticity is adapted to the country. In each case the perfection of the adaptation is evidenced by a certain ease of manner in the presence of the environment. There is an absence of fret and worry over what is involved in the situation. A countryman does not fret over dust or mud; he knows that they are forms of the good earth out of which he makes his living. He may grumble at the weather, but he is not surprised at it, and he is ready to make the best of it.

This adaptation to nature is easy

for us, for we are rustics by inheritance. Our ancestors lived in the open, and kept their flocks and were mighty hunters long before towns were ever thought of. So, when we go into the woods in the spring, our self-consciousness leaves us and we speedily make ourselves at home. We take things for granted, and are not careful about trifles. A great many things are going on, but the multiplicity does not distract us. We do not need to understand.

For we have primal sympathies which are very good substitutes for intelligence. We do not worry because Nature does not get on faster with her work. When we go out on the hills on a spring morning, as our forbears did ten thousand years ago, it does not fret us to consider that things are going on very much as they did then. The sap is mounting in the trees; the wild flowers are pushing out of the sod; the free citizens of the woods are pursuing their avocations without regard to our moralities. A great deal is going on, but nothing has come to a dramatic culmination.

Our innate rusticity makes us accept all this in the spirit in which it is offered to us. It is Nature's way and we like it, because we are used to it. We take what is set before us and ask no questions. It is spring. We do not stop to inquire as to whether this spring is an improvement on last spring or on the spring of the year 400 B.C. There is a timelessness about our enjoyment. We are not thinking of events set in a chronological order, but of a process which loses nothing by reason of repetition.

Our attitude toward a city is usually quite different. We are not at our ease. We are querulous and anxious, and our interest takes a feverish turn. For the cities of our Western world are new-fangled contrivances which we are not used to, and we are worried as we try to find out whether they will work. These aggregations of humanity have not existed long enough to seem to belong to the nature of things. It is exciting to be invited to 'see Seattle grow,' but the exhibition does not yield a 'harvest of a quiet eye.' If Seattle should cease to grow while we are looking at it, what should we do then?

But with Rome it is different. Here is a city which has been so long in existence that we look upon it as a part of nature. It is not accidental or artificial. Nothing can happen to it but what has happened already. It has been burned with fire, it has been ravaged by the sword, it has been ruined by luxury, it has been pillaged by barbarians and left for dead. And here it is to-day the scene of eager life. Pagans, Christians, reformers, priests, artists, soldiers, honest workmen, idlers, philosophers, saints, were here centuries ago. They are here to-day. They have continuously opposed each other, and yet no species has been exterminated. Their combined activities make the city.

When one comes to feel the stirring of primal sympathies for the manifold life of the city, as he does for the manifold life of the woods, Rome ceases to be distracting. The old city is like the mountain which has withstood the hurts of time, and remains for us, 'the grand affirmer of the present tense.'

ABRAM'S FREEDOM

BY EDNA TURPIN

It was ten o'clock Christmas morning, — a wet, green Christmas in the late fifties, — when a strapping field-hand came up on a side porch of Red-fields. A maid, passing the open door, caught sight of him.

'W'y hi, Abram!' she called, 'what make you so late comin' to git yo' Santa Claus?'

'I tell you huccome.'

A nurse-girl, bearing a pitcher of water on her head, paused on the stair-landing. 'He been projeckin' roun' de quarters arter Cindy.'

'Shuh, Charity! you behinst de times,' rejoined Tempy. 'Lizbet done cut Cindy out a mont' ago.'

Abram guffawed, but attempted no disclaimer. 'Whar mistis?' he asked.

'In de chahmber, o' cou'se,' replied Tempy. 'Knock at de do'. Marse Gawge he's in de dinin'-room.'

Abram came from his mistress's room grinning over her gifts — a red silk bandana and a tarleton bag full of candy, topped with an orange — and crossed the hall to the dining-room.

'Christmas gif', master, Christmas gif', he said, bowing and scraping to the slim, foppish-looking gentleman lounging before the fire.

'Christmas gift yourself,' returned his master good-humoredly, filling a big glass with egg-nog. 'Here, you trifling rascal.'

'Thanky, master, thanky; thanky, suh.' Abram's grin spread from ear to ear.

Mr. Wilson smiled in sympathy; then, glancing at a book on the table

beside him, he asked almost fiercely, 'Abram, d' you ever think how much better off you are than those free Negroes on the Ridge?'

'Law, yas, suh, master!' exclaimed Abram as readily as if he had really given thought to the subject. 'Dunno what make de Lawd spile dis worl' wid po' white trash an' free niggers.'

Mr. Wilson laughed. 'Your head's level, Abram. I'm a better master for you than Abram would be.'

'Yas, suh, master; dat you is. I drinks to yo' healt' — de bes' master in de county, scusin' o' nobody. — Um, um, um! Now ain't dat triflin'? Hyah I done drunk up all my aig-nog an' ain't drunk mistis's healt' — an' she de bes' mistis on top side de yea'th.'

Mr. Wilson filled the glass again. 'Egg-nog bowl's got a deep bottom Christmas day,' he said. 'Umph! Wish Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe could see you now — if she had eyes to see,' he added dryly, as Abram drained the glass and put it down, beaming and smacking his lips. 'Well, run along, Abram, and have a good Christmas.'

Abram loafed round the stables awhile, then a sudden desire possessed him to see how Christmas was going with the free Negroes whom his master had mentioned. Rocky Ridge, where lived a dozen families of them, was less than three miles away.

'I gwi' traipse up dyah,' he said to himself. 'I ain't gwi' ax no permit. Master ain't keer. I jes' gwi' show my red silk bandanna an' smack my lips over dat aig-nog twel dem free niggers

c'n eenamos' tas'e it. I lay dat's de only way dee git a aig-nog.'

He thrust his hands deep in his pockets and started off whistling. Crossing his master's well-tilled fields, he strode through the big woods and came at last to the edge of a clearing.

'Umph!' he grunted, grinding his heel in the thin gravelly soil. 'Glad I ain't got to plough no sich starvation lan' as dis hyah.'

He glanced contemptuously at the cabins dotting the red-gullied hills, then took the road to the nearest house. He had made up his mind to go through the settlement, cabin by cabin, asking for a man who, he knew, did not live there. At the first door, Abram's knock was unanswered. Loud repeated rappings brought two small children from the rear of the cabin.

'Whar yo' folks?' asked Abram.

'Daddy gone and mammy she at Aunt Nicey's,' was the answer.

'What you doin' out-do's?' he inquired.

'Playin'. Mammy shot us out. She 'feared we'd cotch a-fire.'

'Umph! Fine Christmas doin's,' grunted Abram.

At mention of Christmas, the children's faces brightened.

'Ol' Santa brung me a pop-corn ball an' a red apple,' volunteered the larger boy.

'Me, too,' chimed in the other. 'An' he did n't put no switches in my stockin' neither.'

'Dat all yo' Santa Claus?' asked Abram, commiseratingly. 'No cakes an' candy an' oranges?'

The children shook their heads.

'Well, hyah,' said Abram, taking some red-and-white peppermint candy out of his pocket. 'Ol' Santa tol' me to gi' you dis. He was in sich a resh he fo'got to put it in yo' stockin's.'

The children's squeals of delight attracted the attention of a girl who had

just come out of an adjoining cabin. She was a slender mulatto with the high cheek-bones and lustrous black hair of Indian forefathers. In honor of the day, she had on a new blue-and-white linsey-woolsey dress and there was a string of red glass beads round her neck. Abram found her so good to look at, as she stood there smiling at the children, that he tilted back his head and stared at her between narrowed lids as he sauntered up the path. She tossed her head, threw her handful of turnip-parings into the pig-pen, and started back to the house. Abram quickened his pace and reached the doorstep before her.

'Good mornin', purty gal,' he said.

She gave a curt nod and her eyes demanded his business.

'Do a free nigger name Zander Boyd live here?' he asked superciliously.

Her eyes sparkled. 'Naw, slave nigger,' she flashed at him.

Abram was disconcerted. 'How you know — huccome you call me slave nigger?'

'Uh, you got yo' master's marks on you,' she said contemptuously, looking him up and down.

It angered Abram to feel uncomfortable before this girl of the despised Ridge. His master's words came to his mind.

'Uh, Marse Gawge is better master for me dan Abram would be,' he answered.

'I aint 'sputin' dat,' she said, drawing down the corners of her mouth and laughing at him with her eyes.

'I got a gre't min' to kiss you,' said Abram, coming a step nearer. 'To pay you for bein' so peart an' purty.'

She stepped on the door-sill. 'I don' kiss slave-niggers. I'm a free nigger.'

She dwelt on the word 'free' till it seemed wide as the woods and high as the sky.

Before Abram could speak, even if

he had had a word ready, an old voice screeched from indoors, 'Uh, Em'line! you Em'line! Huccome you keep comp'ny stan'in' at de do', a-lettin' col' air in? Ax 'em in.'

'Tain't comp'ny, granny,' Emmeline called at the top of her voice; 'hit's jes' a slave nigger axin' for Zander Boyd.' She made as if she would shut the door in Abram's face.

'Whar I live,' he spoke up quickly, 'Hit's manners to show de inside o' de do' to ever'body dat comes to de outside. But manners trabble slow. Mebbe dee ain't got th'ough de big woods to de Ridge an' free niggers.'

Before Emmeline could answer — and the glint of her eyes promised sharp words — the old woman called out, 'Who is it? Ax 'em in.'

'Manners, manners!' Abram said under his breath.

Emmeline laughed and flung open the door. 'Sho. He can come in ef he got a min' to. Thought his master mought 'a' sont him in a hurry to Zander Boyd's, an' I did n't want to hender.'

Abram on the threshold scanned the big, homely room with slow, inquisitive eyes. The floor of smooth stones was as clean as hands could make it. There was a roaring Christmas fire in the great fire-place, and pots and pans and skillets, ranged in order, sent forth appetizing odors. The furniture was of the simplest, — a bed covered with a gay patch-work quilt, a pine table, a cupboard in the corner, some bark-bottomed chairs, a spinning-wheel, a big wooden chest. There were strings of red pepper, popcorn, and sausage hanging from pegs on the log walls freshly washed with white clay. In a corner by the fire sat an old, bent, deaf black woman, carding cotton.

'What you got to say now?' demanded Emmeline, as Abram's eyes took possession of the place.

'Hit's de kin' o' room you dream 'bout when you tired an' col' an' hongry,' he answered.

The appreciative words mollified Emmeline and she motioned him to a seat beside the fire. During the next half-hour she busied herself about dinner, while the old woman, with the pathetic curiosity of the shut-in aged, plied Abram with questions about his family and his master's people, whom she had known in her youth. He screamed his answers in her ear, watching Emmeline, meanwhile, with growing interest. Seemingly unconscious of his presence, she went to and fro, with uptilted chin, humming now a hymn, now a reel-tune. The sun was lingering on the noon-mark when she put a clean cotton cloth on the table and set on it, smoking hot, a platter of sausage, a dish of turnips, some baked sweet potatoes, and a plateful of crackling ash-cakes. There was a spiced molasses pudding keeping hot in a skillet on the hearth.

'Draw up yo' cheers,' Emmeline said, putting a pitcher of fresh buttermilk on the table.

Abram yawned. 'You r'ally mus' excuse me, mum,' he said in his most off-hand manner. 'I done et so much tu'key an' side-meat an' fruit-cake an' drunk so much aig-nog for breakfas' dat dee stickin' in my th'roat right now.'

'Umph! Ef dat was de onlies' thing stickin' in yo' th'roat, you'd be better off,' muttered Emmeline. 'Naw, granny,' she screamed to her grandmother who was beginning the hospitable urging which Abram expected. 'Naw! Don't you baig him. Don't ax him to spile dat good tas'e in his mouf wid us'n po' truck! Hit ain't good 'nough for him. Don't you ax him to tech it.'

Granny would gladly have insisted, and Abram would gladly have yielded, — for, as he often declared, he could eat three times a day, and relish every day

in the year a meal of sausage, crackling bread, and sweet potatoes, — but Emmeline was obdurate. Hungry-eyed and watery-mouthed, Abram sat beside the fire while granny and Emmeline ate and granny tantalized him by smacking her lips and commenting with gusto on the sweetness of the potatoes, the brownness of the ash-cakes, the flavor of the sausage. When Emmeline took the spiced molasses pudding from the skillet, Abram gave involuntarily such a sniff, that she seemed about to relent.

'Ef you had n't had such a bait o' fruit-cake an' aig-nog on top o' yo' other good eatin's, I'd offer you a dish o' puddin', she said. 'But,' she went on slowly, with twinkling eyes, 'naw. I ain't, gwi' ax you to spile de tas'e o' dem quality victuals.'

While the old woman was still mumbling over her food, Emmeline rose from the table. 'Granny,' she shouted, 'long as you got comp'ny, I'll step over to Cousin Lizy's an' ketch her Christmas gif'. You let de dishes be. I be home 'fo' dark. Good-day an' good-luck to you, slave nigger.' She looked him full in the eyes and laughed, then flung a scarlet shawl over her head and flashed out of the door.

Abram went off, quarreling with himself. 'I'll niver go nigh you ag'in, you uppish, impident free nigger.'

So he said and he meant what he said. And yet — and yet the next Sunday and the next and the next found him haunting the ridge-cabin, gossiping patiently with granny, girded at by Emmeline, with only enough peaceable words and friendly glances to keep him from losing heart entirely.

There was a saying on the Wilson place that 'everything on the plantation made a straight path to master's ears'; therefore Abram was not surprised one March afternoon when his master, as he rode with his small son

through the fields, stopped and said, 'Abram, what's this I hear about you going to Rocky Ridge as often as the Lord sends Sunday?'

Abram looked intently at the sassafras he had just uprooted from the ditch-bank. 'You — uh — you c'n hyah heap o' things 'sides truff, master,' he stammered.

'You better stay at home,' Mr. Wilson said, tapping Abram lightly on the shoulder with his riding-whip. 'Better stay at home, my boy, on our own plantation. Servant and free Negro is a poor cross, — mighty poor cross, — like field-corn and popcorn.'

'Yas, suh, master; yas, suh.'

'Come on, pa! Let's race.' Carter called his father with a six-year-old's pride in his first pony.

'In a minute, son.' Mr. Wilson wished to make plain his views to Abram and have done with the matter. 'You know how I am about my servants,' — masters of his class did not use the word 'slave.' 'You know I let them please themselves about marrying. But I tell you now, Abram, I don't want you to ask me to let you marry a free Negro.'

'W'y, naw, suh, master; naw, suh. I ain't niver thought o' no sich thing,' Abram assured him.

It was true. As Mr. Wilson galloped off in the wake of the small, gallant figure on pony-back, Abram stood motionless with the dazed expression of one who, after groping in twilight, confronts a great light. 'I ain't niver thought o' dat; I ain't niver thought o' dat,' he repeated. 'Hayh I been hangin' roun' dat gal better'n two mont's, like I been bewitched, an' I ain't know hucome an' whuhfo'. Dyah 't is. I want to marry dat gal. I want to marry her.'

He stood silent on the ditch-bank a minute, then bent mechanically to his task.

As soon as sunset released him from labor, he tramped away supperless to the ridge-cabin. Emmeline had come out in the twilight for an armful of pine-knots, and she met him with a bantering speech about slave Negroes that went roaming about on week-nights.

He turned a set, absorbed face to her and followed her indoors. She had tricked him, he told her. He was clean bewitched. He never would be right again until she married him.

'Marry you!' she exclaimed in a strange voice. There was a brief silence. The flickering firelight cast its lights and shadows on the two tense young figures and on the heavy old woman dozing in the corner. 'You think you want to marry me, do you?' Emmeline asked at last, harshly.

'I want to marry you,' he said doggedly. 'You know I does.'

She gave a mirthless laugh. 'What yo' master say ef you tell him you want to marry a free nigger?'

'Marse Gawge 'll cuss an' say I shan't, — an' den he'll lemme do like I want to.'

'Naw. Naw. Not dis time. 'Cause I got desay-so. I ain't gwi' marry you.'

Abram started back as if she had struck him in the face with her fist.

'Em'line!' he protested.

Her voice cackled out again in scornful laughter.

'Em'line! Don't you keer nothin' 'bout me?'

'Keer? I don't keer — dat!' She snapped her fingers in his face.

His eyes, glowing between half-shut lids, caught hers and held them till they fell before him. 'Uh, my honey!' he triumphed, and laid a possessing hand on her shoulder.

She jerked away and sprang to her feet. 'Go — go — go 'way,' she panted in a fierce half-whisper. 'You shan't keep comp'ny wid me. You shan't.

You shan't. I ain't gwi' marry no slave nigger. Wid a master. Like a dog. W'y, he could put a collar roun' yo' neck.' Her voice rang out at the last.

Abram was dumbfounded. 'He ain't gwi' to,' he stammered.

'He could do it.'

'But he ain't. He ain't gwi' do it. An' I know he ain't 'an' you know he ain't. Huccome you talk so foolish?' he flung at her.

'Call it foolish, ef you 'a' min' to. Call it foolish. I done wid you. I done wid you.' She crouched in the corner beside granny and would not look up nor speak again.

'I'll nuver waste another minute on you — nuver — nuver — nuver,' he stormed at last, and stalked homeward through the soft, foggy night.

The social order to which Abram belonged had never been questioned by him; left to himself, it would have remained unquestioned. He was proud of his master's station and consequence, proud to be one of many servants on the big plantation of a 'gentleman.' All his life, he had heard and used the phrase 'free nigger' as a term of contempt. What, then, was this vague feeling, not definite enough yet to be a wish or even a longing? Generations of servitude in America, generations of slavery in Africa, lay behind him. Yet, as the germ of life survived in the mummy-treasured grain, so the germ of freedom survived in his heart, and it was beginning to awake.

There was no more talk with Emmeline about free or slave. Abram went again and again to the ridge-cabin, but she crouched in the corner beside granny, and would not speak to him, would not even look at him. One Sunday afternoon, he found her chattering with a young mulatto preacher, and he saw — or thought he saw — that she was laughing at him. After that, he stayed at home. He began again to

visit Cindy, whose friends jeered that he would have 'said the word' to her long ago if he had n't seen so plain that she was waiting for it.

One day — months had passed and seed-time and summer were giving place to harvest — Abram was at work in a tobacco-field when his master rode by.

'Well, Abram,' Mr. Wilson called cheerily, 'I hear there's going to be another wedding in my family soon. That's good. I'll look out for presents next time I go to Richmond.'

Abram went down the row and stood beside his master. In that moment, thoughts which he had not realized were in his mind took shape in words.

'Master,' he asked, 'master, would you sell me?'

Mr. Wilson stared in surprise. 'Of course not, you darned fool. Did you ever know me to sell one of my servants?'

'Naw, suh; uh, naw, suh. Cou'se I knowed you would n't. Cou'se not, suh. — Master, ef I wa'n't too high-priced, I'd like to buy myse'f.'

'The devil!' exclaimed Mr. Wilson. He sat perfectly still a minute. 'The devil!' he repeated vehemently, and then he galloped away.

A half-hour later, he rode back and beckoned Abram to him. 'What put that fool notion in your head?' he asked sternly. 'Abolitionists round my quarters?'

'Bolitionis'?' Abram was plainly puzzled. 'I — I — I — jes' thought — thought I — I'd like to own a nigger, jes' one triflin' no-count fiel' han' like me.'

'Abram!' Mr. Wilson's mouth opened and shut like a steel trap. 'I'm going to the bottom of this. Whoever has been tampering with my servants is going to get — his — just — deserts.' Lash and gallows were in his voice, stern and merciless. 'Now, I

know somebody is at the bottom of this. It is n't you. I know you, Abram. Why, boy, you were born and brought up here. You played round the house and went fishing with me from the time you were knee-high to a grass-hopper. I've cared for you and nursed you myself when you were sick. And now, — oh, you need n't tell me, — you can't make me believe that now —'

Tears were streaming down Abram's cheeks. He pressed his face against his master's knee. 'Naw, naw, naw, my master,' he sobbed. 'I don't want myself. I don't want to be free. Dat free nigger, dat Em'line — can go. I don't keer nothin' 'bout her no-way.'

'Oh, ho!' Mr. Wilson whistled. 'The wind's in that quarter, is it? What about Emmeline? Let's hear it all.'

'Dat free nigger — dat Em'line Hawkins. She won't marry me 'cause I ain't a free nigger.'

Mr. Wilson questioned and listened and frowned and laughed and cursed. 'Well, Abram,' he said at last, 'I'm sorry, but I'm glad it is n't — like I thought it was. And you can't console yourself with Cindy — or Charity — or Lizbeth? Well, well, well! When a fellow has n't seen a girl for three months and still she comes projecking before him day and night, night and day, natural as if she were there in flesh and blood — I reckon it's a serious case. I'll think it over and we'll see what we can do.'

The upshot of the matter was that Mr. Wilson agreed to let Abram purchase himself, eleven hundred dollars being agreed on as a reasonable price for a stalwart field-hand. Abram was allowed to hire himself for a hundred and forty dollars a year, all his earnings above that sum going as payments on the debt. By his master's advice and aid, he became a hostler in a livery-stable, where there were good wages to be earned, and tips to be picked up.

His tasks were an unwelcome exchange for field-work.

'It's pintly an aggrivation,' he told Emmeline, 'to corn an' fodder an' curry an' rub dem slab-sided jades dat ain't got no bottom to buil' on, an' ain't nothin' but slab-sided jades w'en you git th'ough wid 'em. But I'clar, hit's worse w'en you git holt of a hawse dat is a hawse an' lead it out slick an' prancin' an' have it brung back lame an' winded an' gormed wid mud an' sweat — for me to git a cussin'.'

Emmeline agreed that it was just as well for him to wait awhile before he 'got religion,' for if he got it he would be sure to lose it, under these trying circumstances, and would have to take time off and 'go seeking' every big meeting.

Before his second year of service was out, Abram and Emmeline were married. Her grandmother being dead, she was all alone. And she explained that she was obliged to marry him to keep him from losing so much time from work, traipsing to see her. The couple bent their energies to earning and saving every possible penny. Abram complained sometimes that never had an overseer been as hard on him as was Emmeline. She took in washing, and he accepted it as a necessary evil that he must rise long before day, to fetch and carry clothes and bring water before beginning his work at the stable. Many a night, when the door-latch was drawn and a bed-quilt was hung over the window so that no one could see him 'demeanin' hi'se'f' with woman's work, he helped Emmeline wring clothes, or rubbed them on the washboard until his hands were raw and bleeding.

While this struggle went on, with its humorous and pathetic details known only to the two humble participants, there was going on a great struggle which the world was watching with

interest. Marches, counter-marches, battles, sieges, campaigns, victory, and defeat, — with the fate of states and nation in the balance, — these meant nothing more to Abram and Emmeline than greater or less difficulty in paying for Abram's freedom papers.

The second year of the great war found Abram no longer at the livery-stable. It was closed. The steeds which had carried the young men a-hunting and a-courting had borne their gay gallant riders to battlefields. Abram went back to the country and turned his hand to one job and another. He rented land and obtained — how, we will not too curiously inquire — a gaunt old ox, and raised patches of corn and vegetables. Sometimes troops trampled down his fields, sometimes raiders confiscated his ripening crops, sometimes he himself reaped the harvest and bore it away, by basketful or bagful, to sell in the camps.

When time and labor had reduced the debt almost unbelievably, Emmeline made a suggestion which Abram met first with stunned silence, then with indignant refusal. It was that he should slaughter and sell as beef his old ox Ephraim which he kept concealed from stray marauders in a pen in the 'big woods,' bringing it out, with Emmeline as sentinel, to plough a field or haul a load.

'Huccome you talk so foolish, Em'line?' Abram asked reproachfully. 'You know I 'bleeged to have Ephraim. How I gwi' haul an' plough an' ten' a crap? Huccome you talk so foolish?'

'Ef we kill Ephraim,' Emmeline went on as if he had not spoken, 'we pay out an' we done — done — done. But ef we don't beef him, mebbe any day raiders 'll git him or he 'll lay down an' die. Den ox 'll be gone an' debt 'll be dyah.'

'What I gwi' do 'bout de crap?' persisted Abram.

Emmeline yawned. 'I gwine to baid. Uh' Abram, you make me tired. Ain't me an' you strong as oxes; stronger 'n ol' Ephraim, 'cause he's wobbly in de laigs from havin' so little to eat? I c'n pull a plough an' you c'n pull a plough. Ain't yo' lan' all broke up? An' can't free folks wuk an' buy a ox?'

Abram yielded, of course. Ephraim was slaughtered and loaded on a wheel-barrow to be trundled two miles to the court-house where cross-eyed Simon's Billy Sam said some Confederate troops had come the day before.

Abram and Emmeline started off gayly that April morning, he pushing the wheel-barrow, she balancing deftly on her head a bag containing some peanuts, baked sweet potatoes, and fried chicken. They had gone only a little way when upon their idle chatter broke the sound of galloping hoofs.

'Turn out de road, Abram. Dump Eph in de bresh,' counseled Emmeline cautiously, tossing her bag in the underbrush. Before Abram could follow her example, a foraging party of half-a-dozen reckless fellows galloped up.

'Something stirring in this God-forsaken country,' cried one. 'Hey, Sambo!'

Then, 'Beef! beef! beef! beef!' they yelled in chorus.

'I guess you got too hefty a load, Sambo,' said one soldier leaning down and taking a piece of beef. 'I'll help you.'

'I was just coming for that old lady's leg,' laughed another, helping himself to a hind quarter. 'But I ca'c'lated I'd find her standing on it.'

'Smart of you, Sambo, to butcher for us.'

'And meet us in the road.'

As they talked, they seized the beef and tied it to their saddles.

'Masters, masters,' pleaded Abram, 'don't take my beef. Masters, buy it. Please, suh, don't take all a po' ol'

nigger is got. My ol' Ephraim! — Masters! please, masters! please you don't.'

One whose foot he clasped imploringly, thrust him off with an oath. Even as he pleaded and implored, they galloped down the road. Abram shrieked a curse after them, then kicked over the empty wheel-barrow in futile rage. 'An' you tol' me to kill ol' Ephraim,' he cried reproachfully to Emmeline, who stood speechless beside him. 'Ol' Ephraim's daid an' gone, — he daid an' gone,' he repeated passionately.

'Don't take it so hard,' Emmeline urged. 'Don't, Abram. You don't. We — we gwi' make out somehow. We gwi' git right smart money for dese hyah snacks.' She picked up her bag.

'Ain't nobody gwi' steal dem las' mou'fuls o' victuals,' stormed Abram. 'I gwi' set down, right now an' hyah, an' eat an' eat an' eat. I gwi' git one mo' good gorge 'fo' I die.'

Close on these words, there came again the sound of hurrying hoofs. Emmeline tossed her bag back in the brush-heap as another squad of soldiers cantered up a cross-road and turned into the highway.

'Howdy, folks! Know where can we get something to eat?' asked the foremost man.

'Want to buy it, — buy it, an' pay for it?' questioned Emmeline, cautiously.

The man produced a roll of paper money. 'Far as this money goes good.'

'I got some little snacks hyah, suh,' she hastened to say and produced her bag.

The hungry men swarmed round her and crammed paper notes in her hand.

'I'll give five dollars for that big potato.'

'Pay you ten dollars for a chicken.'

'I'll pay twenty.'

'I'll give a dollar for a smell of that bag,' humorously whined one empty-handed fellow.

Abram and Emmeline counted and recounted their bank-notes. Two hundred and forty dollars. Two hundred and forty!

'Dat's right, — but it's boun' to be wrong,' declared Abram. 'Ain't nobody nuver hyah tell o' gittin' two hund'ed and forty dollars for a few little small snacks. I gwine straight on to master. He still home sick in baid.'

Abram found the master of Redfields lying on an old mahogany davenport in the hall. Mrs. Wilson was cutting old linen, her grandmother's bridal underwear, into strips which little Carter was rolling for bandages.

'Good money? Yes, it's good money.' Mr. Wilson spoke vehemently in answer to Abram's question. 'I will take it, — dollar for dollar, against any currency in the world. Dollar for dollar — and fight to make it good. — I got the papers ready for you, Abram, as I promised. Was going to leave them with your mistress when I go back to Fitzhugh to-morrow. I'm going to stay with him till we drive the last Yankee 'cross the Potomac.'

Mrs. Wilson sighed as her husband hobbled to his desk. Then she spoke kindly to the waiting Negro: 'You've been working hard for yourself five years, have n't you, Abram?'

'Six, mistis. Six yuh come tobacco-cuttin' time,' he responded. 'I done cleaned myse'f up now o' ever'thing I got, to pay dis hyah money an' git my freedom papers.'

Mrs. Wilson looked troubled. She spoke aside to her husband: 'George, do you think — does it seem just right — now — to take everything he has for — for freedom papers? Suppose — now Jackson is gone — suppose the Confederacy should n't — What if the Yankees did —'

Her husband cut short her halting speech. There were things not to be put in words. 'It won't. It can't. We'll pull through. There's General Lee. Why, Marse Robert's bound to win. Take all Abram has? Of course. All everybody has. Things have n't been going well of late. But just let old Joe Johnston and Marse Robert get together and everything will be all right again.'

Mrs. Wilson sighed.

'We'll keep up the fight till doomsday but what we win,' he went on. 'When we old soldiers are all gone, there'll be a fresh young crop. Here's Carter. Eleven, are n't you, son? In two or three years, he'll go. Why, there's a drummer-boy in our regiment says he's thirteen, but I'd almost swear he's not a day older than Carter.'

'I'm plenty old, pa.' Carter dropped the roll of bandage and put imploring hands on his father's arm. 'I'm so big — and 'leven is pretty old, anyway. Let me go back with you, pa, and be a soldier. I can march and shoot. I've been drilling the boys like you showed me, and I make 'em call me "Cap'n Carter."'

'Next year — if we have n't whipped the Yankees before — you shall go,' said his father.

'Goody, goody!' The little fellow clapped his hands.

Abram started home with his papers. He was free now — free — free as Emmeline. Free! He set the word to a sing-song tune and droned it over and over. Tired as he was, he walked briskly, for he was in haste to get home and share his good tidings with Emmeline. In the soft spring air, there was no sound except the cawing of crows in the woodland, and far down the road a confused clamor. Voices came louder and nearer, and at a turn of the road Abram met five or six Negroes from a neighboring plantation.

'W'y hi! Huccome you outen de fiel' dis time o' day?' asked Abram.

They yelled and guffawed. Then they shouted something and shouted again and again till he caught their meaning. 'Freedom done been called! Freedom! freedom! We ain't nuver gwi' work no mo'. New Jerusalem's come. Freedom's called! Jump jubilee, nigger, jump jubilee!'

Abram extricated himself from the group and went on his way. He walked more slowly and shook his head now and then with a puzzled frown. His countenance brightened, however, when he turned down a path through the pine-woods and saw Emmeline coming to meet him.

'Well, ol' gal. I free now. Hyah de papers,' he called cheerily.

'Uh, I was so feared some'n' was gwi' happen. Hit — hit seems too good to be true. Praise de Lawd, honey, praise de Lawd. Now you's a man.'

As they went back to their cabin, Abram told about the Marshall Negroes' 'noration' that 'freedom had been called.'

Emmeline stood stock-still in the path and looked at him earnestly. 'Abram, Abram! Is dat so? Is freedom done been called?'

'Dat what dee say,' he answered. 'But dee ain't got no freedom papers.'

'I don't reckon dee need none ef freedom done been called.'

'Is dat so?' Abram was perplexed. 'Well, Em'line, dyah's boun' to be a differ twix' our freedom an' dem pig-track niggers.'

But Emmeline shook her head. 'Naw, Abram, naw. All dat wuk, all dat money, an' we ain't no free'n de res.'

There followed days and weeks of unrest. Most of Abram's old plantation comrades were loafing, waiting for a vague 'they' to give them 'forty acres and a mule.' Habits of independ-

ent industry and a certain shrewd common sense kept Abram and Emmeline at work.

'I ain't seed folks keen to give 'way things,' said Emmeline. 'I ain't seed folks git much 'cep' what dee wuk for.'

Abram grunted and submitted.

One day, as he was hoeing his corn-patch and bewailing the loss of Ephraim, Cindy came by the field and said she had seen 'Mr. Marse Gawge' the day before and he asked her to tell Abram to come to Redfields about some business.

'W'y hi! What he want wid Abram? asked Emmeline suspiciously.

'Dunno. Dat all he say. Want to see Abram 'bout some 'ticular business.'

'You — you reckon he want to buy me back ag'in?' asked Abram.

'You a free man an' free you gwi' stay,' asserted Emmeline. 'He ain't got no business wid you an' you ain't gwine a step. I reckon I better go 'long wid you, an' see what he wants,' she said in the same breath.

On the way she gave her husband repeated charges as to his behavior. 'You be polite, Abram, but you be free polite,' she said. 'An' whatsoever you do, don't you say master. He ain't yo' master. He ain't nobody's master no mo'. You say "Mist' Wilson." An' don't you 'gree to nothin' 'dout my say-so. An' don't you say master.'

Emmeline led the way to the front door but their rap was unanswered; with no better success, they approached the side and back doors.

Abram looked perplexed. 'Dis hyah house ain't nuver been lef' by itse'f befo', he declared. 'Whar is ever-body?'

Upon the stillness, came a ringing, 'Whoa, now, whoa!' Following the sound, they went toward the garden and opened the gate flanked by rows of fig bushes.

'Lawd, Lawd, Lawd!' ejaculated Abram. 'I ain't see what I see! Lawd, Lawd! My Marse Gawge!'

Mr. Wilson was hobbling behind a plough to which was hitched Zebedee, an old carriage-horse. Little Carter, grimy and perspiring, was marching valiantly behind his father, making a grim game of his task of dropping potatoes in the opened rows.

'I buried that Yankee with his eyes up,' he said. 'This one's got 'em down in the ground.'

Mrs. Wilson, in a thread-bare silk, was sitting in the shade of a crêpe myrtle, cutting seed-potatoes with the painstaking diligence of one at an unaccustomed task.

At the end of a row, Mr. Wilson glanced up and saw Abram and Emmeline standing at the gate.

'Howdy, Abram,' he said, in just the tone he would have used if Abram had come to the piazza and found him sipping a mint-julep.

'Master, you — you ain't ploughin'. W'y, Marse Gawge,' stammered Abram.

'This is going to be the best garden that ever was at Redfields,' Mr. Wilson said cheerily. 'Don't you see your mistress cutting the potatoes for luck? I sent for you, Abram, to talk over a little matter of business. Now, understand me. Understand one thing in the beginning. It was all right that you should pay for your freedom papers — perfectly all right. You belonged to me. You understand that, Abram?' he asked, with a defiant ring in his voice.

'Law, yas, suh; yas, suh,' Abram answered. — 'Master, dem's blisters on yo' han's.'

Mr. Wilson stood a little straighter. 'I owned you. You were my slave.' There was a sting in his gentle drawl as, for the first time, he used that

word to one of his people. 'You wanted to buy yourself. I sold you. Perfectly fair and legitimate. If I wanted to give back your money — and you understand, I don't, Abram — there is no reason I should; none at all — I have n't it and I could n't do it. If I'd had a thousand times as much, 't would all have gone the same way. But — I am going to give you — a free gift you understand, Abram — a free gift — the thirty acres of Mill Woods south of the public road. And, Abram, there's an old mule that the Yankees left for the buzzards to pick. It's on the mend and in the lower pasture. You might as well take it. I've got Zebedee, and a mule was n't made for a white man to plough.'

Abram stared and gasped and stammered. 'Is you say, master — ain't you say, master — Master, is you gi' me — gi' me —'

'Thirty acres of Mill Woods.'

'Wood-lot — an' spring — an' pasture — an' cabin — an' pig-pen — an' draw-bars?'

Mr. Wilson laughed. 'All that, Abram. As a free gift.'

'An' a — a mule?'

'A piece of one. But I must get these potatoes planted. Gee, Zebedee.'

Emmeline, who had stood as if rooted to the spot, now started forward with tears streaming down her cheeks.

'Abram, uh, Abram, you ol' fool, you! Ain't you see yo' master want dem 'taters planted'? Why n't you git 'twix'n dem plough handles, you lazy no-count nigger? Ain't you got no sense at all? Mistis, you gimme dat basket o' 'taters. I gwi' cut 'em an' drap 'em, too. You go 'long in de house an' sot down in yo' rockin'-cheer, whar you b'long. Me an' Abram ain't got nothin' to do in dis worl' but to wait on you an' master.'

IN THE NOON OF SCIENCE

BY JOHN BURROUGHS

I

How surely the race is working away from the attitude of mind toward life and nature begotten by an age of faith, into an attitude of mind toward these things begotten by an age of science! However the loss and gain may finally foot up, the movement to which I refer seems as inevitable as fate; it is along the line of the mental evolution of the race, and it can be no more checked or thwarted than can the winds or the tides. The disturbance of our mental and spiritual equilibrium consequent upon the change is natural enough.

The culture of the race has so long been of a non-scientific character; we have so long looked upon nature in the twilight of our feelings, of our hopes and our fears, and our religious emotions, that the clear mid-day light of science shocks and repels us. Our mental eyesight has not yet got used to the noon-day glare. Our anthropomorphic views of creation die hard, and when they are dead we feel orphaned. The consolations which science offers do not move our hearts. At first the scientific explanation of the universe seems to shut us into a narrower and lower world. The heaven of the ideal seems suddenly clouded over, and we feel the oppression of the physical. The sacred mysteries vanish, and in their place we have difficult or unsolvable problems.

Physical science magnifies physical things. The universe of matter with its irrefragable laws looms upon our

mental horizon larger than ever before, to some minds blotting out the very heavens. There are no more material things in the world than there always have been, and we are no more dependent upon them than has always been the case, but we are more intently and exclusively occupied with them, subduing them to our ever-growing physical and mental needs.

I am always inclined to defend physical science against the charge of materialism, and that it is the enemy of those who would live in the spirit; but when I do so I find I am unconsciously arguing with myself against the same half-defined imputation. I too at times feel the weary weight of the material universe as it presses upon us in a hundred ways in our mechanical and scientific age. I well understand what one of our women writers meant the other day when she spoke of the 'blank wall of material things' to which modern science leads us. The feminine temperament, and the literary and artistic temperament generally, is quite likely, I think, to feel something like a blank wall shutting it in, in the results of modern physical sciences. We feel it in Herbert Spencer and Ernest Haeckel, and now and then in such lambent spirits as Huxley and W. K. Clifford. Matter, and the laws of matter, and the irrefragable chain of cause and effect, press hard upon us.

We feel this oppression in the whole fabric of our civilization — a civilization which, with all its manifold privileges and advantages, is probably to a

large class of people the most crushing and soul-killing the race has ever seen. It practically abolishes time and space, while it fills the land with noise and hurry. It arms us with the forces of earth, air, and water, while it weakens our hold upon the sources of personal power; it lengthens life while it curtails leisure; it multiplies our wants while it lessens our capacity for simple enjoyments; it opens up the heights and depths, while it makes the life of the masses shallow; it vastly increases the machinery of education, while it does so little for real culture. 'Knowledge comes but wisdom lingers,' because wisdom cannot or will not come by railroad, or automobile, or aeroplane, or be hurried up by telegraph or telephone. She is more likely to come on foot, or riding on an ass, or to be drawn in a one-horse shay, than in any of our chariots of fire and thunder.

With the rise of the scientific habit of mind has come the decline in great creative literature and art. With the spread of education based upon scientific principles, originality in mind and in character fades. Science tends to eliminate the local, the individual; it favors the general, the universal. It makes our minds and characters all alike; it unifies the nations, but it tames and, in a measure, denatures them. The more we live in the scientific spirit, the spirit of material knowledge, the further we are from the spirit of true literature. The more we live upon the breath of the newspaper, the more will the mental and spiritual condition out of which come real literature and art be barred to us. The more we live in the hard, calculating business spirit, the further are we from the spirit of the master productions; the more we surrender ourselves to the feverish haste and competition of the industrial spirit, the more the doors of the heaven of the great poems and works of art are closed to us.

Beyond a certain point in our culture, exact knowledge counts for so much less than sympathy, love, appreciation. Exact knowledge of the dog, for instance, as to his power to discriminate color, to unthread a labyrinth, and the like, counts for so much less in the real values of human life than love and companionship with the dog, and appreciation of his natural capacity to get on in life. We may know Shakespeare to an analysis of his last word or allusion, and yet miss Shakespeare entirely. We may know an animal in the light of all the many tests that laboratory experimentation throws upon it, and yet not really know it at all. We are not content to know what the animal knows naturally, we want to know what it knows unnaturally. We put it through a sort of inquisitorial torment in the laboratory, we starve it, we electrocute it, we freeze it, we burn it, we incarcerate it, we vivisection it, we press it on all sides and in all ways, to find out something about its habits or mental processes that is usually not worth knowing.

Well, we can gain a lot of facts, such as they are, but we may lose our own souls. This spirit has invaded school and college. Our young people go to the woods with pencil and notebook in hand; they drive sharp bargains with every flower and bird and tree they meet; they want tangible assets that can be put down in black and white. Nature as a living joy, something to love, to live with, to brood over, is now seldom thought of. It is only a mine to be worked and to be through with, a stream to be fished, a tree to be shaken, a field to be gleaned. With what desperate thoroughness the new men study the birds; and about all their studies yield is a mass of dry, unrelated facts.

In school and college our methods are more and more thorough and busi-

ness-like, more and more searching and systematic: we would go to the roots of the tree of knowledge, even if we find a dead tree on our hands. We fairly vivisection Shakespeare and Milton and Virgil. We study a dead language as if it were a fossil to be classified, and forget that the language has a live literature, which is the main concern. We study botany so hard that we miss the charm of the flower entirely; we pursue the bird with such a spirit of gain and exactitude that a stuffed specimen in the museum would do as well. Biology in the college class means dissecting cats and rats and turtles and frogs; psychology means analogous experimental work in the laboratory. Well, we know a lot that our fathers did not know; our schools and colleges are turning out young men and women with more and more facts, but, so it often seems to me, with less and less manners, less and less reverence, less and less humility, less and less steadfastness of character.

In this age of science we have heaped up great intellectual riches of the pure scientific kind. Our mental coffers are fairly bursting with our stores of knowledge of material things. But what will it profit us if we gain the whole world and lose our own souls? Must our finer spiritual faculties, whence come our love, our reverence, our humility, and our appreciation of the beauty of the world, atrophy? 'Where there is no vision, the people perish.' Perish for want of a clear perception of the higher values of life. Where there is no vision, no intuitive perception of the great fundamental truths of the inner spiritual world, science will not save us. In such a case our civilization is like an engine running without a headlight. Spiritual truths are spiritually discerned, material and logical truths — all the truths of the objective world — are intellectually discerned. The

latter give us the keys of power and the conquest of the earth, but the former alone can save us — save us from the materialism of a scientific age.

The scientific temperament, unrelieved by a touch of the creative imagination, is undoubtedly too prone to deny the existence of everything beyond its ken. But science has its limitations, which its greatest exponents like Tyndall and Huxley are frank to acknowledge. On such a question as the immortality of the soul, for instance, I believe the poet, the mystic, the seer, are likely to come nearer the truth than the man of science in all the pride of his exact demonstrations.

All questions that pertain to the world within us are beyond the reach of science. Science is the commerce of the intellect with the physical or objective world; the commerce of the soul with the subjective and invisible world is entirely beyond the sphere. Professor Tyndall confessed himself utterly unable to find any logical connection between the molecular activities of the brain-substance and the phenomenon of consciousness.

In trying to deal with such a question, he says, we are on the boundary line of the intellect where the canons of science fail us. Science denies all influence of subjective phenomena over physical processes. In the absence of the empirical fact, science would be bound to deny that a man could raise his arm by an act of volition; only 'the phenomena of matter and force come within our intellectual range.' Science is forced to deny the soul, because its dealing with physical facts and forces has furnished it with no criteria by which to validate such a conception. There are questions of mind and there are questions of matter; philosophy deals with the former, science with the latter. The world of the unverifiable is the world of the soul, the world of

the verifiable is the world of the senses. We have our spiritual being in the one and our physical being in the other, and science is utterly unable to bridge the gulf that separates them.

II

The physico-chemical explanation of life and of consciousness to which modern science seems more and more inclined, falls upon some minds like a shadow. In trying to explain life itself in terms of physics and chemistry, science is at the end of its tether.

The inorganic world may grind away like the great mill that it is, run by heat, gravity, chemical affinity, and the like, and we are not disturbed; but in the world of organic matter we strike a new principle, and in any interpretation of it in terms of mechanics and chemistry alone, we feel matter pressing in upon us like the four walls coming together. Why does one dislike the suggestion of machinery in relation to either our minds or our bodies? Why does the chemico-mechanical explanation of any living thing give one a chill like the touch of cold iron? Is it because we feel that though life may be inseparably connected with chemical and mechanical principles, it is something more than chemistry and mechanics?

We are something more than machines, though every principle of mechanics be operative in our bodies. We are something more than bundles of instincts and reflexes and automatic adjustments, though all these things play a part in our lives. We are something more than mere animals, though we are assuredly of animal origin. The vital principle, even the psychic principle, may not be separable from matter, not even in thought, and yet it is not matter, because the matter with which it is identified behaves so differ-

ently from the matter with which it is not identified. Organic matter behaves so differently from inorganic, though subject to the same physical laws. A stone may rot or disintegrate, but it will never ferment, because fermentation is a process of life. There is no life without chemical reactions, and yet chemical reaction is not life; there is no life without what biologists call the colloid state, and yet the colloid state is not life. Life is confined to a certain scale of temperature — beyond a certain degree up and down the scale life disappears, and yet life is not heat or motion, or moisture or chemical affinity, though inseparable from these things.

The biological view of our animal origin is an uncongenial fact, and we may struggle against it, but we cannot escape it. Science has fixed this brand upon us. 'Brand,' I say, but have we not always recognized our animality and known that the wolf and the tiger slumbered in us? We knew it through a figure of speech, now we know it as a concrete fact.

Carlyle turned his back upon Huxley on the streets of London because Huxley had taught that mankind had an ape-like ancestor. Why is such a thought uncongenial and repelling? No doubt that it is so. There is no poetry or romance in it as there is in the Garden of Eden myth. If we could look *up* to our remote progenitors instead of *down*, if we could see them clothed in light and wisdom instead of clothed in hair and bestiality, how much more enticing and comforting the prospect would be! But we simply cannot, we must see them adown a long darkening and forbidding prospect, clothed in low animal forms and leading low animal lives — a prospect that grows more and more dim till it is lost in the abyss of geologic time.

Carlyle would have none of it! The

Garden of Eden story had more beauty and dignity. That this 'backward glance o'er traveled roads' repels us, is no concern of science. It repels us because we regard it from a higher and fairer estate. Go back there and look up: let the monkey see himself as man (if he were capable of it), and what would his emotions be? The prehistoric man, living in caves and clothed in skins, if we go no further back, is not a cheering person to contemplate. And his hairy, low-browed forbears in Tertiary times — can we see ourselves in them? It makes a vast difference whether we see the past as poetry, or see it as science. In the Bible, and in Whitman, we see it as poetry, in Darwin we see it as science.

'Rise after rise bow the phantoms behind me.' — Here Whitman, through his own creative imagination, anticipates Darwin. Carlyle probably would have been moved by such a picture of his origin as Whitman gives. It would have touched his fervid *ego*. When Haeckel or Darwin gives us an account of man's origin, it is not of my origin, or your origin; the personal element is left out; the past is not linked with the present by a flash: in other words, we see it in the light of science, and not in the light of the poetic imagination. And the light of science in such matters is the light of the broad, all-revealing noon-day. It is therefore in the nature of things that the scientific view of life in some of its aspects should repel us, when it comes too near us, when it touches us personally, especially when it comes between us and our religious beliefs and aspirations.

III

We are not to forget that physical science is of necessity occupied with the physical side of things. And what

is there in nature or in life that has not its physical side? Exclusive occupation with this side does not make the poet or the prophet or the artist or the philosopher; it makes the man of science. Such occupation, no doubt, tends to deaden our interest in the finer and higher spiritual and intellectual values. The physical side of things is not often the joyous and inspiring side. The physical side of life, the physical side of birth, of death, of sex-love, the physical side of consciousness and of our mental processes, the physical or biological side of our animal origin, and so on, are not matters upon which we fondly or inspiringly dwell. The heart, which symbolizes so much to us, is only a muscle — a motor-muscle, as we may say — that acts under the influence of some physical stimulus like any other motor; the brain, which is the seat of thought and consciousness, is a mass of gray and white matter incased in the skull. Every emotion or aspiration, the highest as well as the lowest, has its physical or physiological equivalent in our own bodies.

In the light of physical science our bodies are mere machines, and every emotion of our souls is accounted for by molecular changes in the brain-substance. Life itself is explained in terms of chemico-mechanical principles. Physical science spoke in Huxley, and doubtless spoke accurately when he said, 'The soul stands related to the body as the bell of a clock to its works, and consciousness answers to the sound the bell gives out when struck.' It is not a very comforting or inspiring comparison, but it is what physical science sees in the fact. And it is this side of life alone that science can deal with. Of the major part of our lives, — of all our subjective experiences, our religious and æsthetic emotions, in fact, the whole world of the ideal and the supersensuous, — nothing can be known or

explained in terms of exact science or mathematics.

If we want to know things as they stand related to our culture, our personality, our æsthetic emotions, we must go to literature and art; if we want to know them as they stand related to our religious sentiments and aspirations, we must look to the religious writers and the poets; but if we want to know their laws and properties and our actual physical relations to them, and make good our hold upon the sources of the permanent well-being of the race, where can we turn but to physical science?

Let us give physical science its due. We owe to it all the exact knowledge we have of the physical universe in which we are placed and our physical relations to it. All we know of the heavens above us, with their orbs and the cosmic processes going on there; all we know of the earth beneath our feet, its structure, its composition, its physical history, science has told us. All we know of the mechanism of our own bodies, its laws and functions, the physical relation of our minds to it, science has told us. All we know of our own origin, our animal descent, science has revealed. The whole material fabric of our civilization we owe to science. Our relation to the physical side of things concerns us intimately; it is for our behoof to understand it. Practical or daily experience settles much of it for us, or up to a certain remove; beyond this, physical science settles it for us — the sources and nature of disease, the remedial forces of nature, the chemical compounds, the laws of hygiene and sanitation, the value of foods, and a thousand other things beyond the reach of our unaided experience, are in the keeping of science. We have the gift of life, and life demands that we understand things in their relation to our physical well-being.

Science has made or is making the world over for us. It has builded us a new house,— builded it over our heads while we were yet living in the old, and the confusion and disruption and the wiping-out of the old features and the old associations, have been, and still are, a sore trial — a much finer, more spacious and commodious house, with endless improvements and convenience, but new, new, all bright and hard and unfamiliar, with the spirit of newness; not yet home, not yet a part of our lives, not yet sacred to memory and affection.

The question now is: Can we live as worthy and contented lives there as our fathers and grandfathers did in their ruder, humbler dwelling-place? What we owe to science on our moral and æsthetic side it would not be so easy to say, but we owe it much. It is only when we arm our faculties with the ideas and with the weapons of science that we appreciate the grandeur of the voyage we are making on this planet. It is only through science that we know we are on a planet, and are heavenly voyagers at all. When we get beyond the sphere of our unaided perceptions and experience, as we so quickly do in dealing with the earth and the heavenly bodies, science alone can guide us. Our minds are lost in the vast profound till science has blazed a way for us. The feeling of being lost or baffled may give rise to other feelings of a more reverent and pious character, as was the case with the early star-gazers, but we can no longer see the heavens with the old eyes, if we would. Science enables us to understand our own ignorance and limitations, and so puts us at our ease amid the splendors and mysteries of creation. We fear and tremble less, but we marvel and enjoy more. God, as our fathers conceived him, recedes, but law and order come to the front. The personal emotion

fades, but the cosmic emotion brightens. We escape from the bondage of our old anthropomorphic views of creation, into the larger freedom of scientific faith.

IV

Our civilization is so largely the result of physical science that we almost unconsciously impute all its ugly features to science.

But its ugly features can only indirectly be charged to science. They are primarily chargeable to the greed, the selfishness, the cupidity, the worldly-mindedness which has found in science the tools to further its ends. We can use our scientific knowledge to improve and beautify the earth, or we can use it to deface and exhaust it. We can use it to poison the air, corrupt the waters, blacken the face of the country, and harass our souls with loud and discordant noises, and we can use it to mitigate or abolish all these things. Mechanical science could draw the fangs of most of the engineering monsters that are devouring our souls. The howling locomotives that traverse the land, pouring out their huge black volumes of fetid carbon, and splitting our ears with their discordant noises, only need a little more science to purify their foul breaths and soften their agonizing voices. A great manufacturing town is hideous, and life in it is usually hideous, but more science, more mechanical skill, more soul in capital, and less brutality in labor would change all these things.

Science puts great weapons in men's hands for good or for evil, for war or for peace, for beauty or for ugliness, for life or for death, and how these weapons are used depends upon the motives that actuate us. Science now promises to make war so deadly that it will practically abolish it. While

we preach the gospel of peace our preparations for war are so exhaustive and scientific that the military spirit will die of an over-dose of its own medicine, and peace will fall of itself like a ripe fruit into our hands. A riotous, wasteful, and destructive spirit has been turned loose upon this continent, and it has used the weapons which physical science has placed in its hands in a brutal, devil-may-care sort of way, with the result that a nature fertile and bountiful, but never kind and sympathetic, has been outraged and disfigured and impoverished, rather than mellowed and subdued and humanized.

The beauty and joy of life in the old world is a reflection from the past or pre-scientific age, to a degree of which we have little conception. In spite of our wealth of practical knowledge, and our unparalled advantages (perhaps by very reason thereof, since humility of spirit is a flower that does not flourish amid such rank growths), life in this country is undoubtedly the ugliest and most materialistic that any country or age ever saw. Our civilization is the noisiest and most disquieting, and the pressure of the business and industrial spirit the most maddening and killing, that the race has yet experienced.

Yet for all these things science is only indirectly responsible. In the same sense is the sun responsible for the rains and storms that at times destroy us. The spirit of greed and violence, robust because it has been well-housed and fed, and triply dangerous because it is well-armed and drilled, is abroad in the land. Science gave us dynamite, but whence the spirit that uses it to wreak private revenge, or to blow up railroad bridges and newspaper and manufacturing plants? Let us be just to science. Had it never been, the complexion of our lives and the

face of the earth itself would have been vastly different. Had man never attained to the power of reason, he would still have been a brute with the other beasts. It takes power to use power. Knowledge without wisdom is a dangerous thing. Science without sense may bring us to grief. We cannot vault into the saddle of the elemental forces and ride them and escape the danger of being ridden by them. We cannot have a civilization propelled by machinery without the iron of it in some form entering our souls.

With our vast stores of scientific knowledge come the same problems that come with the accumulation of worldly wealth — how to acquire the one and not lose sight of the higher spiritual values, or become intellectually hard and proud, and how to obtain the other and not mortgage our souls to the devil; in short, in both cases, how to gain the whole world and not lose our own souls. It has been done, and can be done. Darwin confessed toward the end of his life that he had lost his interest in art, in literature, and in music, of which he was once so fond, but Darwin never lost his intellectual humility or gentleness and sweetness of soul, or grew weary in the pursuit of truth for its own sake. He had sought to trace the footsteps of the creative energy in animal life with such singleness of purpose and such devotion to the ideal that the lesson of his life tells for the attitude of mind called religious as well as for the attitude called scientific. His yearning patient eyes came as near seeing the veil withdrawn from the mystery of the world of animal life as has ever been given to any man to see.

Huxley, the valiant knight in the evolutionary warfare, was not a whit behind him in the disinterested pursuit of scientific truth, while he led him in his interest in truths of a more purely

subjective and intellectual character. Huxley was often accused of materialism, but he indignantly resented the charge. He was a scientific idealist, and he shone like a holy crusader in following the Darwinian banner into the territory of the unbelievers.

V

One may question, after all, whether this oppression which our sensitive souls feel in the presence of the results of modern science be the fault of science or of our own lack of a certain mental robustness, or spiritual joy and vigor, that enables one to transmute and spiritualize science. Let us take courage from the examples of some of the great modern poets. Tennyson drew material, if not inspiration, from the two great physical sciences, geology and astronomy, especially in his noblest long poem, 'In Memoriam.' Clearly they did not suggest to him a blank wall of material things. Later in his life he seems to have feared them as rivals: 'Terrible Muses' he calls them, who might eclipse the crowned ones themselves, the great poets.

Our own Emerson was evidently stimulated by the result of physical science, and often availed himself, in his later poems and essays, of its material by way of confirming or illustrating the moral law upon which he was wont to string everything in reach. Emerson, in his eagerness for illustrative material in writing his essays, reminds one of the pressure certain birds are under when building their nests, birds like the oriole, for instance. Hang pieces of colored yarn near the place where the oriole is building its nest, and the bird seizes upon them eagerly and weaves them into the structure, not mindful at all of the obvious incongruity. Emerson in the fever of composition often snatched at facts of

science that he had read in books or heard in lectures, and worked them into his text in the same way, always reinforcing his sentence with them. The solvent power of his thought seemed equal to any fact of physical science.

Whitman was, if anything, still more complacent and receptive in the presence of science. He makes less direct use of its results than either of the other poets mentioned, but one feels that he has put it more completely under his feet than they, and used it as a vantage-ground from which to launch his tremendous 'I say.'

I lie abstracted and hear the tale of things, and
the reason of things,
They are so beautiful I nudge myself to listen.

Addressing men of science he says, —

Gentlemen, to you the first honors always;
Your facts are useful and yet they are not my
dwelling;
I but enter by them to an area of my dwelling, —

as all of us do who would live in a measure the life of the spirit. To Whitman the blank wall, if there was any wall, was in his area and not in his dwelling itself.

The same may be said of Henri Bergson whose recent volume, *Creative Evolution*, is destined, I believe, to mark an epoch in the history of modern thought. The work has its root in modern physical science, but it blooms and bears fruit in the spirit to a degree quite unprecedented.

When we can descend upon the materialism of the physical sciences with the spiritual fervor and imaginative power of the men I have named, the blank wall of material things will become as transparent as glass itself, and the chill will give place to intellectual warmth.

Bergson, to whom I have referred, is a new star in the intellectual firmament of our day. He is a philosopher

upon whom the spirits of both literature and science have descended. In his great work he touches the materialism of science to finer issues. Probably no other writer of our time has possessed in the same measure the three gifts, the literary, the scientific, and the philosophical. Bergson is a kind of chastened and spiritualized Herbert Spencer.

Spencer was a philosopher upon whom the spirit of science alone had descended, and we miss in his work the quickening creative atmosphere, and that light that never was on sea or land, that pervades Bergson's. One thinks of Spencer as an enormous intellectual plant, turning out philosophical products that doubtless have their uses, but are a weary weight to the spirit. His work tends to a mechanical explanation of the universe and of the evolutionary impulse which Bergson, with his finer and more imaginative endowment, helps us to escape. Bergson's work has its root in physical science also, but you run against no blank wall of material things in it. On the contrary, it has the charm of the ideal, and is luminous with insight into the more subtle and spiritual processes of the universe. *Creative Evolution* would have appealed to Goethe, and to our own Emerson and Whitman, and to all true idealists curious about the ways of creative power. It puts wings to the results of physical science as no other work with which I am acquainted has done in my time.

VI

We must face and accept the new conditions. They will seem less hard to our children's children than to us. If the old awe and reverence must go, the old fear and superstition must go with them. The religious ages begat a whole brood of imps and furies, — supersti-

tion, persecution, witch-craft, war,—and they must go, have gone, or are going. The new wonder, the new admiration, the new humanism, with the new scientific view of the universe, chilling though it be, must come in. We shall write less poetry, but we ought to live saner lives; we shall tremble and worship less, but we shall be more at home in the universe. War must go, the zymotic diseases must go, hide-bound creeds must go, and a wider charity and sympathy come in.

There is nothing that fuses and unifies the nations like scientific knowledge, and the rational views that it inculcates — knowledge founded upon the universal nature which is in all countries the same. Science puts the same tools in all hands, the same views in all minds; we are no longer divided by false aims, or by religions founded upon half-views or false views. The local gives place to the universal. We come to see that all people are one, and that the well-being of each is the well-being of all, and *vice versa*. Distrust gives place to confidence, jealousy gives place to fellowship. Like knowledge begets like aims, the truths of nature make the whole world kin. The individual and the picturesque will suffer, local color will fade, but the human, the democratic, the average weal, will gain.

It must be said that literature has gained in many respects in this hurrying, economic age; it has gained in point and precision what it has lost in power. We are more impatient of

the sham, the make-believe, the dilatory, the merely rhetorical and oratorical. We are more impatient of the obscure, the tedious, the impotent, the superfluous, the far-fetched. We have a new and a sharpened sense for the real, the vital, the logical. The dilatory and meandering methods of even such a writer as Hawthorne tire us a little now, and the make-believe of a Dickens is well-nigh intolerable. We want a story to move rapidly, we want the essay full of point and suggestion; we find it more and more difficult to read books about books, and all writing 'about-and-about' we are impatient of. We want the thing itself; we want currents and counter-currents — movement and rapidity at all hazards.

We are used to seeing the wheels go round, we feel the tremendous push of our civilization all about us; we see the straight paths, despite obstacles, that the controlled physical forces make over the earth's surface; we are masters of the science of short-cuts in all departments of life; and both literature and philosophy respond to these conditions. Pragmatism has come in, dogmatism has gone out; the formal, the perfunctory, the rhetorical, count for less and less; the direct, the manly, the essential, count for more and more. Science has cured us of many delusions, and it has made us the poorer by dispelling certain illusions, but it has surely made the earth a much more habitable place than it was in the pre-scientific ages.

TRIUMPHALIS

BY BLISS CARMAN

Soul, art thou sad again,
With the old sadness?
Thou shalt be glad again
With a new gladness,
When April sun and rain
Mount to the teeming brain
With the earth-madness.

When from the mould again,
Spurning disaster,
Spring shoots unfold again,
Follow thou faster
Out of the drear domain
Of dark, defeat, and pain,
Praising the Master.

Light for thy guide again,
Ample and splendid;
Love at thy side again,
All doubting ended.
(Ah, by the dragon slain,
For nothing small or vain
Michael contended!)

Thou shalt take heart again,
No more despairing;
Play thy great part again,
Loving and caring.
Hark, how the gold refrain
Runs through the iron strain,
Splendidly daring!

Thou shalt grow strong again,
 Confident, tender, —
 Battle with wrong again,
 Be truth's defender, —
 Of the immortal train
 Born to attempt, attain,
 Never surrender!

WHO ARE THE JAPANESE?

BY ARTHUR MAY KNAPP

I

AMONG all the surprises which Japan has sprung upon the astonished Occident, by far the most comprehensive is that which is as yet the least comprehended, namely, the manifest differentiation from the Oriental type which she has evinced by her marvelous capacity for progress, a capacity which we had arrogated to ourselves as the peculiar possession of Western civilization.

Among the prime causes which brought the mighty Muscovite Empire to its knees before Japan was the non-recognition by the Russian government of the wide mental gulf which separates the Island Realm from the Asiatic continent. General Kuropatkin, as he clearly reveals in his history of the war, plainly saw what the disastrous result of his nation's ignorance would be. He had spent some time in Japan, and had beheld with his own eyes the evidences that a spirit wholly different from that associated with the Asiatic name animated its people, and had become convinced that, if the trou-

ble came to the issue of war, his own nation would surely find itself confronted by a foe in all essentials comparable to any of the great Western Powers.

This conviction he earnestly sought to impress upon his government, but his counsels were unheeded. The stolid Grand Duke Alexieff, to whom, as Viceroy of the Far East, the whole matter was referred, knew Japan merely as an Asiatic nation and therefore to be treated with the overweening contempt attaching, in his mind, to everything Oriental. It was his counsel, based upon ignorance and contempt, which prevailed; and the blunder of despising one's enemy was repeated on a scale seldom before known in history. Russia's armies were mown down and her fleets annihilated because of her non-recognition of the fact that a western power had arisen in the Far East, made formidable by a capacity for progress which completely differentiated it from the Oriental nations with whom it had hitherto been classed.

This differentiation, notably in view of the fact that the object-lesson fur-

nished by Japan has at last impressed itself upon slow-moving China, gives unusual interest to the puzzling question of the ethnological origin of the people who are to-day arousing Asia from its age-long sleep. Moreover, this interest has a vital bearing upon international considerations. Japan has so far merely won her place among the great powers of the world. Not yet by any means has she surmounted the bar of racial prejudice and thus entered the charmed circle of Western society, to which birth and breeding are the only talismans securing admission. On the score of breeding, indeed, there ought to be no question whatever as to the qualifications of the nation whose age-long training in the courtesies of life has given her preëminence in the practice of what we concede to be the finest flower of civilization. There remains, therefore, only the question of birth to consider.

The trend given to this ethnological inquiry in my own mind was suggested by my first visit to a Japanese theatre. Just prior to my departure from Boston, about a score of years ago, I had witnessed at Harvard a Greek play in which the Hellenic methods and features of dramatic representation had been reproduced with the most careful attention to detail. Imagine, then, my surprise at finding in a Tokyo theatre a native drama staged and performed in all essentials like that which I had just seen on the other side of the globe. There was the Greek chorus, in musical recitative interpreting the motive of the play, its weird strains varying in accord with the changing action of the scene, while the stately demeanor of the actors, who were often masked, and above all, the quasi-religious strain pervading the whole, completed the illusion that I was witnessing a performance of the old Hellenic drama; an illusion which even the quaint Ori-

ental setting of the piece could by no means dispel.

Even more remarkable was the Greek atmosphere of restraint pervading the play. The story, although the bloody and gruesome tale of the Forty-seven Ronins, was put upon the stage with the nearest possible rendering of the Greek idea that nothing repulsive, or calculated to shock refined sensibilities, should find direct expression. In the *hara-kiri* scene the victim, with stately dignity, retired to a room appointed for the consummation of the fearful rite. There followed a few moments of impressive silence, and then—a white plum-blossom fell from a tree overhanging the door to tell that all was over. There was probably no one in the audience who did not recognize the immense suggestiveness of the scene, or who was not deeply moved by it, fully according as it did with the sensitive and gentle nature of a people who ever shrink from even the mention of grief and death. Here again was another distinct and unmistakable classic motive suggesting mental kinship with the ancient leader of the Western world.

After passing some hours thus in an atmosphere permeated with Hellenic ideals, it was not strange that when we left the theatre the passers-by in their graceful flowing robes took on the semblance of a throng of Greek philosophers in a street of old Athens; and when, a moment later, there came into view a band of young men clad in white tunics, their heads encircled by blue fillets with the knots tied in front, proclaiming that they were on their way to their annual carouse under the falling cherry-blossoms, the illusion was complete, for to eye and mind alike the Bacchic procession of ancient days was there surging through the streets of the Japanese capital. Was it a mere passing illusion, or did it not rather supply a hint toward a possible

solution of one of the most puzzling problems which ever perplexed the brain of the ethnologist? Who are the Japanese?

II

Unfortunately, or, it may be, most fortunately for the purpose of this particular inquiry, the science of ethnology, which strictly speaking has to do only with the data of skulls, statures, complexions, and the like, can give us very little help. In fact, we may say that, so far as its own special field of research is concerned, it has accomplished little or nothing of value in any of its inquiries; so little, indeed, that it has been forced to stray into the linguistic realm, and to summon to its aid the sister science of comparative philology in order to win its only commanding triumph; the result of that excursion being Max Müller's now generally-accepted classification of races, based solely on the factor of language.

The outcome of such wandering from its own domain having thus been measurably satisfactory, it might not now be amiss for the ethnologist to go still further afield and essay a search along the lines of the deeper and more abiding features of humanity grouped under the name of character. If comparative philology has so greatly helped him, why not enter the more fascinating and possibly more fruitful realm of comparative temperament? For an inquiry based on the mental qualifications of peoples to be classified in the same racial category, would be a clue to determine racial kinship, of far greater weight than the study of common elements of language, deemed by so eminent an ethnologist as De Rosny to be the unsafest of guides. It is only when such broader and deeper lines of relationship are established, that inquiry into resemblances of lan-

guage, physiognomy, mythology, traditions, and folk-lore can safely be used as corroborating the conclusions of the main line of research.

The curious fact that since their advent in the modern world the Japanese have been variously called the Yankees, the English, and the French of the Far East is of itself an unwitting recognition of their possession of distinctive Aryan qualities. Alert and enterprising as the Americans, sturdy, persistent, self-respecting, and ambitious as the typical Englishman, keen-witted and versatile as the Gallic nation, inquiries as to their mental kinship with some of the dominant peoples of our own time might be fruitful of results; but as our quest is one of birth and antiquity, the resemblances to be noted between this unique people and the best representative of the ancient Aryan type will better serve our purpose.

The striking capacity for progress evinced by the Japanese is now so generally recognized that it would hardly need further mention, were it not for the curious fact that in one important regard the new-found nation has far surpassed its ancient prototype. It has kept its capacity alive, while that of Greece has seemingly perished. Japan, in spite of its Asiatic environment, and notwithstanding its long centuries of political repression, has not only held its own in this respect but has actually become in many ways the leader of the modern world and the teacher of the Occident, as its conduct of its late war has strikingly testified.

Nothing, moreover, could be more admirable than the wise discrimination with which its government has met the problems of its new life, selecting for its internal administration, with a marvelous wisdom and judgment, only those features of Western polity which were easily adaptable to the people's traditions and environment. Even

American progressives might sit at the feet of the modern Japanese, so well-balanced and even-tempered have been the steps of their advance since the dawning of their new day. In this regard, if in no others, they are demonstrating their intellectual and temperamental kinship with the ancient Greeks.

A no less remarkable parallelism exists between the leader of the ancient world and the teacher of the modern Occident in the cultivation of the spirit of refinement, a word which we Westerners need to be constantly reminded is the only synonym for civilization. As were the Greeks in their time, so are the Japanese of to-day, the acknowledged exemplars of the refinements which should mark intercourse between man and man. And here also may be found an evidence, even more marked than that just adduced, not only of the survival of an ancestral trait beyond anything observed in Greece, but also of its survival in greatly increased force.

The chief thing which makes Japan so fascinating a land to dwell in is the consciousness that you are there living in an atmosphere of universal kindness and courtesy. In the modern life of the West and, so far as we know, in that of Ancient Greece, this refinement of manners may be described as belonging to only a few classes or conditions in society, but in the new-old nation the habitual demeanor of even the humblest of its people toward each other gives evidence of an ingrained civilization of its own, surpassing that of any Occidental people of any age. And thus again a temperamental quality in which the Greeks were preëminent is found developed in even greater force among the people of the Island Realm of the Far East.

Closely akin to it and in fact growing out of the demeanor of the people toward each other, was the hospitality

to thought which Greece evinced, and which is even more conspicuously a trait of the Japanese mind. The annals of neither of the two peoples are stained with the blood of religious persecution. Just as Paul found in Athens an altar 'to the unknown God' regarded with reverence, so the common confession of ignorance in which the Japanese have been nurtured by their centuries of training in rationalism has kept them ever free from that evil spirit which in the West has always actuated those who know, or who think they have been informed, as to who or what the Deity is.

This common confession of ignorance among the Japanese has borne its legitimate fruit. Their hospitality to every religious teacher who has come among them from foreign lands, from the most ancient times down to the present day, is perhaps the proudest distinction which any nation can boast. It is not, as many have argued, a sign of indifference to all religion; rather is it an outcome of their ardent desire to welcome any one who might throw light upon their ignorance and thus help their country onward to a higher stage of morality and well-being. That has ever been and is to-day the reason why propagandists of alien creeds have ever been met with the finest of courtesy. Only in a solitary instance, when suspicion was aroused that the spread of the tenet of the Pope's temporal sovereignty might menace the integrity of the nation, have the fires of persecution been kindled. It is entirely safe to say that the Japanese sword, so quick to leap from its scabbard at the least hint of danger to the state, has never once been drawn against any man because of his religious opinions. The unexampled fury which three centuries ago swept every vestige of the Jesuit faith from the land, and sealed its ports from all contact with

the Western world, was inspired not by religious bigotry, but by the deathless patriotism of the nation's soul.

And herein, it will at once be admitted, lies another and even more striking temperamental resemblance between the two peoples under consideration. The name of Greece ever suggests Marathon, Salamis, and Thermopylæ. It was the one land of the ancient West in the hearts of whose people burned with peculiar intensity the fires of patriotism. But now, while those fires have there become mere smouldering embers, the glories of Marathon and Thermopylæ have been almost wholly eclipsed by the deeds of desperate daring before the ramparts of Port Arthur and on the fields of Manchuria, where countless thousands, inspired solely by love of country, rushed onward to certain destruction. In all the annals of warfare and chivalry, it is now conceded, there is naught else which can even bear comparison with the patriotism there put to the test and there crowned with its gory triumph.

Even the uprising of the North in our Civil War, stirring as it was, bore evidence of no such call of the country as that which sounded in the hearts of the Japanese when their beloved land was menaced by the mighty power of the Muscovite. We, it should be remembered, had our draft-riots in the North, and throughout the Western world the word conscript has ever called up the image of a man torn from home and family to fight the battles of ambition and greed. The name bears no such meaning in Japan. There, during the Russian War, I have many a time beheld a festive procession passing along the streets with drums beating and colors flying, escorting to the station a conscript, his family and neighbors vying with each other to evince their great rejoicing that one of

their own had been honored with the vast privilege of dying in the service of his emperor.

Yet another and even more conspicuous evidence of an ancestral heritage shared in common by Japan and Greece is manifest in the unparalleled development of the art instinct in the two peoples. That development in ancient Greece made her the leader of the world in the past in so superlative a degree as to confer upon her a unique glory. But the opening of Japan has revealed to the lovers of art another world of cultured beauty bearing the impress of the same spirit of refinement, the same delicacy of line, the same fidelity to nature, and the same feeling of restraint which characterize the masterpieces of Hellenic art. Quite true is it, indeed, that those masterpieces have not yet been surpassed, or even equaled; but in one respect, and that the most important which can be named, the Japanese have surpassed the Greeks in the development of the art instinct, in that with them it has become the possession of a whole people. As an art critic of our own day has said: 'It is one thing to produce a Phidias or Michelangelo, whose works, isolated by transcendent genius, are above the comprehension of the multitude; and quite another to invent innumerable lovely objects which all can appreciate and enjoy, but which could not have existed unless there were numberless competent artists and a national capacity of invoking their happiest efforts.'¹

Possibly the Greeks may have been endowed with such a universal instinct for art-production and art-appreciation, but certain it is that there is no other nation to-day living in which artistic taste and aptitude are more generally diffused than in Japan. Not only are the commonest kitchen

¹ JARVES. *A Glimpse at the Art of Japan*.

utensils moulded into forms of exquisite beauty by Japanese artisans, but it is also very unusual to find even a coolie who is not in some way a capable artist. To this so competent an authority as Professor Chamberlain¹ bears testimony in saying that it is to the common people that, 'the foreigner in Japan must go for those lessons in proportion, fitness, and sobriety which Greece once knew so well. Do you want flowers arranged? Ask your house coolie to arrange them. Is something wrong in the laying-out of your garden? Call in the cook, or the wash-woman, as counselor. It makes little difference whom you consult, so universal is the development of the art instinct among the common people throughout the entire empire.'

III

Of course, from these manifest evidences of temperamental qualities shared in common by the Greeks and the Japanese, it is by no means to be argued that the unique people of the Far East had their origin in the land of Greece. Such a conclusion would be almost as absurd as the popularly-held impression of the meaning of Darwinism. Doubtless nine people out of ten still think of that theory as teaching man's descent from the monkey, whereas its only claim is that man and the simian were derived from a common ancestor. So, likewise, while the evidences above adduced point to a marked degree of kinship, they by no means answer our question as to the common source from which the ancient leaders of the Western world and the people who are to-day engaged in regenerating the Orient derived the ancestral qualities which have so conspicuously fitted them for their respective tasks.

¹ *Things Japanese*, p. 450.

Upon the solution of this ultimate question so much light has of late been cast, and there is now in regard to it such a consensus of scholarly opinion, that it may be considered as virtually settled, so far at least as the primal habitat of everything we have a right to call a civilization is concerned. As the three dominant religions of the world have originated in the Orient, so every leading civilization, that of the West as well as that so recently revealed in the Farthest East, must needs be referred to a purely Asiatic source, whence great tides of migration, eastward as well as westward, have borne its spirit and its great ideals, practically the same, to the uttermost confines of the earth.

Since Max Müller's day the land which he called Arya in Central Asia has been generally recognized as the ancestral home whence flowed the great westward wave which, lifting upon its crest successively the empires of Persia, Greece, Rome, and Britain, at last, with the Cavaliers and the Pilgrims, crossed the stormy Atlantic and raised up the new Empire of the West.

To-day a scholarly service, similar to that of Max Müller, has been rendered by an Eastern savant who has indicated the course of another great migration in the opposite direction, which, passing through the semi-barbaric hordes of northern and southern Asia, found its final retreat in Japan, where, in safe isolation, undisturbed by the dynastic struggles and barbarian incursions which swept away the old-time civilization of the Orient, the Island Nation became the real repository of ancient Asiatic thought and culture.

In his masterly work on *The Ideals of the East*, Professor Okakura, the foremost living authority on Eastern art and archæology, while not claiming Müller's Arya as the ancestral home of his people, and not presuming to locate

that home, virtually assigns it to the same region, or somewhere thereabout, suggesting the vicinity of northern India as the probable source of his country's civilization. Wholly content with his conviction, so entirely in accord with his national pride and loyalty, — the Japanese having no desire to be assigned to a European race-category, — he rests in his conclusion that his people's origin is purely Asiatic, and that its ancestry had a standing on a par with that from which all European civilization has been derived.

Of the scope of his work and of its bearings upon the resemblances we have noted, one may gather an idea from a comment made upon it by an Indian savant who ascribes to the author the discovery that the reason for such art affinities as have been observed is to be found in the 'existence of a common early Asiatic art which has left its uttermost ripple-marks alike on the shores of Hellas, the extreme west of Ireland, Etruria, Phœnicia, Egypt, India, and China. In such a theory a fitting truce is called to all degrading disputes about priority, and Greece falls into her proper place as but a province of that ancient Asia to which scholars have long been looking as the Asgard background of the great Norse sagas.'¹

As to the purely ethnological evidence in support of this theory, there are many curiously interesting facts derived from students in this special field.

There is first of all a consensus of Oriental traditions in regard to an ancient eastward migration from western Asia. There is also the testimony of a large body of folk-lore common to Europe and Japan. In Volume III of the Transactions of the Asiatic

Society of Japan may be found a collection of Japanese legends, manifest replicas of those anciently current in Europe, the most striking being the identity between one of Mitford's *Tales of Old Japan* and the Irish legend of 'Knock-grafton.'

Comparative mythology also reveals numberless examples of similar bearing. Dr. Edkins, in the Transactions just mentioned, points out the marked Persian elements in the early Japanese scheme of the universe; while any reader of the *Kojiki*¹ will find in it not only plain versions of the stories of Adam and Eve and Cain and Abel, but also replicas of the Greek myths of Orpheus, Mars, and Venus, the national goddess bearing the closest resemblance to the latter being represented in art as rising from the sea.

The testimony of language is not so strong, because merely negative. Professor Chamberlain points out the sharp line of demarcation between the Japanese and the languages of the neighboring continent, the inference from which would be that the islands were acquired by a migration distinct from that which peopled northern and southern Asia.

The only remaining ethnological field to be considered is that of physiognomy, which it is needful to consider because, while actually the least important, it is held in popular estimation to justify the stolid race-prejudices to which the Western world is still obstinately clinging. The eyelids of the Japanese show the Mongol obliquity. Therefore the nation is of Mongol birth. That may have been the verdict of the ethnologist before he had command of all the data of his science; just as now it is that of those

¹ Introduction to *The Ideals of the East*. By NIVEDITA of Ramkrishna Vivekananda. Calcutta.

¹ *Records of Ancient Matters*. Complete literal translation by PROFESSOR CHAMBERLAIN, in Supplement to Vol. x, Transactions of Asiatic Society of Japan. London: Trübner & Co.

who have never studied it at all. To correct this impression, it is only necessary to consider that the Japanese are a long way from their original home, so long that they may have been centuries on their journey, during which time there could have been ample opportunity for admixture of alien blood. Tradition also assigns to their journey a route trending northward, and it is now known that obliquity of the eyelids merely suggests a long lingering in high latitudes, where nature protects the eyes of animals in the same way.

As to complexion also, on the ground of which ethnologists used to jump at their conclusions, any one who has had opportunity to come into contact with the dominant race in the islands, the descendants of those who drove the aborigines into Yezo, must hold it to be a misnomer to call the race yellow, its complexion being actually as white as that of any of the peoples of southern Europe.

Ordinarily, ethnological inquiries do not enlist popular attention; but, as already intimated, there are in connection with the particular question of the origin of this extraordinary people two

considerations of commanding interest. One is its bearing upon international relations. The framers of our naturalization laws, sharing in the ethnological ignorance of their day, denied the privilege of American citizenship to all except men of Caucasian or Negro blood. The former designation being now absolutely without meaning, opportunity for changing it is manifestly offered; and in making the change it might be well for our legislators, in simple courtesy, to recognize the claims of a people who, if not indeed of our own kin, are far more closely allied to us, by right of their high civilization, than many of the races to whom we are to-day freely granting the privilege of citizenship.

Of an importance even greater than this point of international comity is the question whether Occidental society, so-called, is determined, at the bidding of ignorant race-prejudice, to perpetuate the evidence of its own lack of breeding by excluding from its borders a people who, if not wholly of our blood, can trace back their ancestry to as lofty a plane of ancient civilization as that upon which we are so complacently priding ourselves.

A TRIP TO OHIO IN 1810

BY MARGARET VAN HORN DWIGHT

[The author of this journal was Margaret Van Horn Dwight, born December 29, 1790. She was the daughter of Doctor Maurice William Dwight, a younger brother of President Timothy Dwight. Margaret Dwight was brought up in the family of her grandmother, Mary Edwards Dwight, in Northampton. In 1807 she went to live in the family of her uncle, William Walter Woolsey, in New Haven. Three years later, in 1810, she left New Haven to visit her cousins in Warren, Ohio. The journal was kept in fulfillment of a promise to her cousin Elizabeth Woolsey, to whom it was sent immediately after her arrival in Warren.]

MILFORD, *Friday Eve.* At Capt. Pond's.

SHALL I commence my journal, my dear Elizabeth, with a description of the pain I felt at taking leave of all my friends, or shall I leave you to imagine? The afternoon has been spent by me in the most painful reflections, and in almost total silence by my companions. I have thought of a thousand things unsaid, a thousand kindnesses unpaid with thanks that I ought to have remembered more seasonably, and the neglect of which causes me many uneasy feelings. My neglecting to take leave of Sally, has had the same effect — I hope she did not feel hurt by it, for it proceeded from no want of gratitude for her kindness to me. I did not imagine parting with any friend could be so distressing as I found leaving your Mama. I did not know, till then, how much I loved her, and could I at that moment have retraced my steps! but it was too late to repent. Deacon Wolcott and his wife are very kind, obliging people, and Miss Wolcott is a very pleasant companion; I do not know what I should do without her. We came on to Butler's this afternoon, and I came immediately down to Uncle Pond's and drank tea. Miss W. came

with me and both Uncle and Aunt invited her to stay and sleep with me, which she accordingly did. Cousin Patty has been with me, to say good-bye to all my friends, and to-morrow we proceed to Stamford.

Sat. night. D. Nash's Inn, MIDDLESEX.

We had a cold, unsociable ride to-day, each one of us being occupied in thinking of the friends we had left behind and of the distance, which was every moment increasing, between them and us. We stopt to *eat oats* at a Tavern in Fairfield, West Farms; an old Lady came into the room where Miss W. (whose name, by the way, is Susan, not Hannah, Sally, or Abby) and we were sitting. 'Well! gals where are you going?' 'To New Connecticut.' 'You bant tho' — To New Connecticut? Why, what a long journey! do you ever expect to get there? How far is it?' 'Near 600 miles.' 'Well, gals, — you gals and your husbands with you?' 'No, ma'am.' 'Not got your husbands! Well, I don't know — they say there's wild Indians there!'

The poor woman was then call'd out to her daughter (the mistress of the house), who she told us has been ill five months with a swelling, and she

had come that afternoon to see it *launch'd* by the physicians who were then in the house. She went out, but soon return'd and told us they were 'cutting her poor child all to pieces.' She did not know but she should as lieve see a wild Indian as to see that scene over again. I felt very sorry for the poor old Lady — I could not help smiling at the comparison. The country we pass thro' till we are beyond N. York, I need not describe to you, nor indeed could I; for I am attended by a very unpleasant tho' not uncommon, companion, — one to whom I have bow'd in subjection ever since I left you, — Pride. It has entirely prevented my seeing the country, lest I should be known. You will cry 'For shame,' and so did I, but it did no good: I could neither shame nor reason it away, and so I suppose it will attend me to the mountains; then I am sure it will bid me adieu; for you know the proverb, 'Pride dwelleth not among the mountains.' I don't certainly know where this proverb is to be found, but Julia can tell you — for, if I mistake not, it is on the next page to 'There is nothing sweet,' etc. I do not find it so unpleasant riding in a waggon as I expected, nor am I very much fatigued with it; but four weeks to ride all the time, is fatiguing to think of.

October 22, Monday

Cook's inn, COUNTY WESTCHESTER.

I never will go to New Connecticut with a *Deacon* again, for we put up at every bye-place in the country, to *save expence*. It is very grating to my pride to go into a tavern and furnish and cook my own provision — to ride in a waggon, etc., etc., — but that I can possibly get along with; but to be oblig'd to pass the night in such a place as we are now in, just because it is a little cheaper, is more than I am willing to do; I should even rather

drink clear rum out of the wooden bottle after the deacon has drank and wip'd it over with his hand, than to stay here another night. The house is very small and very dirty — it serves for a tavern, a store, and I should imagine, hog's pen, stable, and everything else. The air is so impure I have scarcely been able to swallow since I enter'd the house. The landlady is a fat, dirty, ugly-looking creature, yet I must confess very obliging. She has a very suspicious countenance and I am very afraid of her. She seems to be master, as well as mistress and storekeeper, and from the great noise she has been making directly under me for this half hour, I suspect she has been stoning the raisins and watering the rum.'

All the evening there has been a storefull of noisy drunken fellows, yet Mr. Wolcott could not be persuaded to bring in but a small part of the baggage, and has left it in the waggon before the door, as handy as possible. Miss W's trunk is in the bar-room unlock'd, the key being broken to-day. It contains a bag of money of her father's, yet she could not persuade him to bring it upstairs. I feel so uneasy I cannot sleep and had therefore rather write than not this hour. Some one has just gone below stairs after being as I suppos'd in bed this some time; for what purpose I know not, unless to go to our trunks or waggon. The old woman (for it was her who went down) tells me I must put out my candle, so good-night.

Tuesday morn.

I went to bed last night with fear and trembling, and feel truly glad to wake up and find myself alive and well; if our property is all safe, we shall have double cause to be thankful. The old woman kept walking about after I was in bed, and I then heard her in close confab with her husband a long time. Our room is just large

enough to contain a bed, a chair, and a very small stand; our bed has one brown sheet and one pillow. The sheet however appear'd to be clean, which was more than we got at Nash's: there we were all oblig'd to sleep in the same room without curtains or any other screen, and our sheets there were so dirty I felt afraid to sleep in them. We were not much in favor at our first arrival there; but before we left them, they appear'd quite to like us, and I don't know why they should not, for we were all very clever, notwithstanding we rode in a waggon. Mrs Nash said she should reckon on't to see us again (Miss W. and me), so I told her that in 3 years she might expect to see me. She said I should never come back alone, that I would certainly be married in a little while; but I am now more than ever determin'd not to oblige myself to spend my days there by marrying, should I even have an opportunity.

I am oblig'd to write every way, so you must not wonder at the badness of the writing — I am now in bed and writing in my lap. Susan has gone to see if our baggage is in order. I hear the old woman's voice talking to the good deacon, and an 'I beg your pardon' comes out at every breath almost. Oh! I cannot bear to see her again, she is such a disgusting object. The men have been swearing and laughing in the store under me this hour, and the air of my room is so intolerable, that I must quit my writing to go in search of some that is *breathable*.

Having a few moments more to spare before we set out, with my book still in my lap, I hasten to tell you we found everything perfectly safe, and I believe I wrong'd them all by suspicions. The house by daylight looks worse than ever — every kind of thing in the room where they live; a chicken half pick'd hangs over the door, and pots, kettles, dirty dishes, potatoe bar-

rels, and every thing else; — and the old woman, — it is beyond my power to describe her, — but she and her husband are both very kind and obliging; it is as much as a body's life is worth to go near them. The air has already had a medicinal effect upon me — I feel as if I had taken an emetic, and should I stay till night I certainly should be oblig'd to take to my bed, and that would be certain death. I did not think I could eat in the house, but I did not dare refuse; the good deacon nor his wife did not mind it, so I thought I must not. The old creature sits by eating, and we are just going, to my great joy; so good-bye, good-bye till to-night.

Tuesday Noon

Ferry House, near State Prison.

It has been very cold and dusty riding to-day. We have met with no adventure yet, of any kind. We are now waiting at the ferry house to cross the river as soon as wind and tide serve. The white waves foam terribly; how we shall get across I know not, but I am in great fear. If we drown, there will be an end of my journal.

SPRINGFIELD, NEW JERSEY

Pierson's Inn; *Wed'y* P.M. 4 o'clock.

'What is every body's business is no body's'; for instance, it is nobody's business where we are going, yet every body enquires — every toll-gatherer and child that sees us. I am almost discouraged — we shall never get to New Connecticut or anywhere else, at the rate we go on. We went but eleven miles yesterday and 15 to-day. Our waggon wants repairing, and we were oblig'd to put up for the night at about 3 o'clock. I think the country so far much pleasanter than any part of Connecticut we pass'd thro', but the Turnpike roads are not half as good. The Deacon and his family complain most bitterly of the gates

and toll bridges, tho' the former is very goodnatur'd with his complaints. Also the tavern expenses are a great trouble. As I said before I will never go with a Deacon again, for we go so slow and so cheap, that I am almost tir'd to death. The horses walk, walk, hour after hour, while Mr W. sits *reckoning his expenses* and forgetting to drive till some of us ask when we shall get there. Then he remembers the longer we are on the road the more *expensive* it will be, and whips up his horses; and when Erastus, the son, drives, we go still slower for fear of hurting the horses. Since I left I have conceived such an aversion for Doctors, and the words expense, expensive, cheap, and expect, that I do not desire ever to see the one (at least to need them), or hear the others again, in my life.

I have the greater part of the time, till now, felt in better spirits than I expected — my journal has been of use to me in that respect. I did not know but I should meet with the same fate that a cousin of Mr Hall's did, who like me, was journeying to a new, if not a western country: she was married on her way and prevented from proceeding to her journey's end. — There was a man to day in Camptown, where we stopt to eat, not oats but gingerbread, who enquired, or rather *expected* we were going to the 'Hio. We told him yes, and he at once concluded it was to get husbands. He said winter was coming on and he wanted a wife and believ'd he must go there to get him one. I concluded of course the next thing would be a proposal to Miss W. or me, to stay behind to save trouble for us both; but nothing would suit him but a rich widow, so our hopes were soon at an end. Disappointment is the lot of man, and we may as well bear them with a good grace — this thought restrain'd my tears at that time, but has not been able to, since.

What shall I do? My companions say they shall insist upon seeing my journal, and I certainly will not show it to them, so I told them I would bring it with me the first time I came to Henshaw (the place where they live) and read it to them; but I shall do my utmost to send it to you before I go — that would be a sufficient excuse for not performing my promise, which must be conditional.

MANSFIELD, N. J. *Sat. morn., October 27.*

We yesterday travell'd the worst road you can imagine — over mountains and thro' vallies. We have not, I believe, had 20 rods of level ground the whole day, and the road some part of it so intolerably bad on every account, so rocky and so gullied, as to be almost impassable. 15 miles this side Morristown we cross'd a mountain call'd Schyler, or something like it. We walk'd up it, and Mrs W. told us it was a little like some of the mountains, only not half so bad; indeed, every difficulty we meet with is compar'd to something worse that we have yet to expect.

We found a house built in the heart of the mountain near some springs, in a romantic place. Whether the springs are medicinal or not, I do not know, but I suspect they are, and that the house is built for the accommodation of those who go to them; for no human creature, I am sure, would wish to live there. Opposite the house are stairs on the side of the mountain and a small house resembling a bathing house, at the head of them.

At last the road seem'd to end in a hog's pen, but we found it possible to get round it, and once more found ourselves right again. We met very few people, yet the road seem'd to have been a great deal travelled. One young man came along and caus'd us some diversion, for he eyed us very closely

and then enter'd into conversation with Mr W., who was walking a little ahead. He told him he should himself set out next week for Pittsburg, and we expect to see him again before we get there. Erastus enquir'd the road of him, and he said we must go the same way he did; so we follow'd on till we put up for the night; he walking his horse all the way and looking back at the waggon. As soon as we came to the inn, he sat on his horse at the door till he saw us all quietly seated in the house and then rode off. Which of us made a conquest I know not, but I am sure one of us did.

We have pass'd thro' but 2 towns in N. J., but several small villages — Dutch valley, between some high hills and the mountain; Batestown, where we stopt to *bait*; and some others, all too small to deserve a name. At last we stopt at Mansfield, at an inn kept by Philip fits (a little *f*). We found it kept by 2 young women, whom I thought *amazons*, for they swore and flew about 'like *witches*.' They talk'd and laugh'd about their sparks, etc., etc., till it made us laugh so as almost to affront them.

PENNSYLVANIA, *Saturday eve.* 2 miles from
BETHLEHEM — HANOVER, *Oct. 27.*

Before I write you anything I will tell you where and how we are: — we are at a Dutch tavern, almost crazy. In one corner of the room are a set of Dutchmen talking, singing, and laughing in Dutch, so loud that my brain is almost turn'd; they one moment catch up a fiddle, and I expect soon to be pull'd up to dance. I am so afraid of them I dare hardly stay in the house one night; much less over the Sabbath. I cannot write, so good-night.

Sunday eve; sundown.

I can wait no longer to write you, for I have a great deal to say. I should not

have thought it possible to pass a Sabbath in our country among such a dissolute vicious set of wretches as we are now among. I believe at least 50 Dutchmen have been here to-day to smoke, drink, swear, pitch cents, almost dance, laugh and talk Dutch, and stare at us. They come in in droves, young and old, black and white, women and children. They are all high Dutch, but I hope not a true specimen of the Pennsylvanians generally.

Just as we set down to tea, in came a dozen or two of women, each with a child in her arms, and stood round the room. I did not know but they had come in a body to claim me as one of their kin, for they all resemble me; but as they said nothing to me, I concluded they came to see us *Yankees*, as they would a learned pig. The women dress in striped linsey-woolsey petticoats and short gowns not 6 inches in length; they look very strangely. The men dress much better — they put on their best clothes on Sunday, which I suppose is their only holiday, and 'keep it up' as they call it.

A stage came on from Bethlehem and stopt here, with 2 girls and a well-dress'd *fellow* who sat between them, an arm round each. They were probably going to the next town to a dance or a frolic of some kind, for the driver, who was very familiar with them, said he felt just right for a frolic. I suspect more liquor has been sold to-day than all the week besides. The children have been calling us *Yankees* (which is the only English word they can speak), all day long. Whether it was meant as a term of derision or not, I neither know nor care. Of this I am sure, they cannot feel more contempt for me than I do for them; tho' I most sincerely pity their ignorance and folly. There seems to be no hope of their improvement as they will not attend to any means.

After saying so much about the peo-

ple, I will describe our yesterday's ride — but first I will describe our last night's lodging. Susan and me ask'd to go to bed, and Mrs W. spoke to Mr Riker the landlord (for no woman was visible). So he took up a candle to light us, and we ask'd Mrs W. to go up with us, for we did not dare go alone. When we got into a room, he went to the bed and open'd it for us, while we were almost dying with laughter, and then stood waiting with the candle for us to get into bed. But Mrs W., as soon as she could speak, told him she would wait and bring down the candle, and he then left us. I never laugh'd so heartily in my life. Our bed to sleep on was straw, and then a feather-bed for covering. The pillows contain'd nearly a single handful of feathers, and were cover'd with the most curious and dirty patchwork I ever saw. We had one bedquilt and one sheet.

I did not undress at all, for I expected Dutchmen in every moment, and you may suppose slept very comfortably in that expectation. Mr and Mrs W. and another woman slept in the same room. When the latter came to bed, the man came in and open'd her bed also. After we were all in bed, in the middle of the night, I was awaken'd by the entrance of three Dutchmen, who were in search of a bed. I was almost frighten'd to death, but Mr W. at length heard and stopt them before they had quite reach'd our bed. Before we were dress'd the men were at the door, — which could not fasten, — looking at us. I think *wild Indians* will be less terrible to me, than these creatures. Nothing vexes me more than to see them set and look at us and talk in Dutch and laugh.

Now for our ride. — After we left Mansfield, we cross'd the longest hills, and the worst road, I ever saw: two or three times after riding a little distance on a turnpike, we found it fenced across

and were oblig'd to turn into a wood where it was almost impossible to proceed — large trees were across, not the road for there was none, but the only place we could possibly ride. It appear'd to me, we had come to an end of the habitable part of the globe; but all these difficulties were at last surmounted, and we reach'd the Delaware. The river, where it is cross'd, is much smaller than I suppos'd. The bridge over it is elegant, I think. It is covered and has 16 windows each side. As soon as we pass'd the bridge, we enter'd Easton, the first town in Pennsylvania.

Wednesday, Oct'ber 31.

HIGHLEBURG, PENN.

We pass'd through Reading yesterday, which is one of the largest and prettiest towns I have seen. We stopt about 2 hours in the town, and I improved my time in walking about to see it. I went into the stores enquiring for a scissor-case. Almost every one could talk English, but I believe the greatest part of them were Dutch people. As soon as we left Reading, we cross'd the Schuylkill. It was not deeper than the Lehi, and we rode thro' it in our waggon. A bridge was begun over it, but the man broke and was unable to finish it.

I was extremely tir'd when we stopt, and went immediately to bed after tea, and for the first time for a long while, undress'd me and had a comfortable nights rest. We are oblig'd to sleep every and any way at most of the inns now. My companions were all disturbed by the waggoners who put up here, and were all night in the room below us, eating, drinking, talking, laughing, and swearing. Poor Mr W. was so disturb'd that he is not well this morning, and what is more unpleasant to us, is not good natur'd, and Mrs W. has been urging him this half hour to eat some breakfast. He would

only answer, 'I shan't eat any,' but at length swallow'd some in sullen silence, but is in a different way preparing to ride. If I were going to be married I would give my *intended* a gentle emetic, or some such thing, to see how he would bear being sick a little, for I could not coax a husband as I would a child, only because he was a little sick and a great deal cross. I trust I shall never have the trial — I am sure I should never bear it with temper and patience. Mr W. is, I believe, a very pious good man, but not naturally pleasant-temper'd; religion, however, has corrected it in a great degree, but not wholly overcome it. Mrs W. is an amiable sweet-temper'd woman as I ever saw; the more I know her, the better I love her. Susan is a charming girl, but Erastus is rather an obstinate boy; he feels superior to his father and every one else, in wisdom. Mrs Jackson is a clever woman, I believe, but I have a prejudice against her which I cannot overcome. She is very inquisitive and very communicative. She resembles Moll Lyman, or rather crazy Moll of Northampton, in her looks. She has considerable property and feels it very sensibly. Her youngest son is almost eighteen and has his wife with him, who is not quite as old. They have been married 2 months, and are a most loving couple. I cannot help thinking whenever I see them together, of 'Love I Sophia?' etc. Her name is Eliza and his, John. The other son is a very obliging but not a very polish'd young man. I like them all better than at first.

Friday morn.

I have been very much diverted at hearing some part of our landlady's history, which she told last night, after drinking a little too much, I suppose. She says she has property if she is not married; — she had her fortune told a short time since, and was told to think

of a certain gentleman living about 300 miles off, which she did, and thought so hard that a drop of blood fell from her nose. She was telling Mrs Jackson of this and ask'd how far she was going; being told about 300 miles — well, she said, she really believ'd her oldest son was the young man she was to have, for he looks just like the one she thought of. The young man will be flatter'd no doubt.

Sunday eve;

EAST PENNSBORO'S TOWNSHIP, P—.

We left Mr Rees' yesterday ten o'clock, and after waiting some time at the ferry house, cross'd the Susquehanna with considerable difficulty. The river is a mile wide and so shallow that the boat would scrape across the large stones so as almost to prevent it from proceeding. We only came 8 miles; the riding was awful, and the weather so cold that I thought I should perish riding 4 miles. This will do well for us — 8 miles in 3 days.

We put up for the Sabbath at a tavern where none but the servants deign to look at us. When I am with such people, my proud spirit rises and I feel superior to them all. I believe no regard is paid to the Sabbath any where in this State: it is only made a holiday of. So much swearing as I have heard amongst the Pennsylvanians both men and women I have never before heard during my whole life. I feel afraid I shall become so accusom'd to hearing it, as to feel no uneasiness at it. Harrisburgh is a most dissipated place, I am sure, and the small towns seem to partake of the vice and dissipation of the great ones. I believe Mrs Jackson has cast her eyes on Susan or me for a daughter-in-law; for my part, though I feel very well-disposed towards the young man, I had not thought of *making a bargain* with him; but I have jolted off most of my high notions, and perhaps I may be willing

to descend from a judge to a blacksmith. I shall not absolutely determine with respect to him till I get to Warren and have time to look about me and compare him with the judges Dobson and Stephenson. It is clever to have two or three strings to one's bow. But, in spite of my prejudices, they are *very clever*. Among my list of *cast offs* I would rank Dutchmen, a Pennsylvania waggoner, ditto gentlemen.

Tuesday night, Nov. 6.

We have only counted 17 miles to-day, although the riding has been much better than for several days past. We stopt in Shippenburgh at noon. The town contains only one street a mile and a half in length and very thickly built. The street is some part of it pleasant, and some part dirty. I saw in it a handsome young gentleman who was both a Dutchman and Pennsylvanian, yet in an hour and a half I did not hear him make use of a single oath or prophane word. It was a remarkable instance, the only one I have known, and I could not but remark it. We are 4 miles from Strasburgh and the mountains, and one of our horses is ill, owing to Erastus giving him too many oats. Erastus is master rather than his father, and will do as he pleases for all any one. He is a stubborn fellow, and so impudent to his mother and sister, that I have no patience with him. We are not as bless'd as the Israelites were, for our shoes wax old and our cloathes wear out. I don't know that mine will last till I get there.

Saturday morn [Nov. 9.]

I am now in despair: it continues raining faster than ever. The house full of drunken prophane wretches, the old woman cross as a witch. We have nothing to eat and can get nothing but some slapjacks at a baker's some distance off, and so stormy we cannot get

there. Mrs Jackson frets all the time. I wish they would go on and leave us, we should do as well again. Mr Beach and his wife and child and the woman who is with them, are here, and the house is full. It rains most dreadfully and they say it is the clearing-off shower. Oh, if it only proves so! 'Oh had I the wings of a dove, how soon would I meet you again!' We have never found the wretches indelicate till last evening, but while we were at tea, they began talking and singing in a most dreadful manner. We are 4 miles from Sidling hill, the next mountain; and a mile and a half from this there is a creek which we must cross, that is so rais'd by the rain, as to render it impossible to pass it.

Saturday night.

Our 'clearing-up shower' has lasted all day with unabated violence. Just at sunset we had a pretty hard thunder shower, and at dusk there was clear sky visible and the evening star shone bright as possible, but now it is raining fast again. After giving an emetic, I would take a long journey with my *intended*, to try his patience; mine is try'd sorely now. I wish you could just take a peep at me — my frock is wet and dirty a quarter of a yard high, only walking about the house. I have been in my chamber almost the whole day, but was oblig'd to go down just at night to eat, and look at the sky. I was very much frighten'd by a drunken waggoner, who came up to me as I stood by the door waiting for a candle; he put his arm round my neck, and said something which I was too frighten'd to hear. It is the first time the least insult has been offer'd to any of us. One waggoner very civilly offer'd to take Susan or me on to Pitts'g in his wagon, if we were not like to get there till spring. It is not yet determin'd which shall go with him. One waggon in crossing the creek this afternoon,

got turn'd over and very much injur'd. We have concluded the reason so few are willing to return from the Western country, is not that the country is so good, but because the journey is so bad. Mr W. has gone to and from here there, 5 times, but thinks this will be the last time. Poor Susan groans and sighs, and now [and] then sheds a few tears. I think I exceed her in patience and fortitude.

Mrs Wolcott is a woman of the most perfect equanimity I ever saw. She is a woman of great feeling and tenderness, but has the most perfect command over her feelings. She is not *own* mother to these children, but she is a very good one. I have learn'd Elizabeth to eat raw pork and drink whisky; don't you think I shall do for a new country? I shall not know how to do either when I end my journey, however. We have almost got out of the land of Dutchmen, but the waggoners are worse. The people here talk curiously; they all reckon instead of expect.

Tuesday eve, Nov. 13.

4 miles east of BEDFORD, PENN.

We rode some distance on its [the Juniata's] banks, and had the road been tolerable, it would have been pleasant. I have said so much about the badness of the roads that you will hardly believe me when I tell you we saw some of the worst to-day we have ever found, and some as good as any in this state. I should not have suppos'd it possible for any thing to pass it. Mrs W. said it seem'd like going into the lower regions, but I had always an idea that road was smooth and easy. I am sure if it was as bad as that, it would have fewer travellers. We went down, however, till we came to a lower region. It was really awful. We saw some men to-day mending the roads; I did not think a Pennsylvanian ever touch'd a road or made a bridge, for we are

oblig'd to ride thro' every stream we come to. We have been nearly 20 miles to-day, and have been oblig'd to walk up hill, till we are all very tir'd. I felt too much so to write, but I am unwilling to omit it. I only wish now we could get rid of what company we have left; but that we cannot do.

Friday night, ALLEGANY M'T'N.

After a comfortable night's rest, we set out on foot to reach the height of the mountain. It rain'd fast for a long time, and at length began snowing. We found the roads bad past description, — worse than you can possibly imagine: large stones and deep mud-holes every step of the way. We were oblig'd to walk as much as we possibly could, as the horses could scarcely stir the waggon the mud was so deep and the stones so large. It has grown so cold that I fear we shall all perish to-morrow. We suffer'd with cold excessively to-day. From what I have seen and heard, I think the State of Ohio will be well fill'd before winter. Waggoners without number every day go on. One went on containing *forty* people. We almost every day see them with 18 or 20; one stopt here to night with 21. We are at a baker's, near a tavern which is fill'd with movers and waggoners. It is a comfortable place, but rather small. One old man has been in examining my writing, and giving his opinion of it in Dutch, to a young fellow who was with him. He said he could not read a word of any thing. He found fault with the ink, but commended the straitness and facility with which I wrote, — in English. I was glad he had not on his specs. We came but 10 miles to-day, and are yet on the Alleghany. It is up hill almost all the way down the mountains. I do not know when we are down them for my part. *I'm thinking*, as they say here, we shall be oblig'd to winter on

it, for I *reckon* we shall be unable to proceed on our journey, on account of roads, weather, etc.

Saturday eve,

2 Miles from LAUREL HILL, PENN.

We came but 9 or 10 miles to-day, and are now near the 6th Mountain, in a tavern fill'd with half-drunken noisy waggoners. One of them lies singing directly before the fire; proposing just now to call for a song from the *young ladies*. I can neither think nor write he makes so much noise with his *love songs*; I am every moment expecting something dreadful and dare not lay down my pen lest they should think me listening to them. They are the very worst wretches that ever liv'd, I do believe — I am out of all patience with them. The whole world, nor any thing in it, would tempt me to stay in this state three months — I dislike everything belonging to it. I am not so foolish as to suppose there are no better people in it than those we have seen; but let them be ever so good, I never desire to see any of them. We overtook an old waggoner whose wagon had got set in the mud, and I never heard a creature swear so; and whipt his horses till I thought they would die. I could not but wonder at the patience and forbearance of the Almighty, whose awful name was so blasphem'd.

We also overtook a young *Doctor*, who is going with his father to Mad River in the state of Ohio. He has been studying physic in New Jersey, but appears to be an uneducated man from the language he makes use of. I believe both himself and his father are very clever. I heard them reproving a swearer. He dresses smart, and was so polite as to assist us in getting over the mud. Susan and I walk'd on before the wagon as usual, and he overtook us and invited us into the house and call'd for some brandy sling; we did not

drink, which he appear'd not to like very well, and has scarcely spoken to us since. He thinks himself a gentleman of the *first chop*, and takes the liberty of coining words for himself. Speaking of the people in this state, he said they were very ignorant and *superstitious*: perhaps you have heard the word before — I never did.

Monday night.

A mile west of the mountains.

Rejoice with me, my dear Elizabeth, that we are at length over all the mountains, so call'd. I do not suppose we shall be much better off than we were before, as it respects roads, — for I had just as lieve go over a mountain, as to go over the same distance of any part of the road we have had this fortnight or three weeks. But it sounds well to say we are over the mountains.

Nov. 23; Friday morn.

TURTLE CREEK, PENN.

One misfortune follows another, and I fear we shall never reach our journey's end. Yesterday we came about 3 miles. After coming down an awful hill, we were oblig'd to cross a creek; but before we quite came to it, the horses got mired, and we expected every moment one of them would die; but Erastus held his head out of water, while Mr W. was attempting to unharass them, and Mrs W. and Susan were on the bank, calling for help. I sat by, to see the horse breathe his last; but was happily disappointed in my expectation. No assistance could be got, till Mr W. waded through the water, and then 2 men with 3 horses came over. We came to this inn, and Mr W. thought it best to stay till this morning. All our company have gone on. Mr Smith invited me to ride with his wife, to Pittsburgh, and I, on some accounts, wish I had accepted his invitation — indeed I could scarcely get beside it.

We found a gentleman (Doctor, I presume by his looks) here, who was very sociable and staid an hour with us. He appear'd to be a man of good information and considerable politeness. We found the landlord very good-natur'd and obliging, and his wife directly the contrary. We find the men, generally, much more so than their wives. We are 12 miles from Pittsburgh, and here like to be. The landlord offers to keep Susan and me till spring, and let the old folks go on.

We got into the Slough of Despond yesterday, and are now at the foot of the Hill Difficulty — which is half a mile long; one waggon is already fast in the mud on it, and Mr W. is afraid to attempt it himself. I think I will winter here.

Nov. 24; Saturday night,

3½ miles beyond PITTSBURG.

Just as we were getting into the waggon this morning, Mr W. found he had left his great coat 4 miles back, and went back on foot after it, while we proceeded to Pittsburg, which we reach'd about noon. Mr W. came about an hour after. After getting well warm, Susan and I were going out to view the town, when Mr W. came and hurried us away, as he wished to cross the river before night. From the little we did see of the town, I was extremely disappointed at its appearance. It is not one half as large as I suppos'd; but I am unable to give you any account of it, from my own observation. It is situated at the confluence of the 2 rivers, the Alleghany and Monongahela. The town suffer'd very much by the flood: one house floated down the river; its inhabitants were in the upper part of it calling for assistance; none could be render'd and what became of them I did not learn: I believe it is not known.

Wednesday Nov. 28.

7 miles from GREENSBURG, PENN.

I have had no opport'y of writing you for 3 days before now. We set out in the rain on Monday, and came on 13 miles — to a hut with a sign up call'd a tavern; and such a place! I found the people belong'd to a very ancient and noble family. They were first and second cousins to his *Satanic Majesty*. I could not but wonder that he should suffer them to lead so laborious a life, for they are among his most faithful friends and subjects. Probably they are more useful to him in that station, by increasing the number of his subjects. Their dwelling resembles that of their royal cousin, for it is very dark and gloomy and only lighted by a great fire. No one who is once caught in it, ever wishes to be again. The man is only related by marriage to his lordship.

Wednesday eve.

The house had only one room in it. There was a number of travellers and we got but one bed — that was straw or something harder. The pillow case had been on 5 or 6 years, I reckon, so I pin'd over my handkerchief, and put my night-gown over my frock. We rose an hour before daybreak, got breakfast, and set out in the snow for another hut. We came 10½ miles to-day, and are at a very comfortable inn, just in the edge of Greensburg. We expected to get a little further, to Hart's tavern quite in the town; and there I hop'd to see Judge Austin again, and I determin'd at any rate to accept his offer of getting me a horse, and go directly on with him, for I do not intend to walk 9 miles a day till we get there, if I can help it — even if it will not hurt me. I won't take the *good* deacon's word for that. The horses are really tir'd out and out, and every day by the time we get 4 miles they will stop, and it is extremely difficult to

get them on at all; but it is so *expensive* hiring a horse to go on, that as long as the waggon alone can be drawn 3 or 4 miles a day, it will not be done; but I feel provoked, as you will easily see, so I will write no more on this subject. I am so anxious to end my journey, that I have lost all interest about the country I pass through. It snows or rains every day, constantly. I think in good weather the ride from Warren to Pitts'g must be pleasant. If that were at present the case, my journal would be as much more interesting as my journey would be pleasanter.

Thursday eve.

10 miles as usual, has been our day's ride. I have not walk'd my 9 miles, but I walk'd as much as I could. We are in a comfortable house before an excellent fire. It is snowing very fast.

Saturday, P.M. — WARREN!

After so long a time Friday morning we set out early, with the hope of getting to Youngstown at night and to Warren to-night, but 4 miles from Youngstown the horses were so tir'd they would not stir, so we stopt at a private house for the night, an hour before sundown. We had been in the house but a little time, when Susan look'd out and told me she thought there was some one after me, and I soon saw Mr Edwards and 2 horses. 'I was never so happy, I think.' I ran out to meet him. He came in and set a while, and just at dark we started for Youngstown. Mr Edwards insisted upon Susan's going with us, so she rode behind him, and I rode the single horse. We reach'd *Cousin* Joseph Woodbridge's about the middle of the eve. They got us a good supper and gave us a bed. Mrs W. is a very pretty woman (I mean pleasing). They have 3 children, and appear to be very well

off (you understand me), and happy. They live in a very comfortable log-house, pleasantly situated. A cousin in this country is not to be slighted, I assure you. I would give more for one in this country than for 20 in old Connecticut. This morning Mrs Todd came over to see us, and urg'd us to stay and spend the day with her. But spite of her solicitations, we set out for Warren soon after breakfast. My horse was extremely dull and we did not get here till near 2 oclock.

Cousin Louisa was as happy to see me as I could wish, and I think I shall be very happy and contented. The town is pleasanter than I expected, the house better, and the children as fine. Cousin has alter'd very little, in any way. I found a Mrs Waldo here just going to Connecticut, and lest I should not have another opport'y, I intend sending this by them, without even time to read it over and correct it. I am asham'd of it, my dear Elizabeth, and were it not for my promise to you, I don't know that I should dare to send it. I will write your Mama by mail, I have not time for a letter now. My very best love to everybody. I have a great deal more to say, but no more time than just to tell you, I am ever and most affect'ly

Yours,

M V D —.

Let no one see this but your own family.

[A little over a year after her arrival in Warren Miss Dwight was married to William Bell, Jr., a wholesale merchant of Pittsburg. She lived in Pittsburg until her death in 1834, bringing up a large family of children, entertaining many friends; and the family tradition is that she was active and very vivacious.]

THE RURAL PROBLEM AND THE COUNTRY MINISTER

BY JOSEPH WOODBURY STROUT

IN the great forward movement of the times, the country is far behind the city. Modern improvements have obtained slowly among the farmers. Machinery has taken the place of men everywhere, even to a certain extent on the farm; but apart from the necessities of his economic life, the farmer has been slow to introduce new things. The rural home is not yet comfortable. The great majority of farmers still go to the spring, or draw water from a well with the old oaken bucket. Hot and cold water, modern conveniences, sanitary surroundings, heat, light, and the rest, are easily within the reach of every rural householder, yet not one in a hundred has them.

An electric-lighting plant is possible in almost every rural district. Rarely is there a country town through which some stream of water is not flowing, and now, since the passing of the old woolen and grist mills, these streams are running entirely to waste. In the three communities where I have lived during the last twenty-five years, there are valuable waterways altogether unused. Each one of these streams offers good opportunity for damming, and with small outlay the power of a fifteen-foot fall might be had. In my present location, in the centre of the town is a fall of water amply sufficient in power to light the village, and run small machinery of various kinds. In the city such power would have been in use long ago. This loss and waste is seen and acknowledged by the men of the different communities, and yet no ef-

fort is made to turn the unused power to account.

For more than a century cities have been paving their streets, and for half a century, at least, they have been building macadam roads, while the roads in the country, where roads are vital to economic life, have been mainly left to nature. In fifty years, omitting possibly the last decade, the poor country road itself has robbed the farmer of half his profits. He has not been ignorant of the fact, but he has been too apathetic to attempt a remedy. Since the state began building roads and aiding the towns to do likewise, some improvements have come, but even now rural communities will not take any initiative. Only when the road commissioners say that they will pay one half the cost does the town make a movement. Within fifty years this town where I now live has sunk in bad roads enough money to have macadamized every piece of highway in town; yet, with one or two exceptions, the farmers still draw heavy loads to market through an ungraded way of mud and mire.

There is great wealth in these rural districts. The resources of land and wood and water have lain undeveloped for hundreds of years, while men have toiled for daily bread, and died with just enough ahead to bury them. And they are not much more awake to these things now than they were fifty years ago. Moreover, the farmer spends in the city the little wealth he does accumulate. If he sells his produce in the

city, he spends his extra dollars there also. He unwittingly helps the city to build good roads, to have electric lights, comfortable homes, and all the luxuries of modern times, but fails to help himself to any of them. He invests the little money he accumulates in the city. He votes for the city, at least the manufacturing city, every time. He stands pat on the tariff, and fights reciprocity, just as the great manufacturer wants him to, and is generally relied upon to hold everything down to the old-fashioned, worn-out, beggarly economics of twenty-five years ago. The riches of his own locality are passed over, and his energy is given, in large measure, to the exalting of cities. The diamonds at his own door he will not gather.

If the rural inhabitant thus remains apathetic in the things which immediately concern his economic welfare, one may expect to find a similar condition of apathy in other quarters. And he is not disappointed. The rural schools are far below their possibilities. 'What was good enough school for us is good enough for our children,' is still the great argument of the orator of the town meeting. And the men chosen for the school committee still exploit the old notion that their chief aim should be to save the town's money, instead of to educate the town's children. The boys and girls are measured in dollars and cents, and the dollar is big and the boy is small. The country schools are indeed better than they were one hundred years ago, but the advance has been along a line of training and development peculiarly calculated to fit the pupil for city life. The point of view of the farmer is taken from the city. In every sporadic attempt at improvement he invariably apes the city. No attempt is ever made to turn the educational forces toward developing the country genius

of the pupil. It is no wonder the young people go to the city. So far as they have any training in school, it is toward that end. They learn nothing about the farm life. Most country boys leave school at the end of the sixth grade, hardly able to read, write, or cipher. They have no knowledge of the grasses and the flowers, of the bugs and the worms, of the birds and the animals, save, perchance, that which is involved in the folk-lore of the community, generally wrong. Here, where the country-side should place its chief emphasis and train its boys and girls for the rural life, the time is taken up with imparting quite another sort of knowledge.

The absence of local or civic pride in these communities is sometimes striking. In the centre of our town, a cluster of houses forms a small village. Nature has been generous with us in planting trees and giving us a small lake, bordered with the wild honeysuckle, the pink azalea, the blueberry and the shad-bush, while along the streets grasses grow profusely, and in the centre, between cross-sections of the road, little malls and parks are cut out; but the grass is never mowed, the edges of the malls are never trimmed, the shores of the pond are never graded, the trees, except by the state, are never sprayed; bills are posted on the trees, the sheds, and the fences. The meeting-house stands here, but except that men outside of the town have taken it in hand, it would be as forlorn and neglected as the rest of the district. Pigmy political bosses, and little party machines, dominate the town. These say who shall be selectman, school committee, representative to the general council, and who shall sit in the jury-box. The rest of the town does not care enough to want a voice in the matter.

A landmark in all these communities is the meeting-house. The fathers

of the hamlet were men of vision. The meeting-houses are old. They would not be here otherwise. The modern farmer has not much use for a church; he is too apathetic, too penurious, too close to the physical side of life, to organize one. But, thanks to the old men, there is no rural district without at least its one meeting-house. But this is a cold affair, unattractive in general, and out of repair, about starved out. Its architecture is commonplace or fantastic, and its vestry usually underground. The singing is led by an old-fashioned reed-organ, and the hymn-books are at least forty years behind the time. Congregations are small, and one sometimes wonders why there are any, so unattractive and downright oppressive are the surroundings. The services in most of the churches are like those fifty years ago, except that, instead of the second sermon, there is now a Sunday school. The mid-week meeting is composed of a few old ladies, with an occasional old man sandwiched in, who say the same things, pray the same prayers, that they have been saying and praying for half a century. Sometimes the young people have an organization, but it is sure to be an exact copy of the old peoples' meeting. Yet this church has been a light and a life to the community for many years, and may contain the secret of the community's salvation.

Behind this array of facts are still sadder ones. Below the intellectual and moral laziness of these districts is an old past, dragged along like a whirl of dead water. The city has cut away from its past. It has left the dead to bury the dead. Not so the country. In the country the custom of inbreeding is still dominant. Not in the inter-marrying of relatives, perhaps; yet, what is quite as bad, in the marrying into each other's families. No new blood comes to change the old current

of life. The boys seek their wives at the house of the next-door neighbor, or possibly in the next school district; good romance, but bad eugenics. And the end is not yet. They have developed a kind of consciousness of inferiority. They feel inferior to the world. Individually they think of themselves as on a lower plane than the men and women of the city. The result is a lack of moral courage. The rural youth is bashful. He has not the courage to get away from his father and mother and seek a wife from a different environment. Sometimes this happens, but it is an accident; and the wife, if a woman of education and vision, is soon starved out, or, in the dogged persistence of dullness, falls a victim to environment and settles down to the common level.

But the sin of the rural community is not what it has done, or what it is; it is what it has not done, what it is not. Time was when the men of these communities were the leading men in our economic and political life. The countryside was once the strategic point in our civilization. The farmer carried his produce to market and named his price for it. But to-day he is not even asked his price. He must take what the buyer will give. In those old days he had a voice in choosing his representative, his governor, his president. The old farmer had to be reckoned with then, but to-day he is of no account. He has yielded his place to the man from the city. He has allowed the city to select his brightest boys and girls and train them for itself. He has allowed the city to get his money. He has watched the city ride in palacé cars, build homes of comfort and refinement, educate its children in attractive schoolrooms, add the luxury of fine libraries, establish churches of rich architecture, and man them with efficient talent. He has watched the city merchant move from the small shop to the great market, the

manufacturer build new and magnificent mills, and the banker control millions of dollars weekly.

He may have thought, once in a while, that these men have simply taken the place that once was his, and may not be able to give a satisfactory reason why he should not hold it still. He may have noticed that the great prizes have gone to the city, while he toils from sun-up to sun-down for his daily bread. He may now and then think of these things, but the fact probably is that he is satisfied with things as they are, has all he deserves, and cannot take the trouble to turn things about. He has never tried to rise to his own natural place in the movements of the world.

Communities, like individuals, must be measured not by what they are, but by what they might be, — what they ought to be. The rural district ought to be a power in the life of the country to-day. It ought to be conscious of the fact that it is essential to the life of the nation. But it will never come into its own, or rise to the demand of the day, by aping the city. It does not want the city life. It has no call for the city ideal. It cannot use the city plans. It must follow its own deep dreams, perfect its own plans in its own way. It must find itself. The best of its life is lost in measuring everything in terms of dollars and cents. It has been too ready to ask alms of the city, — some library, school-building, hall, church, — and too unwilling to get things for itself. It may be true that the city, getting the country's money and its best energy, owes it, in return, some of its wealth. But neither the city, nor any other power outside, can redeem the rural community. The rural community must redeem itself. The deepest call to-day is for a rural consciousness; a sense of life in the fields and forests, a passion for the life of the country.

Until this is had the community will not come up to its possibilities.

Two conditions confront these communities: either, by continuing as now, they must sink into insignificance in the nation's life, or by stirring themselves, they may come forward and take a hand in the activities of the day. There are indications that the latter alternative will be chosen; but as yet there is no real awakening in the rural community itself. The city is waking up to this condition and call of the country town, but it receives little or no response from the countryside. The villages slumber on, indifferent to what they have been, or what they may be. Men of vision from the great centres, looking out upon these little hamlets scattered up and down the country, realize their native beauty, their rich possibilities, their strength of life, their unmeasured resources, and try to do something for them, but usually they are not well enough acquainted with the problem to accomplish results, or they offend the farmer with their patronage. Educators have taken up the problem, and have contributed an immense amount of information on the matter, but these, even, are too much on the outside to help. No solution of so great a problem can come from outside the rural life itself. Any amount of money poured into the country in the form of renovating abandoned farms, gifts of public libraries, churches, what not, can never save the country. No one is helped by conditions that impoverish him. That is equally true of communities. The country must find its own soul. It must think its own thoughts. It must renovate its own abandoned farms, build its own public libraries, churches, and all the rest. In a word, it must become responsible for its own life, or it is bound to lose that life utterly.

Such, in the main, are the conditions. Where lies the remedy? Primarily in a

new rural consciousness. The community must find its own soul in this great age. It must wake up and earn its own living. It must do it in its own way. It must train its boys and girls in those things that belong to the life they are in, or, better, must train them so to shape that life from within that it shall develop its own capacities. The curricula of the schools must be modified. New teachers, of better training and of larger vision, are needed. Libraries are called for in which the literature of the rural life shall be found. The countryside must learn to master and handle its waste lands, take up the abandoned farms, divide them among the boys.

The farmer has too much land: most of the farms in this town could be divided by two, some of them by three, and become at once more profitable. Men must develop the coöperative spirit. Farmers have much to learn from the old countries yet. They must get together. A little coöperation among them would easily call into use the water power running to waste, and light the houses and streets. A little working together and the farmer could soon put his roads in condition to save at least fifty per cent of waste in the wear and tear of his teams. One of the first lessons to be learned is economy. But that is not all. Negative efforts may count for much, but it is the outlook, the vision of possibilities, that counts most. It is the new vision, the new consciousness, that can save these communities.

Here the task of the rural minister seems outlined. He is best fitted and situated to solve the problem, or at least to lead the way. It might appear to the casual observer that, when the needs of the community turn on the making use of water-power, the building of good roads, the introducing of water into the homes, the intensifying of the production of crops, the estab-

lishing of libraries, and the putting of the schools on a true basis, a business man, some captain of industry, is needed. And that would be true, were it not that the secret of these shortcomings lies, not in economic conditions, but in the heart of a peculiar life. It lies chiefly in the fact that the rural community has lost its vision. It has lowered its self-respect. It does not seem to know that it has a soul of its own.

Here is the minister's opportunity. He alone seems to possess the key to their real life. But this is true only as he is in the heart of the rural life himself. He can speak *ex cathedra* only as he is one of these people. It may not follow that the rural minister must be country-born and bred, yet it is well, other things being equal, if such be true. But he must be on the inside of the rural life. He must be able to make a true estimate of the ability of his people and compel them to come up to that estimate. It will not do to take them at their own estimate. That is too low. They are overshadowed, unconsciously overawed, by the great city. The rural community seems afraid of the city. It apologizes for its own best thoughts. It speaks of its own life deprecatingly as if it could not be expected to measure up to the life of the great town. It has a kind of backstairs sensation that it is on a lower plane than the city. These rural communities, unwittingly, are falling into a condition analogous to that of the old English village with its lord and commons. Feudalism is among us to a greater extent than we dream or would admit.

There is a dim, unspoken feeling in these scattered communities that, as communities, they have all that they deserve. They have sufficient self-respect to maintain themselves in a narrow kind of economic life, but when it

comes to taking a part in the movements of the country, they are afraid. They are timid. This condition bears as heavily on the minister as on the rest. The minister who accepts a call to a rural church is discredited by that church because he accepts it. They think: 'If he were a strong man in every way, he would not come to us.' In the estimation of his own congregation, he is never on a par with the city minister, albeit sometimes he is the stronger man. In the long, dull drag of the years that he spends among these people, it will be strange indeed if he too does not get to thinking the same thing. To a certain extent, the rural minister must not know so much more than his people if he would really minister to their deepest needs.

The minister holds the key to the situation, but he must have a live church behind him, or he will accomplish nothing. This he has not. The rural church is living far below its possible life. From hand to mouth mostly. It has to struggle for existence. It is just able to keep its head above water. And this, not because these communities are poor, but because their dollar is so high-priced. The rural people are penurious. I can stand on our meeting-house steps and point out a half-dozen families that never go to church, and that contribute almost nothing to the support of the church, yet whose property, from an economic point of view, has been increased in value, by the mere proximity of the meeting-house, many hundreds of dollars. Interest on the unearned increment of these homesteads would amount to ten times as much as any of them ever give to the church, or to charity of any kind.

Taken man for man, the rural communities are as wealthy as the cities. But the farmer's money is all in the city. He even sends his children there to be educated. Country towns, now

that they are compelled by statute to pay the tuition of children in some high school, have sat down to a kind of helpless submission, and send the few boys and girls who want to go further, to the high school in the city; but they do it grudgingly, and in no way ever encouraging a large number of them to go higher. The country finds this cheaper than to establish high schools in town. In dollars and cents that is true, but in every other way it is false: this city education is one of the causes underlying the apathy, backwardness, illiteracy, indifference, of the rural community.

In the same way the rural church is allowed to half-starve, while the farmer makes it possible for the city church to have all it needs. The minister who would like to lead the people to a higher life in the small communities is handicapped by the struggle on the part of the church for mere existence. When the church should be a power-house for him, he finds himself the power-house for the church. There would be no rural church to-day were it not for the ministers who, loving the country with a passionate love, and seeing wide visions of possible service there, are sacrificing salaries and society to accomplish the needed reforms. The minister's first task, therefore, is to build himself a strong church.

The rural church must become a new church. She also must win her own soul. She must develop a consciousness of individuality. She must awaken to a deeper sense of her mission. She must put more lofty and comprehensive ideals before her own life, learn generosity, self-sacrifice, to make large plans, to live a life of service to the community and to the world. She must overtake her possibilities and become a fearless leader in the larger schemes of the day. Here is the great problem itself.

The weakest point in the rural

church is its poor estimate of itself. It has allowed itself to become half-pauperized by gifts from without. It has lost its self-respect, and now, on every occasion where anything of importance needs to be done, turns at once to the helpers from the cities. It goes to outside sources when its running expenses fail, instead of rising in its own strength and self-respect and meeting its own emergencies. This begging is the most suicidal of all the rural policies. For this comes of that low estimate of its own resources and its own faith, its simple short-circuiting of its own energy. It is not surprising that its minister 'is inferior, or he would not come to such a church.'

Rural religion is not without a crude kind of vitality, but it is not of a high type. The church does not lead the community's aspirations, or the individual's—it follows. The community has no real appreciation of the church service. The church is no more sacred than the town hall. Sunday morning conversation goes on until the doxology is sung. Fifty per cent of the people are late. And unless the service is a sort of entertainment, most of the people do not come at all. The real dignity of a religious service, the long vision, the stirring of deep faiths, the presence of an infinite life, these are not there. There is also a surprising lack of loyalty to the church. I have been left,

not once, or twice, of a Sunday evening, without a congregation because a neighboring church had a Sunday-school concert that evening.

The rural minister has been called inferior, but he has an inferior church to back him. He is in a community of long apathy, low religious life, crude ideals of service, small ways of giving and living; and unless he is a mighty man, he will be hampered and hindered and discouraged and belittled by his environment.

No braver task, however, has ever been set for man than that outlined for the rural minister. For, while he must fight to keep himself from falling to a lower plane of thought and life, and to keep his church from losing its faith altogether, he may look forward to the end when, from a patient and persistent service, he shall see the reward of his toil, in better and brighter things. The rural districts yet contain an immense amount of vitality. Stored away in the apathetic lives of these slow people is a great reserve of energy. Here are strong men, and here is health, and here is independence. Here, in embryo, are long visions, great plans, sturdy life, the hope of the nation. But the deep notes of life must be sounded. The deep faiths must be constantly under call. This is the rural minister's opportunity, and it is no mean one.

TWO ITALIAN GARDENS

BY MARTIN D. ARMSTRONG

A GARDEN is the attempt of Man and Nature to materialize their dreams of the original Paradise. Man is its father and Nature its mother, so that all gardens which deserve the name are half-human, and appeal to us with a personality of their own.

Of the two gardens which are the subject of this reminiscence, one stands eleven hundred feet above the Tyrrhenian Sea, looking across the Gulf of Salerno toward the blue plain of Pæstum; the other adorns a lonely promontory in the Lake of Garda, where its grove of spiring cypresses and walls of black yew throw a fringe of dark, broken reflections into the deep water under its rocky banks. It is essentially a cultured garden in the human and literary sense of the word. It must have been imagined and made by a scholar who loved and absorbed the Classics so thoroughly that he lived in their dead poetries rather than in the world in which he found himself; and so in his chosen corner he made himself this private paradise out of a dead ideal, where he could pace among his statues and cypresses and marble tablets with their neo-classic inscriptions, or look across the lake at the distant promontory of Sirmione, where the Roman Catullus once lived and wrote.

In the middle of the garden stands a wide circle of cypress trees, and between each two trees a stucco shrine containing an antique marble bust, whose silent presence gives a hush and secrecy to the shady space. At the margins of the straight walks which intersect the

square grass-plots, a marble well or a quaint garden statue breaks the monotony of the lines. Except for two long hedges of rose-flowered oleanders, the garden has few flowers: its restrained, classic charm springs from the alternation of light and shade on grass-plots and on the cool, dead white of stuccoed walls; the contrast between the weathered marble of its statues and inscribed tablets and the heavy green and sables of its yews and cypresses.

A long flight of steps leads down into a smaller garden — a high-walled square, green and damp like an empty well — in a corner of which stands an old lemon-house. Tall white columns support a skeleton timber roof, and amongst the curdy white of their stucco shafts the great lemon trees receive the sunlight among their leaves, sifting it into a hundred soft tones of shade and transference. The waxy, primrose-colored fruit shows coolly amid the dark, glazed foliage, and the pale blossom fills the air with its exotic sweetness. Against the wall a marble well is set, still full and clear, though its whiteness has been stained and weathered to orange and greened with moss. A neo-Latin stanza is carved upon it, — a 'quaint conceit' packed into four lines, — and above it, in an alcove in the wall, stands a broken baroque statue, seeming by its wistful pose and slow gesture to be listening to some far-vanishing sound.

Toward the lake, where the square white villa stands with its cool loggia, terraces of clipped yew descend in steps

to the water; the three blues of lake and sky and distant mountains shine through the window-like openings in their dark walls.

Such is the lake garden. In it one feels the presence of, and seems to converse with, a sympathetic and cultured mind. Its pathos lies not in its ruin, or in the suggestion of a society passed away, but in the absence of the ardent scholar who loved its exquisite false classicism, and who composed, for his memorial tablet to Catullus, an elegy whose tender artificiality commemorates also himself and his garden: —

Luxere hic Veneres Cupidinesque
Amissam lepidi lyram Catulli
Hoc Musae statuere Gratiaequae
Et Nymphae lachrymis piis sacellum.

Like the garden of the Villa d'Este it is one of the many false and beautiful growths which an epicurean romanticism has grafted upon a dead classicism.

Art is the result of two very different attitudes toward life. It may synthesize and articulate the artist's zest for life — life viewed and accepted as a whole in all its manifold forms, and seen, as God saw the created world, to be very good. Such an artist voices, more or less fully and accurately, the ideals of the society in which he lives, and in a similar degree his art represents in a purified and ennobled form the history of contemporary life and thought. This type of art may for convenience be labeled Social Art. Its ideal is based on the classic ideal of reason, science, and the perfect society of which art forms an integral part; but it is the classic ideal widened and ennobled by long influence of the romantic spirit. Such an ideal tends always toward monism, for it regards the material and the spiritual as essentially one, and that one is life.

On the other hand, art may result from the artist's conviction that the road to the ultimate Reality does not

necessarily lie through a perfected human society: his conception of life is, in fact, dualistic. For him the material life and the spiritual life are two separate existences, of which the spiritual is alone the true one. It is the romantic ideal carried to its logical conclusion, and lacking the leaven of the classic spirit to curb and rationalize it. It is the ideal which produced the monastic system and formed so large an element in the Crusades. Such an artist is a hermit, who either from despair at the ugliness and cruelty of the life he sees round him, or from the conviction that he has something better, turns his back upon society and builds himself a hermitage out of his creative imagination.

Various periods of history have left us beautiful types of this hermit art. We see it in the garden statuary of the seventeenth-century villas and châteaux of Italy and France: beautiful, wistful creations that try to recall the ancient gods and sylvan beings long since discredited, investing them with a delicate mystery and pathos unknown to their classic prototypes — the mystery and pathos of the romantic spirit.

We see it again in the art of Watteau, who depicted the charming artificiality of the society of his time, a society which played at embarking for Cythera, and elaborately acted the pastoral ideals in which it would fain believe. He shows it to us, at the psychological moment when its artificiality has ceased to suffice it, trying only half successfully to close its eyes to the grim, strenuous realities of life as it exists outside the magic circle of the *fête champêtre*. His art does not concern itself with reality; at most it suggests it, vaguely distant; but it is these suggestions that throw its artificiality into such poignant relief, humanizing and giving a pathos to those men and women, refined, prettily attractive, and

almost ingenuous in their artificiality, playing so near the brink of the inexorable *néant*. At its least, it is an art of garden tableaux, dainty dressing-tables, and Arcadian shepherdesses. Looking at it, we feel that we cannot judge as men and women of the world these children who have never known the realities of life. We feel, with the preacher, that all is vanity; yet how charming the vanity!

At its best, it is the fool with his motley and his secret tragedy — Pierrot with a face blanched partly by powder, partly by the tragedy of disillusionment.

Nowadays the hermit spirit manifests itself in many forms. The delicate art of W. B. Yeats finds its inspiration in the mystic lore of times for him nobler and more spiritual than ours. Francis Thompson, that spiritual voluptuary, turns his face from modern life to contemplate his mystical conception of Christianity.

I that no part have in the time's bragged way,
And its loud bruit,

he sings, and follows his steep path to salvation alone.

Indeed, any art which concentrates its vision exclusively upon spiritual mystery must be lonely; for the spiritual, as conceived by the dualist, can be approached only by shutting out the world in solitary meditation. Such spiritual experience cannot be shared by a crowd as by one consciousness; it is the separate and private concern of each single individual. Thus it is that the soul dramas of Maeterlinck, and the music of Debussy and his school, are so lonely. Debussy deals not with the forms and details which constitute an event, but with the total impression — the soul, if you will — evolved from those forms and details. And it is this spiritualizing, this banishing of the accidents of detail and form, together with the subtlety and restraint of his

emotional and color schemes, which produces that effect of lonely purity which haunts his music.

Take, for example, his 'Soirée dans Grenade.' It is a vivid picture of a night carnival in Spain. Here, if anywhere, was a chance for the portrayal of strongly human and material elements. One can imagine how Richard Strauss would have done it. We should have had a noisy crowd, full of character and broad humor; loud laughter and whistlings; coarse jibes from the hunch-back at the street corner — a vivid *genre* representation. Debussy attains to a vividness at least as strong, by the exact antitheses of these elements. There is no humor, no human character; we are unconscious of the presence of human beings, except in so far as their passage provides movement, sound, and color. The colors, though full-toned, are blurred and mistily interfused. There are no solid forms, only lines — tall, perpendicular lines and great sweeping curves, a sense of tense rhythm and *élan*, and a sense, too, of the tragic regret which always underlies such scenes of vivid, momentary joy. A passing mandolin is the only hint we get of a separate human presence. It is, in fact, an intense spiritual impression. You can no more imagine Debussy writing national, crowd-stirring music than you can think of Yeats as poet-laureate.

To many people these hermit arts, with their very specialized atmospheres, untroubled by the salt breeze of life, seem decadent and morbid — a luxury rather than a glorious necessity. They seem to be the coward creations of shrinking, sensitive souls, children of the world's weariness and discouragement, who have not the courage to face, and the strength to transfigure, the cruelty and ugliness of life, as it has been faced and transfigured by the universal power of such geniuses as

Michelangelo, Shakespeare, and Beethoven, children of the world's eternal energy.

There is much to be said on either side. The upholder of the social ideal might argue on the following lines. To the observer of modern life, the most striking phenomenon is the social revolution which is slowly growing up all over Europe. The ultimate corollary of Socialism is a confident optimism, a belief in the perfectibility of society, the monistic belief that spiritual perfection is attainable only through the perfection of the race, that,

Not forfeiting the beast with which they are
crossed

To stature of the gods will they attain.

In such a society the only art which can have any ultimate reason for existence is the art which sums up and interprets existing life, leading it forward to higher ideals; for when life is purged of wrong and ugliness no one will seek escape from it in a beautiful dream, because life itself will be the most beautiful of all dreams.

He would point, in support of his argument, to Ancient Greece, where this ideal state of things was, for a brief period, partially realized; when art (poetry, drama, sculpture, music, and the dance) was an integral part of life, reflecting and articulating the Hellenic ideal — the ideal based on reason, intellect, and the beauty of a harmonious life. In it there was no place for hermit arts; they were in fact inconceivable under conditions in which, as Mr. Lowes Dickinson says, 'the ideal . . . was organically related to the real.' The noblest art, he would say, is collective, socially creative; hermit art is essentially disintegrative.

This does not mean that art will ultimately cease to be spiritual; far from it. It means that material and spirit are the constituents of life and that art can achieve true spirituality

only through the material and the human, as the art of Michelangelo and Titian has done, by showing us human gods and goddesses, creatures like ourselves, but nobler, more beautiful, and more powerful than ourselves. Such art stimulates both body and soul; it stimulates even when, as in Michelangelo, it depicts a great despair; because so immense a despair postulates an immeasurably great and noble nature; and to despair with Michelangelo is a nobler and fuller experience than to rejoice with a china shepherdess.

On the other hand, the advocate of hermit art might take up the same parable of Ancient Greece where his opponent dropped it, and ask where, as a matter of fact, this ideal led. He might point out that the very conditions necessary to its realization were fatal to it; that, to quote Mr. Lowes Dickinson again, 'the harmony of the Greeks contained in itself the factors of its own destruction,' and that the fact that art happened to express contemporary life for a brief period shows not that such is the office of art, but that life at that time reached so high a level that it became a worthy and inspiring theme for art. Art, he would say, is sacred — a goddess. She cannot demean herself by stooping to the level of life. Life, if it be wise, may approach her and implore her aid; if not, then so much the worse for life.

For the hermit artist the material is an illusion in which man blindly gropes, seeking to escape into the true, spiritual world which surrounds him, but which, not knowing the infallible key, he only sees in fitful glimpses in moments of divine ecstasy. He sees it in art, which is the poet's attempt to materialize this ecstasy, debased and fragmentary, because no poet has achieved the power of expressing perfect beauty, but still flashing out in dazzling fragments in —

Many a verse from so strange influence
That he must ever wonder how and whence
It came.

Art is the pursuit of the beauty that is truth and the truth that is beauty, and so long as it achieves these it does not matter in what form it expresses itself, for it is outside of time and space, and date and locality are only accidents of the artist's choice. It has no connection with society or with the material world, except in so far as it is compelled to express itself in terms of them, using them as the veils and symbols of spiritual loveliness. All who approach art are inevitably stimulated by it, because it is the expression of beauty, and beauty is the food of the soul.

Art, according to such a theory, is a shrine secluded from the dusty highway of existence, in which the devout soul finds strength and repose in the contemplation of the mystery of beauty.

We shall know which of the two theories is the true one when we know the answer to the everlasting question, 'What is life?' Meanwhile, in the dust and turmoil of life as it now is, we can gladly accept both an art which urges forward the march and one which offers a temporary respite from the wrongs and discouragements which harass an imperfect world. We can also remember that the wells and cypresses of the lake garden will rejoice the hearts of men for whom the strange beauty of the hermit idealism which created it can mean nothing.

The southern garden, endlessly contemplating the changing face of the sea from its lofty station, has a much more complex appeal. It tells of no single human mind, but is rich in scattered hints of vanished arts and vanished centuries. The ancient family who in the eleventh century built the Saracenic palace which it surrounds, is far too remote to suggest to the mind anything more individual than a vision of

vague, impressionistic pageantry. The beautiful, florid fragment of a cloistered court tells of a fantastic love of decoration as branching and luxuriant as the garden itself.

The exuberant growth and the rich bloom of the South have transformed the whole place into a bower of hanging color and perfume, in which great shrubs of scarlet salvia, tree peonies, thickly flowering camellia trees, and high-climbing roses with great knotted trunks, glow richly under dark cypresses, gray eucalyptus trees, cedars, palms, and great umbrella pines in which, even on the stillest days, the air makes a sound of rushing water. Through the tangle of exotic growth the rugged tops of the Monte del Demonio show brown and violet.

Fronting the sea, a long terrace walk extends between a double row of tall oleander shrubs, spaced at equal distances, with an octagonal white-stuccoed pillar stationed between each two. Midway of its length the terrace projects in a platform with a marble balustrade. Standing upon it, as on the figure-head of a titanic ship, one seems to be stationed immeasurably above the whole earth. The exquisite, complex sensations of height, clarity, and color, exhilarate one to ecstasy. The purity and transparency of the air seem almost tangible; one is conscious of its sweet, subtle presence filling, in boundless volume, the height, depth, and breadth of the immense purview. The sea, laid like a map far below, expands pure and limpid into the horizon. On cloudless days its full sapphire-blue shines like a great, lustrous iris-petal; but when the sky is changing, its surface is the scene of exquisite gradual color-transformations, now violet and purple shot with green and dusted with gold, now fading to subtle hues of topaz, amethyst, and aquamarine, and delicate tones that change before they

can be defined. Once, during a lull in a day of stormy rain, a ragged pillar of burning opal rose out of the midst of the bay — a marvel wrought by the alchemy of sun, rain, and storm-cloud.

From this small platform, two steep flights of steps, diverging from either side, lead down to another broad terrace. This terrace has stone vases overflowing with geraniums along its low parapet wall, and is laid out as a formal garden; but the irrepressible wealth of nature breaks forth magnificently over the bounds of its formality. Below the terrace wall, two little churches with plastered Moorish domes stand under a group of lofty stone-pines, and hundreds of feet beneath sweeps the great curve of the bay, and the shining spaces of the sea stretch endlessly toward the horizon.

The garden is full of marble fragments of various epochs. Pillars ruthlessly stolen from the Greek temples of Pæstum, some of them over-wrought with exquisite spiral flutings, are set as terminals to the walks, or pierced and mutilated and laid horizontally as hand-rails upon others set up to form balustrades. Here and there an old column with a Romanesque capital serves as

a prop for a climbing rose. At one end of the terrace a statuette of a fierce old Gothic saint, long-bearded, and grasping the sword of his faith, has come, by the whimsical irony of Fate, to be set up as the tutelary deity of a well, whose water drips through a mossy cushion of primroses and violets into a rustic trough full of arum lilies. Elsewhere, in a secret, mossy angle of the wall, a grotto thickly tufted with hanging maiden-hair conceals a drip-well among whose ferns and rock-work stands another misused saint — a pathetic little marble figure with mutilated arms, and face on which a smile half-piteous, half-sly, still lingers; which makes him, in his fallen state, appear half-martyr and half-satyr.

Whereas the garden on the lake was essentially scholarly, this garden is essentially lordly, almost feudal, by reason of its opulence, its riotous color and its superb position above a sea whose coasts have known the coming of Greeks, Romans, Ostrogoths, Arabs, Normans, Spaniards, and many more than these. It is lordly in spite of its ruined palace and its fragments of perished art, the pathos of whose ruin is heightened by the pathetic and whimsical beauty of their misuse.

A GREEN THOUGHT

BY MARGARET LYNN

It all began in a perfectly natural way. Henry and I were first engaged in the quiet and innocuous, though unæsthetic, amusement of seeing how far we could stick our tongues out, and whose tongue, when thus projected, could be brought to the finest point. Henry out-classed me — by virtue of his greater maturity, I chose to think. He *said* he could see this fine tip he had achieved, and he certainly could almost touch his nose with it. I was profoundly chagrined, but I covered my mortification as best I could by using my now well-limbered tongue to imply that this sort of præminence was of a very undesirable quality anyway, and to draw some rather unpleasant parallels. Henry made a retort involving a personal allusion which had nothing to do with the occasion, but was all the more annoying. Our moment of pleasant emulation seemed likely to pass into one of acrimonious difference.

But just at this point Henry's eye happened to fall upon the brimming plate of fly-poison which Maldy had placed on a window-sill to beguile the gluttonous fly. In its lake of deadly water floated dark gray squares of fly-paper, enticingly spread with brown sugar for purposes of allurements, but in reality exuding certain death. At least Maldy cherished the notion that they did. Henry was struck with an idea which for the moment eclipsed disputation.

"I dare you to see how near you can come to that with your tongue without touching it," he said.

Now there were two reasons why I should have met this with either silent reproof or virtuous refusal. We were forbidden always by Maldy to 'near ourselves' to her poison-plates or to 'have any doings' with them. And we were expressly forbidden by the highest authorities either to offer 'dares' or to take them. Ever since the day when I had attempted to stand on one foot on the ridge of the granary-roof while Henry counted five hundred, and had failed ignominiously and dangerously, 'daring' had been under a ban for us. Henry should not have dared me now and I should not have accepted the challenge. But one who bears daily and hourly the obloquy of not being a boy is especially sensitive on points of honor and courage.

I bent over the plate and experimentally measured the distance. Then I had a second thought.

"You're afraid to do it yourself," I said.

"I'm not, either. You go ahead and do it first."

I was aware of an inconsistency in this, but one can't be all the time pointing out its illogicalities to masculinity, so I said nothing more. I approached a cautious and oscillating tongue to the mixture. Then Henry, remarking that I had not come within a mile of it, did the same. He did seem to outdo me — again because of his larger proportions, I was sure. My blood was up. Henry never forgot it when he beat me at anything. Once more I bent over the plate, advancing

a sensitive and reluctant tongue-tip nearer and nearer the deadly surface. The suggestive opportunity was too great a temptation to Henry — him of the creative imagination. He suddenly 'bobbed' my head on the back, and down went nose and chin and out-reaching tongue into the noisome stuff. Moreover, my sudden impact with the plate knocked it off the window-sill and its contents splashed darkly over the floor.

With great presence of mind I remembered that I must not close my mouth or risk swallowing any of the deadly liquid. I snatched Henry's handkerchief, usually scorned for its complexion, and hastily wiped all the submerged portion. I did n't know how rapidly the poison would act, but the instinct of self-preservation bade me ward off the final moment as long as possible. There was not the slightest doubt, however, that my end was only a matter of brief time, and that a very few minutes would probably see the tragedy.

I gazed at Henry in a sort of acute stupor and he blinked at me in return, overwhelmed at the result of a perfectly natural act.

In spite of everything, I could not help being aware of the dramatic value of the situation as I stood waiting for the final instant, undesired but doubtless imminent. Unfortunately, the tragic quality of it was modified somewhat by my being obliged to keep my mouth open. I should have liked to tell Henry what I thought of him once for all, before the moment of departure came, but the instinct of precaution forbade articulation. He might at least make partial amends by saying something appropriate now and helping to complete the situation. But he only kept on staring and looking stupid — no adequate behavior under the circumstances.

Then, to add to the annoying commonplaceness of things, Maldy, coming in, spied her cherished fly-poison on the floor. She turned an accusing look on me, and I seemed to be making a face at her. I admit that Maldy did have some reason to be irritated. She gave voice to some very Maldian generalizations and left the room without asking me what was the matter or how I felt. In a minute she came back to gather up the plate and paper and wipe up the spilled water, and to say that she would tell our 'fawther.' Maldy always said 'fawther,' and she could say it, on occasion, so that it seemed to mean a giant fifteen feet high who loved to beat children, the harder the better.

I never liked Maldy less than at the moments when she was saying she would tell our 'fawther.' She never did tell any one anything — except when she found us playing with the Puckett children down in the hollow, when she dragged us straight to a reproof which she plainly regarded as inadequate. And she generally made it her business to conceal delinquencies which she herself did not especially condemn. But no one could tell what might happen, and she sometimes gave us uncomfortable moments while we waited for results of her threats. This time, though, I felt less her condemnatory attitude than her lack of sympathy, as she gave a final glare at me and took an angry departure.

Henry, however, looked very uneasy. He sat down uncomfortably on the edge of a rocking-chair and put his hands into his pockets.

'Would you like my handkerchief again?' he asked presently, in a conciliatory tone.

I shook my head stonily. Since I could not say anything adequate it did not seem worth while to express myself at all. But, of course, I could

not accept his implied apology for poisoning me.

Henry felt in his pockets and took another thought.

'Have a peppermint?' he suggested cordially.

Again I shook my head and turned my eyes on the window. Henry weighed the peppermint in his fingers a moment and then ate it himself.

Somewhat cheered by the naturalness of the act, he came back to normal and said, 'I'll bet it won't hurt at all.'

This was insulting. I would n't fail to die now for anything. An empty pause followed.

My mother came through the room. I had been hoping she would. That chance would afford a natural way of breaking the news.

But all she said was, 'Close your mouth, dear. That is n't nice.'

And she went out.

That was the last straw. I had been supposing that my mother would feel the situation instinctively, as she always did. Her imperception was a disappointment. I had already begun to take a sort of poignant enjoyment out of a vision I was rapidly constructing, of a final scene, with all the family present, and the repentant Maldy and Henry receiving the cold shoulders of all the others. Evidently I should have to reconstruct that gratifying view. I closed my mouth with a snap, and took my sunbonnet, a convention of dress that I ignored as often as possible. Henry rose with a relieved air, pleased that the unusual and embarrassing situation had come to an end.

'Want to get out the pony?' he asked sociably.

But I said impassively, 'No,' and went on my way.

There did n't seem to be any use in dying, if one were n't going to get any more out of it than this. And still I

did n't like to give up the idea. Anyway, I was sure I was going to die, whether I wanted to or not. I would just have to make the most of it on my own account, and have it, like other large experiences, all to myself. One more possibility remained. My father was coming toward the house, and I directed my steps so as to cross his path. He ought at least to have a chance, on such an occasion as this. But all he did was to say, noticing the direction in which I seemed to be going, 'Don't eat any of those cherries yet, daughter. They won't be ripe enough for another week.'

I had to wait a moment before I could say my obedient 'Yes, sir.' And there was so much that I might have said if I could have brought myself to do it! This was more than a disappointment. It was a blow. I could have cried had not pride forbidden. To have it thought that I was after green cherries when I already had fly-poison in my system! It was my first really profound trial of having a great experience belittled, and it cut deep.

I wandered out to where the mover was buried, and sat down. I did n't choose the spot, but it seemed to lie in my way and I paused to consider its appropriateness as a place for meditation. This was our nearest approach to knowledge of a graveyard, but it had always seemed inadequate in every way, and quite devoid of sentimental suggestion. The real pathos of the forgotten grave on a stranger's land seemed lost on every one except my mother, who sent us to put flowers on it on Memorial Day, and had a man renew the wooden slab from time to time. But I think my father rather regretted the kindness which had allowed it to be placed there. Scattered bits of blue-grass from the carefully cherished growth on the lawn struggled with the prairie-grass which still held

these outskirts, and a spare yellow blossom of Indian blood-root, as we erroneously called it, lent a scanty bit of grace of its kind. But the atmosphere of the spot was too commonplace to be effective. We children had raced by it too often to have any feeling connected with it at all, any more than any other place. I looked at it now with a vague notion of sympathy, but for the moment I was more interested in dying than in being dead.

So, finding nothing companionable here, I rose and wandered on down the road. One of the men passed me, driving on a hay-rack, and I caught on behind and balanced myself neatly, though abstractedly, on the projecting end of the reach. We jolted along down to the farm gate and up the road a little way. Then the man turned into a field. It was only a wheat-field, where no entertainment promised, or solace for a doomed one, so I jumped off and stopped on the road.

I did n't know what I wanted to do next. The lack of sympathy and of understanding which had been shown me within the last hour gave me a vague feeling of detachment from my family and from everything else. I did n't see anything to do out on the road, but at the same time I did n't see anything to do anywhere. I looked up and down along the line of yellow wagon-track, with the sparse prairie-grass and the immigrating weeds forming its border. The road toward town and the more thickly-settled country to the east of us, was quite familiar to me in all its scanty detail, and now promised no new interest. In the other direction it led away, past my father's land and past an unpainted, rust-streaked farm-house or two, and then on across a piece of open prairie. I had heard my father and other men complain because its eastern owners did not have this land broken up and set-

tled, but I did not know how extensive it was, and I had never been at all curious about it or what lay beyond it, for I had no great faith in its possibilities.

But when one is being shaken out of relationship to all normal things by a new experience, one prefers the unknown to the known. So, without any special choosing, I began to loiter along the road to the prairie, in a large indifference to coming results. I heard the creak and rattle of a wagon behind me and settled my pace to a steady trudge, so that I might seem to have business on the highway. The wagon came nearer, overtook me, passed me, and I looked up, to see that it was an emigrant wagon, with the dusty, weathered canvas top and the bony, tired team that always belonged with the emigrant wagon, and the usual dog under the wagon and the extra horse nibbling along behind.

We were expressly forbidden to have anything to do with movers; but what is law to one set apart as I was then? I promptly caught on behind, holding to the edge of the feed-box which was always attached to the back of a mover-wagon. The dog sniffed at me a little, but he was such a limp, skinny dog that I ventured to kick at him haughtily, and he curved himself sideways and slunk up nearer to the horses and said nothing more about it. The blank canvas cover showed no eye watching me, and the heavy wagon moved stolidly along as if following a dull purpose of its own. It became rather amusing to think that I was making use of it, and its unseen owners did not even know that I was there. Merely keeping up with the slow horses did not take all my energy and, forgetting my precarious physical condition, I hopped on one foot and then on the other and jumped up to try to see in through the canvas, and hooked my elbows over the edge of the feed-box

and dragged my toes in the dust, looking over my shoulder to see what sort of track I was making. I began to have a pretty good time.

I really meant to quit and go back home soon, for, after all, the entertainment of this was easily exhausted. But all at once a voice above me said, 'Want a ride, little girl?' and there was a mover-woman looking at me through the opening in the canvas, at the back.

Somewhat to my own surprise I promptly answered, 'Yes.'

I should hardly have supposed I would have ventured to do so, but having made the daring decision I rather respected myself for my courage and stood by it. The wagon stopped with a slow creak and somebody held back a flap of the canvas at the side, while I climbed up by means of the wheel and the clumsy brake, and effected an entrance between the wobbly hoops that supported the cover. I was very prim and sedate as I scrambled in, head first, and took a seat on the pile of bedding the woman pointed me to, but inwardly I was all agog. This was the most exciting thing that had happened to me for many a day — more so even than the fly-poison.

I naturally had a momentary feeling of triumph over Henry as I smoothed down my skirt and placed my feet carefully, to avoid putting them into any of the utensils which were toppling about. I had a fleeting thought of the effectiveness with which I would tell him about it, a vision which made it desirable to live to return home. The movers and the mover-wagons had always had a mystery that belonged to no other people or things we knew. They were so strange, in their eternal going and going, carrying all their possessions with them as they moved, like people without the ordinary ties of life. We had often tried to

get a glimpse into the dim well of their wagons, but had never succeeded to our satisfaction.

And now the chance was bestowed on me — not on Henry or John. I tried to hold my curiosity in leash as I looked about me, so as not to see everything at once and thus gloss over the effect. I fixed my attention on one thing at a time, slowly staring at each object — from the lank, hairy man on the seat in front, to the mangy gray cat sleeping on the bag of corn-meal at the end of the wagon-bed — while the woman on her part stared at me.

I had never seen so many things, it seemed to me. All the necessities of living — if one wanted to live under these conditions — had been thrown together into this narrow, low-arched space. The mussy bedding where I was perched, and the trunk where the woman sat holding the baby, and the box where the little boy lay asleep, were only the substructure or nuclei for bundles and boxes and bags and rolls, all more or less dilapidated, and disclosing commonplace and uninviting contents, like side-meat or dried beef or soiled clothes. Among those were other articles, no less commonplace — old shoes and pans and a jug or two and a tin wash-basin and a skillet bearing traces of a recent dinner. Things hung from the canvas cover and menaced our heads as they swung about. A boot-jack lay among the other objects, and I wondered if it were really a necessary article to take along on such a trip.

All the time I was looking, the mover-woman was looking at me. She sat opposite me, her toes touching mine, although I tried to screw away as far as possible. She had a brown face and little winking black eyes, and she wore a limp, gray calico dress. She wanted to know a great many things. I had never met any one with so amazing an

appetite for unmeaning facts. She wanted to know my name and where I lived, and whether my pa and ma were both living, and how many brothers and sisters I had and their order of succession, and how much land my pa had and whether it was all paid for or had a mortgage on it, and whether he had made the money himself or had a legacy — she pronounced it *lēgacy* and I did n't know what she meant, but I said no anyway — and where my pa and ma lived before they came here, and whether they liked it here, and what was the price of land, and whether my ma had right smart of chickens this year, and whether we ate our fries or sold them. She felt the texture of my gingham dress between her crooked finger and thumb and asked how much it was a yard, and if my ma made it, and if she had the pattern of my sun-bonnet, and if I could cook, and if I had pieced a quilt.

That was only a part of what she asked me. Sometimes her phrases were strange to me, but I felt bound to answer, anyway. I wondered, in an uneasy way, whether she were polite. And, unlike most grown-ups who had conversed with me, she seemed to expect an answer to every question and made no allowance for either shyness or ignorance. When she talked she forgot to keep the flies off the baby, and they buzzed about its poor little eyes and mouth. The little boy had gone to sleep in the midst of eating a cold pancake spread with molasses, and the uneaten and forgotten half had dropped from his sleepy fingers and lay on the quilt beside him. It, too, as well as his molasses-streaked little face, was visited by many flies, crawling stickily on their besmeared legs.

My curiosity about movers was waning. It did not seem now as if there could be anything interesting about people like these. Even the Pucketts

were more likable. They told me things instead of always asking questions. I had wanted tremendously to ask the woman about herself, but I did n't know how to begin. And, after all, it did n't seem worth while to find out about a woman who did n't keep the flies off her children. I felt very uncomfortable in telling how many acres my father had and how many dresses I had myself, but how could I help answering her when she stopped and looked at me with her bright black eyes and worked her mouth in that nervous way?

I did n't know what to do. Home had suddenly become very attractive. I had had chance dreams sometimes of riding off in a mover-wagon to a land of new experience, but I never could have imagined that the unknown contents of the wagon included flies and unwashed skillets and women who worked their mouths that way and asked questions. I found nothing bookish or romantic in it. I wished I were back home, but I did n't know how to get away.

The slouching man on the wagon-seat suddenly helped me by asking abruptly, 'How fur you goin', sis?'

I raised the flap of the cover and looked out. We had passed far beyond the last of the dreary farm-houses, and straight before me, to the south, lay the open prairie. There was nothing else in view, house or fence or road. But I said promptly, 'I want to get out right here.'

And, without waiting even for the man to bring his slow horses to a stop, I was out, with my foot on the brake, and jumped to the ground. Both man and woman looked after me curiously. I paused to say politely, 'Thank you very much for the ride,' and then set off straight into the prairie, as if I had urgent business there. As soon as the wagon was out of sight I would turn

round and follow the road toward home, now grown desirable, poison or no poison.

The road here lay along a side-hill, and in front of me the prairie sloped up for a few rods, to the hill-top. I walked straight up the little ascent, so conscious of looks following me that I scarcely noticed what was before me until I had dipped over the crest of the hill. Then, out of sight of the wagon, and relieved of the embarrassment of watching eyes, I stopped suddenly and began to see.

For a moment I could do nothing but see. I scarcely breathed or consciously felt. I only looked. A long, long, irregular valley lay before me, with hill-slopes cutting down into it occasionally from each side. It all spread out in gentle curves, with soft risings and slow descents, and it was all, all clothed in the rare full green of the prairie-grass, which lay over the hill-tops and deepened into the valleys, and made every line and curve of the landscape soft with grace and willingly tender. The south wind came up into my face as I stood. It seemed to be at work enriching all I saw. It made the grass buoyant with windy ripples on its green surface. It bent the blades curvewise, until the sun glinted on their sides and the hills shone in places with gold in their green. Down in the hollow, where the rich slough-grass grew high, it made deep waves, with lovely shadings from pale to dark. It died away softly to a mere stirring and then back with a sudden joyful gust, and mingled rhythmic movement with the sweet quiet of all that lay before me.

An occasional flower raised its head: not many, only enough to enliven the color of the grass. There were the red sweet-william and the prairie-pea and the wild verbena, and others whose names I did not know, and never would

know, since they went away with the prairie and never came back. Here and there the green was dotted with sturdy 'nigger-heads,' with their rich mahogany centres and faintly pink fringes.

When at last I stirred from my little trance and drew a long happy breath of absorption, my hand dropped on one of these as I stood there, and without looking at it I clasped the whole top in my small fist, squeezing the prickles of the cushiony centre hard against the sensitive place in my palm. I knew the nigger-head well. It had neither romance nor mystery, and was as unsympathetic a creation as could go by the name of flower. But now its familiarity and its uncomfortable prickliness, as I stood holding it, seemed to form a tether to all the practical familiar things outside of this green vista. And this sub-consciousness of other things made all that was before me seem the more exquisite. But soon I loosed my hold on it and moved a little farther down the slope. There again I stood to look and look, following curve after curve of the green, where it stretched off to the south, rising over a hill and dipping into a valley, and finally climbing a last slope to reach the mysterious thing that was the horizon line.

I can't tell what strangeness lay in the line of wonder where the blue of the sky met the green of the hills. It was a mystery which far transcended in remoteness and promise any pot of gold of any childish tradition. That line itself held my attention. I had never before found myself where I could follow the full sweep of it all round. Now I revolved slowly, tracing the long ellipse which inclosed the narrow valley, lifting itself over the crest of a hill or dropping into a soft curve at the head of a draw. The completeness of the line fascinated me and I followed it round twice. I had never

imagined it thus unbroken. I looked from the green to the blue and back again, and then at the fine definition of line where they met.

For once I had no wonder as to what lay beyond that line, in either the green or the blue. The completeness and simplicity of what the horizon bounded set it off into a world by itself — a whole world, but so simple. And I was the only person in it.

I had never before been alone in any such degree as this. To be sure, there had been pleasant afternoons in the orchard, and surreptitious hours in the granary or barn-loft, in company with a forbidden book. But that was not complete isolation. At any moment some one might call me, or Henry or John, or both of them, might appear. Brothers have an energetic pervasiveness which makes any retirement insecure. A possibility, if not an actuality, intruded on every such moment and interfered with absolute solitude.

But here was a real aloneness, a solitude that was almost tangible, and — I discovered — an exquisite, an adorable thing. It made everything mine, in a way I had never known before and could not realize completely enough for my satisfaction now. Even my self seemed more mine than it ever had, at those times when some one might break in at any moment with an outside demand upon me. I dropped down into the grass, forgetting all about my intention of going home. 'A green thought' — I began to myself, for there is great pleasure in applying a bit of poetry when there is no one else round. 'A green thought' — But the rest of the phrase would not fit, and I had to let poetry lapse for the time and merely look and listen, allowing the prairie to define itself.

A sort of noiseless sound lived through the stillness, a sound which

had no beginning, and which could never have an ending, one would think. It was made up of everything there — the wind and the grass and the faintly sounding water in the tiny hidden creek among the slough-grass, and all the little lives among the green growth. I could almost believe, as I raised my eyes, that the softly-departing clouds had a part in it, so gentle and continuous was the sound. It seemed to be just a tender vocalization of mere living. When a bird's call dropped into it sometimes, it was only a phrase that melted into all the rest.

Listening seemed only to make looking all the more intent. This was a landscape, for this moment at least, completely satisfying. Here was no great variety to draw the eye from detail to detail in a way that interfered with mood and forbade absorption. It was a whole eye-full, of only the two elements, the green of the grass and the blue of the sky. Either would have been enough for man's desire. The two were riches beyond grasping. The sky was noble, now absolutely cloudless, a great half-globe of blue. It deepened from the lighter rim, where it seemed to come near to the horizon, to the exquisite remoteness straight above me, where the blue became bluer the longer I looked into it. Golden-blue I called it to myself, as I dwelt upon it.

I sprang to my feet and ran, my sunbonnet thrown back on my shoulders, so that I might feel the moving softness of the south wind in my face, and my arms spread wide as if to grasp all I saw. If any one had been there to see me I could not have done it. But for once a world was my own. The wind seemed to be bringing the grass toward me, in a constant motion, and I ran to meet it. I ran and ran, in a sort of ecstasy of all I realized of the place, the prairie wind in my hair, the

prairie-grass about my feet, the prairie sun in my eyes. Every minute was an adventure in life.

There is no time in a place like that. After a while I began to notice that the sunlight, sloping down the western hill, was catching the tops of the grasses instead of penetrating among them. Then there came a little indistinctness on the horizon line and a milky haziness in the farther end of the valley. But I put off thinking of the meaning of these things or deciding what I should do next. It seemed to me that if I went out of this place I could never come back. This day was different from all other days. Home and everything else were remote from this valley of grasses.

A shout — two shouts — broke across the continuity of sweet sound in my ears. I looked behind me and saw two figures on horseback, one on the edge of the hill-top and the smaller one nearer, moving toward me. They were my father and Henry, both standing in their stirrups and scanning the landscape. My first impulse was to keep still, and I sat unresponsive. But Henry had not helped to hunt cattle on the prairie for nothing. He turned and whistled shrilly to my father, who settled down in his saddle

and waited, while Henry came dashing up to me. Relief was plainly evident in his face, but he was not too much absorbed to put the pony through a mild imitation of bucking as he approached. Indignation succeeding to anxiety was apparent in his tone as he demanded,

‘What in Sam are you doing out here?’

‘I thought I would take a walk,’ I answered with quiet dignity as I rose and shook out the skirt of my dress.

‘Well, you’d better walk back home for a walk, and it’s four miles.’

It was plainly a relief to Henry to find me on the wrong side again. I surmised that the story of the fly-poison had been divulged, and found my own poise. With calm assurance I ignored him and walked straight up to where my father waited.

He said only, ‘All right, daughter?’ and drew me up on the horse behind him, and we cantered off home, Henry and the pony trailing along in the rear.

I did n’t look back as we went along. But I laid my cheek up against my father’s shoulder, as I held fast to him, and shut my eyes. And I could still see and see and see the moving green of the prairie-grass and the golden-blue of the sky.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF AN INDIVIDUALIST

V

BY JAMES O. FAGAN

I

IN the autumn of the year 1886, I left East Deerfield and entered upon my new duties in the switch-tower at West Cambridge, Massachusetts. From a position paying forty dollars a month, with a minimum working day of twelve hours, I passed into employment that paid a wage of thirteen dollars a week, with a minimum daily service of eight hours. I went to work at two o'clock in the early morning and, as a rule, I finished my labors for the day when the clock struck ten in the forenoon. The middle man followed from 10 A.M. until 6 P.M., and the third man then finished the round of the twenty-four hours. It did not seem to occur to the superintendent in those days, or to the towermen themselves, for that matter, that this division of the working-day was an unreasonable and unbusinesslike arrangement. It was certainly a hardship for the men at West Cambridge, who lived at some distance from the tower. But then, we were working for a railroad on which duty was limitless, and regulated only by the requirements of the service and the judgment of the superintendent. For several years, under this arrangement, I walked to my work, a distance of nearly two miles, between one and two o'clock in the morning.

This working arrangement at West Cambridge may be taken as a fair illus-

tration of the kind of intelligence, or whatever it may be called, that was engaged in the railroad business in those days. I cannot look upon the situation as reflecting favorably on the good-will or executive ability of managers. The smallest business concern, as well as the largest, appeared to be on the same industrial and moral level in this respect. Nor can the silence or indifference of the worker at the time be judged from the standpoint of to-day, when rights and wrongs of every description are subject to constant and fearless discussion.

Nevertheless, it was certainly an injustice, as I have noted, to request a man to walk to his work at two in the morning, without some stated and clearly understood reason. The superintendent was supposed to have this reason, and there the matter ended. Later, when the intelligence of men, managers, and society broadened, a fairer division of the working day was put into effect.

As a matter of fact, however, the specific instance of inconvenience to which I have referred was only a drop in the bucket compared with the general situation of which it was a part. For various reasons, these hardships were particularly aggravated on railroads, although the employees had actually to be educated to an appreciation of this fact. For example, my shift of eight hours was liable at any time to

be extended to sixteen or twenty-four without a cent of extra remuneration. In such cases I simply said to myself, 'That's just my luck'; and I was only one among thousands of employees who took matters philosophically in this way.

Recently, as I was discussing this matter with Mr. E. A. Smith, who was a train-dispatcher and assistant superintendent on the Fitchburg Railroad many years before I entered the service, he remarked, 'Why, there is Miss Carter the telegraph operator at Athol: she has filled that position faithfully and without mistake of any description for something like forty-five years. I am well within the mark when I say that hundreds of times during that long period of service, she went to work in that office at six o'clock on Sunday morning and, relief operators failing to appear, she kept it up until midnight on Monday, without a word of protest. During this long work period she handled not only important train-orders and other railroad business, but also all the message work of the Western Union Telegraph Company. This position was worth forty dollars a month to Miss Carter. There were no extras or perquisites connected with her work, but if she happened to be sick for a day the pay for that day was deducted from her salary at the end of the month. From the business of the Western Union Telegraph Company alone the railroad probably benefited to many times the amount of the salaries paid to the operators. Over-time, in those days, was never given a thought. It had simply not been invented, for the same psychological and commercial reasons, I suppose, that the safety bicycle had not then superseded the awkward and dangerous fly-wheel.'

Of course, a situation of this kind could not continue indefinitely in any form of progressive society. Superin-

tendents and others, who were called upon to mingle with the employees and to discuss these conditions, gradually awoke to the injustice of the situation, and in many directions, under pressure, I confess, were the first to initiate reforms.

I call to mind the first payment for over-time I ever received. I was the most surprised individual on the Fitchburg Railroad. The company was installing a switch-tower at Waltham, and I was requested, after my work at West Cambridge was over, to go to that place and break in two or three green men so that they might be ready for their duties on the completion of the new plant. The following week, when I counted my money at the little window in the pay-car, I was simply dumbfounded. I did n't exactly feel like walking off with something that did not rightfully belong to me, so I raised the half-guilty look with which I was surveying the wealth in my hand, to the countenance of the paymaster. Both he and his assistant were highly amused at my dilemma. Then one of them good-naturedly said to me, 'Move on, Fagan, that's all right.' But the affair did not end there. Some one of the higher officials, I understand, caught sight of the item on the pay-roll, and called for an explanation. I have good reason for thinking that the matter was finally settled by the superintendent making good the amount out of his own pocket.

But while the industrial lot of telegraph and towermen in those days was particularly distressing, judging it from present standards of justice, the situation in the train service was very much worse. I recall a typical case at East Deerfield. One day, in mid-winter, Conductor Parks walked into my office. His daily routine was to run a freight train from East Deerfield to Ashburnham Junction and return. This was,

barring accidents, a reasonable day's work: under ordinary circumstances he could make the trip in something like ten hours. On the occasion I now refer to, Conductor Parks and his train had been snow-bound and otherwise tied up at various places on the road for forty-eight hours. I told him I thought it was 'pretty hard lines.' His reply was something like this, 'Oh, that's nothing. Look at poor old Hobbs! They took his engine away from him yesterday to help a passenger train up Royalston grade. He is still side-tracked at that point waiting for the return of his engine.'

II

Before describing my actual duties in the switch-tower at West Cambridge and the features connected with these duties that developed and guided my progress in other directions, I am going to touch briefly on the accident situation in those early days, for the reason that the problem itself had much to do, not only with my own personal career, but with industrial improvement among railroad men in general. So far as responsibility for accident was concerned, the manager, the employee, and the public were all in the same box. There was probably quite as much social conscience concerned in the matter then as now, but it was unorganized and leaderless. There was absolutely no publicity, at the time, in regard to the details of railroad life, either in Massachusetts or elsewhere. In the fierce hurry of the times, the public mind was absorbed in the contemplation of statistics relating to railroad mileage and the expansion of trade.

Nevertheless, it was a very serious state of affairs from any point of view, and during the time of my service at East Deerfield, if the church-bells had been rung every time a human being was killed or injured on American rail-

roads, it seems to me they would have been kept tolling almost incessantly. In my own narrow circle of acquaintances, eighteen conductors were killed or injured in one year, and, on an average, one engineman, one fireman, two conductors, and six brakemen every month in the year. A trainman, in those days, with eight fingers and two thumbs was a rarity.

By common consent at the time, sympathy and interest of every description in this accident situation seemed to be focused on what was known as the 'paper.' This was a popular collection for the benefit of unfortunates. During my experience on the railroad at East Deerfield, there was hardly a week in which one of these papers was not in circulation in the neighborhood. The pay-car was the headquarters for many of these appeals, and the superintendent himself frequently headed the list of subscribers. Mr. E. K. Turner who, as engineer and some of the time as superintendent, was double-tracking the road at the time, was a strict disciplinarian, and men were frequently discharged by him simply 'for cause,' on five minutes' notice. But this stern feature of his administration was buried in universal respect for the official who never missed an opportunity to put down his name on these circulars for a 'five.'

It must not be imagined, however, that this distressing accident situation was the result of wide-spread carelessness on the part of the employees. Both rules and equipment at the time were actually unknown quantities. Everything was in the experimental stage, and every change for the better was nearly always the result or the price of some bitter experience. With the same consecration to duty to-day as then, the modern accident problem would lose its significance. Indeed, as a matter of fact, carelessness in those days

was frequently more of a reflection on management, or rather on the science of railroading at the time, than on the conduct of employees. An illustration of this point will not be out of place.

One night at East Deerfield I received orders from the train-dispatcher to get out an extra engine to help train number ninety-four. This engine, with the figures 94 displayed on its headlight, immediately took up a position in the yard awaiting the arrival of that train. Meanwhile another train, number ninety-three, moving in the opposite direction, on single track, had received orders to meet number ninety-four at East Deerfield. In a few minutes number ninety-three came along, and catching sight of the figures 94 on the headlight of the helping engine, the engineer mistook this helper for the regular train he was to meet and kept on his way. One of the most disastrous freight wrecks in the history of the road was the result. Nowadays, helping engines never display numbers until they are actually hitched to a train. Such, at any rate, is the history of a rule, and its reflection on the foresight or education of management.

It seems to me there was less real carelessness on the railroads in those days than at any time since. It is true the material was crude and inexperienced, and men were turned loose on their jobs without any examination, physical or otherwise, in regard to qualifications. All over the country these men, by the score, were being trapped and killed by the over-head bridge, the 'link-and-pin' device, and the open frog. Then, after years of bitter experience, came the automatic coupler, the bridge-guard, and the blocked frog. Meanwhile, out of the débris of this distressing situation, a new and more intelligent class of railroad men was emerging. It is with the history of this new class, then beginning to organize,

among whom my own lot was cast, that I am now concerned. Under inconceivable difficulties they served the public and their employers faithfully and well. To these men belongs most of the credit for pointing out the defects in the service, and thus paving the way for reforms which soon put the railroad business in America, for a time at least, on a sane and safe basis. To accomplish their ends these men, this better class of newcomers, determined to organize.

During my term of service at East Deerfield, this great labor movement for the bettering of working and financial conditions, or at least its undercurrent, was in full swing. Of course it was not a local issue, but an enterprise of national significance. Already in the western states, under the leadership of the Knights of Labor, it had repeatedly manifested itself in riotous demonstrations. But in New England, though the general aims were similar, the human material engaged in the struggle was different.

As it came under my observation at East Deerfield, the movement was a reasonable revolt against the intolerable state of affairs which I have described, and it was being engineered by men of my acquaintance who were far from being unlawfully inclined. The idea of organization for the common good was taking firm hold of their common-sense and intelligence, and it spread rapidly among enginemen, firemen, conductors, brakemen, and switchmen. These men, at that time, wanted reasonable pay, fair treatment, safety in operation, and, at the same time, in a marked degree, they desired the respect and good-will of the managers and the public. This situation was slowly evolving under my eyes at East Deerfield. From day to day for several years it continued to work out, very unobtrusively it is true, until

finally it came to the surface. In the round-house, in the caboose, in the telegraph office, wherever two or three men came together, there was a never-ending discussion of the vital issues of conditions and wages. At the same time there was no end of talk and exchange of opinions going on about rules, mechanical and personal safeguards, and the general improvement of the service. In these discussions, loyalty to the old Fitchburg Railroad was an ever-present and distinguishing feature. This was actually the atmosphere in which I worked at East Deerfield.

To interest the public and the management in these betterment schemes, *without losing their jobs*, was, to begin with, the burden of the railroad labor movement in New England, according to my diagnosis. But management in New England, taking its cue from the demonstrations that were accompanying the movement in some of the western states, was antagonistic to the men; while public opinion, as is usual when a political complication in the distance is foreshadowed, was on the fence awaiting developments.

To-day, however, thinking the matter over carefully at a time when the strike is quite as conspicuously the weapon of the well-to-do and splendidly-conditioned railroad man as of underpaid and otherwise less fortunate workers in other industries, I naturally ask myself what has become of that well-disposed body of men, and of that splendid movement whose beginnings appeared to me, at East Deerfield, so full of industrial and social inspiration. It must be remembered that society and management in those days threw these workers back upon their own resources; and to them, that is, to the employees, almost exclusively belongs the credit for a series of reforms and material betterments on

railroads that is probably unexampled in industrial history. If, then, along these same lines of advance, workers all over the country are now taking advantage of impregnable economic positions, and are openly converting exaggerated private rights into pronounced public wrongs, the history of the beginnings of this movement, as it came under my observation on the railroads, and as I am now trying to describe it, cannot fail to be interesting.

During the early eighties, the new era on railroads and elsewhere, with brotherhood and humanity at the helm, was coming on apace. From my individualistic point of view, these ideas of humanity and brotherhood were being translated by the social conscience of America into terms almost exclusively of economic value and significance. That there was, and is, social and industrial danger in this one-sided attitude, goes without saying.

III

It is impossible for me at this time to follow in detail the progress of the labor movement on the railroads, as it came under my observation. But the following account of my service in the signal-tower at West Cambridge will, I think, serve to illustrate and illuminate many of its interesting features. The principal points to be noticed will be the individualistic character of a part of my surroundings, and the careful, conscientious, and socially successful career of employees who were permitted to labor in that kind of an atmosphere.

In the switch-tower at West Cambridge, between midnight and six in the morning, there is usually plenty of time for reading, writing, or study. Outside work of this kind, of course, is not definitely sanctioned by the management. In fact, any practice that interferes,

or is likely to interfere, with the towerman's duties, is an infringement of the general rules of the company. For thirty years I have lived up to the spirit of these rules without paying much attention to the letter. To compel a man on a night job of this kind simply to pose in a waiting attitude, perhaps for an hour at a time, would be profitless discipline.

In a general way the towerman's duties may briefly be described under a few definite and interesting heads. In the first place, a thorough understanding of the book of rules and the current time-tables is absolutely essential. This knowledge must be supplemented by unfaltering attention to the clicking of the telegraph wires, and to the ringing of the various track-bells. In reality, these sounds relating to the movement of trains are heard, or rather felt, without any effort in the way of listening, while the towerman is throwing a combination on his machine, or explaining a situation to a trainman. In the same way an expert telegraph-operator, without any effort, can read a message on his sounder, manipulate his key, and answer the inquiries of patrons at the office window.

In my own case, this dissociation of routine work from literary or other enterprises, in which my mind was at the time engaged, is a phase of my educational experience in which I have always been profoundly interested. One day, quite accidentally, it occurred to me that this lever-throwing was, in some curious way, a great intellectual stimulant. Its immediate effect was to bring my sub-conscious knowledge or ingenuity to the surface. I pursued this inspirational method for years, and, after a while, every attempt of the kind was like an excursion into dreamland. When at a loss for a word or an illustration of any kind, the answer was usually forthcoming after an ex-

citing round or two at the levers. The greater the stress of business, and the louder the rattle of the trains or the ringing of the bells, which a sort of unconscious half of me was attending to with scrupulous fidelity, the keener became the intellectual activity of my other half, which at the same time was busy with other interests. It was simply a sort of singing at my work, and when anything happened to disturb the harmonious progress of the two parallel operations, the charm of course was broken. Immaterial conversation or noises, however, were unheeded. One day, for example, one of the boys exploded a cannon-cracker under my chair. I suppose I heard it, but that was all.

But coming back to the everyday situation, and apart from this mental acuteness which in the exercise of his responsible duties the average towerman acquires, an absolutely faultless manipulation of the levers of the interlocking machine is called for, in conjunction with the exercise of a sound judgment in all matters that relate to the movement of the trains.

There are sixty levers in the switch-tower at West Cambridge, each one of which is numbered. A series of these numbers, or the levers they represent, thrown in a given rotation, constitutes a route. Every route that is set up in this way for the passage of a train is isolated, as it were, and protected from trains passing or crossing on other routes. The mechanical intelligence that dominates the situation in the tower, and unites every train and every employee within the tower-zone in a bond of safety, is located behind the machine in a bed of long steel rods and cross-bolts, called the 'locking.' In preparing the routes, and in giving signals for the movements of trains, what may be called the conscience of the machine is frequently brought into play.

When the operator takes hold of, and attempts to pull, a lever wrongfully, to which act, in some form, danger is attached, he invariably finds the forbidden movement absolutely locked against his effort. He has been actually detected in an attempt to make a mistake, and the effect on the tower-man's conscience at the time is more acute than a reprimand from his superintendent.

The nervous strain on a beginner in one of these switch-towers is considerable, but when he has once become thoroughly broken in and conversant with the mechanical part of his duties, his confidence in the machine becomes unlimited, and he is able to concentrate his mind, almost exclusively, on the disposition of his trains, and on other matters, according to the nature and strength of his faculties.

But while the above is a fair description of the situation in a switch-tower at the present day, it by no means covered the field of work at West Cambridge at the time I entered the service. The most disagreeable part of the work in those days was out of doors. We were called upon, just when we could, and how we could, to clean, oil, and adjust the switches. For this purpose we were supplied with a kit of tools. The lamp or signal department was also in our charge. There were something like fifty signal lamps to be cleaned, filled and placed in position on high poles and low standards. In this way a track circuit of two or three miles had to be covered twice a day. To accomplish this work we took flying trips from the tower, between trains, as opportunity offered.

IV

From these signal-tower duties, in which for twenty-five years I was almost continuously engaged, I turn now

to the little community of workers at West Cambridge. I divide these workers into two groups. First, the train- and engine-men who were not fixtures, as it were, at that station, but, on train trips and otherwise, were frequent visitors at the tower, and at all times associated with its activities. As I remember these train-employees, and have elsewhere described them, they had been individualists both by instinct and inclination in their early railroad experience; but just about the time I arrived at West Cambridge their condition, financial and otherwise, was improving with almost incredible swiftness. Their organizations were becoming political factors, and political society was beginning to prick up its ears and get busy about them. To illustrate the situation in the case of this first group of railroad men, and its treatment by society in those days of dawning prosperity, I will take the case of Conductor Breakers.

This interesting railroad man was conductor of a train crew that did most of the switching in the railroad territory round Cambridge in the early days of my service at that point. He was a man of the old school, who had been in the fight for better conditions on railroads from the beginning. One day Mr. Breakers said to me, 'When I entered the railroad service, thirty years ago, I moved from Charlestown to Cambridge with all my worldly possessions on a wheel-barrow.' With the passage of time, and as the position of this man, financially and otherwise, improved, a very curious state of affairs in regard to his duties began to develop. The situation simply arose from the application of current business morality to the affairs of a railroad. Just as soon as business and political interests began to move in behalf of the railroad employee, and took notice of his rising importance, his

industrial integrity was endangered. For example, it made little difference to the Fitchburg Railroad Company whether factory A or factory B received the first visit from the switch-engine in the morning, but as soon as the proprietors or foremen of a dozen factories began to bribe the conductor in order to secure priority of service *and other favors*, a quiet system of graft was introduced that finally developed into a most astonishing state of affairs.

For a time the conductor in question avoided and tried to dodge the temptation; but the pressure was too great, and he ended by working the situation for all it was worth, and in his hands it proved to be worth a good deal. Before long, from one of the largest plants in the neighborhood he was in receipt of a regular salary. From other firms, at intervals, he received donations of pocket-money, hams, milk, wood, coal, and ice, according to his requirements; and if he needed anything in the way of hardware or pottery, all he had to do was to visit the factories and help himself. After a while, in collecting these assessments, in which the whole train crew sometimes shared, the conductor enlisted the service of one of his brakemen. This man had nearly as many side-lines as the conductor; his job on the railroad, however, did not prevent him from being, at the same time, a call member of the Cambridge fire department.

But opportunity and encouragement for enterprise of this kind could not be confined to the limits of a freight-yard, or a single city. The conductor soon entered the political arena. Every once in a while he took a trip to Washington in the interests of a postmaster, a congressman, or a senator. Then the management of the Fitchburg Railroad itself got mixed in the muddle. Just how, no man could tell, for Breakers went round with his finger on his

lips saying, 'Hush,' to everybody. His little trips to Washington and elsewhere did not interfere in any way with the pay that was coming to him every week as conductor of the switcher. This was certainly a very strange state of affairs. But the most demoralizing effect of political and other interference in the railroad business has yet to be mentioned.

One afternoon, the switch-engine with a few cars, in charge of this conductor, taking a flying trip into the city, hit the rear of an express passenger train ahead, which had slowed up a little at Somerville. It was on the programme to discharge the entire crew, but Conductor Breakers pulled too many strings. Until the men were quietly returned to their jobs, the office of the superintendent was besieged with delegations, committees and professional people representing, it was calculated, fully a third of the voting population of Charlestown. I was able to keep track of these events pretty closely from the fact that during this period I was acting as clerk to the superintendent of the road, and as such I had charge of the pay-rolls and had every opportunity to take note of the proceedings. But I never met a man who could say that he was able to fathom the mystery of Conductor Breakers and his manœuvres. His lack of education was a bar to his personal preferment. His specialty was getting jobs for other people, or making them believe he was busy in their interests. This, it seems, was sufficient, in railroad and political circles at any rate, to keep nearly everybody in tow.

This situation, of course, is bygone history, but it gives one a good idea how questionable practices began on railroads. It also illustrates the share which society itself had in the encouragement of practices which are now being so strenuously condemned.

v

The second group of railroad men at West Cambridge was altogether of a different class, or variety. Surely there must have been something industrially healthy and significant in the situation when we come to consider that, regardless of conditions and wages at this point on the railroad, a dozen workers held together year in and year out, and can now show records ranging from twenty to forty years of unbroken and satisfactory service. A questionable situation, I suppose, to some progressive people, who recognize no condition as sound that is not forever on the jump toward something different and prospectively better. Such people have little appreciation for conditions or individuals in this world that wisely slow up or stand still for inspirational purposes. But, apart from all comment on the situation, the facts themselves at West Cambridge are decidedly interesting.

All told, there were seven trackmen, two gatemen, and three towermen in this little group. The towermen received about thirteen dollars a week, the others about eight dollars. There were seven days in the working week, but remuneration for work on Sunday, in those days, was definitely forbidden by orders from headquarters. To find the amount that was due for work of a single day, however, the weekly wage was invariably divided by seven.

While the working conditions of the towerman, then, considering the importance of his duties, were not altogether satisfactory, those of the trackman, of course, were very much worse. And yet the results under these conditions, both to society and to the railroad, were certainly remarkable. The record of each individual in this group of workers was about the same as my own, and so I am speaking for the

group when I say that, personally, in thirty years' service, I never received a letter, or was asked a single question that could be construed into a reflection on conduct or work. Industrially, under conditions which in part I have described, the records of these men were all right; socially they were still better.

Of the original group, with possibly one exception, each individual owns, or did own, his little home. One of these men, a trackman, actually built the frame of his dwelling-house himself. The families of these workers ranged from three to ten children to the household; most of these children are now grown up and can hold their own with any, it matters not who they may be, in the community. These children grew up under my eyes. They were well-fed, well-clothed, well-housed, well-educated, and perfectly healthy. It is not too much to say that the best results were derived from the lowest wage and the keenest struggle. Leaving the towermen out of the calculation, the results I have mentioned were obtained on a weekly income, per individual, of less than eight dollars.

Once upon a time one of these men had a case in court. He owned a tenement house in Somerville, and his case had something to do with the collection of his rents. Referring to his low wages and his real-estate holdings, the judge put this question to him: 'How do you do it?' The man answered, 'Your Honor, that's my secret.'

In industrial circles, as elsewhere, secrets of this kind have usually a good deal to do with the character and disposition of the 'boss.' The section foreman at West Cambridge was, and is, in many ways, a remarkable man. As I look at it, the force of his unassuming yet strong personality kept a gang of men together for something like a quarter of a century. He is the

greatest living compliment to the principles of industrial honesty that I ever met. He is strict in a way, yet he never scolds. He is a tall, rugged man of the Lincoln type, just as much at home among his men digging out the switches in the teeth of a blizzard of snow, as he is in the company of notables at a masonic gathering. Among his fellows on the railroad, to mention Delvy is to praise him.

Because it will conduct me along the lines of my own progress at West Cambridge, and at the same time throw a little light on the 'secrets' of these rugged personalities in railroad life, I shall try to draw a pen portrait of one of Delvy's men.

Take Dan, for example. His arrival at West Cambridge preceded my own by a year or two. At all times he seemed to have his work on his mind; and at night, in stormy weather, he frequently came down to the tower of his own accord, just to assure himself that everything was in good working order. To begin with, he was a section-hand pure and simple. His duty was, in part, to walk over and inspect a section of track the first thing in the morning and the last thing at night.

He and his family had the West Cambridge 'secret,' in a marked degree. It consisted of all sorts of little economies, even to the extent of picking up waste lumber, splitting ties for fuel, and working at all sorts of odd jobs in the neighborhood at break of dawn, and sometimes far into the night. In all kinds of work the children lent a hand. Then there were hens and a little gardening as side-lines; and besides, when it came to a pinch, if I am not mistaken, the boys could cobble their own shoes, and the only daughter in the family could make her own dresses.

It is easy to understand what a quantity of character was wrapped up in a situation of this kind. In the process of

improving working conditions by organization and otherwise, is it possible to retain the sterling characteristics for which Dan and his type were distinguished? Will education and industrial enlightenment take care of the issue? The world to-day is asking this question.

In course of time Dan's duties on the railroad became more responsible, but there was no change for the better in his income. When, thanks to the efforts of their brotherhood, the tower-men were relieved of all out-of-door duties at West Cambridge, Dan fell heir to the adjusting tools, the lamps, and the oil-cans. In this way, quite frequently nowadays, the man lower down feels the pinch of a 'raise' or a lift higher up. But Dan and his fellows kept right along ploddingly. His natural ability and ingenuity along mechanical lines were remarkable. His educational opportunities, however, had been few. In fact, in some directions, he was decidedly superstitious.

Somehow, I always looked upon this characteristic as one of his virtues. In actual contact with life, his superstition was of as much practical value as libraries of book-learning are to some people. This is philosophy in accordance with the facts. In dealing with his fellow men Dan was as honest as the hills are solid. His superstition had something to do with his behavior. In the course of years of track-walking, it is no exaggeration to say that Dan picked up, in the aggregate, two or three hundred dollars in the form of cash and jewelry. As it seemed to me, he was always unaccountably restless until the property was safely returned to the owners. Dan's philosophy of honesty was unique as well as refreshing. One day he explained its fundamentals to me somewhat as follows:—

In the old country, when he was a

boy, a gentleman in a hurry thrust a coin into his hand as a fee for carrying a trunk. When Dan got home he found a sovereign in his pocket. As Dan looked at it, the man, in the dusk of the evening, had made a mistake. By rights the coin should have been a shilling. For several days the gold-piece actually burned in his pocket. But what could he do? And besides, he was sadly in need of a new pair of shoes. After a week of mental distress he finally purchased a pair. As he was leaving the store he stumbled over a black cat. This put the finishing touch to his mental agitation. But he could not work in his bare feet, so the boots had to be worn. As Dan tells the story, the first day he wore them the boots were fairly comfortable; the second day they pinched a little; on the third day they were positively painful; and then, after spending the fourth day in agony, he placed the cursed things in a bag with a rock for a weight and threw them into the lake. From that day Dan's ideas of the sacred rights of property were unshakable.

But Dan was one of nature's humorists, as well as a preceptor of morals. For years, just before going to work in the morning, he was in the habit of paying a flying visit to the tower to snatch a glance at the newspapers. Dan had a habit of reading the head-lines out loud, with a comment or two slipped in between. He invariably began with the weather report, the heading of which, as Dan read it out, was always, 'For Boston and vacancy.'

Dan was also the regulator of the tower clock, and once in a while he came in to adjust what he called its 'penundulum.' Furthermore, he had some knowledge of herbs and wild flowers, and possessed among other medicinal secrets an infallible remedy for 'information of the bladder.'

VI

But apart from questions relating to character and its conservation, which naturally come to the front from my description of the rugged and ready material engaged in the railroad business at East Deerfield and West Cambridge, there is another feature of the situation that is also of universal importance: I refer to the conservation of authority.

At a time when the attitude of powerful labor organizations toward discipline on railroads was being freely discussed in the public prints, Mr. Roosevelt, then President, wrote this little sermon on the subject:—

'The wage-worker who does not do well at his job shows that he lacks self-respect. He ought to wish to do well because he respects himself. Remember, too, that ordinarily the rich man cannot harm you unless you harm yourself. If you are content with your standard of living until somebody else comes in with a higher standard of living, then the harm the other man has done to you comes because of your own yielding to weakness and envy. If your heart is stout enough you won't feel it.

'The labor union has done great and needed work for the betterment of the laboring man; but where it has worked against his individual efficiency as a worker it has gone wrong, and the wrong must be remedied. On railroads, for instance, we should not tolerate any interference with the absolute right of a superintendent to discharge a man. There should be no requirement to show cause. The man who is a little inefficient or a little careless and is left in the service, is apt finally to be responsible for some great disaster; and there should not be the slightest interference, or attempted interference, with the right of a superintendent to

turn such a man out. Where a labor union works to decrease the average efficiency of the worker it cannot in the long run escape being detrimental to the community as a whole, and, in the real interest of organized labor, this should not be permitted.'

In the light of the facts as they are to-day, railroad men will certainly not look upon this little sermon as a very progressive announcement. Be this as it may, I wish to make Mr. Roosevelt's ideas on the conservation of authority the text of this final section of this chapter.

Of course this autobiography should be, in the main, an experience and not an argument. Nevertheless, the story would certainly lose most of its significance if the writer lacked convictions, or if he failed to take to himself, and whenever possible to impart to others, as best he could according to his light, the lesson to be derived from passing events.

Combining a consideration of public problems then, with the history of my personal progress in the surroundings of a switch-tower, I turn again, very briefly, to what may be called the adventures of Dan. From the early East Deerfield days, this man, representing industrial integrity, was the type which, at any rate, formed the ground plan of the service with which I was associated. Society, of course, is interested in perpetuating the characteristics of this type, and directly in line with the desires and efforts of society in this direction come those problems connected with authority.

Dan, then, was not only socially and industrially successful, but he was also a hero. In the year 1893, I think it was, a heavy freight train crashed into and telescoped a passenger train right in front of the station at West Cambridge. Five passengers were killed, and about thirty were seriously in-

jured. A signal and a flag were against the freight train, but they were both unseen or disregarded. Dan, who lived only a few yards from the station, heard the crash and hurried to the scene. The engine of the freight train ploughed its way clear through the rear coach and was belching a torrent of steam into the next one ahead, when Dan, disregarding the warning shouts of the bystanders, scrambled, with a coat over his head, into the blazing coach. While the crowd hung back, terror-stricken, Dan dragged a number of women and young people to safety through the hissing steam. In after days, notably at Christmastime, he received tokens of grateful remembrance from many of these people, and in this way his personal satisfaction in his own deed has been kept alive from year to year.

To the men in the signal-tower at West Cambridge, however, this collision of trains, with resulting loss of life, was no mystery. They knew all about the signals, the flags, and the conditions under which they were operated. They were also daily witnesses of the efforts of the management, in the interest of safety, to enforce the principle of implicit obedience in the face of a rising tide of aggressive industrial assertiveness which, at the time, was backed up in various ways by public opinion. In this particular instance the coroner, one or two judges, and the newspapers, united in placing all the blame for the accident upon the management of the railroad. The fact was lost sight of that every railroad in the country was suffering from the same trouble at the same time, with similar results.

No substitute has been proposed by these, or any other critics, to take the place of obedience to rules, and the exercise of authority in connection therewith. Be this as it may, this accident

at West Cambridge was used as a test case, and authority was driven to the wall. In the words of the then general superintendent of the Fitchburg Railroad, 'The newspapers and the public may know how to run a railroad, but, with such handicaps, I certainly do not.'

Some time after this accident at West Cambridge I left the tower service for a while, and was appointed clerk to the superintendent of the division, whose office was in Boston. I held the position for about eighteen months and was then sent back to the tower. I was removed from this position for the same reason, I suppose, that Mr. Hartwell, the superintendent, was also, before long, relieved of his duties. In a word, we were behind the times. The distinction between the old and the new idea in management was fundamental. For example, Mr. Hartwell, on one occasion, eliminated a man who was in the habit of running recklessly round curves. The new solution of this problem in discipline is to eliminate the curve. Not so long ago an accident at Bridgeport, Connecticut, on the New Haven Railroad, was judged by the courts and the newspapers on the principle that the accident would not have happened if the track had been straight.

Mr. Hartwell, however, was a disciplinarian, and withal a splendid railroad man, from the ground up. In all cases that came up for promotion, he always insisted upon a thorough examination of each candidate. In order to be trusted with a train, every applicant had to pass Mr. Hartwell's personal inspection. When that old-time superintendent left the service, a dozen

or more men were on his unavailable list. At the present day, thanks to the seniority rule, practically every man qualifies, and accidents eliminate the weaklings.

Some time before Mr. Hartwell's retirement from the service, a certain train crew, with, or in charge of, a crowded passenger train, left the North Station in Boston. The men neglected to make the air test before starting; consequently the train barely escaped a plunge into an open 'draw.' Mr. Hartwell discharged the train crew, just as the law would have deprived a pilot of his license for needlessly running his ship upon the rocks. But the superintendent's word was not final. A number of influences were set to work on behalf of the men, and in a month the crew was sent back to work by order of the highest executive officer on the railroad, who, by the way, at the time was seeking a military appointment at the hands of the governor, and was soliciting political endorsement. It detracts in no way from the importance of the issues, that managers at times conspire to defeat their own interests.

However, I got it into my head at the time I was working in Mr. Hartwell's office, that society was deeply interested in these two problems of the conservation of character and authority, and it became increasingly evident to me that the issues were as vitally concerned with education and religious matters, as with the railroad business. So I returned to the switch-tower with the determination to study these problems, and quietly to start a sort of personal campaign in their behalf, with my pen.

(To be continued.)

A REAL MYTH

BY W. JETT LAUCK

RECENT political events have shown that the ultimate consumer, instead of being a myth, is a most surprising reality. A series of governmental investigations, however, extending over the past few years, has developed the fact that there is another factor in the tariff situation who is a real myth. This is the so-called American wage-earner. He is practically non-existent, and a tradition. The argument that he is the chief beneficiary of our protective tariff system is also legendary.

The United States Immigration Commission recently conducted exhaustive investigations by which detailed information was secured concerning more than half a million wage-earners, representing forty of the principal branches of mining and manufacturing in all industrial localities of any importance east of the Rocky Mountains. The results showed that three fifths of our industrial workers are southern and eastern Europeans, almost all of whom have come to this country during the past twenty-five years.

Only one out of every twenty of the wage-earners in our mines and factories was found to be a native American. The remainder of the operating forces are either Germans, English, Irish, Welsh, Scotch, or Scandinavians, of native or of foreign birth. In other words, the greater number of our so-called American wage-earners have been shown by a comprehensive Federal inquiry not to be American in any sense of the word. They are aliens. Among them, immigrants of non-Eng-

lish-speaking races, and of inferior standards of living, representing the lowest level of the much-discussed 'pauper labor of Europe,' are numerically predominant. The native American wage-earner is practically a myth.

The displacement of the American wage-earner has been due to two causes: first, the availability of a cheap immigrant labor-supply; and secondly, the invention of improved machinery. Mechanical and other inventions adopted during recent years have done away with the necessity of skill and experience on the part of the operative and have made it possible for industrial establishments to employ unskilled and untrained workmen. Southern and eastern European immigrants have been used to supply the demand for labor created by the remarkable industrial expansion of recent years. A small proportion of native Americans has been retained in the mills and mines to fill positions of skill and responsibility. The greater number, however, have found it impossible to compete with the low standards of the recent immigrants, or to endure the working conditions imposed by the employment of the southern and eastern Europeans. As a consequence, the claim that a high tariff is needed to maintain the standards of living and of work of the American wage-earner is a fiction. Under the operation of our protective system the native Americans and older immigrants from Great Britain and northern Europe have vanished before the competition of the

immigrant labor of low standards from southern and eastern Europe.

Not only does a non-restrictive immigration policy freely permit southern and eastern Europeans to compete with and displace the native American in our mines and factories, but it also creates conditions which prevent our industrial workers from sharing in the benefits of a protective tariff. The tariff imposes restrictions upon commodities and thus protects the manufacturer and enables him to control local markets and prices. On the other hand, the entrance of labor being unrestrained, the influx of a supply of low grade has had the effect of forcing almost all of the native Americans from our mines and industrial establishments, of causing a deterioration in working and living conditions, of breaking down labor unions, based upon industrial occupations, and of weakening the general bargaining power of our industrial workers in selling their labor. Wage-earners in our mines, mills, and factories, of whatever nativity or race, have been unable, therefore, to secure any advantages from our protective tariff policy. This fact is obvious from a consideration of the economic condition of labor in the United States at the present time.

The comprehensive and intensive inquiry of the United States Immigration Commission has already been mentioned. This body expended \$600,000, and for a period of over three years had agents and experts at work in all sections of the country collecting data. Information carefully secured concerning 26,116 adult male industrial workers employed in 38 of the leading branches of mining and manufacturing showed average annual earnings of only \$475. Two fifths of 15,000 male heads of families who were employed in mines and factories were found to be earning less than \$500 per annum.

Slightly more than one half of these husbands and fathers were receiving less than \$600 each year. The average yearly family income of 15,000 families was only \$721. Three tenths of the families of the industrial establishments had an annual income under \$500. These figures have been verified by the results of the Woman and Child Labor and other studies of the United States Bureau of Labor, which were conducted during the same period as those of the Immigration Commission.

The fact of striking significance which is apparent from a mere reading of the above figures is that the wages which the married employee receives from the mine, mill, or factory, are not sufficient to maintain a normal family life. In other words, the earnings of a husband are inadequate for the support of himself and his wife and children. Recourse to other sources of family income is necessary. This means the employment of the wife and children, or the keeping of boarders and lodgers.

Of the 16,000 families included in the industrial investigations of the Immigration Commission, only 40 per cent were entirely supported by the earnings of the heads. A considerable proportion of the families received an income from the earnings of wives, while slightly more than one fifth derived funds from the contributions of children. Three tenths of the households were partly supported by the payments of boarders and lodgers. The relative importance of the different sources may be illustrated by the data received relative to the families of 2,038 steel workers and of 745 cotton operatives. In the case of wage-earners in the iron and steel industry, seven tenths of the total family income was found to arise from the earnings of the husbands in the furnaces and mills, while one tenth was secured from the wages of children, and one fifth from

boarders and lodgers. Among the employees of the cotton-goods manufacturing industry, only slightly more than one half of the total family income was derived from the earnings of the husbands in the mills. The children contributed three tenths of the total amount available for the maintenance of the families. The earnings of wives and the payments of boarders and lodgers, in about equal proportions, made up the remainder.

The conclusion is, therefore, apparent, that the earnings of married adult males employed in all branches of American mining and manufacturing are not large enough entirely to support their families. In the cotton and other textile mills as well as in the iron and steel plants, glass factories, bituminous, iron-ore and copper mines, and in all of the basic industries, the prevailing wage is a family and not an individual one. Mining communities, with the exception of the anthracite coal localities, which have silk and hosiery and knit-goods mills, are usually isolated and offer no opportunities for the employment of women and children. In these localities family income supplementary to the earnings of the heads, is mainly derived from taking boarders or lodgers into the homes. In communities which have developed in connection with the manufacture of iron and steel it is usually easy for the women and children of the households of the iron- and steel-workers to find work. Special manufactures, such as that of cigars and tobacco, are established in these large centres of population for the special purpose of exploiting this class of labor. In the case of the manufacture of clothing and textiles, and to some extent in the glass industry, all members of the family find employment in the factories.

The result of this situation is twofold: first, the children of wage-earners

are forced to leave school and seek employment as soon as they have reached the legal working age; and secondly, an independent form of family life is destroyed by the necessity of taking boarders and lodgers into the homes.

This condition of affairs has tended to lower the standard of living among our industrial workers. Congestion and unsatisfactory and unsanitary living arrangements are everywhere apparent. Of 17,000 selected families studied by the Federal government, the heads of which consisted of all classes of wage-earners, three out of every ten had boarders or lodgers. For every ten households there was an average of 34 boarders or lodgers. Rent payments being based on the number of rooms, the tendency is, of course, to hire as few rooms as possible, with the result that a high degree of congestion is the usual condition.

In the 17,000 households already referred to, there were 246 persons for every 100 sleeping-rooms. Almost two fifths of the families had three or more persons in each sleeping-room; about one fifth had four or more, and a considerable proportion five or more. In the case of some households all rooms of the apartments occupied were used for sleeping quarters. There was no separate kitchen, living-, or dining-room. One third of the families had only one room available for cooking, eating, and general living purposes. The congestion, unsatisfactory methods of living, and low standards of the families of our wage-earners may, perhaps, be more quickly grasped from the statement that the average monthly rent-payment per person was found by the Immigration Commission in its study of 17,000 households to be only \$1.60. In other words, our wage-earners have not only been forced to put their children at work and to keep boarders and lodgers in order to supplement their

own wages, but have also found it necessary to crowd the members of the household into the smallest possible space in order to reduce the per-capita outlay for rent.

The standards of living of the southern and eastern Europeans, who now form the largest proportion of our industrial workers, are much lower than those of the native Americans or of any other class of wage-earners in our mines and factories as set forth above. The preponderance of single men among the newcomers, or, what practically amounts to the same thing, of married men without their wives and families, has made possible a boarding-group system as the usual method of living. Under this arrangement, which prevails in all industrial localities, a married workman, as a rule, acts as head of a group of immigrant wage-earners ranging in number from four to twenty. His wife does their cooking and washing and the general house-keeping. Each lodger either buys his own food and has it cooked separately, or the housewife buys it all, and its cost is distributed equally among the members of the group. The head of the household receives a fixed sum, usually \$3.00 per month, from each lodger. His profit obviously increases in proportion to the number of boarders or lodgers he can keep in his house or apartment, and consequently he endeavors to crowd his rooms to their utmost capacity. All available space is utilized for sleeping purposes. Often the same beds which are occupied at night by day workers in the mills or mines are used during the day by men on the night shifts.

Every effort is made by the recent immigrants to live on a basis of minimum cheapness. By doing this and by earning as much as possible, they hope after a few years to return to their native lands with an amount of sav-

ings which to them will be a competency, or at least the means of greatly improving their economic condition. They have no permanent interest in this country or in the advancement of the wage-earners in the industries in which they are employed. Obviously, native American workmen cannot compete with their low standards, or work under the conditions which their attitude produces.

Such is the status of our industrial workers under a protective tariff policy. No more convincing proof of the failure of that system to benefit them can be found. If additional evidence be required, however, it exists in abundance in the form of the recent reports of the Tariff Board and the Federal Bureau of Corporations.

In its report on the pulp and news-print paper industry, the Tariff Board showed that the total mill cost of making one ton of news-print paper averaged, in 1911, \$32.88. The average price received for this class of paper in the New York market during the same year was \$43.90. The gross profit to the manufacturer per ton was, therefore, \$11.02. The labor cost was approximately only 10 per cent of the total cost and only 36 per cent of the profit to the manufacturer. In other words, the startling fact was disclosed that if the wages of the work-people in the pulp and paper mills were doubled, and if the New York price remained the same, there would still be a profit to the mill of \$7.75 for each ton of news-print paper produced. Smaller increases in rates of payment to the workmen would of course have less effect upon profits and total costs.

The low proportion of labor-cost to total cost in the steel industry is also shown by the study of the cost records of the United States Steel Corporation by the Federal Bureau of Corporations. As a result of this inquiry it was

found that the entire cost per ton of producing Minnesota and Michigan iron ore and delivering it to the lower lake ports was \$2.88. Of this amount only 35 cents per ton, or 12 per cent of the aggregate outlay, was for labor at the mines. The expense of producing a ton of coke in the Connellsville, Pennsylvania, region was ascertained to be \$3.69, out of which only 25 cents was expended for productive labor. In making pig iron, and Bessemer and open-hearth steel ingots and rails, the sum paid for labor was ascertained to be only from 3 to 5 per cent of the total cost of manufacture. Furthermore, the present duty on steel products was found to be from three to sixteen times the labor-cost per ton.

In the woolen and worsted and cotton-goods industries there are also many illustrations to be had of the low range of labor-costs, as well as striking comparisons of the high tariff duties on textiles with the small amounts paid to workmen in the mills. A yard of men's worsted suiting was found by the Tariff Board to cost an American mill \$1.71 to place on the market. The rate of payment to the weaver on this cloth was ascertained to be only 5 cents per yard, but the present tariff duty is \$1.02. In manufacturing women's serge cloth of a certain description on which there is an import duty of 49 cents per yard, the total American expense of production was shown to be 65 cents per yard plus the labor-cost of only 10 cents. On comparing foreign and domestic costs for another sample of women's all-wool serge, the total expenses of manufacturing it in the United States were discovered to be 43 cents, and the labor-cost only 9 cents per yard. The duty on a yard of this cloth, however, is 49 cents, or 1.44 per cent of the difference between the expense for labor in the United States and England, the

country showing the lowest labor-cost.

As regards cotton goods, it was found that the duty on some fabrics was 2.5 per cent of the difference in labor-cost between this country and Great Britain. The inquiry of the Tariff Board also showed that the money wages of English cotton-mill workers were only one third less than those of operatives in our mills. A comparison of real wages disclosed the additional fact that the operatives in both countries were on practically the same level, with a slight advantage in purchasing power in favor of the English workmen.

Illustrations might be multiplied indefinitely to show the small proportion which labor-cost forms of the total outlay for manufacturing articles of general consumption. Numerous other cases might be cited to demonstrate how extensively, although a wide margin of protection is afforded theoretically to labor by our present tariff law, labor has failed to obtain any advantage from this margin. It is apparent that our wage-earners are not getting their proper share of tariff benefits and that their compensation might be greatly increased without any serious injury to profits or to industry. The rates paid to workers in the iron and steel, paper and news-print, and the cotton, woolen, and worsted goods industries, for example, might be doubled and still leave large profits to be divided by the manufacturer and the wholesale and retail merchants. The wage-earners in these and other branches of mining and manufacturing are not securing their share of protection from the tariff because they are not in a position to demand it. It is being obtained by the manufacturers and jobbers or distributing agents, principally the latter.

The significant features of the entire situation may be summed up in a few words. Our liberal immigration pol-

icy has made possible the competition of immigrant laborers with American workmen. This competition has gradually become more and more direct; and, because of mechanical inventions, has within recent years penetrated to occupations which were formerly skilled, and exclusively held by Americans. In other words, we have had protection to commodities, but free labor. This labor has been without industrial experience, but it has been possible by the adoption of improved machinery in industrial establishments to use it to displace American labor.

As a consequence, labor unions and other organizations for collective action among wage-earners have been disrupted, the bargaining power aris-

ing from skill or training has been destroyed, and the American wage-earner has not been in a position either to maintain his status or to demand his share of the output of industry. The bargaining strength of the employer, on the other hand, has been improved, and 'protection to the American wage-earner' in the face of an unrestricted alien labor-supply of a low grade has had the effect of adding to the profits of the manufacturer, mine-operator, and wholesale merchant, rather than of assisting the members of the operating forces. Under these conditions the American wage-earner has largely disappeared, and neither he nor his immigrant successor has been properly benefited by our protective tariff laws.

AUTUMN IN THE ISLANDS

BY MARJORIE L. C. PICKTHALL

AFTER the wind in the wood,
 Peace and the night;
 After the bond and the brood,
 Flight.
 After the height and the hush
 Where the wild hawk swings,
 Heart of the earth-loving thrush
 Shaken with wings.

After the bloom and the leaf,
 Rain on the nest;
 After the splendor and grief,
 Rest.
 After the hills, and the far
 Glories and gleams,
 Cloud, and the dawn of a star,
 And dreams.

THURSDAY

BY DOROTHEA SLADE

DICKY, the one-legged crossing-sweeper, quite contrary to his usual habits, was spending the evening at home.

He sat beside his wife's bed, with a pathetically injured expression on his weather-beaten face, for she was dying. There was nothing he could think of that had not been done for her, and yet she was dying.

He had even bought her a little bunch of grapes in the market on the way home. He knew she had always had a fancy for them, though he had never thought of buying them for her before.

"Ave a grape, me gal!" he had said, displaying his gift with self-conscious gratification; and she had not cared to disappoint him. So he had spent an unprofitable half-hour in removing the pips from the little skinny green bags, with clumsy, patient fingers. It seemed to him as if she had quite enjoyed them, until he discovered that they were all collecting in a little heap in a handkerchief under the pillow. He had been very cross with her then over her willful deception, and she had cried. And he had kissed her. He did not remember having kissed her before since they were married. She was not pleasant to kiss at all. He noticed how dark and shriveled her skin was, almost like the leather on his own boot. They had told him her inside was eaten away with cancer. Bah! it made him feel quite sick.

That doctor was a fraud. He had been coming regularly every day, and what good had he done her? Those

parish doctors that you did n't have to pay for were no class. She was dying, after all. He began to think what it would be like in Gutter-garten without her. He would have to make his own tea and frizzle his own bacon when he came in. Who would do his washing? He found himself suddenly wondering how one made a bed, or cleaned out a room. These things had always happened in his home somehow. Perhaps they would not happen any more. He had often envied his wife sitting at home by the fire all day while he shivered in the wind-swept street or shovelled up the greasy mud while the rain drenched his poor deformed body through his thin, ragged clothes. Perhaps she had been busy, after all. Who would mend for him now, and patiently patch those frayed and threadbare trousers through another winter? A wave of intensely real emotion shuddered through the heart of the crossing-sweeper as he looked at the pitiful, twisted face of his dying wife.

And then suddenly he remembered that there were other women in Gutter-garten. Women who *could* be kissed and even 'treated'; gorgeous women, some of them, with big eyes and saucy tongues. He supposed any woman would do all those little things in his home just like his wife. She was dying. Well, let her die then — the sooner the better, for he knew her pains were cruel. He found himself hoping that it would happen very soon. Perhaps if the Gutter Parson came she would die quicker. It was his business to start people on

the last journey. That was one of the things they kept him for. Anyway, it was right for her to see the priest, of course. He had never been a religious man himself; still, so far as he could remember, he had not gone to bed without saying a 'Glory be' since he was a little lad at the Sunday School. He called loudly up the stairs of the Gutter-castle for the Elder Lizzie, who 'did' for him and the sick wife just now.

'I've now took a fancy into me 'ead to have the priest fetched to my gal!' he explained.

The Elder Lizzie gave him an incredulous stare. Then she lifted a corner of her apron to one eye and wiped it slowly.

'Wot?' she asked, still staring.

Dicky repeated his information. 'I've a fancy as my gal should 'ave the priest fetched to 'er!'

Lizzie dropped the corner of her apron abruptly, and her eyes grew round and dry.

'Yer devil!' she said; 'yer must be a-wishin' of she to die; and after all me trouble, too. I'm sure I've treated 'er as fair as me own sister. I'll fetch the priest me very self, and me prayer is you'll be done in yer eye. There's many a sick creature 'e's put on their pore legs again, just when they thought they was gone!'

Dicky went back to his watch beside the sick-bed. The Gutter Parson would be here presently. He was known to be very prompt on such occasions, but the crossing-sweeper was feeling a little queer inside. It was tiresome, that way the women had of knowing just what you would never have thought of telling any one. Women were mean things; perhaps, after all, those other women, with bold eyes and lips he could kiss, would not do for him so quietly as this poor dying creature had done. But he was sure it was right for the priest to

be fetched. He was not a religious man, no one could laugh at him for that. He had never been to church for what he could get, like some others. But the children had been regularly to Sunday school.

Perhaps he trusted more than he knew to his nightly repetition of 'Glory be!' Anyhow he did feel certain that when his last moment came, he would expect the Gutter Parson to see him safely through. He had not thought at all what would happen if he died suddenly in a fit or by accident. He could not think of such things. God would be kind to the last to the one-legged crossing-sweeper. And yet Dicky knew that he was, at the bottom of his heart, looking forward to this visit with dim apprehension. Nobody knew what nonsense the Elder Lizzie might have been talking, as she hurried the Gutter Parson to obey his summons. Perhaps when they arrived he would tell the gentleman that his wife was better. A new idea suddenly came to him: perhaps the dying woman would not want to see the priest at all. In the meantime he felt that he wanted to be kind to her.

She was sitting up with a bundle of pillows behind her, and her head sunk forward on her shrunken breast. Now and then she stretched out a lean hand and groped about with it in the darkness which had gathered round her, and sometimes her blackened lips moved feebly: 'Elp me!'

'I am 'elping yer, me gal,' said Dicky tenderly. 'Wot can I do for yer?'

'I wants me Communion on Thursday!' whispered the sick woman.

Dicky remembered suddenly that she had often slipped out on Sunday mornings early; he had thought she used to buy the meat then. If he had known she was going to church there would have been a row. So, after all, she had deceived him. She had not

been a good wife to him. She was dying, — the sooner the better.

'Ter-morrer,' said Dicky. 'We need n't wait till Thursday.'

'Thursday,' whined the sick woman; 'I said Thursday.'

It was the Gutter Parson who stood suddenly near him at the bedside and startled Dicky. So he had come, and he had walked in just as if the place belonged to him. The crossing-sweeper would have liked to swear, but he did not. He looked up once at that quiet, kindly face, the face of a strong man with two legs and a mind that was not shifty like his own, and he did not look again.

He had never got out of his own room quite so quickly before since the amputation of his left leg, but he had been glad to go when the priest had asked to be left alone with the dying woman. He felt like a stranger in there, with his own wife and the Gutter Parson both talking about things he did not understand. He began to wish he had gone with her to buy the meat on Sundays.

When he was called back again into the room he came creeping and looking curiously about him. The Gutter Parson was putting a violet ribbon into his pocket.

'I'll bring you the Blessed Sacrament to-morrow,' he promised.

'Thursday; I said Thursday!' muttered the sick woman.

The Gutter Parson looked dubious, for it seemed scarcely possible that the withered shrunken body lying there on the bed could imprison a human soul so long.

'Well, Thursday,' he agreed reluctantly; and Dicky was alone on the doorstep.

When he went back to the bedside his wife was whispering feebly.

'Is it Thursday yet?' she asked.

All that night and all the next day

the question was perpetually on her lips: 'Is it Thursday yet?'

Dicky was feeling vaguely uneasy. What would happen on Thursday? He did not want to be so near to God. He did not want them to bring God to his home. Dicky had always had pleasantly dim ideas about God before. Somewhere or other in a big place called heaven he believed that God sat on a big throne. But this was so real and so near, he would have liked to run away, only some dim suggestion of loyalty held him chained to that awful, mysterious, muttering figure on his bed who called to him so often to 'elp' her, and who was waiting like himself for Thursday.

At last the day came. Dicky woke up in the gray dawn wondering what was the matter. Suddenly he remembered. It was Thursday.

'Yus, 'tis!' he answered as he caught sight of the pale lips moving beside him.

The day grew slowly, while the sick woman waited joyfully and Dick shuddered.

'I ain't done nothin' wrong to nobody!' he kept assuring himself.

At seven o'clock the Elder Lizzie appeared, and exiled him. Her preparations took a long time, and later on a stranger came to assist her. Presently the bell in the little mission chapel began to ring and he heard the dying woman ask if it were Thursday.

Perhaps they had not answered her; he crept into the room and looking fearfully round, 'It's Thursday!' he said in a trembling voice.

'Ain't 'e comin' soon?' asked the sick woman, with a little despairing cry.

Dick thought it would be soon. He watched the two candles on the white-spread table. They were guttering in a cold unnatural draught that stirred through the room. He put out a hesitating hand to close the window and

saw that it was fastened. A great dread took possession of him and suddenly he dropped on his knees and realized that he was caught in a trap. There was no time for him to escape now; if he lifted his bowed head for an instant he knew that he would meet the Face of God and die.

For this little stuffy, familiar room, with its scanty, hired furniture for which he paid tenpence a night, with Sundays thrown in, had at that moment become the holiest spot in Gutter-garten.

'O Gawd, don't come into my 'ouse!' whined the miserable Dicky.

But he knew that He had come, and even then he was groveling in the dust before the Mysterious Prisoner of the Pyx.

The awful reality of this Presence was so different from Dick's ordinary dim conception of the far-away God who could be forgotten and even blasphemed.

Oh, if only he could get away! But he would never be able to get away again — he would never be able to forget.

Dicky was nursing a whining, cowardly heart, and praying for the withdrawal of that intensely real and dreadful thing.

But that did not happen, even with the Gutter Priest's own intention.

'Behold the Lamb of God!'

Within that white circle the burning Heart of God throbbed through the stillness of the little room and scorched the shrinking soul of Dicky. But the bowed body on the bed, with its stiffened, discolored lips and its sightless

eyes, had lost the power to become the tabernacle of the Host and its doors were shut fast against the approaching Guest.

The blood was surging in Dicky's veins and singing in his ears, but he dared not lift his head. He heard them laying the body down flat in the bed. One of the pillows slipped to the floor beside him. He heard his wife speak in a voice that did not belong to her at all. She was dying, and they were her last words. He listened eagerly for them.

'Put me out straight!' she muttered.

'She's thinking of her coffin, pore dear,' explained the Elder Lizzie; 'er was always thoughtful up to the last!'

Then she pulled out those crumpled, twisted limbs tenderly, and whispered into the dying ear, 'Don' fret yer, me gal, yer'll make a lovely corpse!'

The Gutter Parson was saying a prayer, and before he had quite finished, the Elder Lizzie crept behind Dicky and flung up the window.

Five minutes later, the little room held only himself and something hidden away under a sheet on the bed.

The crossing-sweeper got up slowly. The little candles were still smoking on the white-spread table, but the air was empty. He knew that he was changed, though he had only very vague ideas how the change would declare itself. He might join the Salvation Army or he might get drunk. In the meantime he would kneel down on the dirty floor and say a 'Glory be!' before that little throne where the Terrible One had rested.

THE SUNSET OF THE CONFEDERACY

VII

BY MORRIS SCHAFF

I

THE historian of Gregg's South Carolina brigade says of the formation of this last line of battle which the Army of Northern Virginia ever made: 'The nature of the campaign of the past week was easily read in the countenances and gait of the troops. Their faces were haggard, their step slow and unsteady. Bare skeletons of the old organizations remained, and those tottered along at wide intervals.'

Two hundred moved up in the rear of Gregg's brigade, and at once lay down; thereupon some one asked, 'Whose regiment is that?' A soldier among them with a grim smile replied, 'Kershaw's division.' Just think of it: two hundred and fifty, all that was left of that heroic division that turned the tide in the Wilderness, and whose volleys I can hear as I write these lines!

Meanwhile, Gibbon, Turner, and the Fifth Corps, led on by Griffin, are quickening their steps at every moment. Now they are all out in the open across the Lynchburg Road, coming on like a mighty wave ready to break at any moment on the disorganized, retreating Confederates. That garden of poppies, red roses, and cockscombs that marched up so gayly is broken into patches and carried back fast on the out-going tide of defeat.

It is now about nine o'clock, and

many a village and country church-bell is ringing for morning service, their tones dying away over fields where lambs are frisking; but no smoke of battle rises, and no poor boys are breathing their last, their young blood staining the lea.

Gordon has been through four or five dreadful hours. But trying as they have been to him, what must they have been to Lee, who when we left him was waiting for dawn to come, and for Gordon to attack.

On account of the mist it is doubtful if, from his position beyond the river, he could see Grimes mounting the fields to the Bent Creek Road and thence on to the timber. The uppermost question now was: Has Grant been able to out-march me, and will they encounter infantry? Yes, General Lee, he has out-marched you, and I think the world will hold that he has out-generaled you, too, in this last campaign. Minutes, quarters of an hour, went by; the firing seemed to hang at one spot, and every one knows that when that is the case the advance is, momentarily at least, checked. Lee could stand the anxiety no longer, and sent the accomplished Venable of his staff to Gordon to ask him if he thought he could cut his way through. Gordon replied emphatically, 'Tell General Lee that my command has been fought to a frazzle, and I fear I can do nothing

unless I am heavily supported by Longstreet's corps!'

Venable galloped back with the discouraging response, and says that Lee exclaimed, 'There is nothing left me but to go and see General Grant, and I had rather die a thousand deaths.'

Rather die a thousand deaths! Rather die a thousand deaths! Here we have about the first and only recorded spontaneous, right-out-of-the-heart, furnace-glowing utterance from that remarkably self-poised man; and, if true, it is a mighty interesting revelation. What was there in the occasion so painful as to wring this burst of feeling from his habitually-deliberate lips. It could not have been surprise. Had not these very circumstances, for the last year, cast their shadows before? Had he not within less than twenty-four hours told his old friend of West Point days, Pendleton, that from the beginning he had doubted the ultimate success of the South if the Confederacy were not recognized by the powerful foreign governments? And had he not replied that very morning to the same old friend's good-natured remark on his spick-and-span uniform (Lee had always hitherto appeared in undress), that he might have to meet Grant before the day closed? Nelson on the day of Trafalgar put on all the medals, orders, and rich decorations he had won. Cæsar, as he felt the stabs of Brutus and Cassius, arranged his toga that he might fall gracefully. It does not seem that the pain he felt could have come from the suddenness of surprise. It must have had some other source.

Rather die a thousand deaths than to go and see Grant! Whence came the arrow, and what keenly sensitive point in this truly great nature had it pierced? Was a natural pride rebellious and mad at the thought that, after all those brilliant battles, — Gaines's

Mill, Manassas, Antietam, Chancellorsville, the Wilderness, Spottsylvania, and Cold Harbor, — he should have to go and ask on what terms that valiant army might lay down its arms, as the armies of Buckner and Pemberton before him had done? If it were a dread of humiliation, had he a right to harbor such a thought? Had not Grant said to him in the note received the evening before: 'Peace being my great desire, there is but one condition I would insist upon, namely, that the men and officers surrendered shall be disqualified from taking up arms against the Government of the United States until properly exchanged'?

In view of the fact that his going would bring peace to the land, whence came the pang? Had he not said in his reply to Grant's note quoted above that, 'The restoration of peace should be the sole object of all'? Why should he prefer a thousand deaths, then, rather than go to see the man whom Fate had put at the head of an army which, through its multitude of men, had overcome the Army of Northern Virginia? Venable was an honorable man; but, in the light of the fact that it was an hour when greatness called for greatness, I wonder and I wonder if Lee ever made just that remark. If he did, it only tells me this, — that beneath all glamour and earthly glory lies the common clay of our natures.

Well, he at once sent for Longstreet, whose forces during the night had moved up till the trains at New Hope Church impeded their further progress, and were then throwing up a line of intrenchments, breast-high, with an abatis in front across the road, the left of the works resting on the headwaters of Devil's Creek, flowing north into the James, the right on those of Wolf Creek that soon finds its way through dense, wild-turkey-haunted woods to the Appomattox.

Longstreet rode forward. In his Memoirs he says that Lee 'was dressed in a suit of new uniform, sword and sash, a handsomely embroidered belt, boots, and a pair of gold spurs'; but adds that 'the handsome apparel and brave bearing failed to conceal his profound depression.' Lee, after gracefully saluting Longstreet, — this old hero still had his right arm in a sling from the almost fatal wound he received in the Wilderness, — told him that Gordon's men had met with a formidable force through which he could not break, and sought his views as to what should be done. Longstreet, with his inflexible resolution, asked if the bloody sacrifice of his army could in any way help the cause in other quarters. Lee said he thought not. 'Then,' replied Longstreet, 'your situation speaks for itself.'

They were standing near an almost burned-out fire; Lee called Mahone, and put the same question to him, and the brave little blue-eyed man, before answering, kicked some of the embers together, and then affirmed Longstreet's judgment.

These interviews must have taken place not later than seven o'clock. Lee in his note of the night before had appointed 10 A.M. as the hour when he would like to meet Grant on the road beyond New Hope Church, and while waiting for the hour to come, and expecting every minute an answer from Grant, he had a talk with Alexander.

The latter says that soon after sunrise he came upon Lee and his staff. They were by the roadside, and Lee called to him, and after peeling off the bark took a seat on a felled oak. He then produced a field-map and said, 'Well, we have come to the Junction, and they seem to be here ahead of us. What have we got to do to-day?'

A long and interesting interview fol-

lowed that can be found in Alexander's most admirable military memoirs, which, like those of Sikes and Sorrel, breathe sincerity.

Alexander was glad of the chance to talk with Lee for, ever since the afternoon before, when Pendleton told him, as they rode side by side, of his going to Lee with the self-appointed council's suggestion, he had been mulling over the matter, and had thought out a plan of his own to save Lee and them all from the ignominy of surrender. I know just how he felt, for he was a man of deep feeling, and I shall never forget its manifestation during an interview I had with him in Richmond at the time of the undraping of Jefferson Davis's monument. We were at the Jefferson Hotel, and that stately and capacious hostelry was thronged with ex-Confederates, all proudly dressed in their gray, and cheering to the echo every time the orchestra struck up one of their favorite Southern airs.

At Alexander's suggestion we had withdrawn to an alcove under the stairway and were talking over West Point days; and he told me of a row he had had there with a classmate just before graduation, a row so bitter that neither spoke to the other on parting from the Academy. Now it so happened that this classmate was the senior aide to the Chief of Artillery of the Army of the Potomac, to whom, at Appomattox, the Confederate batteries under Alexander had to be turned over after the surrender. On first going to headquarters officially in regard to details, Alexander said that he made it a point not to notice his classmate, whose face wore a look of friendly greeting. The next day he had to go there again, and his classmate standing at his tent-door beckoned to him. Alexander, after a struggle with his West Point hate, turned his steps toward him, wondering what he wanted.

To his surprise, his old-time enemy drew a large roll of bills from his pocket, stripped off a goodly number, and held them out, saying, 'Aleck, you are welcome to this; I have more than I want, and you may need it.'

'Do you know, Morris,' said Alexander, his soft voice trembling with emotion, 'I declined the money although I had hardly a cent in the world. I felt so badly and ugly over surrendering; but I see now that I did myself and him a great wrong.'

He paused. I glanced at his face, and his eyes were swimming with tears. My only excuse for allowing this episode to delay the narrative is that the reader may get some idea of the man who was talking with Lee, and what surrender meant to him and the Southern army.

Well, Alexander developed his plans warmly, and finally, with the desperation of youth, urged that the men should take to the woods, with the understanding that they were to rally on Johnston or report armed to the governors of their respective states. Lee listened quietly, and then replied to this obviously impracticable scheme that he had not over fifteen thousand muskets, and that even if all should report for duty their numbers would be too small to accomplish anything, and it would end in nothing but a destructive, malignant, guerrilla warfare. He then added, 'General, you and I as Christian men have no right to consider only how this would affect us; we must consider its effect on the country as a whole; if I took your advice we would bring on a state of affairs it would take the country years to recover from. . . . I am going to meet Grant at 10 A.M. and surrender the army on the condition of not fighting again until exchanged, and take the consequences of my act.'

Now we have the Lee of Venable

and Alexander, but it is only fair to the former to complete his account of what was said after Lee's exclamation about dying a thousand deaths. 'Convulsed with passionate grief,' goes on Venable, 'many were the wild words which we spoke, as we stood round him. Said one, "Oh, general, what will history say of the surrender of the army in the field."'

'He replied, "Yes, I know they will say hard things of us." (No, no, General Lee, you were mistaken: no one ever has said or will say hard things of you or your gallant army for surrendering in the field.) "They will not understand how we were overwhelmed with numbers." (Yes, the world thoroughly understands that we had five men to your one.) "But that is not the question, colonel [Venable was a colonel], the question is: Is it right to surrender the army? If it is right, then I will take all the responsibility."'

In these portraitures by Venable and Alexander, what living examples we have of how enthusiasm and love build up and festoon this world's heroes. But I find no fault. Climb on, blooming glory, round the pure-minded and dignified Lee! climb on, and ever climb on, around the modest, peace-bringing, and magnanimous Grant.

Lee finally mounted Traveller and, without notifying either Longstreet or Gordon, set off to meet Grant. His course was toward the rear, that is, along the road toward New Hope Church. He soon met a battalion of artillery withdrawing from its bivouac by the side of Rocky Run, and one of its officers says that it was about nine o'clock, and that Traveller was finely groomed, his bridle and bit polished until they shone like silver. Lee was accompanied by a courier and Colonels Marshall and Taylor of his staff.

Up the leaning ridge that faces the

midday sun and pours its summer showers and melting snow down into the little murmuring run, went Lee. The officers of the Eleventh North Carolina saw him, and from his unusual dress concluded that he was on his way to surrender, and that in that case the hour had come to carry out their resolution of two nights before, namely, to commit their colors to the flames; and soon, up among the fresh green leaves of spring went the smoke of their destruction. On went Lee and soon came to Longstreet's line of intrenchments; and as he passed through them that loyal, intrepid corps gave him cheer upon cheer. Go ask the field of Manassas, Gettysburg, far-away Chickamauga, and the Wilderness, and they will tell you with pride where every one of its colors flew.

After clearing the rearguard, the orderly bearing the flag of truce was put in front and Lee proceeded slowly on his solemn journey; and I can imagine Traveller, with ears alert, looking down the red streak of road bordered on both sides by still woods. Great was the hour, and great was the man he bore, but who knows what was passing through his rider's mind? Never had Traveller carried him on a mission like this. For the comfort of Lee I wish that, as he rode, the reality of the present had by some magic come and enveloped him, and then, instead of Sheridan's and Gordon's angry guns, he would have heard from Southland and Northland the mighty song of the triumphs of Peace.

Before long a staff officer from the front overtook them. Lee, after hearing what he had to say, asked him to go back and notify Longstreet and Gordon that he was on his way to see Grant, and rode on.

Meanwhile, Gordon had made repeated applications to Longstreet for the help which Longstreet could not

give him; but as soon as Lee's message was received, Longstreet sent it to Gordon by Captain Sims, who had been serving on his staff since the untimely death of his own commander, A. P. Hill, telling Sims to say to Gordon that, if he thought proper, he could ask Sheridan for a suspension of hostilities till they could hear the result of the conference between Lee and Grant.

Sims hurried toward Gordon, then threatened with immediate and complete overthrow. The battery at the Peet house was still firing rapidly, but the infantry and cavalry, save Munford and Rosser, who had escaped through a gap, had fallen back till their skirmish line, made up of the Fourth and Fourteenth North Carolina, lay within three hundred yards of the Court House. A stone marks the spot, and when last October I stood beside it, fog like a stranded cloud lay heavy and cold about the place, and the chilled crickets beneath the dun, matted grass at the foot of the stone were responding feebly to the silence of the fields.

In a small pasture not far from where Gordon stood at the edge of the village, a perfectly white cow was grazing peacefully, and beside her was a red one with a narrow white scarf across her left shoulder. The haggard apple trees close by them, the forlorn, blear-eyed, red-chimneyed old houses, — there are less than a dozen of them, — the hills and woods beyond the river, all loomed mysteriously in the mist. While I stood there gazing round, a puff of wind came by, and the mist began to steal away, and I thought that I was fortunate in seeing the field clothed as Gordon saw it that other early morning so long ago.

But to return to Gordon who, when Sims rode up to him, and by word of mouth gave him Longstreet's message,

was, as we all know, in a most trying position; for he expected complete disaster to break at any minute. He could see our infantry on the rising ground above him just ready like a shrieking hawk to swoop down upon him; batteries were going into position on every knoll, and he could see the flash of Sheridan's sabres preparatory to a charge, and his down-hearted men drifting by him in shoals. What a contrast with that morning when, as captain of Georgia mountaineers wearing coon-skin caps, he marched through Atlanta at the breaking-out of the war and was asked: 'What company is that, sir?' Proudly he answered, 'This is the Mountain Rifles'; but one of his men, a tall mountaineer, exclaimed, 'Mountain hell! We ain't no Mountain Rifles, we're the Raccoon Roughs.'

Yes, it was a contrast; gone was his smile at the answer; Atlanta lay in ashes; gone were the hopes of the crowd that had cheered him at the head of the Mountain Rifles; and now he was about to close the eyes of the dying Confederacy.

On receiving Longstreet's message, all of his aides being away on duty, he begged Sims to go at once to Sheridan and ask him to suspend hostilities.

Off dashed Captain Sims toward Custer's command, and as soon as he had passed Gary's small Confederate brigade, for want of a flag of truce, or even a handkerchief to display, he tied a new white crash towel to the tip of his sword and proceeded on his way. A piece of that towel, and of the drawer of the table on which Lee signed the terms of surrender, Mrs. Custer has kindly given me, and they, with a piece of the flowing red flannel neck-tie which her husband wore that morning, hang framed on my wall.

It took only a few strides of Sims's horse to bring him to a group of the Seventh Michigan Cavalry, near whom,

dismounted, stood Colonel Whitaker of Custer's staff. 'Where is your commanding officer, General Sheridan?' asked Sims impetuously; 'I have a message for him.' 'He is not here,' replied Whitaker, 'but Custer is, and you had better see him.'

They soon overtook Custer. 'Who are you and what do you wish?' he demanded, checking his horse, that was at a gallop. Sims replied, in tones as defiant as Custer's, who he was, and the nature of his mission.

I can imagine Custer's radiant face as the mighty news broke on him. He told Whitaker to go back with Sims, and gave another aide a message for Sheridan, which its bearer shouted exultingly as, with horse at full flight and hat in hand, he approached: 'Lee has surrendered; don't charge; the white flag is up!'

Whitaker having reached Gordon with Sims, Gordon asked him to go with two other aides, Jones of Alabama and Brown of Georgia, carrying the same towel to our infantry, still on the move. Fast they galloped, and as they passed Wells's brigade of cavalry in line of battle, Whitaker cried out, 'Lower your carbines, men, lower your carbines; you will never have to raise them again in this war.'

Striking Chamberlain's line, Whitaker cried out, 'This is unconditional surrender; this is the end!' And then on.

One of his Confederate companions reined up, and drawing near Chamberlain, said, 'I am just from Gordon and Longstreet, and Gordon says for God's sake stop that infantry or hell will be to pay.'

Chamberlain had to tell him that he had no authority to stop the movement, that Sheridan was in command. 'Then I'll go to him,' said the officer; and off he went, and the humane Chamberlain ceased pushing his division.

Gordon, on Sims's return, sent orders by Major Parker of Huger's battalion to the battery at the Peet house to cease firing.

Let us pause a moment. The last shot has been fired (the section is under the command of Lieutenant Wright of Clutter's battery); the gun is still smoking, and its fated projectile goes muttering madly over Whitaker and the bearers of the flag of truce, on toward our lines, who with bated breath and in joy of heavenly expectancy are awaiting the oncoming flags. Blind to everything but Fate's deadly purpose, on past the heralds of peace, rushes that doomed projectile, on and plunges through the breast of Lieutenant Clark of the One Hundred and Eighty-fifth New York. Inscrutable Destiny, you and I have faced each other, and, as the blood spurted from that youthful heart, I hope that you were satisfied.

At about that very same moment, too, when not another life need have been sacrificed, a musket-ball sped from the Confederate lines past the flag-bearers and mortally wounded William Montgomery of the One Hundred and Fifty-fifth Pennsylvania. Fate's victim in this case was less than sixteen years old, and out of his photograph, now before me, gazes a boy with a pure, sweet, hauntingly earnest face.

All firing ceased; but the men did not stop moving forward till they had gained a position from which they could overlook the Court House and the remnants of Gordon's troops falling back in utter and hopeless confusion beyond the river. With this scene before them the ranks halted, guns were brought to an order, colors were planted, and all stood looking, wrapped in flooding joy. It meant the end of the war, and a gray-haired officer exclaimed, 'Glory to God!' and Chamberlain replied, 'Yes, and on earth peace and good-will toward men.'

Hardly had Sims left him before Custer set out rapidly to see Gordon himself, and on approaching, with his usual assurance, demanded in the name of General Sheridan the unconditional surrender of all his troops. To this abrupt demand Gordon replied with unquestioned resolution that he would not pledge himself to any such terms, and that if Sheridan in the face of the flag of truce insisted on fighting, the responsibility for bloodshed would be on Sheridan and not on Gordon. Custer then asked to see Longstreet, and Major Hunter, a fine type of the Virginia gentleman, a member of Gordon's staff, escorted him to the old hero.

On Longstreet Custer made the same peremptory demand for unconditional surrender. Longstreet told him that he was not in command of the Army of Northern Virginia and, annoyed by Custer's brusque manner, — the old fellow naturally was in no humor that morning to stand impertinence, and especially that of a brassy, yellow-haired boy, — gave him to understand that he was entirely out of his place, and finally let fly some English that was quite vigorous. Custer was acute enough to see that his boyish game of bluff would not work, and I can fancy his laughing, contagious smile as he parted with the indignant old general, who assigned Major Wade Hampton Gibbs, one of Custer's West Point friends, to show him out of his lines.

Meanwhile Sheridan, who was about three quarters of a mile from the Court House, saw a large group of officers about it, and supposing that Custer was among them, started at a gallop to join them. He had his headquarters flag behind him, and as soon as he drew near Gordon's lines, was fired on. He halted, and taking off his hat called to them that they were violating the

flag of truce; but the firing did not stop, and boiling mad, he took refuge in a ravine. Later he sent the sergeant back with his flag and an aide to the group, demanding what their conduct meant.

Gordon rode forward to meet him, and says that Sheridan was mounted on a very handsome horse — yes, we know about Rienzi. The interview was not very pleasant, for Sheridan did not have a gracious manner. But after explaining the situation and reaching a mutual understanding, they dismounted and sat together on the ground. The silence that had begun to reign was broken suddenly by a roll of musketry. Sheridan jumped to his feet, glaring fiercely at Gordon, and asked, 'What does that mean, sir?' 'It's my fault,' replied Gordon. 'I have forgotten to notify that command.'

As none of his staff were available, Vanderbilt Allen, of Sheridan's staff, one of my fellow West Point cadets, was sent, directing them to cease firing. And do you know that the officer to whom he bore Gordon's message actually insisted on 'Van's' surrender, and when he learned that the army was about to lay down its arms, took off his sword and slipped away, away from his colors and comrades, and from sharing the greatest event in the history of the Army of Northern Virginia, for it was its transfiguration.

Well, I will not cumber the narrative with all that happened in the next hour and a half at the Court House; let it suffice that Longstreet, Wilcox, and others joined Gordon, Ord, and Sheridan, and agreed to wait till Grant and Lee had met. But Longstreet could not rest easy till word of the situation was sent to Humphreys, who, he feared, would attack his lines at New Hope Church; and Sheridan sent his chief of staff, 'Tony' Forsythe, escorted by Colonel Fairfax of Longstreet's staff, back through the Con-

federate lines with a message to Meade of the agreement they had reached.

'Tony,' for so everybody called him, was a tall, statuesque man of light complexion, very companionable, dignified, but with an undercurrent of natural gayety. I wish now that I had asked him all about this ride when, with boon companions, I sat till late hours in the City Club of Columbus, Ohio, with Governor Powell, John Taylor, Galloway, and Dennison, and heard him talk of Arizona jack-rabbits, as we sipped some fragrant old Scotch.

And now the troops about the Court House are resting on their arms; those of the Army of the Potomac, to their manhood and honor, showing no wild or barbaric elation, and the privates of Lee's army, heavy at heart, speculating wistfully on what is to be their fate. One of their number has written that there was an indescribable sadness over them all, but that they, feeling their common misfortune, were very gentle in their words to each other, sharing liberally the little food that remained.

II

And now while West Point men, young and old, were meeting with the cloudless friendship of their cadet days, let us return to Lee.

Having gained a mile or so beyond Longstreet's lines he halted and dismounted, and sent Colonel Taylor, accompanied by the courier, forward, who soon met my friend, Colonel Whittier of Humphreys's staff, bearing a flag of truce. Whittier was an uncommonly fine-looking and prepossessing young fellow, with charming manners; and somewhere on the campaign from the Wilderness to Petersburg he shared my tent one night, and by its lone candle we talked long, and when he rode away in the morning he carried my heart with him.

The courier asked him if he had a letter for General Lee, and if so, offered to deliver it; but Whittier told him he must deliver it in person. They soon came up with Marshall, who led the way to Lee, standing a little off, beside the road. The letter read as follows:—

April 9, 1865.

GENERAL: Your note of yesterday is received. I have no authority to treat on the subject of peace. The meeting proposed for 10 A.M. to-day could lead to no good. I will state, however, that I am equally desirous for peace with yourself, and the whole North entertains the same feeling. The terms upon which peace can be had are well understood. By the South laying down their arms, they would hasten that most desirable event, save thousands of human lives, and hundreds of millions of property not yet destroyed. Seriously hoping that all our difficulties may be settled without the loss of another life, I subscribe myself, etc.,

U. S. GRANT, Lieutenant-General.

General R. E. LEE.

This communication must have brought great disappointment to Lee, for I am sure he had been confident, if Grant would only meet him, of securing terms for a general peace that would save him and the army from the pain of surrender, and the South from a dismal remembrance of unqualified defeat. But this straightforward, kindly note completely terminated any such hopes; humiliation was inevitable; and to give it emphasis, Whittier says that, while Lee was reading the letter, Sheridan's angry guns from the direction of the Court House could be distinctly heard.

Apparently, Lee, without reading Grant's letter a second time, began to dictate to Marshall the following reply:—

GENERAL: I received your note of this morning on the picket-line, whether I had come to meet you and ascertain what terms were embraced in your proposal of yesterday with reference to the surrender of this army. I now ask an interview, in accordance with the offer contained in your letter of yesterday, for that purpose.

R. E. LEE, General.

Lieutenant-General U. S. GRANT.

April 9, 1865.

While the above was being written, an aide from Longstreet, Colonel Haskell, with a message to Lee, dashed by like the wind, not discovering Lee till he had passed him; and, having but one arm, the colonel was unable to check his horse at once. But as soon as he got control he reversed her course and, on nearing Lee, threw himself to the ground. The mare's large pink nostrils were flaring wide, and she was panting fast as, with lowered head, she walked by his side.

Lee hastened toward him exclaiming, 'What is it? What is it? Oh, why did you do it? You have ruined your beautiful mare!'

The history of that mad ride is as follows:—

After Lee had left Longstreet, Fitz Lee sent in word that he had found a gap for the escape of the army, and Longstreet felt that that news was so important that he told Haskell to overtake Lee and bring him back before he saw Grant, if he had to kill his mare. This favorite blooded animal had been led all the way from Petersburg and, for the first time, had been saddled that very morning, Haskell intending to call on her to fly with him, if necessary, from the impending surrender.

I am truly glad to tell you, Reader, that the beautiful, high-bred, and high-spirited creature soon recovered. What,

break down under a single heat and carrying a message on a field like that, with perhaps the blood of Sir Henry in her veins! And had he not worn the colors of the South against American Eclipse? No, no! She was sold the following day to one of our officers for a good round sum in gold, but I have no doubt that visions of Traveller and the fields of Virginia passed before her as in her Northern stall she dreamed of that heat.

Lee did not credit Fitz Lee's report, and his judgment was soon confirmed by the arrival of another aide from Longstreet, saying that it was a mistake. He finished his letter and Marshall handed it to Whittier, with the request from the general that he would ask Humphreys not to push his lines. Humphreys forwarded the letter to Meade, and Meade, thinking time and some good might result from so doing, opened it, and then sent it on to Grant, suggesting that it might be well for him to see Lee, and that he had granted a short truce.

The bearer of this dispatch was Lieutenant Pease, an aide to Seth Williams, and many were the pleasant days I passed with him. He was above middle height and firmly built, had dark-brown, earnest eyes and reddish hair.

Meanwhile, Humphreys, not hearing from Meade, moved on, sending Whittier ahead to notify Marshall that he had had no orders to suspend hostilities. Marshall again pleaded that he would not persevere, for it meant a useless sacrifice of life, but Humphreys, with his line of battle deployed, would not listen to any delay and actually was sending word to Lee, who was in plain sight, to get out of the way, when fortunately Forsythe appeared, directly from Sheridan. Lee sent Taylor with Forsythe to Meade who, having heard his story, agreed to an armistice until Lee could go and see Grant. It was

this detached duty that accounts for Taylor's not being with Lee at the McLean house, for I have no doubt that he would have asked this loyal and seasoned aide to go with him.

Lee thereupon rode back to within about three quarters of a mile of the Court House, where he dismounted, and sat down at the foot of an apple tree by the roadside. Alexander, who was near by, with thoughtfulness for Lee's comfort, had some fence-rails laid or piled under the tree and covered them with red artillery blankets for him to rest upon.

When Pease overtook Grant, his party were breathing their horses near an open field, and he and Rawlins were sitting on a log. Pease gave him Lee's letter. Grant tore off the end of the envelope and drew forth the note. After reading it, without a change of expression, he passed it to the pale and worn Rawlins at his side, one of the best friends that any man like Grant ever had in the world, saying, 'Here, General Rawlins.'

When Rawlins had read it, Grant asked, 'Well, how do you think that will do?'

Rawlins replied emphatically, 'I think *that* will do.'

Grant at once wrote to Lee as follows:—

April 9, 1865.

GENERAL R. E. LEE,

Commanding C. S. Army:

Your note of this date is but this moment (11:50 A.M.) received, in consequence of my having passed from the Richmond and Lynchburg Road to the Farmville and Lynchburg Road. I am at this writing about four miles west of Walker's Church, and will push forward to the front for the purpose of meeting you. Notice sent to me on this road where you wish the interview to take place will meet me.

U. S. GRANT, Lieutenant-General.

Grant gave his dispatch to Babcock, directing him to take the shortest road he could find to reach Lee.

That was a famous duty Grant put on his young and loyal aide, and there was something mysteriously fitting in the choice. For a youth with a gentler face or with more of the natural bloom of charity and good-will in it, or with less deprecatory blue eyes, could not have been found in the army. Grant at once set off for the Court House.

Meanwhile, Lee, joined by Longstreet, had expressed to the latter his anxiety lest Grant, on account of his first proposition not having been accepted, might now insist on harsher terms. Longstreet tried to reassure him. He knew Grant well enough to say that his terms would not be harsher than Lee might demand under like circumstances. But Lee's concern as to how Grant would deal with him, for some reason, was not laid. Whence came his distrust of Grant? Was it because camp gossip of old associates had drifted to Lee, in substance not unlike that which I heard myself from old army officers at Fort Monroe, after Donaldson and Shiloh, that Grant was a rather common and offensive fellow? Would not the fact that Grant had piled up his dead, and apparently without mercy, before the works of Spottsylvania and Cold Harbor, tend to confirm in Lee's mind the gossip as to his character? Might not the heart of that common fellow be vindictive as well as cold? Oh, the refined and hidden qualities in the clay of those called common! and the scornful indifference that has been shown them! In the most sublime of the Psalms, the nineteenth, we read, 'Keep back thy servant from presumptuous sins; let them not have dominion over me.'

Or was Lee's concern as to the terms because he had caught the eye of that member of the inner court which sits

in judgment, day and night, on the deeds of men — the judge who had argued silently, with benevolence yet with warmth, on the Farmville hills, that, defeat being inevitable, he ought to accept his fate without the loss of another life, — a responsibility which Grant had raised in his first note and repeated in his last?

Lee's heart was tender and, on more than one occasion in his loneliness (for no head of any army ever led a more isolated life), we know it had bled secretly over the sorrowful state of his men and of the Southern people; yet it was not of the kind to torment itself over steps irrevocably taken and approved by his judgment and sense of duty. No, as he sat there on the bank by the roadside waiting to hear where he should meet Grant and lay down his arms, *that* was not the source of his mind's unrest. The trail to it will be struck, as I believe, in the answer to a question of less subtlety. Why, after the fall of Petersburg, Richmond, and the overwhelming disaster at Sailor's Creek, should his hope of ultimate success have lived or even flickered for a moment? Why did not that epitome of the manliness of his day yield at Farmville? What carried him on from there against the pitchy darkness and steep desperation of the situation, on, resolutely, after the heads of divisions and corps had virtually told him that, in their opinions, the end had come; and above all, when he knew that his army had wasted away to a mere shadow and the few who remained were worn out with hunger and fatigue? What qualities in his being were at the helm, blind to facts and deaf to reason?

Bound as he was by a sense of duty to effect a junction with Johnston, yet to me, as he appears leading on that fragment of the old Army of Northern Virginia, from whose heart hope had

fled, leading it on in the face of that utterly dismal and starless situation, there is something so fraught with doom in his conduct that a shadow of brooding awe falls over this page, and lo! Æschylus, soldier of Marathon and Salamis, takes his place in the silent, hollow-eyed, famishing column; and as on through the darkness following Lee, he murmurs the preludes of his immortal tragedies, the spirits of Agamemnon, Orestes, Prometheus, and the pursuing, unappeasable Erinnyes hover over him.

And now let us draw near to Lee and give him a steady, kindly, searching look, unmindful of the showering stars of yellow, red, and green that are falling about him from exploding bombs of eulogy. Nor as to an idol or a marvel let us draw near, but as to a fellow mortal, genuinely true to the real in every, and the best, sense of the word; one who, though famous, was not honey-combed with ambition or tainted with cunning or cant; and though a soldier and wearing a soldier's laurels, yet never craved or sought honors except as they bloomed on deeds done for the glory of his lawfully constituted and acknowledged civil authority. In short, he was a soldier to whom the sense of duty was a gospel, and a man of the world whose only rule of life was, that life should be upright and stainless. I cannot but think that Providence meant, through him, to prolong the ideal of the gentleman in this world.

And now to those high moral standards, warmest family affections, imperial qualities and characteristics, add wealth, station, an imposing stature, a noble countenance, and abilities of the first order, and, as the background of those notable attributes, a glowing series of rare victories in the cause of the Confederacy, with its appealingly tragic life and death, and it can easily be seen why, through the natural im-

pulses of our nature, Lee has become the embodiment of one of the world's ideals, that of the soldier, the Christian, and the gentleman. And from the bottom of my heart I thank Heaven, since the commercial spirit of our time has grown into a sordid, money-gorged, godless, snoring monster, for the comfort of having a character like Lee's to look at, standing in burnished glory above the smoke of Mammon's altars.

But we are not seeking the sublimation of his mortalness; rather we would see the ingrained qualities of his nature which carried this modern Prometheus, these last two days of the Confederacy, on to the storm-battered crags of Scythia.

In a manner and mood becoming his native gentleness of character and unsullied life, and above all, the tender and appealing associations of the morning (it was Palm Sunday and the church-bells of the land were calling from steeple to steeple), let us look at him as a fellow mortal, look at him and find, if we can, the reason why, as he sits there by that Virginia roadside amid the wreck of the Army of Northern Virginia, nothing Longstreet does or may say as to Grant's magnanimity of character assuages his troubled mind. With this end in view then, and in order that our survey may be direct, true and substantial, let us detach him from his surroundings and deal with his personality, that marvelous compound the secrets of whose making are in the breast of Nature herself, and which she in her wisdom turns over from the cradle into the unfeeling hands of Destiny to direct to its end.

So, note, if you will, the stately angle at which he holds his head, and the peremptory silencing gaze of those potent eyes, studded with the light of conscious personal worth and a distinguished ancestry, which, as those

of all men of parts and such aloofness and dignity, are ever quietly on their guard. And do not fail to note, also, how quickly his winning openness of address shelves into an unfathomable ocean of reserve; the open gate, the blooming meadow, so to speak, closing like a floe in a polar sea. This cold simile is not overdrawn: he greeted his fellow men with charming dignified kindness, but that was the end of it, and there is no one among the living or dead, outside of his own family, who has ever claimed to have been on close confidential relations with him.

Under the habitually unruffled composure of that ocean of reserve, and dominated, as I believe, by two master spirits, lies the authentic Lee. And what were those master spirits, which, blind to facts and deaf to reason, drove him on from Farmville? Were they creations of his own? No, not at all. Nature herself had planted them. And what were they? One, an all-pervading unconscious pride, a pride not sordid or arrogant, but lofty; the other, diffused through his whole being and pulsing in every vein, a burning, even fierce, enthusiasm. These, in my judgment, were the ingrained, controlling temperamental qualities in Robert E. Lee, which determined his fate. The former could not stand the humiliation of being overthrown completely in a

cause he believed right, the latter converted him, at Danger's first challenge, as was again and again displayed in the field, into a prompt and inveterate fighter. As for instance, at Antietam, although he had met and stood off McClellan, yet with such carnage that it was in effect a defeat, still for a day after the battle he held his ground among his dead, resolutely challenging his adversary to come on if he dared. So, too, he stood for a day at Gettysburg, after his frightful repulses, inviting Meade to attack; and when with his bleeding army he reached the flooded Potomac with every bridge swept away, undismayed he turned his back on the raging stream and, planting his colors, defiantly bade the Army of the Potomac to strike. Who can forget, either, how quickly he accepted Hooker's gage of battle in the Wilderness, and how a year later (the violets were just in bloom again for the first time on the blood-stained ground of Gettysburg) he plunged at Grant. No eagle that ever flew, no tiger that ever sprang, had more natural courage; and I will guarantee that every field he was on, if you ask them about him, will speak of the unquailing battle-spirit of his mien. Be not deceived: Lee, notwithstanding his poise, was naturally the most belligerent man at the head of any army in the war.

(To be concluded.)

THE MORAL VALUE OF SCIENTIFIC MANAGEMENT

BY WILLIAM C. REDFIELD

I

THE industrial atmosphere is filled with 'wars and rumors of wars.' The sad conditions recently existing at Lawrence; the coal strike abroad, and that threatened here; the recent arrests by the United States authorities of persons in certain labor circles, charged with crime — these all give pause to thoughtful men, make the judicious grieve, and lead one to question the soundness and permanence of our present industrial structure. For clearly, if that structure rests upon a basis of justified discontent, of which the troubles cited are in part an expression, it is in truth founded on sand. If the only way in which that discontent can find voice and can seek a remedy is through industrial war, the situation is sad and menacing.

It is not necessary in this article to review the conditions which have made the common feeling among many of our mill operatives that of suffering from injustice. The fact that this is so is known and read of all men. Nor is it necessary to endorse the extreme views of radical leaders, either in socialist or labor circles, when one says that this feeling of injustice has much to warrant it. For example, a man in a large establishment in the central West was detained at home three days by the death and burial of his son. When he returned to work, not only was his pay docked for the three days, but the absence, though explained, was counted against his efficiency record, with the

effect of reducing his pay twenty-five cents daily for six months. Naturally one such case would spread distrust among hundreds of workmen, any one of whom would feel that a like thing might happen to him. The injustice done to one thus became a case of righteous resentment throughout the shop.

If our industrial structure is to endure, the conditions in it must come to be such as will make our workingmen and women better, wiser, happier, and stronger through their work. It is a wrong to the community that profit should arise out of continued conditions that injure the workers. But a chasm of sympathy and an equal chasm of knowledge too often separate the worker from the employer; and through this want of knowledge and this lack of sympathy we all suffer.

II

The truth is that there has been an unequal advance in our industrial knowledge and practice. The technical side of production has become highly developed. Our great schools turn out men who are highly trained in engineering and mechanical sciences, and who add the results of constant experience and thought to the knowledge they have thus acquired. The result is commonly seen in the rapid and continuing evolution along the mechanical side of our industries. The same thing is largely true of the commercial side. We have specialists in

office systems; a technical press is devoted to this kind of work as well as to engineering. We have commercial schools and schools of business administration, and a force is growing up trained to deal with these matters in a professional way. But we have as yet no means of training in the great art of guiding men. Our application of exact knowledge to our industries is too much confined to the office and to the mechanical equipment of a mill. Little or nothing has been done to deal scientifically — that is, to deal with accurate knowledge — with the human force which is, after all, the greatest power in production.

Yet it is obvious to any thinking man that accurate knowledge needs to be applied to this human factor quite as much as to the others we have mentioned. The problems of mechanics and of materials and equipment in a large industry are complex and difficult, but not more so than the problems arising from the complexities of the human nature on which, in a large measure, the success of the mill depends. For we may fit a dozen machines with like tools and like materials and run them at a similar speed and be sure of a like result from all the twelve; but this cannot be done with a dozen men, for the men are not alike, and in the man is a capacity for responsiveness or for obstructiveness that the machine does not contain. In short, the machine is an inert thing to which power must be applied from without, and the man is alive, actuated by forces from within. And yet the lesser mechanical sides have been studied exhaustively, and the greater human side has been studied very little. One wonders whether it is because a price has to be paid for buying machines that we are so careful about their quality and their maintenance, and wonders also whether, if it were realized that high

wages paid to a man may be as truly an investment as a high price paid for a machine, our methods with the man would not be different.

Our present way of dealing with the human force in industry is largely by guess-work or by 'rule of thumb.' We talk about an eight-hour day as if there were some fixed result to come from working that long; yet know, as we say it, that the mere number of hours is no measure of product, that one man will produce in eight hours what it takes another ten hours to make, and that there will also come in differences in quality of work to affect either result. And we talk also about the law of supply and demand for labor, as if the market price of labor, could it be fixed, would give us for one hundred laborers employed at that market price some exactly defined result. Yet we know that of the one hundred some will be better, some worse, and that the arbitrary wage which the supposed law might involve would be an accurate measure neither of cost nor of product. We have gone on blundering enough with this unstudied human factor, at an awful cost of human pain and want and suffering; and at a serious loss to manufacturers, who bitterly complain of inefficient and insufficient labor; and at a heavy loss to the community, which tries by all sorts of crude efforts through laws and regulations to arrange without exhaustive study that which only such study can fathom, and to do in a sort of helpless way that which needs careful and patient development on lines determined by knowledge.

Before leaving this part of our subject let us think for a moment of some of the consequences of our failure hitherto to study this precious human problem as we ought to have done. In the sweat-shops of our great cities women literally agonize in the effort, through long hours amid bad surround-

ings, to secure enough for bread. In some of our great mills children, far too young for toil, work through the live-long day; on our railways thousands of employees' lives are annually sacrificed; in some of our great factories the conditions are such as to degrade our womanhood and to threaten the future generations. We know these things, — in a groping way through our labor boards we are beginning to inquire into them, and they are forced on our attention now and then by the outbursts of discontent normal to such conditions.

III

Those who teach the so-called 'scientific management,' of which so much is now heard, approach these problems from a standpoint that has at least the merit of being an attempt to get exact knowledge. Their point of view is that the men in the mill must be studied first of all; and when they say men they include the manager, the superintendent, and the foremen, as well as those lower down in the industrial scale. Indeed, since it is a fundamental principle of this new method that there must be a readjustment of outlook on the part of the management toward the employee, it is in the manager that the new gospel finds its first and often its chief opponent; for the manager, especially if he be a successful one, thinks he knows how to run his mill, and the last thing that occurs to him is to become his own severest critic. The new teaching tells him, however, that he must not only do this, but that he must abandon the 'eye for an eye' and 'tooth for a tooth' principle of dealing with the workers, and assume in their behalf some details of management that now are neglected. He is told that his whole industry must be planned to make it easy for those workers to produce; that their needs must be consid-

ered as a foremost part of the manager's task, and that materials, tools, and accessories of every sort must not only be provided for the workers, but be brought to the workers; that the saving of the workers' energy and worry and time is the supreme duty of the management.

It is strictly enjoined upon the head of the establishment that, instead of hiring a man at so much a day, and then letting him work out his own salvation at the lathe or the loom, he is to be the friend, counselor, and guide of that workman in every detail of his daily work. Thus the relation between master and man is, by the new teaching, at least partly reversed. No longer does the man merely serve the master. The master must now devote himself in part to serving the man, and when the new spirit gets firm hold, each becomes the willing and glad servant of the other, to the common profit and the public good.

The second step taught by the new method is how practically to carry out this spirit of mutual service. Here begins the removal of obstacles from the workman's path. Materials, tools, and appliances are standardized, to save the time taken in choosing between those that are unlike. Materials of a kind are grouped in such wise that steps may be saved. Men called 'movement-men' are employed, whose duty it is to bring everything the worker needs to where the worker is, in order that the latter's time may be given wholly to productive work. This is carried so far in some instances that drinking-water is brought about to the workers to save their having to leave their work to get it, or drinking fountains are installed at frequent intervals for a like reason.

In this phase of the new method of management, continuous study is given to doing that which shall assist the

employee in his task, and a constant evolution goes on in this assistance.

Then comes the system of planning and arranging work in such a way that for each machine or man the work is so planned in advance that the question never arises: What is next to be done? Before one task is finished the material and appliances for the next are brought to the worker's side, ready to his hand, and at one central point in the factory office the entire present and future progress of the work through the factory is, so to speak, visualized in cards upon a board, so that it is there shown what each machine is doing, and what it has to do. This method permits no backward step, no wasted motion, and cuts out many a so-called handling charge that now means loss.

IV

But when the equipment of a mill has been perfected and standardized, and each machine has been so regulated, altered, or replaced, that it shall produce the product determined upon by careful study as standard, and when to the worker's side have been brought the material and the tools and appliances needed, and when a systematic flexible plan of present and future operation has been put into use, there is still much left undone. Now begins the study of the worker himself. For what is he fit, and how fit is he? Because he calls himself a machinist, can he run a lathe in the best way? Because he is entitled a weaver, can he run looms with the best results? This becomes a matter of individual study, which has two objects: one is to learn whether that worker does his work with the least effort in the simplest and easiest way. If he does not, he is taught how to leave out false motions, and how to save his time and energy. Instructors are provided for

this express purpose. Indeed, the factory becomes in a true sense a school in which the manager must have the spirit of both a teacher and a learner, and in which there is a staff of trained teachers daily practicing their art.

In a West Virginia glass-works was a man who by skill and training earned eleven dollars daily. Another near him could earn but eight dollars daily. Under the new spirit of management an instructor was assigned to the eight-dollar man so to teach him that he might bring his product up to the point where he also would earn eleven dollars. For it has come to be realized of late that the amount of wages paid is not the serious thing, but that the amount and quality of the product is the controlling factor.

The second reason for the study made of the worker is to learn the time in which work ought to be done. It is at this point that there is much dispute concerning the effects of the new system. Men separate this single element in it from the others; and forgetting that the spirit of this management, which is its core and without which it does not exist at all, is that of mutual helpfulness, assume that this time-study, as it is called, threatens what is called 'speeding-up.' There has been also serious objection to the methods used for this time-study: they are claimed to be intrusive and objectionable to the degree of putting an indignity upon the workman.

Clearly the accurate knowledge which our industries require must be obtained. We must know, and no longer guess, how long a certain operation ought to take; but just as clearly this knowledge should not be obtained in any offensive or aggressive way, but with the consent and coöperation of the worker. Done in any other way the information may not be trustworthy. For our present purpose, however, it

suffices that a thorough and kindly inquiry is made into the details of each operation the worker performs, and that knowledge is gained of the necessary delays and interruptions in his work. In this way standards can be set which, through teaching the operative the easiest ways of working and bringing to his side what he needs with which to work, permit production at less labor on a much greater scale than by the former rule-of-thumb methods.

At this point the spirit of coöperation, which is fundamental to this method of management, steps in again to say that the worker's task, in which he is taught and assisted as has been described, and which through such teaching and assistance has become more productive, shall return to him a much larger wage than that he has hitherto received. Experience shows that this increase has run from thirty-five to fifty per cent advance, and in the shops where this has taken place, the men themselves not only seem, as the writer has observed them, to be taking things calmly, though without waste of time, but they say themselves that they are not overstrained. Indeed, in some places where the new method is used, workmen to whom it has not yet been applied have petitioned for a chance to work under it.

V

From this brief review it may be clear that the so-called 'scientific methods of management' aim to get facts not only about machines and materials, but about men and women. They strive to adjust the worker to the work; to train him in it; to equip him for it; to provide everything needed for its easy and wasteless performance; and to recompense him well for the larger product made. But emphasis must again be placed upon the fact that it is

the presence of the cordial and hearty spirit of sympathetic coöperation between the employer and the workmen in the factory that is the very core and centre of these new methods. If that spirit is wanting, the new methods are not there, no matter what the management may be said to be. This is truly one of the cases where 'the letter killeth, but the spirit maketh alive.' No amount of orders from owners, of blank forms, and clerical staffs will make up one of these so-called 'scientific' systems. Back of them all, fundamental to them all, is the broad spirit of teamwork without which, whatever the management may be, the phrase 'scientific management' has no meaning.

Nor do the apostles of the new creed urge that it is one which can be adopted quickly, as one would eat his dinner; nor that it can be at once assimilated, as that dinner is digested. Any change in factory management must be an evolution out of that which has preceded, just as those systems or lack of systems which exist are themselves the result of evolution. It would be contrary to the very spirit of the new ideals to impose them from above by sudden orders, and it would also be an offense against the new spirit to attempt to impose them upon an unwilling working force. The misunderstanding of what is really meant by the new movement we are discussing will be fundamental and complete if we fail to grasp that this is an effort to have men in our industries do to each other as they would like to have others do to them, and to do this because, being in accordance with the laws of human nature, it is lucrative so to do.

Not only are the present conditions in many of our industries such as barely to afford a living to the operative, but employers complain that profits are not what they require for the maintenance of their plants, and

to cover the risk involved. 'The high cost of living' is a phrase which is on the lips of every one, and represents a fact which presses with peculiar power upon the homes of the poor. It does not meet this problem to produce more profits by reducing wages, if that process would indeed bring that result; nor, on the other hand, does it meet the problem to reduce the profits by increasing wages, if that method could bring that outcome. In either case one of the two parties in interest would suffer, and the third interested party, the ultimate consumer, would not seem to be helped in either way. In some way we must get at a result in which all shall share — the owner, the worker, the consumer. Waste is loss whether it be wasted effort, wasted material, time wasted in the use of tools, or in the way of working; in whatever form waste appears, it is an absolute loss to us all.

So we find the word 'efficiency' everywhere spoken; not exactly defined but meaning in substance the stopping of waste. In one factory the owner finds his automatic machines running but eighty per cent of the working-day, — a waste of one fifth of all their time. By study and by coöperation with the men running the machines, and without increased effort on their part, the machines are brought to ninety-six per cent productive time. In another shop a lathe is found operating at such a feed and speed and with such equipment that by skillful readjustment it is made to produce forty-eight times its former product. Clearly there is need for exacting self-study on the part of our manufacturers.

Efficiency is a public need, and is not only necessary to meet competition, although the pressure of competition has proved insufficient alone to induce the highest efficiency, but it has become necessary for a larger need: namely,

because we cannot much longer endure the continued growth in cost of the common necessities of life. They must be produced in a more efficient way and at a lower cost. The new methods of management say in substance: 'We will provide this higher efficiency and this lower cost, and we will provide it in such a way that without overstrain the worker may produce the larger product costing less, and be paid more for doing it.' These methods offer thus a remedy that claims to meet the problem at both ends and to provide the worker with greater means for buying that which will cost less to buy.

But this efficiency is not an end to be sought for the benefit of any class or group among us. It cannot be a means of making the rich richer or of adding to the profits of the manufacturer unless it shall, at least in equal measure, add to the income of the worker, while it relieves him from physical effort as well as from mental strain. And the test of these new systems of management will be whether they do work out this result.

There has been a tendency in some quarters to criticize adversely the various systems of so-called 'scientific management' before they have had time to show their ultimate results. It would be more just to acknowledge frankly the faults and weaknesses of our present methods or lack of method; to confess how inconsistent they are with the happiness of the working people who get a bare living through them; to give to the new thought that welcome to which its high purpose would seem to entitle it; and to wait patiently and sympathetically till it has been given a fair chance and sufficient time to work out its results. It is neither fair nor wise to pass judgment on an unfinished job.

But the new evolution, in order to

produce the most economical results, while training the most efficient men and women to get those results, must not only conserve their physical and nervous health: it must do more. The happiness and contentment of the workers are as much a matter of public concern as their physical condition. The efficiency of the future must be not merely such as will provide a wage

sufficient for physical living, but such as will permit recreation and mental and moral refreshment. We shall not reach the needed results of the best methods of industrial management until we can speak of our industrial towns in a paraphrase of Holy Writ, saying: 'The cities shall be full of happy people working in the mills thereof.'

THE TEMPLE'S DIFFICULT DOOR

BY ROBERT M. GAY

Do you remember the little old white church which, when we were boys, we attended more or less unwillingly, according to the season, with its stiff-backed pews in which we sat aching, counting the pipes in the organ and the balusters in the altar-rail and the dentils in the moulding of the pulpit? Of course you remember it, and the little old lady who sat in a corner ejaculating her hallelujahs and amens with the regularity of a cuckoo-clock, and the solemn precentor who sawed out the time with his hand, and the preacher who took his texts from the Old Testament and rolled the names of the Ten Tribes and their enemies as a sweet morsel under his tongue. The little old lady, you recollect, was valiant in prayer-meeting. She was not afraid to criticize the minister, or to repeat week by week the story of her conversion in her ninth year. Nor did she fail continually to impress upon us boys — facing us, sometimes, with uplifted finger — the immanence of him who goeth to and fro in the earth and rageth like a lion,

seeking whom he may devour. Ah, those prayer-meetings! Shall we, shall we ever forget them? Or the references to the sinners who sat on the back row (where we always sat)? Or the wailing hymns, or the dismal testimonies, or the waves of dejection that swept over us during the cataloguing of our omissions and commissions?

And there was always a boy! Do you remember him? A boy of our own age, mind you, a boy who ostentatiously arose and, with the decorum of a deacon, dwelt upon his former iniquities and present beatitude. We expected this of an occasional girl, yet the girls never did it; a mumbled text, a flurried word or two, were the extent of their temerity. As for us, it was not our custom to discuss our souls, even among ourselves. It is said that to forget the existence of a stomach is the best symptom of health in that useful organ, and, if the analogy holds, our souls must have been singularly robust. We were bashful about our virtues and vices; we could not fathom the sentiments of

Take Time to be Holy; we were in mortal fear that some day somebody might convict us of sin and hale us forthwith into the fold of the elect. Yet here was a boy who flaunted his goodness in our faces. It was evident that he was not normal, that it lay with us as a duty to puncture the bubble of his presumptuousness.

The time came, you remember, very opportunely. On a memorable evening it was announced that this Infant Samuel, as the little old lady called him, was to recite to the congregation the entire Book of Esther from memory. For us, who found it beyond our powers to remember a Golden Text of ten words for ten minutes, such a performance was unbelievable. We put our heads together and evolved a plot, dark, yet charming in its simple effectiveness. We decided to make faces at him.

We were expert in the art of face-making, because we had practiced it for weeks upon our sisters who sang in the choir. They had suffered, but were now immune. The grimaces of a Grimaldi could not have ruffled the calm of their scornful features.

We planted ourselves in the front row, and the boy began his recital. In time his preoccupied and lack-lustre eye wandered in our direction and rested upon us. He started, looked away, stammered, recovered, and went bravely on. But we knew that he would look back. We dared not glance at our neighbors, but had faith that each was doing his duty.

Of course he did look back, but why prolong the mournful tale? It is sufficient to say that Esther and Ahasuerus remained unwedded and Haman unhung; and that our victim retired amid the titterings of the judicious and the commiserations of the pious, while we plumed ourselves upon a difficult task laudably accomplished.

I have indulged in this long reminiscence, which probably can be matched in the experience of most of my masculine readers, because it is provocative of thoughts that deserve to be aired. An essay might be written upon the pathos that lies in the spectacle of a boy who is incited to a public display of his goodness; in the docility which is as clay in the hands of deluded adults. That he suffered there can be no doubt, — not one half so much under the ordeal of our contriving, which, I hope, cured him, as under the isolation which his dedication to goodness made inevitable. He was a lonely boy, though he may not have realized that he was. That he could ever understand his fellows, or be understood by them, was impossible. He was the victim of the most perverse fate that can afflict a boy: he had been born in the bosom of a family whose piety contained not a grain of the salt of humor, not a particle of the leaven of imagination, not — But I am forgetting. I wish to ask the reader's consideration, not of the victim, but of the tormentors.

Why is it that boys are suspicious of that approximate moral perfection called goodness? Girls find a deep satisfaction in being good, — in being neat, in being clean, in being decorous. If they are not these, we call them tomboys, still casting the onus of sinfulness upon the other sex. When we boys confided our exploit to the little girls, we found that they openly defended the boy, though, it must be admitted, they privately admired us, as is the way of their sex. Our fathers, informed by our sisters, and instigated by our mothers, solemnly reproached us, but with a twinkle that would not be hidden. Manifestly, the trail of the serpent was over them, too. They were sorry that they had not sat in the choir.

The meekest of men love to tell how bad they were as boys, hugging their

fiction of early depravity with an unregenerate glee. The more innocuous they may be now, the more they love to boast — especially to their wives — of these phantasmal wild oats. The ladies pretend to be shocked at the stories, but are glad to believe them; and so it is not surprising if some men, in their fear of being mistaken for saints, remain boys all their lives.

The pursuit of the ideal is complicated by man's suspicion of goodness, and by woman's curious, but characteristic, indecision whether to espouse perfection or imperfection. Gifted with a natural propensity toward virtue and propriety and neatness and respectability and all the other approximate perfections of life, attaining them with ease and wearing them with grace, she of course values them little enough in man. His foibles interest her more than his virtues. She admires even while she condemns. He, because he is a man, prefers admiration to commendation.

In education, man as a rule inculcates ideals of perfection without pretending to practice them; but woman, with an iron logic which, man's aspersions to the contrary notwithstanding, is characteristic of her, not only points but leads the way. Hence it is that some teachers of her sex have two manners, the human for social occasions, and the divine for the class-room. In the privacy of their homes they have their imperfections; in the class-room they are icily perfect. Their perfectness extends to such details as facial expression and tone of voice. Occasionally a man adopts the duplex character, but with deplorable result. I remember such a one in high school. Those of us who had the good fortune to meet him socially, found that he had his peccadillos of character, manner, and language, but in the school he was a pattern which we despaired of imitating. From his necktie to his

reading of Burke's 'Conciliation,' he was without spot or blemish. We did not dare to love him; we gave up all hope of emulation. We nicknamed him Mrs. Dawson, and let it go at that.

But women carry this dual character more successfully than men. Whether because they are better actors or because we confuse saintliness with femininity, even as boys we are more ready to forgive it in them. To the little girls, it seems perfectly natural. They catch the idea readily and practice their teachers' precisions and pruderies upon the family. We must admit, too, that in the art of being a pattern, women show a sterner conscientiousness than men. They are not constitutionally so lazy. It requires hard and sustained effort to be a pattern, an inveterate and dogged attention to detail. It is chiefly here that we men fail. The male saints — witness Jerome — had a time of it with their petty temptations, simply because sainthood is largely a matter of detail. Most men are good enough in essentials, but fail in the little things; the little things, of which woman is enamored, — too often, the slave. To be perfect gives her a satisfaction that man will never understand; and, prompted by the constitutional laziness aforesaid, he takes refuge in calling goodness womanish.

His institutions, therefore, are good enough in essentials; his political organizations and governments, his bureaus and offices and federations and unions, all are nobly planned, but lack the feminine touch that makes for perfection. His streets are dirty and so are his politics; his laws need dusting; a little sweeping would not hurt his governments; his various organizations would be none the worse for some polishing and weeding and clipping of loose threads and sewing up of rents and various other species of revamping. All these last subtleties are be-

yond him, just as, be he never so neat, are all the tiny sweetnesss and refinements and knots and bows and satisfying knick-knacks of his wife's person. She is a creature of *soupons* and *nuances* and intuitive niceties. She can endure no compromise with disorder or dirt or decay. Her motes are all beams until they are demolished; she uses a mountain of faith to move a mustard-seed; she cannot see the polished surface for the speck of dust that is on it. In her extreme development she spends her life doing the million and one trifles that man would leave undone.

The trouble is that, not satisfied with all this, she longs to make him perfect, too. Never deterred by the stupendousness of the task, she goes on, century by century, generation by generation, teaching him, preaching to him, marrying him; gently leading him or tyrannously compelling him toward the heaven of her ideal. And here again her gaze is microscopic. In her attention to his foibles she is liable to overlook his sins. She can seldom understand badness in boys, nor can ever see that the boy who is most bad in small matters may be the most good in large. She loves to keep her male offspring lamb-like, and tries his docility by making him wear long hair and wide collars and linen and ruffles and lace, never learning but through hard experience that, like the puppy, he takes naturally to mud and feels at ease only close to the soil. When he at last rebels and privily snips off his hair and rends his sashes and furbelows, she weeps, not because of the loss of material, but because of the loss of an ideal.

And who can blame her? It is seldom enough in this world that we can kiss and fondle an ideal, except in dreams.

I have a theory that our school laws should be revised and that we should confide our grammar-school teaching

of boys only to women who have been married. My reason is not the one the reader is imagining, however. It is not because she will have had children. No. I do not go so far as that. I merely demand that she shall have had a husband. He is quite sufficient. He is a male. A year's association with him will have softened her fibre, will have aroused in her mind doubts of the perfectibility of mankind. Then, then she will be ready to teach boys.

Yet it must be admitted that every teacher who has managed to remain human is confronted by a dilemma. As a teacher, he is expected to inculcate ideals of perfection, not only in studies, but in deportment; and yet, when he happens to come upon a student who approaches perfection it is a mournful occasion. The student may be admirable, but he is dull company. It has been suggested that teaching can be a satisfying profession only to very big or very little natures. I suppose that the idea is that the big nature sees the future in the instant, tolerates the present imperfection, dreaming of a distant flawlessness; while the little nature satisfies itself by attaining perfection in trifles.

The average man or woman who has drifted into the profession is saved from despair or insanity by that biological interest in, and curiosity about, humanity which we call humor. He knows that everlasting concern with perfection in trifles is a belittler of souls; that correcting sentences and paragraphs and Latin and German exercises and algebraic problems and geometrical proofs is poor food for a human mind. On the other hand, instinct tells him that the larger perfection is cold; that it dwells in the rarefied air of the mountain-tops; that it is un-human. To love the derelict student is treason to his profession; yet, as he looks back over the long line of

pupils who have passed through his hands, he sees that the ones who remain warm and vivid in his memory are those who fell most short of the very ideals which he tried to inculcate.

Among all the students in a certain school, I have a living recollection of just one, and he was the most imperfect student in it. He refused to study, he refused to behave, he insisted on fighting and bringing snakes to school in his pocket and — I do not exaggerate — standing on his head in the middle of a recitation. He passed most of his days sitting in the headmaster's office, studying demurely when that gentleman was present, and making paper flying-machines when surveillance relaxed. Yet, as I search my heart, I find that my memories of him are pleasant; that I should like to see him again, even at the price of having to recapture his garter-snakes, or of having to turn him right-side-up during a recitation. He was much misunderstood. Some of his teachers, having no faith in my theory of the interestingness of the imperfect, found him a thorn in the flesh, and predicted for him a sudden end by suspension; and there were doubtless times when, in an access of impatience, I longed for the end to come and was ready to officiate at it. He shattered the pedagogic ideal. Try as I would, I was unable to discover in him ideals of any sort, and he refused to adopt any that I offered, however edifying. Yet all the good little boys to whom he administered black eyes with the utmost generosity have faded from my memory and he stands out the brighter for the years that have gone. If he had been good, he, too, would long since have been consigned to the limbo of 'the dream of things that were.' Viewed in the narrow light of class discipline, he was a burden, like the grasshopper; in the broad and genial glow that falls from a humorous philosophy of life,

he was a joy, a heart-filling atomy of mischief, a triumphant example of the imperfectness of humanity and the humanness of imperfection.

We can postulate so much of the imperfect thing and so little of the perfect. Flawlessness leaves the weaker imagination so little to take hold of: it is slippery. Even woman, with that inconsistency which makes her adorable, really loves perfection no more than we. Every one knows that a little girl loves an old doll, or a rag doll, or a one-legged doll, better than the most expensive Parisian wax doll with real hair, and eyes that open and shut. The Parisian beauty has been longed for for months, but now that it has become an entity, it leaves the child cold. If it is so lucky as to lose an arm or some sawdust, there may be hope for it; but so long as it remains new and whole, it can never hope to enter the warmest precincts of the little girl's heart. 'To keep in sight Perfection,' says a contemporary poet, 'is the artist's best delight,' and his bitterest pang that he can do no more than that; yet in another epigram the same poet speaks as follows: —

The thousand painful steps at last are trod,
At last the temple's difficult door we win.
Perfect upon his pedestal the god
Freezes us hopeless when we enter in.

The little girl is tasting this experience. The contemplation of elastic joints, mechanical eyes, and waxen complexion warmed the cockles of her heart, but the embodiment of these in a palpable doll freezes her hopeless. If the poet, with more imagination, suffers too, and the highest natures — those which we call the transcendental — whiff the sadness that lies in the attainment of the perfect, surely the unimaginative mass of mankind can be excused if they find the inter-lunar regions chilly.

In reckless moments I wonder

whether the Greek statues did not suffer more happily at the hands of fate when they lost their arms and heads and legs than we are accustomed to think; whether their dilapidation has not given them a place in our hearts instead of merely in our heads; has not couched them in our love instead of merely pedestaled them in our reverence.

Or, to take an illustration from a lower plane, may it not be that we get a keener pleasure out of eating an imperfect apple? It is neither the best possible apple, which would be perfect, nor the worst possible apple, which would have a kind of negative perfection; it has a worm at the core; but I wonder whether we do not enjoy it more because we have to eat the more carefully to keep from eating him. Besides, he arouses in our mind all sorts of questionings. Why is he there? What kind of worm is he? How did he get in? How would he have got out if we had not ousted him? And — note this — what sort of an apple would it have been if he had taken up his residence elsewhere?

I am rather proud of this little apologue of the apple. For the perfect apple could have roused no queries which the defective apple does not. The same

subtle influences went to make both: the same elements, the same forces, the same chemical processes. But the defective apple has in addition to all these — the worm.

There is 'some strangeness' even 'in beauty.' The perfect rhythm is intolerable. We demand chiaroscuro in life as in color. The preciousness of the ointment is the more evident for the fly. 'We love people for their vices,' so the vices do not make them despicable.

If the gods that sit above have a sense of humor, they must find us grown men and women as funny and as sad as we find the boys and girls and dogs. Not knowing the sentiments of the gods, we have to content ourselves with those of the poets and humorists who, we fondly imagine, have in them something of the god-like vision. They look at humanity from above. And they find that the spectacle of humanity trying to be what it cannot be, facing both ways, on the threshold of heaven casting a longing, lingering look behind, is comic and tragic in its very essence; for comedy and tragedy differ chiefly in degree. In the imperfection of humanity lie its tragedy and its humor. Without it, this would be a happier world; but with it, it is a merrier.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

WOMEN AND DEMOCRACY IN SWITZERLAND

IF those of us who are old enough in years, and old enough in thought and habit, and young enough in grace, to date ourselves consciously back to pre-historic times, to the days when there was a Lady of the Castle, and a Lady Abbess, and a Vanishing Lady: to the days when the Gentlewoman loomed large in life as in literature, to the days when Châtelaines were not manufacturers' daughters, when Nuns were not secularized, when Ladies were not Helps, when Woman was not writ large — if those of us, I say, could but live in this tiny corner of the most truly democratic government the world has ever seen (more truly democratic than most countries would ever desire to see!) we should be lost in amazement — so much is it a back issue here — at the heat of argument over, and the timeliness and popularity of, the Woman Question in the United States to-day. For more than a year American newspapers have brimmed with it. Reviews have published essay after essay. And as if this were not satiety, a few are even offering their readers a further year of it!

Certainly Americans when they take up an issue, whether football, athletics, or woman, take it up intensively. Otherwise the subject would be a dead issue. There would be nothing paying in it. God forbid that — as a nation — we should lose our sense of proportion, our sense of humor!

Now living in Switzerland, or more properly speaking living in this particular part of Switzerland (the shores of

Lake Geneva), tends to a larger, broader, because lazier, point of view. When nothing matters overmuch, when time is of no account, when to-morrow will do as well as to-day, life slips along easily, surely; old habits change, new ones are introduced, reforms come, the Lady vanishes, and no one seems to have anything in particular to say about it, or any special share in the doing of it. '*C'est comme cela*' — that is all. Things simply happen.

Surely this is a saner and a more advanced and restful state of affairs than the constant clamoring for things to happen, as with us; less wearing to one's nerves, and to the nerves of the country at large.

Must we then lay to our editors, conscientious, thoughtful men as they are, the responsibility for this overwhelming intensiveness with which a question, and often not a vital question, is discussed? Probably; for where would the college editor find his matter, and the city editor his, and the magazine editor his, in this day of the fifty-page sheet, and the one-hundred-and-fifty-page magazine, were it not in this detailed and reiterated treatment of a theme?

But where reviews are but a few pages thick, and newspapers but a single sheet, and an infinitesimal sheet at that, quantity is not needed. And how well one can do without it! How clear one's vision becomes! What tang to the short, crisp, sparkling editorials! How quickly, too, results follow! Why, only last year the women of Switzerland secured religious suffrage with scarcely a hot word, so quietly was the campaign conducted. And as church

and national policies are closely allied here, undoubtedly Switzerland, without so much as a single militant suffragette, will be among the very first countries to give equality in political suffrage.

And 'the Lady' has vanished? Most assuredly. And no one comments on it, or wonders at it, or writes about it. One never so much as catches a glimpse of an old-time Gentlewoman! And one does n't expect to.

But surely in this land of castles, there must still be 'the Lady of the Castle'? Castles there are in plenty, — beautiful old specimens of twelfth, and thirteenth, and fourteenth-century work; massive, imposing, dignified. One meets them at every turn. Castles also of a later date, warm, sunny, terraced affairs of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, but — as for the Lady of the Castle, alas, there is not one!

'What! not here, in this wonderful old building with moat and court?' No! indeed! — *that* châtelaine is an American! 'Or in this?' Again, no! — only a rich merchant's daughter from Zurich! 'Then here — in this rounded tower, fronting terraced sweep of lake?' No! not even here — an artist!

And where is 'the Lady Abbess?' Gone! Gone as completely as a myth of the Middle Ages! But in her place has come the Secularized Nun, quick of wit, keen of intellect, thoroughly the modern business woman — in a brand-new house, perhaps a city block in size; in a brand-new frock, without coif, or veil, or floating robe; with an uplifted eye, and manners to suit the times, and holding her own against all other twentieth-century competitors, as scholar, educator, philanthropist! A startling change to us of the Western world, and we stare in sheer amazement! But she lives, and achieves, and the Swiss eyelid never flickers!

And 'Woman,' plain 'Woman,' what of her? Is any career closed to her that she chooses to undertake? Apparently not one. Is there equal pay for equal work? Most certainly. Street-cleaner, field-hand, school-teacher, merchant, lawyer, doctor, dentist, — woman is all this and more. Married or single, old or young, the race is to the swiftest — man or woman.

And what is the result? The result is simply — justness; it could not well be less. But — it is not pleasing. In courtesy, it means a complete leveling down to mutuality. Woman has her place in train or tram — and so has Man; and his is not ceded to her. She has her place on street or sidewalk — and so has he; and he is careful to keep his right, and not to step aside. Should a foreign lady insist on greater ceremony, the man may give it, but — public sentiment is with the man, not with the lady.

And as with courtesy, so with manners: equality, always equality! The poor man elbows the rich woman. The tenement child screams from his window, '*Chapeau rouge! Chapeau rouge!*' if he deems the color of your hat too vivid. And neither act excites the slightest comment. Why should it? Has not Woman the same privileges as Man? Who speaks of chivalry or protection?

'Kindliness?' Ah! yes! stern kindness there is in plenty. But always as between comrades. Never because of sex. And one more sweet and gracious element in life has passed!

And if the Lady, and Courtesy, and Manners have vanished, so also has the Servant! 'What! No servants?' No! none whatever — that is none to the manner born. One can get them from France. One can get them from Germany. One can get them from Italy. One can get them from England. But if one wishes a Swiss servant one must

take her from the field, the shop, or the parlor. There are no others. And whether from field, or shop, or parlor, she is totally ignorant of service. Each phase has to be taught her, and life is short.

If, however, as occasionally happens, one is willing to accept age, and by age is meant something approaching seventy, one may secure efficiency, loyalty, manners. And what a glorious combination these three make! At present we know of just such a treasure in 'Madame Caroline.' There is nothing that she cannot bake or brew, no service that is too hard for her. Guests are received as by a duchess. And late in the evening, as we step into the kitchen to see what she is doing, we find her, wide awake, eyes sparkling, reading Fogazzaro! Even she must march with the times. Yet—Madame Caroline never reads novels! What then will be her awakening when in time she realizes the extent of her sin, we are eagerly anticipating!

But if age brings efficiency, it has also its drawbacks, drawbacks to be considered in these days of employers' liability. Age—is brittle. So the two days a week in which Madame Caroline goes to market we live in fear and trembling of accident to life or limb. And the days she spends indoors are even more of a nightmare, for when we see her—a little, gray, bent figure—perched on the topmost rung of a high step-ladder, cleaning windows, we fuss, and fume, and nearly faint.

There is of course that recklessly modern alternative, the Lady Help! And the Swiss delight in her. There is one around the corner, doing the service of a *bonne-à-tout-faire*; and a little farther on, another, as lady cook for a family of eight; and still farther on, a third, as lady nurse to a group of tiny sisters; and at Geneva, in a

charming old château, a fourth—the quaintest of Kate Greenaway figures—red hair, green smock,—a lady gardener! But is it pleasant meeting lady help? Certainly not. It is extremely disconcerting.

So also are other things in this land of democracy. Compulsory insurance, for one. Not of jewels, or valuables, there might be sense in this; but of towels, and frocks, and trunks, and bags, and pots, and pans, and endless household nothings. Individually insured, too; a maddening process—running into pure comic opera—when the City Fathers present themselves to make the verification.

And woman, like man, pays Federal State, and Municipal taxes,—three in all,—even if, as a foreigner, she is exempt from property or income tax. Oh, Woman has her privileges!

And chimneys are swept whether one will or no; at fifty centimes a chimney it is true, but—by order of the municipality, and by city appointees, and as often as *they* please, not as we please. And the present *ramonneur* nearly frightened us out of our wits the other day when we caught him embracing Madame Caroline in the Hall, and on both cheeks! A scene which was fairly startling till we were told he was her son-in-law—and yet the Swiss are not held to be demonstrative!

And if one's landlord dies, one's lease is canceled. And if he sells, one's lease is canceled. And if he fails, one's lease is canceled. Danger lurks in both living and dying, and the best lawyer in the land is none too good when it comes to the question of a lease!

And should the wind blow and one's house be a *châlet*, municipal authorities appear, and the fires are put out and one is left to shiver and shake, and to eat cold victuals! But—the house

stands. It does not burn down. No wonder insurance rates are low.

And should one require a telephone, one can secure it by a sliding scale arrangement: a large sum the first year, a moderate amount the second year, less and less the third, till finally the telephone is practically given one. Why not! the Swiss say. Why should it be otherwise? And — why should it?

A curious study — this race of hard-headed old Calvinists! But oh, the pure, sheer democracy of it all! The lack of fuss and clamor, the ease with which reforms appear, the readiness to abide by laws when made, the perfect Equality, the all-spreading Mutual-ity, the unfailing Common sense, and last, but not least, the touch of humor in the Lady Help, the Ramoneur, the Law!

THE OTHER SIDE

CLIMBING the hill of the years, about the twentieth turn one begins to catch glimpses of the Other Side. Youth sees only this side, its side, the absolute side. Then winds a little level path along the cliffs from which Youth gets strange mist-magnified, haze-distorted views across the valley. 'Do you know,' it whispers solemnly, 'I fear I am a sad heretic!' Or, 'When I was a child I fancied this a happy world!' Or, 'I do not like to talk about myself; nobody understands me!'

And Middle Age laughs at the little egotist. It has walked that cliff path: it knows. Now Middle Age is roaming at will, crossing new-made bridges, trying shaky stepping-stones, pushing gayly off in skiff or air-ship, and taking unmitigated, unabashed delight in these excursions to the other side. The old syllogism has come true: this side is not that side, hence this side must be the other side.

Sallie and I were discussing an acquaintance, and I gave my opinion in emphatic terms not wholly complimentary. Sallie's 'nevertheless' inaugurated a rose-colored list of our acquaintance's virtues, each item strengthening by opposition my casual views. Next day I overheard Sallie using my argument to a caller and getting well-drubbed for it; while I, trying Sallie's views on a fourth person, listened to my original opinion on our much-discussed friend. Now could anything have been more diverting? None of us cared; nobody was hurt. Our minds took contrary flexures as automatically as we 'sit light' when driving over a bump in the road, or lean in when the train curves out, or hurry our steps round the far side of Pisa's tower.

Having an invalid in the family and being asked day after day how he was, I adopted one rule of reply. When the query was couched with smiles and cheerful tones I replied that my patient was not so well. When the interrogation came dolefully, my patient was rather better. He himself was at first shocked at such levity; but, testing it, found it so provocative of amusement that I was condoned if not applauded.

A newspaper report of the serious illness of Judge Hoar caused a group of his friends to make inquiries of his brother. 'Oh, yes,' said the Senator genially, 'my brother was ill. His family were away and I was away and there was nobody to differ from him. He was lonely as one katydid without another to cry katydid n't. I returned to town, hurried to see him, contradicted everything he said, and we had several heated arguments. Now he is better, much better; he will soon be himself again.' And he was.

'I acted like a devil,' Sallie exclaimed one day; and when I protested, —

'Yes I did; and I wanted to act like a devil, and don't you with any perverted spirit of patience belittle my success in it.' Parents should let their children be contrary at times; it eases the strain. One wise father, when his boys threatened to run away from home, always fell in with the project, adding a courteous invitation to come home to spend the first night. On the contrary, being contrary to others' contrariness is merely to repeat on a superlative scale the original bone of contention. We 'catch the sense at two removes.'

While we get frequent profit and amusement in differing from others, the situation is more piquant when we differ from ourselves. In the midst of writing an editorial on the 'Interrogative Bore' I recall how hurt I was when one of my friends ceased to inquire about my affairs. 'Never explain,' I used to urge, till there stole over my memory the grace and balm of certain explanations made by loyal, velvet souls.

Descanting upon the sins of procrastination, I am haunted by a sense of the hours I have wasted by 'raw haste, half-sister to delay'; the crossed letters my celerity has precipitated; the apples I have discarded because I plucked them green. So I write one side of the case blithely, and then refute it tellingly, as tellingly as did my absent-minded friend who responded to his own toast. Sometimes an editor accepts both my sallies; sometimes he takes but one, — not necessarily the better one, but because he already has on hand a pat rejoinder written by another. Or sometimes it happens I had written the rejoinder myself. Those years I had gone on unconsciously collecting data on the other side, till the flood broke through like a reservoir in the hills, washing away all I had built up of old. Well,

why not? We change our skins every seven years, why not our minds? To feel the same thing continuously is to feel nothing at all. We read a book we marked ten years ago and contradict each underscored assertion.

James says that the obstinate insistence that tweedledum is not tweedledee is the bone and marrow of life. A judge of one of our highest courts recently returned to private practice because he hated having to be impartial. He needed the enthusiasm of acting one-sidedly. For him progress lay not in a straight line equidistant from either bank but, as in tacking, in the over-accentuating of one principle at a time. One mother is a notable cook. Her daughter prefers that her children shall remember her by something else than the good things she puts into their mouths. The third generation elects domestic science. Romanticism was a protest against the barren formalism of a decadent classicism. When romanticism ran to seed, realism sprang up to choke it. Then the new symbolism ploughed up the dry facts of the last crop. Luxury needs the corrective of hard times, and from the resultant stern economy blooms the wherewithal to provide beauty and art and song.

By such corrective spice our knowledge gets digested into wisdom. The reverse side of the judge mentally exhausted through the strain of being impartial is the backslider from Christian Science who was tired of being so happy all the time. No single virtue is the key to the universe. The French shouting '*Egalité*' were blind to the fact that the greatest inequality is achieved by the equal treatment of unequals. In winter I and numberless other students and tax-payers are practically debarred from the use of a splendid reading-room in a great public library because the atmosphere

reeks with the odor of the soiled clothes of hundreds of loafers who occupy the chairs and doze over magazines which they cannot read but which they usurp and pollute. All the yarn Penelope spun in Ulysses's absence did but fill Ithaca full of moths.

Many-sidedness, however, has its perils, too. It is possible to cultivate intellectual conditions that fairly paralyze the will. Premature multiplication of many points of view, cultivated emphasis of the many-sidedness of truth, readiness to defend any proposition, tends, as President King says, to over-sophistication. Lord Rosebery's fatal gift of seeing both sides of a question produces an equilibrium of inactivity of enormous loss to British politics. As Sentimental Tommysagely remarked, 'It is easy enough to make up your mind if you have only one mind'; but he had so many.

Still are not our many minds, is not our many-sidedness, the inevitable fruit of single-mindedness? They are woven together like the wrong side and the right side of a fabric, and in the best fabrics the wrong side is the right side, too. Let us decline to be frightened by this bugbear of the other side. Turn it over. Cross over. Know the other fellow. Try the other point of view. The judge asked Sam Weller if he spelled his name with a V or a W. 'That depends upon the taste and fancy of the speller, my lord,' replied Sam.

AN INHERITANCE

I DID N'T have so many troubles of my own in those days but that I could take an interest in other people's doings, and my interest in Littledan was very keen indeed. He was one of those curious characters whom a boy instinctively finds as soon as he is allowed to run by himself. Such charac-

ters are always found in queer spots; always appear to be about the same age; and so far as the boy can understand, must have been just so old and just so located ever since time began.

Littledan had mild blue eyes, a bald spot on the top of his head, and a soft, low voice. His name, as it was spoken, was the outgrowth of his small stature and the fact that he had no other name known to the villagers except Dan. He lived all alone in a little cottage down by the river, and earned his daily bread by doing those things which it is hard to find any one to do: beating carpets, mowing lawns, and the like. Sometimes he got drunk, but his drunks were as small and mild as himself.

Although the fishing was good at the back of his garden he never fished, but I believe I won his heart with the bull-heads I took to him. I came to think of his labors as being timed by seasons. There were the carpet-beating season, the lawn-mowing season, and the path-shoveling season, besides various others.

I must have been in the habit of stopping and visiting with him for as many as five years before my boyish mind focused itself upon a curious thing in connection with his carpet-beating.

All day long, in their season, he would have one carpet after another hanging on a rope, and in his patient way would stand and beat. When each was finished it was carefully and methodically folded and laid inside his woodshed until he should have a wheelbarrow-load ready to deliver.

Our village was comparatively new. Of late years it had come to be something of a manufacturing place, so such fortunes as were in it were also comparatively new. Perhaps this fact was nowhere revealed more distinctly than it was on Littledan's carpet-

beating rope. Such monstrous figures, and such monstrous colors, and so monstrously blended—even I, a boy, could see the handwriting on those carpets.

One evening as I stopped on the way home from fishing, it suddenly occurred to me that the small carpet hanging on the rope, and being very gently tapped with the beating stick, was much more subdued than the general display to be seen there. It also seemed to me that this carpet was in some way familiar. After a little it was taken down and folded, but instead of being put in the wood-shed it was carried into the cottage.

My interest in the matter was not sufficient to cause me to ask questions. But when I saw this same small modest carpet the last one to be beaten for six consecutive evenings—and no dust came out of it at that—I called for an explanation.

Littledan blushed sheepishly.

‘That’s my own carpet,’ he admitted. ‘I beat it the last thing every night to steady my nerves. Somehow these bright colors and big figures wear on me in a way I can’t describe. Sometimes they’ll wave and flop before my eyes half the night. Last spring I got so that when one lady gave me a plain, mild sort of a carpet to beat, I was possessed to steal it. I kept it three or four days and beat it over and over again, just for comfort’s sake. A good many times since then I’ve stopped in front of her house and almost gone up to the door and asked if I could n’t go in and look at that carpet. I’ve been saving my money all summer on purpose to buy one like it. I got it just before this house-cleaning season started.’

I am afraid I laughed at his explanation, but, if so, Littledan was not the kind to lay it up against a boy.

When I went home I told my father

what I had seen and heard. At first he seemed amused and then he became thoughtful.

‘It’s best not to notice people’s little queer streaks,’ he advised, ‘and we certainly ought not to speak of them, or, what is worse, laugh at them. Queer streaks, when we learn their origin, often turn out to be very sane and logical.’

Father’s hint was sufficient, and I never again made light of Littledan’s drab carpet. During two seasons of each year—the one when the robins were nesting, and again when the leaves were falling—I saw it beaten daily. I associated it with the winding up of the day’s work and the setting of the sun. It was done with the solemn regularity of the Angelus. In time I came to look upon it as a sort of ceremony, much like a benediction. Even after I had grown to manhood, with yet a lingering taste for visits with Littledan, his sacred carpet received its regular beatings.

But at last came the inevitable change at the cottage. I remember distinctly that it was the day after the great blizzard that I found Littledan sick and alone. He had shoveled paths all day, and it was his last work. I took turn-and-turn-about with the neighbors to make him as comfortable as possible, but he grew steadily weaker.

One night when I felt sure that there was no longer ground for hope I ventured to ask him if he had any relatives.

‘I don’t know,’ he said feebly, ‘but I understand what you mean. Won’t you bring me that box?’

It was the little tin chest of his earthly treasures, and he opened it in my presence for the first time.

‘I suppose that is my father,’ he explained, fumbling out a very old and very dim daguerreotype. ‘My mother died when I was a little boy. She

worked at a farmhouse up in the New Hampshire hills. We were not allowed to come to the table with the others. She kept that picture and this brush under her pillow and laughed and cried over them most of the time, as I remember it.'

He showed me an artist's brush, and after contemplating it, went on, —

'She used to tickle my face with it. She said he had painted pretty pictures with it. I never heard her called any name but Mary, and no one ever called me anything but Dan. She used to stand on the river bridge and hold me in her arms while she looked down into the water. The water scared me, and when I cried she would go away from the river. Finally, so they told me, one night when she was alone, she fell in and they found her drowned. Then an old woman took me, and when she died I was quite a lad. They talked of sending me to the poor-house, but I ran away.'

He put the brush and picture back in the box and closed the lid.

'I've told you this,' he continued, 'so you'd be sure and have them buried with me. I can't burn them up.'

He turned his face to the wall and when he spoke again it was on another subject. 'After I'm gone you can have my carpet.'

WHERE COOKS GO

I SEEM to hear a great deal nowadays as to the advisability of telling children fairy tales. 'It seems to me,' said an anxious mother, as I passed her tea one afternoon, 'that I should acquaint my offspring with the real truths of life, in order that I may prepare them for its trials. For life has many tribulations, to be sure, and one of its greatest worries I am now enduring! My cook has gone!'

I am sure this lady little knew how

far she was straying, when she made this last assertion, from the straight and unimaginative course which she was advocating. She said her cook had gone, but failed to realize the wonderful vistas of mystery and conjecture which this single and seemingly simple statement had opened. For, where do cooks go? We hear of their going, even unto the thousands and tens of thousands, but only upon the rarest occasions do we hear of their coming back.

'My cook has gone!' It is final, it is despairing, there is no beyond. Once a cook has gone she has disappeared, vanished, irrevocably spirited herself away.

Perhaps there is a sort of Pied Piper who walks the city streets, invisible to mortal eye, and calls enticingly to the cooks to follow. Along they come a-scampering, — good cooks, bad cooks, permanent cooks, temporary cooks, — crowding and jostling one another for first place, as though the piper were the proprietor of a prosperous intelligence office. There is just a chance that he is; a grasping person, who seeks to fill his coffers by securing a corner on the cook market. Perhaps I do him wrong. His only object may be to invite all hard-working culinary artists to join him on a life-long vacation, a veritable Cooks' Tour.

But this piper is merely a conjectural figure and might easily give way to some other theory. The mother of a friend of mine has had five cooks in two years, and all have gone and married. Yet my friend remains single. Such a chain of circumstances might lead to the inference that, matrimonially speaking, the attribute of cookery is a desirable one, and that all cooks eventually marry. This would not be hard to believe, for is it not often said that the way to a man's heart is through his stomach, and moreover

the best way to tame the male animal is to feed the brute? It therefore does not seem impossible that every 'single' masculine creature should fall victim to any cook's cajoleries. On the other hand, it may be the gastronomically inclined men who persuade the reluctant cooks to wed, wishing confidently to exclaim with Webster, 'Me and my cook, now and forever, one and inseparable!'

But there is a doubt in my mind as to whether marriage would account for so complete a disappearance as that of an evanishing cook. We live in an enlightened age when married women are no longer entirely on the shelf. It is easy to suppose, however, that these men who marry cooks are of the old school; the sort that think of home as woman's sphere, and consider the broader social occupations as in the nature of an un-sexing. It seems rather a pity that men like this do not confine their attentions entirely to cooks, for then there would be fewer philanthropists and musicians lost to the world because of selfish and narrow-minded husbands.

Until this happy day arrives it is to be feared that all women must suffer, more or less, because of the opinions of those men whom nature surely intended exclusively for the husbands of cooks. So that we live in a sad world, where the state and the nation are forced to be a sort of half-orphans with no mother to guide them, while the women who would like to assist them in their bereaved state, must instead limit their activities to such confines as the stronger sex have selected and defined as household arts: such as rearing their children to an age when the men can look after them in public schools, and as buying and cooking produce which the men have exposed for sale in the city market.

Which last remark naturally brings

us back to the question admitted to be of vital importance to all sorts of women. Who will solve it, who will be the great social benefactor, who will settle the point once for all, and proclaim to harassed housekeepers and hungry householders, where it is that cooks go?

How fortunate if I could be that prophet, that philanthropist! How fortunate if I could delve into the infinite mystery, and wrest from the beyond a few facts to lighten humanity's burden! But beyond theory I cannot go; the only fact embodied in this paper is its brevity, which approximately represents the average stay of the ordinary cook.

UNDER THE TREES

WHETHER there is gypsy blood in my veins is a question which I answer sometimes in one way, sometimes in another. Of a sleety night when I hug the fireside, filled with Pecksniffian complacency at the contrast between my comfort and the misery of the homeless wanderer, I incline to the belief that all my ancestors were drowsy, square-toed burghers, nourished on sauerkraut and beer. But once outside, with the sleet slapping me in the face, and the wind pushing against my body, I feel that such an ancestry is inadequate to account for me. At these times I am sure that some ever-so-great grandfather and grandmother were married over the tongs; for which folly, Grandsir and Grandam, allow me to return you my fervent thanks.

For there is something melancholy in the contemplation of your indoors product, spending his whole time rehearsing for the more permanent immurement in the family sepulchre: in vain does Melibœus's reed summon him to beechen shades. What he calls his conscience is forever teasing at him to 'improve' his time — all ignorant as

he is that there are some times so perfect that to dream of 'improving' them is an impertinence. Such are these heaven-sent days when from morning until dark one may lie under the trees that shade some cinquefoil-covered bank, and watch their branches against the sky.

They tell me that all ills have their compensations. I sincerely hope it may be so. To me, at any rate, long days spent underneath the trees have, in some sort, made up for much weariness of mind and body. It is wonderful how different trees, perfectly familiar from porch or window, look when you come to them for rest. It is the difference between a friend's face as one sees it every day, indifferent, preoccupied, stern, and the same face bending over you when you are ill or sad.

There is a something peculiarly caressing about a pear tree in early autumn when the full-formed fruit is mellowing and taking on a richer coloring. Lounging beneath its downward curving boughs of a sunny afternoon, one receives a gracious suggestion of Pomona, the ruddy-cheeked and strong-armed, stooping so close that the autumnal perfume of her garments stirs the senses headily. Under such a tree, on such an afternoon, might John Keats have felt out his poem, 'To Autumn,' whilst old dreams of peace floated through his drowsy brain.

I claim connoisseurship in these matters, and much experience has made me somewhat precious as to the ærial background for my various trees. For naked beeches, the misty azure of an afternoon in Indian summer; for Lombardy poplars, a leaden sky and a black line of slow-flying crows; but for the wild-cherry, a day of high winds driving

tumbled masses of cloud through sapphire heights. There is an inexpressible austerity in those sparse leaves of the wild-cherry, all blown in the same direction: so at midnight, while the multitude of pilgrims slept below, may the Stylite on his pillar have stretched out yearning hands toward God: such intensity of longing breathes in the passionate

Te peto, te colo, te flagro, te volo, canto, saluto,

of the Monk of Cluny. And, gazing upward through the intervals of the scant foliage of this tree, I have seen the bright sky shining through, as Roman Catholic mystics have fancied they saw the Host glow through the sheer linen of the corporal.

But, before all, last of all, beautiful always, the oak! Whether its branches show green against a dark-blue sky, — gold where the sunlight touches them, — whether its leaves show magenta in the light of the setting sun, or black and silver in the moonlight, there is no tree of them all to compare with it. All a summer's day you may lie stretched beneath it, so strong and so friendly, not to you only, but to all the little lives that swarm about its roots. All kinds of busy creatures, ants, spiders, daddy-long-legs, beloved of your childhood, go scurrying over you on this errand and that, as unafraid, almost, as if you were dead. A feeling of kinship comes to you: a knowledge that all this life in oak and grass and insect, and the good dog lying at your feet, is but a little part of the ageless flux and reflux: soothingly as a cool hand on an aching head, there comes to you the realization that soon, fears, hates, and loves forgotten, your tired body shall rest under the trees all the days and all the nights.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

OCTOBER, 1912

THE UNACCUSTOMED EARS OF EUROPE

BY SAMUEL McCHORD CROTHERS

I

WHEN, as a child, I learned the Westminster Catechism by heart I found the Ten Commandments easy to remember. There was something straightforward in these prohibitions. Once started in the right direction one could hardly stray from the path. But I stumbled over the question, 'What are the reasons annexed to the First Commandment?'

That a commandment should be committed to memory seemed just. I was prepared to submit to the severest tests of verbal accuracy. But that there should be 'reasons annexed,' and that these also should be remembered, seemed to my youthful understanding a grievance. It made the path of the obedient hard. To this day there is a haziness about the 'reasons' that contrasts with the sharp outlines of the commandment itself.

I fancy that news-gatherers have the same experience. They are diligent in collecting items of news and reporting them to the world, but it is a real hardship to them to have to give any rational account of these bits of fact. They tell what is done in different parts of the world, but they forget to mention 'the moving why they did it.' The consequence is that, in this age of in-

stantaneous communication, we know what is going on in other countries, but it seems very irrational. The rational elements have been lost in the process of transmission.

There has, for example, been no lack of news cabled across the Atlantic in regard to the nominations for President of the United States. The European reader is made aware that a great deal of strong feeling has been evoked, and strong language used. When a picturesque term of reproach has been hurled by one candidate at another it is promptly reported to a waiting world. But the 'reasons annexed' are calmly ignored. The consequence is that the reader is confirmed in his exaggerated idea of the nervous irritability of the American people. There seems to be a periodicity in their seizures. At intervals of four years they indulge in an orgy of mutual recrimination, and then suddenly return to their normal state of money-getting. It is all very unaccountable. Doubtless the most charitable explanation is the climate.

It was after giving prominence to an unusually vivid bit of vituperation that a conservative London newspaper remarked, 'All this is characteristically American, but it shocks the unaccustomed ears of Europe.'

As I read the rebuke I felt positively

ashamed of my country and its untutored ways. I pictured Europe as a dignified lady of mature years listening to the screams issuing from her neighbor's nursery. She had not been used to hearing naughty words called out in such a loud tone of voice. Instead of discussing their grievances calmly, they were actually calling one another names.

It was therefore with a feeling of chastened humility that I turned to the columns devoted to the more decorous doings of Europe. Here I should find examples worthy of consideration. They are drawn from the homes of ancient civility. Would that our rude politicians might be brought under these refining influences and learn how to behave!

But alas! When we drop in upon our neighbors, unannounced, things are sometimes not so tidy as they are on the days 'at home.' The hostess is flustered and evidently has troubles of her own. So, as ill-luck would have it, it is with Dame Europe's household. The visitor from across the Atlantic is surprised at the obstreperousness of the more vigorous members of the family. Evidently a great many interesting things are going on, but the standard of deportment is not high.

While the unaccustomed ears of Europe were shocked at the shrill cries from the rival conventions at Chicago and Baltimore, there was equal turbulence in the Italian Parliament at Rome. There were shouts and cat-calls and every sign of uncontrollable violence. What are the 'reasons annexed' to all this uproar? I do not know. In Budapest such unparliamentary expressions as 'swine,' 'liar,' 'thief,' and 'assassin' were freely used in debate. An honorable member who had been expelled for the use of too strong language, returned to 'shoot up' the House. The chairman, after dodg-

ing three shots, declared that he must positively insist on better order.

In the German Reichstag a member threatens the Kaiser with the fate of Charles the First, if he does not speedily mend his ways. He suggests as a fit Imperial residence the castle where the Mad King of Bavaria was allowed to exercise his erratic energies without injury to the commonweal. At the mention of Charles the First the chamber was in an uproar, and amid a tumult of angry voices the session was brought to a close.

In Russia, unseemly clamor is kept from the carefully guarded ears of the Czar. There art conspires with nature to produce peace. We read of the Czar's recent visit to his ancient capital. 'The police during the previous night made three thousand arrests. The Czar and Czarina drove through the city amid the ringing of bells, and with banners flying.'

On reading this item the American reader plucks up heart. If, during the Chicago convention, the police had made three thousand arrests the sessions might have been as quiet as those of the Duma.

Even the proceedings of the British House of Commons are disappointing to the pilgrim in search of decorum. The Mother of Parliaments has trouble with her unruly brood.

We enter the sacred precincts as a member rises to a point of order.

'I desire to ask your ruling, Mr. Speaker, as to whether the honorable gentleman is entitled to allude to members of the House, as miscreants.'

The Speaker: 'I do not think the term "miscreant" is a proper Parliamentary expression.'

'This is very elementary teaching, but it appears that Mr. Speaker is compelled to repeat his lesson almost daily. It is 'line upon line and precept upon precept.'

The records of the doings of the House contain episodes which would be considered exciting in Arizona. We read: 'For five minutes the Honorable George Lansbury defied the Speaker, insulted the Prime Minister, and scorned the House of Commons. He raved in an ecstasy of passion; challenging, taunting, and defying.' The trouble began with a statement of Mr. Asquith's. 'Then up jumped Mr. Lansbury, his face contorted with passion, and his powerful rasping voice dominating the whole House. Shouting and waving his arms, he approached the government Front Bench with a curious crouching gait, like a boxer leaving his corner in the ring. One or two Liberals on the bench behind Mr. Asquith half rose, but the Prime Minister sat stolidly gazing above the heads of the opposition, his arms folded, and his lips pursed. Mr. Lansbury had worked himself up into a state of frenzy and, facing the Prime Minister, he shouted, "You are beneath my contempt! Call yourself a gentleman! You ought to be driven from public life."'

I cannot remember any scene like this in Disraeli's novels. The House of Commons used to be called the best club in Europe. But that, says the conservative critic, was before the members were paid.

II

But certain changes, like the increased cost of living, are going on everywhere. The fact seems to be that all over the civilized world there is a noticeable falling-off in good manners. It is useless for one country to point the finger of scorn at another, or to assume an air of injured politeness. It is more conducive to good understanding to join in a general confession of sin. We are all miserable offenders, and there is little to choose between us. The con-

ventionalities which bind society together are like the patent glue we see advertised on the streets. A plate has been broken and then joined together. The strength of the adhesive substance is shown by the way it holds up a stone of considerable weight attached to it. The plate thus mended holds together admirably till it is put in hot water.

I have no doubt but that a conservative Chinese gentleman would tell you that since the Republic came in there has been a sad falling-off in the observance of the rules of propriety as laid down by Confucius. The conservative newspapers of England bewail the fact that there has been a lamentable change since the present government came in. The arch offender is 'that political Mahdi, Lloyd George, whose false prophecies have made deluded dervishes of hosts of British workmen, and who has corrupted the manners of Parliament itself.'

This wicked Mahdi, by his appeals to the passions of the populace, has destroyed the old English reverence for Law.

I do not know what may be the cause, but the American visitor does notice that the English attitude toward the laws of the realm is not so devout as he had been led to expect. We have from our earliest youth been taught to believe that the law-abidingness of the Englishman was innate and impeccable. It was not that, like the good man of whom the Psalmist speaks, he meditated on the law day and night. He did n't need to. Decent respect for the law was in his blood. He simply could n't help conforming to it.

And this impression is confirmed by the things which the tourist goes to see. The stately mansions embowered in green and guarded by immemorial oaks are accepted as symbolic of an ordered life. The multitudinous rooks suggest security which comes from

triumphant legality. No irresponsible person shoots them. When one enters a cathedral close he feels that he is in a land that frowns on the crudity of change. Here everything is 'a thousand years the same.' And how decent is the demeanor of a verger!

When the pilgrim from Kansas arrives at an ancient English inn he feels that he must be on his good behavior. Boots in his green apron is a lesson to him. He is not like a Western hotel bell-boy on the way to becoming something else. He knows his place. Everybody in this country knows his place, and there is no unseemly crowding and pushing. And what stronger proof can there be that this is a land where law is revered than the demeanor of a London policeman. There is no truculence about him, no show of physical force. He is so mild-eyed and soft of speech that one feels that he has been shielded from rude contact with the world. And so he has been. He represents the Law in a land where law is sacred. He is instinctively obeyed. He has but to wave his hand and traffic stops.

When the traveler is told that in the vicinity of the House of Commons traffic is stopped to allow a Member to cross the street, his admiration increases. Fancy a Congressman being treated with such respect! But the argument which, on the whole, makes the deepest impression is the deferential manners of the tradesmen with their habit of saying, 'Thank you,' apropos of nothing at all. It seems an indication of perpetual gratitude over the fact that things are as they are.

But when one comes to listen to the talk of the day, one is surprised to find a general lack of docility. I suspect that the Englishman has not nearly as much respect for law as he has for custom. When, therefore, a law is enacted which is opposed to the custom in

which he believes, his instinct is to resist it in a most vigorous and conscientious way. I doubt whether he has the veneration for the abstract idea of Law that we find among Americans. There is to the average American a certain finality about a decision of the Supreme Court. The Law has spoken, let all the land keep silent! It seems like treason to criticize it. It is anarchy to defy it.

To the modern Englishman this attitude seems superstitious. The counsel of perfection is to obey a law till such time as it can be repealed. But this is too tedious a process. The British way is to disobey and take the consequences. There is a long tradition of such heroic non-conformity. Passive resistance — with such active measures as may make the life of the enforcers of the law a burden to them — is a popular method.

Just at this time every earnest and wide-awake person seems to be engaged in some form of resistance to law. The conscientious women who throw stones through shop windows, and lay violent hands on cabinet ministers, do so, avowedly, to bring certain laws into disrepute. They go on hunger-strikes, not in order to be released from prison, but in order to be treated as political prisoners. They insist that their methods should be recognized as acts of legitimate warfare. They may be extreme in their actions, but they are not alone in their theory.

The Insurance Law, by which all workers whose wages are below a certain sum are compulsorily insured against sickness and the losses that follow it, is just going into effect. Its provisions are necessarily complicated, and its administration must at first be difficult. The Insurance-Law Resisters are organized to nullify the act. Its enormities are held up before all eyes, and it is flouted in every possible way.

According to this law, a lady is compelled to pay threepence a week toward the insurance fund for each servant in her employ. Will she pay that threepence? No! Though twenty acts of Parliament should declare that it must be done, she will resist. As for keeping accounts, and putting stamps in a book, she will do nothing of the kind. What is it about a stamp act that arouses such fierceness of resistance?

High-born ladies declare that they would rather go to jail than obey such a law. At a meeting at Albert Hall the Resisters were addressed by a duchess who was 'supported by a man-servant.' What can a mere Act of Parliament do when confronted by such a combination as that? Passive resistance takes on heroic proportions when a duchess and a man-servant confront the Law with haughty immobility.

In the meantime, Mr. Tom Mann goes to jail, amid the applause of organized labor, for advising the British soldier not to obey orders when he is commanded to fire on British workingmen.

Mr. Tom Mann is a labor agitator, while Mr. Bonar Law is the leader of the Conservative party; but when it comes to legislation which he does not like, Mr. Bonar Law's language is fully as incendiary. He is not content with opposing the Irish Home Rule Bill: he gives notice that when it has become a law the opposition will be continued in a more serious form. The passage of the bill, he declares, will be the signal for civil war. Ulster will fight. Parliament may pass the Home Rule Bill, but when it does so its troubles will have just begun. Where will it find the troops to coerce the province?

One of the most distinguished Unionist members of Parliament, addressing a great meeting at Belfast says, 'You are sometimes asked whether you propose to resist the English army? I

reply that even if this Government had the wickedness (which, on the whole, I believe), it is wholly lacking in the nerve required to give an order which in my deliberate judgment would shatter for years the civilization of these islands.' If the Government does not have the nerve to employ its troops, 'It will be for the moon-lighters and the cattle-maimers to conquer Ulster themselves, and it will be for you to show whether you are worse men, or your enemies better men, than the forefathers of you both. But I note with satisfaction that you are preparing yourselves by the practice of exercises, and by the submission to discipline, for the struggle which is not unlikely to test your determination. The Nationalists are determined to rule you. You are determined not to be ruled. A collision of wills so sharp may well defy the resources of a peaceful solution. . . . On this we are agreed, that the crisis has called into existence one of those supreme issues of conscience amid which the ordinary landmarks of permissible resistance to technical law are submerged.'

When one goes to the Church to escape from these sharp antagonisms, he is confronted with huge placards giving notice of meetings to protest against 'The Robbery of God.' The robber in this case is the Government, which proposes to disendow, as well as disestablish, the Church in Wales. Noble lords denounce the outrage. Mr. Lloyd George replies by reminding their lordships that their landed estates were, before the dissolution of the monasteries under Henry VIII, Church property. If they wish to make restitution of the spoil which their ancestors took, well and good. But let them not talk about the robbery of God, while their hands are 'dripping with the fat of sacrilege.'

The retort is effective, but it does not make Mr. Lloyd George beloved

by the people to whom it is addressed. Twitting on facts has always been considered unmannerly.

III

When we hear the acrimonious discussions and the threats of violence, we feel that there must have been a mistake in our political geography. There is a manifest lack of the English 'reverence for laws ourselves have made.' Indeed, the laws seem to be flouted in the most remarkable manner. What is the reason for this falling-off in qualities which we have been taught to admire?

I think the reason is one that is not discreditable to all concerned. These are not ordinary times, and they are not to be judged by ordinary standards. England is at the present time passing through a revolution, the issues of which are still in doubt. Revolutionary passions have been liberated by the rapid course of events. 'Every battle of the warrior is with confused noise.' The confused noise may be disagreeable to persons of sensitive nerves, but it is a part of the situation.

When we consider the nature of the changes that have been made in the last few years, and the magnitude of those which are proposed, we do not wonder at the tone of exasperation which is common to all parties.

It is seldom that a constitutional change, like that which deprived the House of Lords of powers exercised for a thousand years, has been made without an appeal to arms. But there was no civil war. Perhaps the old fashion of sturdy blows would have been less trying to the temper.

A revolution is at the best an unmannerly proceeding. It cannot be carried on politely, because it involves not so much a change of ideas and methods as a change of masters. A change of ideas

may be discussed in an amiable and orderly way. The honorable gentlemen who have the responsibility for the decision are respectfully asked to revise their opinions in the light of new evidence which, by their leave, will be presented.

But a change of masters cannot be managed so inoffensively. The honorable gentlemen are not asked to revise their opinions. They are told that their opinions are no longer asked for. The matter is severely personal. The statement is not, 'We do not believe in your ideas'; it is, 'We do not believe in *you*.'

When political discussion takes this turn, then there is an end to the amenities suited to a more quiet time. It is no longer a question as to which is the better cause, but as to which is the better man.

Mr. Asquith, who has retained in this revolutionary period the manners of the old school, recently said in his reply to a delegation of his opponents, 'When people are on opposite sides of a chasm they may be courteous to one another, and regret the impossibility of their shaking hands, or doing more than wave a courteous gesture across so wide a space.'

These are the words of a gentleman in politics, and express a beautiful ideal. But they hardly describe the present situation. As to waving a courteous salutation to the people on the other side, — that depends on who the people are. If you know them and have been long familiar with their good qualities, the courteous salutation is natural. They are, as you know, much better than their opinions.

But it is different when they are people whom you do not know, and with whom you have nothing in common. You suspect their motives, and feel a contempt for their abilities. They are not of your set. The word

'gentleman' is derived from the word *gens*. People of the same *gens* learn to treat each other in a considerate way. Even when they differ they remember what is due to gentle blood and gentle training.

It is quite evident that the challenge of the new democracy to the old ruling classes has everywhere produced exasperation, and nowhere so much as in England. It is no longer easy to wave courteous salutations across the chasms which divide parties. Political discussion takes a rude turn. The cry is heard, 'Turn the rascals out!' It is no longer possible to preserve the amenities. We may expect the minor moralities to suffer while the major moralities are being determined by hard knocks.

Good manners depend on the tacit understanding of all parties as to their relations to one another. Nothing can be more brutal than for one to claim superiority, or more rude than for another to dispute the claim. Such things should, if they exist, be taken for granted.

Relations which were established by force may, after a time, be made so beautiful that their origin is forgotten. There must be no display of unnecessary force. The battle having been decided, victor and vanquished change parts. It pleases the conqueror to sign himself, 'Your obedient servant,' and to inquire whether certain terms would be agreeable. Of course they would be agreeable. So says the disarmed man looking upward to his late foe, now become his protector.

And the conqueror with grave goodwill takes up the burden which Providence has imposed upon him. Is not the motto of the true knight, *Ich dien*? Such service as he can render shall be given ungrudgingly.

Now, this is not hypocrisy. It may be Christianity and Chivalry and all sorts of fine things. It is making the

best of an accepted situation. When relations which were established by force have been sanctioned by custom, and embodied in law, and sanctified by religion, they form a soil in which many pleasant things may grow. In the vicinity of Vesuvius they will tell you that the best soils are of volcanic origin.

Hodge and Sir Lionel weed in the garden which one owns, and in which the other digs with the sweat of his brow. There is kindly interest on the one hand, and decent respect on the other. But all this sense of ordered righteousness is dependent on one condition. Neither must eat of the fruit of the tree of knowledge that grows in the midst of the garden. A little knowledge is dangerous, a good deal of knowledge may be even more dangerous, to the relations which custom has established.

What right has Sir Lionel to lay down the law for Hodge? Why should not Hodge have a right to have his point of view considered? When Hodge begins seriously to ponder this question his manners suffer. And when Sir Lionel begins to assert his superiority, instead of taking it for granted, his behavior lacks its easy charm. It is very hard to explain such things in a gentlemanly way.

Now, the exasperation in the tone of political discussion in England is largely explained by the fact that all sorts of superiorities have been challenged at the same time. Everywhere the issue is sharply made, 'Who shall rule?'

Shall Ireland any longer submit to be ruled by the English? The Irish Nationalists swear by all the saints that, rather than submit, they will overthrow the present government and return to their former methods of agitation.

If the Home Rule Bill be enacted into law, will Ulster submit to be ruled

by a Catholic majority? The men of Ulster call upon the spirits of their heroic sires, who triumphed at the Boyne, to bear witness that they will never yield.

Will the masses of the people submit any longer to the existing inequalities in political representation? No! They demand immediate recognition of the principle, 'One man, one vote.' The many will not allow the few to make laws for them.

Will the women of England kindly wait a little till their demands can be considered in a dignified way? No! They will not take their place in the waiting-line. Others get what they want by pushing; so will they.

Will the Labor party be a little less noisy and insistent in its demands? All will come in time, but one Reform must say to another, 'After you.' Hoarse voices cry, 'We care nothing for etiquette, we must have what we demand, and have it at once. We cannot stand still. If we are pushing, we are also pushed from behind. If you do not give us what we ask for, the Socialists and the Syndicalists will be upon you.' There is always the threat of a General Strike. Laborers have hitherto been starved into submission. But two can play at that game.

IV

This is not the England of Sir Roger de Coverly with its cheerful contentment with the actual, and its deference for all sorts of dignitaries. It is not, in its present temper, a model of propriety. But, in my judgment, it is all the more interesting. To say that England is in the midst of a revolution is not to say that some dreadful disaster is impending. It only means that this is a time when events move very rapidly, and when precedents count for little. But it is a time when common sense

and courage and energy count for a great deal; and there is no evidence that these qualities are lacking. I suspect that the alarmists are not so alarmed as their language would lead us to suppose. They know their countrymen, and that they have the good sense to avoid most of the collisions that they declare to be inevitable.

I take comfort in the philosophy which I glean from the top of a London motor-bus. From my point of vantage I look down upon pedestrian humanity as a Superman might look down upon it. It seems to consist of a vast multitude of ignorant folk who are predestined to immediate annihilation. As the ungainly machine on which I am seated rushes down the street, it seems admirably adapted for its mission of destruction. The barricade in front of me, devoted to the praise of BOVRIL, is just high enough to prevent my seeing what actually happens, but it gives a blood-curdling view of catastrophes that are imminent. I have an impression of a procession of innocent victims rushing heedlessly upon destruction. Three yards in front of the onrushing wheels is an old gentleman crossing the street. He suddenly stops. There is, humanly speaking, no hope for him. Two nursemaids appear in the field of danger. A butcher's boy on a bicycle steers directly for the bus. He may be given up for lost. I am not able to see what becomes of them, but I am prepared for the worst. Still the expected crunch does not come, and the bus goes on.

Between Notting Hill Gate and Charing Cross I have seen eighteen persons disappear in this mysterious fashion. I could swear that when I last saw them it seemed too late for them to escape their doom.

But on sober reflection I come to the conclusion that I should have taken a more hopeful view if I had not been so

high up; if, for example, I had been sitting with the driver where I could have seen what happened at the last moment.

There was much comfort in the old couplet: —

Betwixt the saddle and the ground,
He mercy sought and mercy found.

And, betwixt the pedestrian and the

motor-bus, there are many chances of safety that I could not foresee. The old gentleman was perhaps more spry than he looked. The nursemaids and the butcher's boy must assuredly have perished unless they happened to have their wits about them. But in all probability they did have their wits about them, and so did the driver of the motor-bus.

A FATHER TO HIS FRESHMAN SON

No doubt, my son, you have got out of me already what there was to help or mar you. You are eighteen years old and have been getting it, more or less and off and on, for at least seventeen of those years. I regret the imperfections of the source. No doubt you have recognized them. To have a father who is attentive to the world, indulgent to the flesh, and with a sort of kindness for the Devil — dear son, it is a good deal of a handicap! Be sure I make allowances for you because of it. *Ex eo fonte* — *fons*, masculine, as I remember; *fons* and *mons* and *pons*, and one other. Should the pronoun be *illo*? As you know, I never was an accurate scholar, and I suppose you're not — *Ex eo fonte* the stream is bound to run not quite clear.

My advice to you is quite likely to be bad, partly from the imperfection of its source, partly because I am not you, and partly because of my imperfect acquaintance with the conditions you are about to meet. When I came to college my father gave me no advice. He gave me his love and some necessary money, which did not come, I fear, as easy as the love. His venerable

uncle who lived with us — my great uncle — gave me his blessing and told me, I remember, that so far as book-learning went, I could learn as much without going to college. Still he did not discourage my going. He was quite right. I could have got more book-learning out of college than I did get in college, and I suppose that you, too, might get, out, more than you will get, in. Of course, that's not the whole story; neither is it true of all people. For me, college abounded in distractions, and I suppose it will for you. And I was incorrigibly sociable and ready to spend time to get acquainted, and more, to stay acquainted, and if you have that propensity you need n't think it was left on the doorstep. You come by it lawfully. Getting acquainted is, for most of us, one of the important branches. But it's only one of them, and to devote one's whole time to it is a mistake, and one that the dean will help you avoid if necessary, which probably, if I know you at all, it won't be.

It is important to know people, but it is more important to be worth knowing. College offers you at least two

valuable details of opportunity: a large variety of people to know, and a large variety of means to make yourself better worth knowing. I hope, my son, that you will avail yourself of both these details.

This is a mechanical age, and the most obtrusive of the current mechanisms is the automobile. It has valves and cylinders and those things that give it power and speed, and rubber tires that it runs on, and a wheel and steering-gear and handles and treadles by which it is directed. Your body, especially your stomach, is the rubber tires; your brains are the cylinders and valves; and your will and the spiritual part of you are the chauffeur and his wheel.

I beg you to be kind to your stomach, as heretofore. It needs no alcohol at your time of life—if ever—and the less you find occasion to feed into it, the more prosperous both your physical and mental conditions are likely to be. I do not aspire to make a teetotaller of you, and I am aware that life, and college life in particular, has its convivial intervals; but you might as well understand (and I have been remiss, or have wasted time, if you do not understand it already) that alcohol is one of the chief man-traps, abounding in mischiefs if you play with it too hard. Be wary, always wary, with it, my son, and especially with hard liquor. There is some fun to be had with the stimulating beverages, and there is something useful to be learned about the handling of them that can hardly be learned altogether by observation. If you are open-eyed and abstemious, you can have the fun without paying too dear for it, but never forget that alcohol is a risky plaything; a test; on occasion a lawful joy, but never for the young a safe prop or a salutary habitual refreshment. Drink light, my son, drink light.

Your mind, like your body, is a thing whereof the powers are developed by effort. That is a principal use, as I see it, of hard work in studies. Unless you train your body you can't be an athlete, and unless you train your mind you can't be much of a scholar. The four miles an oarsman covers at top speed is in itself nothing to the good, but the physical capacity to hold out over the course is thought to be of some worth. So a good part of what you learn by hard study may not be permanently retained, and may not seem to be of much final value, but your mind is a better and more powerful instrument because you have learned it. 'Knowledge is power,' but still more the faculty of acquiring and using knowledge is power. If you have a trained and powerful mind, you are bound to have stored it with something, but its value is more in what it can do, what it can grasp and use, than in what it contains; and if it were possible, as it is not, to come out of college with a trained and disciplined mind and nothing useful in it, you would still be ahead, and still, in a manner, educated. Think of your mind as a muscle to be developed; think of it as a searchlight that is to reveal the truth to you, and don't cheat it or neglect it.

As to competitive scholarship, to my mind it is like competitive athletics, — good for those who have the powers and like the game. Tests are useful; they stimulate one's ambition, and so do competitions. But a success in competitive scholarship, like a success in competitive athletics, may, of course, be too dearly bought. Not by you, though, I surmise, my son. If you were more urgent, either as a scholar or as an athlete, I might think it needful to warn you not to wear your tires out scorching too early in life. As things are, I say to you, as I often say to myself: Don't dawdle; don't scramble.

When you work, work; when you play, play; when you rest, rest; and think all the time.

When you get hold of an instructor who is worth attention, give him attention. That is one way of getting the best that a college has to offer. A great deal you may get from books, but some of the most valuable things are passed from mind to mind, and can only be had from some one who has them, or else from the great Source of all truth. I suspect that the subtle development we call 'culture' is one of those things, and the great spiritual valuables are apt to come that way.

You know you are still growing, both in mind and body, and will continue so to be for years to come, — I hope, always. One of the valuable things about college is that it gives you time to grow. You won't have to earn any money and will have time to think and get acquainted with yourself and others, as well as with some of the wisdom that is spread upon the records. You would be so engaged, more or less, in these years, wherever you might be. But in college, where you are so much your own man, and are freed from the demands and solitudes of your parents, the conditions for it are exceptionally favorable. I suppose that is one thing that continues the colleges in business, since I read so often that at present they are entirely misdirected and teach the wrong things in the wrong way.

But nobody denies that they give the young a breathing-spell. Breathe, my son; breathe freely. Remember that the aim of all these prospective processes is to bring out the man there is in you, and arm him more or less for the jousts ahead. It is not to make you over into somebody else: that can't be done, — not in three or four years, anyhow; but only to bring out, and train as much as possible of you. There's plenty in most of us if we can

only get it out; more, very much more, than we ever do get out. So will you please think of college as a nursery in which you are to grow a while, — and mind you do grow, — and then, presently, to be transplanted. It is not as if college was the chief arena of human effort. Nevertheless, for your effort, while you are there, it is the chief arena, and I am far from giving you the counsel to put off trying until you leave.

I hear a good deal about clubs and societies: how many there are, how important they are; how it is that, if a youth shall gain the whole of scholarship and all athletics and not 'make' a proper club, he shall still fall something short of success in college. Parents I meet who are more concerned about clubs than about either scholarship or deportment. They are concerned and at the same time bothered: so many strategies and chances the clubs involve; so bad it may be to be in this one; so bad to be out of that; so much choice there is between them, and so much choice exercised within them, by which any mother's hopeful may be excluded.

There is a democratic ideal of a great college without any clubs, where the lion and the lamb shall escort one another about with tails entwined, and every student shall be like every other student, and have similar habits and associates. This ideal is a good deal discussed and a good deal applauded in the public press. Whether it will ever come true I can't tell, but there has been some form or other of clubs in our older colleges, I suppose, for one or two centuries, and they are there now and will at least last out your time; so it may be you will have to take thought about them in due time.

Not much, however, until they take thought of you.

You see, clubs seem to be a sort of natural provision, just as tails were,

maybe, before humanity outgrew them. I guess there is a propensity of nature toward groups, and the natural basis of grouping seems to be likeness in feathers and habits. The propensity works to include the like and, incidentally, but necessarily, to exclude the unlike. Whether it is the Knights of the Round Table or the Knights of the Garter or the Phi Beta Kappa, you see these principles working. The measure of success in a club is its ability to make people want to join it, and that seems to be best demonstrated and preserved by keeping most of them out.

Now the advantages of the clubs are considerable. To have a place always open where you can hang up your hat, and where a hospitable welcome always awaits you, and where there is enough of a crowd and not too much, and where you can in your later years inspect at all times a family of selected undergraduates, — all that is valuable and good, and pleasant besides, and this continuity of interest that the clubs foster among their members helps to keep up in those members a lively and helpful interest in their college. The drawback to the clubs is their essential selfishness, and their disposition to take you out of a large family and limit you to a small one, and one that is not yours by birth, or entirely by choice, but is selected for you largely by other persons.

In any club you yield a certain amount of freedom and individuality, the amount being determined by the degree in which the club absorbs you. Don't yield too much! Don't take the mould of any club! A college is always bigger than its clubs, and the biggest thing in a college is always a man. The object of being in college is to develop as a man. If clubs help in that development, — and I think they do help some men, — they are a gain; but, of course, if they dwarf you down

to the dimensions of a club-man, they are a loss. Some men take their club-shape, such as it is, and find a sufficient satisfaction in it. Others react on their clubs, take what they have to give, add to it what is to be had elsewhere, and turn out rather more valuable people than if they had had no club experience.

At all events, don't take this matter of the clubs too hard. For those youths, comparatively few, who by luck and circumstances find themselves eligible to them, they are an interesting form of discipline or indulgence, and I will not say that they are unimportant. Neither would I have you keep out of them because of their drawbacks. If you begin by keeping out of all things that have drawbacks, your progress in this world will involve constant hesitations. Alcohol has numerous drawbacks, but I don't advise you to be a teetotaller. Tobacco has drawbacks, but I believe you smoke it. Money has drawbacks, and so has advertisement. But, bless you, we have to take things as they come and deal with them as we can. The trick is to get the kernel and eliminate the shuck. A large proportion of people do the opposite. If you can manage that way with the clubs, — provided you ever get a chance, — you will be amused to observe in due time how large a proportion of your brethren value these organizations chiefly for their shuck, and grasp most eagerly at that. For the shuck, as I see it, is exclusiveness, which is not valuable except to persons justly doubtful of their own merits. Whereas the kernel is the fellowship of like minds which has always been treasured by the wise.

The clubs, my son, some more than others, are recruited considerably from what is known as the leisure class. To be sure, I don't see any very definite or important leisure class about in our land. Everybody who amounts to any-

thing works, and always did and must, for you can't amount to anything otherwise; but the people who have money laid up ahead for them, are apt to work somewhat less strenuously than the rest of us, and not so much for money. Don't get it into your head that you want to tie up to the leisure class, or that the condition of not having to work is desirable. Have it in mind that you are to work just about as hard as the quality of your tires and cylinders will warrant. Plan to get into the game if you have to go on your hands and knees. Plan to earn your living somehow. Don't aim to go through life spoon-fed; don't aim to get a soft seat. If you do, you won't have your fair share of fun. There is no real fun in ease, except as you need it because you have worked hard.

I say, plan to earn your living! Whether you actually earn the money you live on, makes no great difference, though in your case I guess you'll have to if you are going to live at all well. But if you get money without earning it, it leaves you in debt to society. Somebody has to earn the money you spend. In mine, factory, railroad, or office, somebody works for the money that supports you. No matter where the money comes from, that is true: somebody has to earn it. If you get it without due labor of your own, you owe for it. Recognize that debt and qualify yourself to discharge it. Study to put back into the world somewhat more than you take out of it. Study to be somewhat more than merely worth your keep. Study to shoulder the biggest load your strength can carry. That is life. That is the great sport that brings the great compensations to the soul. Getting regular meals and nice clothes, and acceptable shelter and transportation, and agreeable acquaintances, is only a means to an end, and if you accept the means and

shirk the end, the means will pall on you.

I said 'agreeable acquaintances.' A very large proportion of the acquaintances you can make will be agreeable if you can bring enough knowledge and a sufficiently hospitable spirit to your relations with them. I don't counsel you to cultivate the arts of popularity, for they are apt not to wash, — apt, that is, to conflict with inside qualities that are vastly more valuable than they are. But keep, in so far as you can, an open heart. There is no one to whom you are not related if only you can find the relation; there is no one but you owe him a benefit if you can see one you can do him.

Don't be too nice. It is such an impediment to usefulness as stuttering is to speech, — a sort of spiritual indigestion; a hesitation in your carbureter. By all means, be a gentleman, in manners and spirit, in so far as you know how, but be one from the inside, out.

If you had come as far as you have in life without acquiring manners, you might well blush for your parents and teachers. I don't think you have, but I beg you hold on to all the good manners you have, and get more. Good manners seem to me a good deal to seek among present-day youth, but I suppose they have always been fairly scarce, and the more appreciated for their scarcity. Tobacco manners are uncommonly free and bad in this generation; more so, I think, than they were in mine. Since cigarettes came in, especially, youths seem to feel licensed to smoke them in all places and company. And the boys are prone to too much ease of attitude, and lounge and loll appallingly in company, and I see them in parlors with their legs crossed in such a fashion that their feet might almost as well be in the ladies' laps.

Have a care for these matters of deportment. Be strict with yourself and your postures. Keep your legs and feet where they belong; they were not meant for parlor ornaments. Show respect for people! Lord bless me! the things I see done by males with a claim to be gentlemen: tobacco-smoke puffed in women's faces; men who ought to know better, smoking as they drive out with ladies; men who put their feet on the table and expect you to talk over them! Show respect for people; for all kinds of people, including yourself, for self-respect is at the bottom of all good manners. They are the expression of discipline, of good-will, of respect for other people's rights and comfort and feelings. I suppose good manners are unselfish, but the most selfish people might well cultivate them, they are so remunerative. In the details of life, in the public vehicles, in crowds, and in all situations where the demand presses hard on supply, what you get by hogging is incomparably less than what you get by courtesy. The things you must scramble and elbow for are not worth having; not one of them. They are the swill of life, my son; leave them to swine.

You will have to think more or less about yourself, because that belongs to your time of life, provided you are the

sort that thinks at all. But don't overdo it. You won't, because you will find it, as all healthy people do, a subject in which over-indulgence tends rapidly to nausea. To have one's self always on one's mind is to lodge a kill-joy; to act always from calculation is a sure path to blunders.

Most of these specific counsels I set down more for your entertainment than truly to guide you. You don't live by maxims any more than you speak by rules of grammar. You will speak by ear (improving, I hope, in your college environment), and you will live by whatever light there is in you, getting more, I hope, as you go along.

Grow in grace, my son! If your spirit is right, the details of life will take care of their own adjustment. Go to church; if not invariably, then variably. They don't require it any more in college, but you can't afford not to; for the churches reflect and recall — very imperfectly, to be sure — the religion and the spirit of Christ; and on that the whole of our civilization rests. Get understanding of that. It is by far the most important knowledge in the whole book, the great fountain of sanity, tolerance, and political and social wisdom, a gateway to all kinds of truth, a rectifying and consoling current through all of life.

E. S. M.

THE ETHICS OF BUSINESS

BY ROLAND G. USHER

THE phrase ethics of business means right conduct in business, not merely as a possibility or a desirability, but as an actuality; not as a dream of Utopia, but as the notion of conduct by which the relations of business men with each other, and with the community, are actually regulated at any given moment. Its gist is to-day, and long has been, the belief that the individual may rightly and justifiably promote his economic welfare in any way which the law as enforced by the courts does not explicitly prevent. It is negative rather than positive, specifying what the individual may not do, instead of what he may. To sell as dearly as possible, to buy as cheaply as possible, both produce and labor, are its maxims. Business is a bargain whose only requirement is that both parties be satisfied; it is a sort of fight where each individual has the same opportunities to help himself, and where the state merely undertakes to prevent actual foul play.

Of late, this existing ethics of business has been more and more frequently held responsible for many of the most serious economic, political, and social evils. Clearly, problems growing out of the existence of railroads, trusts, banks, the stock-market, — 'big business,' — result from the relation of business men with each other. Prices result from the contact of manufacturer, retailer, and consumer; while the relations of manufacturer and employee bring promptly to the fore such burning issues as the hours of labor,

wages, the closed shop, strikes, child-labor, and many more. Moreover, it is true that in the last analysis all these questions are psychological rather than economic, ethical rather than social. Their decision also will rest upon a standard of right conduct; for the laborer's proportionate share of the profits of production, the standard of living involved in the demand for a minimum wage, for a maximum length of the working-day, are all dependent upon the denial of the justifiability of paying as little as a man will work for, of allowing him to work as long as he will, — upon a denial of the rightness of the present ethics of business. In fact, it is hardly an exaggeration to say that every issue now largely discussed by the public is one which can be decided only by agreeing upon a standard of right and wrong.

It is, therefore, an exceedingly striking and significant fact that upon the ethical issue the warring parties fundamentally disagree. On the one hand, we find the business men firm in the belief that the great majority of transactions have been, and are, just and equitable, and according to all reasonable standards of right conduct. On the other hand, their accusers stand, equally insistent that the business men have done wrong, and loudly demanding legislation, constitutional amendments, and new political devices to make such conduct impossible in the future. It is not less remarkable that neither of the combatants seems to be conscious that the disagreement is

fundamental. In fact, the reformers are rather inclined to insist that the present standards of conduct in business proceed mainly from the intentional dishonesty of a few men who could be punished by the courts, thereby putting an end to the entire trouble, if the judges were not equally venal. They thus give the impression that the difficulty is superficial and in the main the work of a few individuals. Nor will they accept a denial as conclusive of anything but guilt.

The issue, thus misunderstood, has been raised by the discussions of the presidential campaign into a matter of national significance, and the rectitude or turpitude of business conduct is fast becoming the dominant note in discussions about the tariff, the railroads, the recall of judges, the initiative and referendum. It seems almost as if the strenuous declarations of the radicals, and the articles in some magazines, were fast creating in the public mind by the mere force of reiteration a growing conviction that business has been, and in the main still is, dishonest.

The main difficulty — the disagreement on the vital and fundamental fact of what business ethics ought to be — is accentuated by the failure of the average business man, and of the average reformer alike, fully to understand what the present ethics of business is, what its history has been, and what sanctions of tradition, law, philosophy, logic, and theology stand behind it. They do not thoroughly grasp the fact that the first step in reform is not vilification of the superficial, but comprehension of the fundamental. We shall not need to resort to the distortions of fact so common among the exponents of the materialistic theory of history, to find the past crowded with so many data adequately explaining the existence of the ideas of right conduct now prevalent in business, that a brief

article will barely permit their enumeration without the inevitable qualification or necessary proof which a scientific historian would demand. In fact, adequately to demonstrate the reasons for the present situation would be to write a history of the legal, social, philosophical, and ethical concepts of the race.

The earliest form of society of which we have definite traces in Europe was that of a 'family' composed of the actual or supposed descendants from a common mother. On this blood relationship, real or fictitious, were formed all the social units known to historic antiquity. Within these units, the blood-tie imposed upon the individual definite obligations toward the other members; toward aliens, the non-kin, the barbarians of the Greek writers, the individual assumed no obligations at all. In a primitive society whose ideas of private ownership of personal property were rudimentary, and whose ideas of property in land were non-existent, and who still ate, like the Spartans, at a common table, the barter which went on was not considered trade, and was really inconsiderable in amount.

Trade in antiquity took place *between* families, clans, cities, *between* the groups of blood-kin, *and the merchant was always an alien*. The only ethical or moral notions primitive man had did not apply to trade. The merchant was outside the pale; they might do to him or he to them anything either could. Trade was therefore dangerous. Phœnician and Greek merchants piled goods on the beach and retired to the long black ships; the natives, who refused to come out of the woods till the dreaded merchants had pulled offshore, then appeared, inspected the pile, made one of their own, and sought again the safety of the woods. The Greeks rowed in, looked over what was

offered, added to their own pile, and rowed out again; the natives returned, increased theirs, and retired; and so the process continued until both were satisfied. An unobjectionable bargain was one to which both consented; but to get a large amount in exchange for a small was positively laudable; and for either to carry off the other's goods, or for the merchants to steal the natives' women and children was common, and was considered excellent business and admirable ethics.

The very earliest notion of trade that history records, therefore, shows us that it was not governed by the usual ethical standards of community or family life; that merchant and consumer both considered perfectly justifiable any means by which one could best the other; and that the merchant was thought to be a professional robber against whose violence the most extreme precautions needed to be taken. Naturally, as Greek and Roman society developed, this primitive aspect of trade disappeared, but even the final formulation of the Roman law sanctioned individual selfishness in trade, and at least one writer of eminence explicitly declared that there was legal sanction 'for either to over-reach the other.'

The barbarians who poured down upon the Empire from the forests of Germany brought with them the same primitive belief that the merchant was an alien who was not bound by the folk-law, and could not be tried by the hundred or shire-moot. They, too, considered him a deceitful and dangerous man; no one was allowed to buy from him except before witnesses who could swear, when the man from whom they assumed as a matter of course that the merchant had stolen the goods should appear in pursuit, that the purchaser was innocent.

The early law of trade was, in fact,

nothing but the law of theft. To all these notions the prevailing concept of the personality of law lent powerful sanction. Where we hold to-day that the place where the crime is committed, or the residence of the party, determines not only in which court the case shall be tried but the substantive law governing it, the Burgundian, the Visigoth, and the Saxon expected to be tried, wherever he was, by the law of his own tribe, by *his* law, the law into which he had been born. Thus the first notion in Germanic law, that an individual is responsible when away from home, claimed that he could only be held responsible to the law which governed him at home. The merchant's law, then, was the idea of right conduct which he brought with him; this, and not the consumer's idea of ethical behavior, was to govern their relations. Thus the ethics of business was not only different from the ordinary law of the community, but was to be settled by the standard of the merchant, not by that of the consumer.

The anomalous position of merchants in the feudal society which the Norman Conquest superimposed upon this Germanic society in England, the scorn openly expressed for trade as such, accentuated the merchant's isolation and, by refusing him the privileges of ordinary feudal law, freed him from its obligations. Throughout the Middle Ages, the individual merchant was personally responsible only to the king, and from him alone could he obtain redress for wrong. A number of tradesmen, associated together, secured from kings charters of liberties, which gave them their own courts and their own law, a right to control their own business, and to enforce their laws upon all outsiders. In time, as towns became more numerous, a Law Merchant came to be recognized, consisting of the customs approved by the

majority of the towns, and administered with regularity and some uniformity by a well-known series of courts; a special house of merchants was for a time added to the national assembly in order to insure their payment of taxes.

Within the towns, the guild merchants and the craft guilds produced a series of rigid rules governing prices, wages, and all buying and selling, aimed wholly at aggrandizing themselves at the expense of the country-folk who sold produce to them, and of the nobles who bought their silks and broadcloths. There was one price at which the guild member bought, and a higher at which the outsider purchased; but the latter must sell to the former for less than the guild allowed him to sell for to any one else in the market. Each market-day the mayor or warden fixed all prices for all goods displayed. When the first bell rang the citizens might buy; after the second, if anything was left, others might buy.

The regulation of trade in all its branches was thus left for centuries in the hands of the merchants themselves, who naturally shaped its laws and its ethics in accordance with the feudal attitude toward it as a subject which really concerned no one but themselves, and which might very well therefore be regulated in their interest. With this Law Merchant and its courts, the royal courts—the King's Bench, Common Pleas, and Exchequer—had nothing to do until the seventeenth century; and not, indeed, till the eighteenth century did Lord Mansfield really 'create' the present common law of trade by accepting much of the old Law Merchant and amalgamating it with the practices and dicta of the common law. Is it not a fact of extreme significance to the student of the present notion of business ethics that for only a little more than a century has the merchant been deprived en-

tirely of his own law and his own courts? Is it, after all, so very remarkable that business men still think that their notions of right conduct, and not those of the general public, should regulate commercial transactions?

When, however, the mercantile community was firmly subject to the common law and its courts, the judges began to apply to the relations of merchants with each other, and with their customers, the same notion of individual freedom already worked out by generations of judges for other cases—the idea that the individual might do everything he pleased until he infringed some one else's rights sufficiently to cause the latter to sue him for redress in court. Remedy for infringement of another's rights would not be given, however, until the accuser actually demonstrated to the satisfaction of the court a breach of some explicit law; and, what was more, until he proved a substantial injury.

The common law was negative and not positive: it enumerated no general categories of acts which were legal, or ethical concepts by which right could be distinguished from wrong, but merely listed certain specific acts which were illegal. All else was permissible; the individual must act at his peril. He was safe-guarded, indeed, by the fact that the courts would not of themselves investigate his behavior, nor use their own knowledge of the law, or of his acts, against him: they would hold him guiltless until the accuser actually demonstrated in court an offense punishable by law, and actually proved his injury existent. One famous judge even went so far as to declare that if he saw a man commit murder and knew that he was the only witness, it would be his duty to acquit the man in court. The defendant at law was liable, not for what he had done, but for what the plaintiff could prove he had done.

Indeed, to break the law was not reprehensible or punishable; and the dialecticians eagerly argued that a crime unproven was no crime at all. Surely here are the clear outlines of the present notions of ethics as understood by the business world.

From the premises of the intellectual and philosophical revolution of the last four centuries this conception has drawn the subtlest of confirmations, partly from a misconception of the ideas of great thinkers, partly from the dissociation of those ideas from the general field of speculative thought to which they were intended to apply. It should never be forgotten that the force which has moulded history has been not so much the truth itself, as what honest and sincere men understood to be the truth.

The basis of nearly all modern thought has been the individual, but at no epoch of recorded history has the individual held such prominence as during the Renaissance. In the attempt to free him from the restraints imposed by feudalism, the scholastic philosophy and theology, the guild and open-field systems, he was left without any restraint at all except the opposition he would naturally meet from other individuals. The means which most quickly and surely attained the end in view were those most applauded and approved; the possible became synonymous with the right; and men whose familiar weapons were assassination and poison can hardly have had scruples about misrepresentation of goods, under-selling, and low wages. The possession of wealth was the evidence of the possession of ability, and therefore of virtue.

From the Reformation came an entirely different, but not less powerful, sanction which appealed to another section of the community. The Renaissance sanctioned the ethics of business

as profitable; the Reformation added the weight of scriptural authority. It taught the individual that he was justified by faith alone; that he stood 'naked before God,' with none to help him; that with his own hands and his own learning he must save his soul. It told him, that, when wallowing in the Slough of Despond, he would find in the Bible an infallible counsel and direction which God had Himself given man for every emergency. The Puritan, thus seeking God's guidance in his daily tasks, found in Old Testament and New alike many a story of business dealing which explicitly showed patriarchs and prophets engaged in aggrandizing their personal fortunes by the same methods which his unconscious and instinctive preferences indicated to him, but which he could not accept without warrant of God's law. The Bible, in fact, was a vivid record of the primitive notion of trade, and based the conception of its ethics upon the blood-kin. The old sanctions, long dead, were thus revived by the literal acceptance of the Scriptures. In fact, the Puritans of New England became noted for real piety and scrupulous morality and for exceptionally sharp dealing in business, stretching at times to practices which less ostentatiously pious people began to stigmatize as 'ungodly.'

To the support of theology came philosophy and logic, teaching that the good of the individual was supreme. Metaphysical distinctions and assumptions the average man understood little or not at all, but he did distinctly obtain a strong confirmation of his own idea that the pursuance of his own selfish ends in any possible way was justifiable, and indeed, that in their fulfillment lay the reason for society's existence. Hobbes and Locke explicitly said that the state was created by the individual for the furtherance of

his own ends. 'The ultimate ground of public life and of social coherence was placed in the interests of individuals.' Man was an isolated unit, essentially unsocial, if not anti-social; the ethical ideal of life was personal, and consisted in the fullest development of the individual's possibilities. Such an individual was therefore lacking in definite altruistic responsibilities; his first duty was to himself and not to others. The Hedonists and Utilitarians developed a 'logical' explanation of all human life based on these premises.

On them, too, were founded the new democratic theories of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. Society was to Rousseau a voluntary union of individuals each of whom entered the social compact with the intention of receiving as great benefits as possible in exchange for the renunciation of as little as possible of his liberty. 'The best government,' said Jefferson, 'is that which governs least.' The rights of the individual to better his own condition, Rousseau declared, were inherent, inalienable; inasmuch as laws, courts, and kings normally stood in the way of his development, restraints upon him should be as few and infrequent as possible, and the fewer and more infrequent the better for him and for society. Crime lay not in the infringement of some absolute standard, but in the breach of another's rights. 'Nothing can be prevented,' read the *Declaration of the Rights of Man and of the Citizen*, 'which is not forbidden by law, and no one may be forced to do anything not provided for by law.' Such a notion of 'liberty' could not fail powerfully to support the old common law notion already applied to the law of trade.

Upon this same hedonistic basis of individual satisfaction, Adam Smith, Ricardo, and Mill reared the new science of political economy, the science

of wealth and of the most efficient methods for its speedy acquisition. The normal individual, they premised, was purely selfish, and as the existence of ethical impulses could not be predicated with certainty, such motives must be considered accidental, capable of producing exceptions to the general law, but not of influencing the operation of the law of economic development itself. To have based the science of business logic upon selfishness, to have made the chief limitations upon the acquisition of wealth the strength of the desire for it, to have declared these considerations the 'law' by which the community had grown into being, to have assumed that to interfere with them would hinder the normal development of both community and individual, was indeed to place the right of man to follow his inclinations in pursuit of wealth, wherever they might lead him, upon a high pedestal. It was even easy to conclude that the working of economic law could not be changed, and that no conscious reform would be possible. Indeed, if this were the law of life, no reform was needed, for what existed was for that very reason right.

Upon very nearly this same basis, Spencer and Darwin constructed the doctrine of evolution. 'Each individual shall take the consequences of his own nature and actions; survival of the fittest being the result.' That cunning, ability, high morality, as well as physical force, might be decisive factors in determining who was fit, Spencer readily conceded; but he clung steadfastly to the conclusion that the man who survived, for whatever reason, would be thus proven the man whom the future needed. The individual was to use in every possible way every faculty he possessed, and those methods by which he secured his continued existence were proved by their success to

have been the right ones in his particular case. An altruism which resulted in the sacrifice of the individual was not only a mistake from his point of view, but a crime from that of society: he had broken the law of life wittingly; he had committed suicide.

In this very struggle of individuals for survival, Spencer taught, was progress; and the greatest progress, and indeed any progress at all, was possible only by giving the individual full scope to develop in any direction he pleased. He therefore concluded, as had Rousseau and Jefferson for different reasons, that the function of the state was purely negative; that no virtues or values could be created or changed by legislation; that the state should merely insure the individual a fair chance. To him, as to Darwin, the 'natural' impulses of man's nature — his strength, cunning, cupidity, selfishness — had been the dominant factors in the evolution of existing society, and must be accepted therefore as the proper factors, as right and ethical as any, unless one assumed that the evolutionary process was in itself wrong. Ethics, morality, religion, all played their only part in evolution, not as absolute factors, but as elements in the strength or weakness of some individual which influenced the result of his struggle to best the other man. Is not the ethics of business the Spencerian law of social development? Are not its processes the very methods by which Spencer believed the world itself had been built?

In the subtlest of subtle ways has come from the latest American philosophy a sort of esoteric support for those who had begun to have vague doubts about the doctrines of Mill and Spencer. From the *Pragmatism* of William James they have drawn a conclusion which he certainly never intended, but which men unskilled in philosophical speculation not unnatu-

rally drew. Professor James many times insisted that the test of the truth of an idea was its 'cash value' for the individual. What, indeed, he had in mind was the very subtle idea, based upon Lessing's standard of the relativity of truth, that the criterion of truth is not so much the conformity of a concept to some absolute standard, as its workableness for the individual in question; but the popular conclusion was that the truth of ideas, religion, ethical standards, was to be tested by their usefulness to the individual, a standard which naturally became his material welfare. The individual, they understood, in fact created his own standard, and was furnished with the right to reject all other notions of right conduct than his own.

Undoubtedly, any one with the prophet's vision who will now lift his eyes to the hills will see them already filled with chariots and horsemen ready to do battle with the present conception of business ethics. Undoubtedly, a proper understanding of the very factors here traced has been slowly undermining their past influence upon the public mind. Undoubtedly, many other powerful influences are building a strong social consciousness and a social concept of the loftiest and truest altruism, and steadily bringing to its support more and more noble men and women. There has probably never been a time in the history of the world when so large a proportion of the community was as anxious to do right as to-day. But it is none the less true that we must tilt, not against windmills and imaginary armies, but against the mental and moral standards of the race.

The new ethics of business proposes nothing less than to abolish a standard of right conduct by which the race has *lived*, and to put in its place an ideal of which a part of the race

has often *dreamed*. We are face to face with the fact that the race is still essentially primitive in its social relations and aspirations. The few thousand years of recorded history have found it difficult to erase the impressions ground into us by the hundreds of thousands of years of barbarism.

The problem of reform is fundamental and transcends the individual. The summary punishment of many men, volumes of statutes, many political expedients, will not seriously affect the instinctive preferences and inarticulate beliefs which lead the average man to believe in the rectitude of his present

conduct, and to declare that he cannot do business otherwise. All unconscious of his support, he is intrenched behind the primitive conception of trade, sustained by the common law, and fortified by modern philosophy, political economy, and the theories of democracy and evolution. The remedy must be no less fundamental than the problem. Until we have destroyed the fortifications, we shall not seriously impair the enemy's real strength, and it is still to be proved that the walls will fall, if we, like Joshua and the Children of Israel, continue to march round them shouting and blowing rams' horns.

'THE GRATEFUL DEAD'

BY PAUL MARIETT

THE grateful dead, they say, lie snug and close
Under the smooth, soft sloping of the grass,
Grateful indeed because above them pass
No other steps than those of wind or bird;
No other sound is heard.

For without eyes we see and, earless, hear;
Sweeter is this than nights of restless mood,
Sweeter than nights of blank infinitude,
Sweeter than ghostly pageants of a dream,
Half-caught of things that seem.

Another life have we than those who live,
Another death have we than those who die;
Mortal and ghost and angel pass us by,
Mortal and ghost and angel have one breath;
Die, would ye learn of death !

THE PROFESSOR'S MARE

BY L. P. JACKS

I

THE Reverend John Scattergood, D.D., Professor of Systematic Theology, was of Puritan descent. The founder of the family was Caleb Scatter-the-good-seed, a cornet-of-horse in Cromwell's army, who had earned his master's favor by prowess at the battle of Dunbar. The family tradition averred that when Cromwell halted the pursuit of Lesley's scattered forces for the purpose of singing the One Hundred and Seventeenth Psalm, it was Caleb Scatter-the-good-seed who gave out the tune and led the psalmody. This he did at the beginning of every verse by striking a tuning-fork on his bloody sword. He was mounted, said the tradition, on a coal-black horse.

John Scattergood, D.D., was a hard-headed theologian. His lectures on Systematic Theology ended, as all who attended them will remember, in a cogent demonstration of the Friendliness of the Universe, firmly established by the Inflexible Method. This was a masterpiece of ratiocination. The impartial observation of facts, the even-handed weighing of evidence, the right ordering of principles and their application, the separation and weaving together of lines of thought, the careful disentangling of necessary presuppositions, the just treatment of objectors — all the qualities demanded of one who handles the deepest problems of thought were combined in Dr. Scattergood's demonstration of the Friendli-

ness of the Universe according to the Inflexible Method. Most of his hearers were convinced by his arguments, and went forth into the world to publish the good news that the universe was friendly.

Hard-headed as Scattergood was, it would be unjust to his character to describe him as free from superstition. Much of his life, indeed, had been spent in attacking the superstitions of the ignorant and the thoughtless; but this very practice had bred in him, as in so many others, a superstitious regard for the argumentative weapons used in the attack. Like his ancestor at Dunbar he struck his tuning-fork on his sword. To be sure he was a Rational Theist, and a cause of Rational Theism in others; but, unless I am much mistaken, the ultimate object of his faith, the Power behind his Deity, was the Inflexible Method. Superstition never dies; it merely changes its form. It is not a confession we make to ourselves so much as a charge we bring against others, and its greatest power is always exercised in quarters where we are least aware of its existence. And Scattergood, of course, was unaware that his attitude toward the Inflexible Method was profoundly superstitious. It follows that he was unprepared for the part which superstition, changing its form, was destined to play in his life.

Theology, then, was his vocation, but I have now to add — the Horse was his hobby. Although he had taken to riding late in life he was by no means an incapable rider or an ignorant horse-

man. Next to the Universe, the Horse had been the subject of his profoundest study; and as he was a close reasoner in regard to the one, he was a tight rider in regard to the other. His seat, like his philosophy, was a trifle stiff; but what else could you expect in one who had passed his sixtieth year? He never rode to hounds, or otherwise unduly jeopardized his neck; but for managing a high-spirited horse, when all the rest of us were in difficulties, I never knew his better. 'Let Scattergood go first,' we cried, as the traction engine came snorting down the road and our elderly hacks were prancing on the pavement; and sure enough his young thoroughbred would walk by the monster without so much as changing its feet.

'Scattergood,' I once asked him, 'what do you *do* to that young mare of yours when you meet a traction engine or a military band?'

'Nothing,' he replied.

'Then what do you *say* to her?'

'Nothing.'

'Then *how* do you manage it?'

'I have n't the faintest idea.'

And I honestly believe he told me the truth.

Needless to say that he was deeply respected in the stables. 'A gen'l'man with a wonderful 'orse-sense,' said the old ostler one day, expatiating, as usual, on Scattergood's virtues. 'If I'd had a 'orse-sense like him, I'd be one o' the richest men in England. If ever there was a man as throwed himself away, there he goes! 'Orse-sense is n't a thing as you see every day, sir. The only other man I've ever knowed as had it was his Lordship, as I was his coachman in Ireland more than twenty years ago. His Lordship used to say to me, "Tom," he says, "Tom, it all comes of my grandfather and his father before him bein' jockeys." And between you and me, sir, that's what's the matter with his Reverence. He's

jockey-bred, sir, you take my word for it. — Well, his father may have been a bishop, for all I care. But what about his mother, and what about his mother's father, and his father before him, and all the rest on 'em. When it comes to a matter o' breedin', you don't stop at fathers; you take in the whole pedigree. Was n't his Lordship's father a brewer? And what difference did that make? When 'orse-sense once gets started in a family it takes more than brewin', and more than bishopin', to wash it out o' the blood.'

'I've heard that gypsies have the same gift,' I said.

'I've 'eard it, too, sir. But I never would have nothing to do with gypsies; though his Lordship was as thick as thieves with 'em. And thieves are just what they are, sir, and if it were n't for that, I'd say as the old gen'l'man was as like to be gypsy-bred as jockey. Don't you never let the gypsies sell you a 'oss, sir; you'll be took in if you do. But they could n't gypsy *him*! Why, I don't believe as there's a 'oss-dealer for twenty miles round as would n't go out for a walk if he 'eard as Dr. Scattergood was comin' to buy a 'oss.'

That the ostler's last remark was true in the spirit, if not in the letter, the following incident seems to prove. Once I was myself entrapped into the folly of buying a horse, and I was on the point of concluding the bargain, which seemed to be all in my favor, when a friendly daimon whispered in my ear that I had better be cautious. So I said to the dealer, 'Yes, the horse seems all right. But before coming to a final decision, I'll bring Dr. Scattergood round to have a look at him.' Whereupon the dealer abated his price by fifteen pounds, on the understanding that 'that there interferin' old Scattergood, as had already done him more bad turns than one, was not

allowed to poke his nose into business which was none of his.'

'Pretty good,' said the Professor, when I showed him my purchase. 'Pretty good. But I think I could have saved you another ten pounds, had you taken the trouble to consult me.'

Scattergood kept but one horse, and it was observed, as a strange thing in a lover of horses, that he never kept that one for long. He was constantly changing his mount. By superficial observers, this was set down to a certain fickleness of disposition; but the truth seems rather to have been that Scattergood, consciously or unconsciously, was engaged in the quest for the Perfect Horse. No man knew better than he what equine perfection involved, and none was ever more painfully sensitive to the lightest deviation from the Absolute Ideal. Whatever good qualities his horse might possess, and they were always numerous, the presence of a single fault, however slight, would haunt and oppress him in much the same way as a venial sin will trouble the conscience of a saint. I remember one beautiful animal in which the severest judges could find no defect save that it had half a dozen miscolored hairs hidden away on one of its hind legs. Every time the good Doctor rode that horse, he saw the miscolored hairs through the back of his head; and away went the beast to Tattersall's after a week's trial. Another followed, and another after that; but we soon ceased to count them, and took it for granted that Scattergood's horse, seen once, would not be seen again. So it went on until in the fullness of time there appeared a horse, or more strictly a mare, which did not depart as swiftly as it came.

Whatever perfection may be in other realms, perfection in horses seems after all to be a relative thing; for though Dr. Scattergood himself regarded this

one as perfect, I doubt if he could have found a single soul in the wide world to agree with him. To be sure, she was beautiful enough to cause a flutter of excitement as she passed down the street; but a beast of more dangerous mettle never pranced on two feet or kicked out with one. She was the terror of every stable she entered, and it was only by continual largess on the part of Scattergood that any groom could be induced to feed or tend her. What she cost him monthly for tips, for broken stable furniture, and for veterinary attendance on the horses she kicked in the ribs, I should be sorry to say. But Scattergood paid it all without a murmur; no infatuated lover ever bore the extravagance of his mistress with a lighter heart. For the truth of the matter was that he was deeply attached to his mare, and his mare was deeply attached to him.

Why the mare was fond of Scattergood is a problem requiring for its solution more horse-sense than most of us possess; so we had better leave it alone. But Scattergood's reason for being fond of the mare can be stated in a sentence. She reminded him, constantly and vividly, of Ethelberta. Her high spirits, her dash, her unexpectedness, her brilliant eyes, her gait, and especially the carriage of her head, were a far truer likeness of Ethelberta than was the faded photograph, or even the miniature set in gold, which the Reverend Professor kept locked in his secret drawer.

Now Ethelberta was the name of the lady whom Scattergood wished he had married. For five-and-thirty years he had never ceased wishing that he had married *her*, — and not some one else. Some one else! Ay, there was the rub! The lawful Mrs. Scattergood was not a person whose portrait I should care to draw in much detail. Can you imagine a harder lot than that of a world-

famous Systematic Theologian, publicly pledged to maintain the Friendliness of the Universe, but privately consumed with anxiety lest on returning home (*horresco referens!*) he should find a heavy-featured, blear-eyed, irredeemable woman, the woman who called herself his wife, narcotized on the drawing-room sofa, with an empty chloral bottle at her side? That was the lot of John Scattergood, D.D., and he bore it like a man, keeping up a pathetic show of devotion to his intolerable wife, and concealing his personal misery from the world with an ingenuity only equal to that with which he published abroad the Friendliness of the Universe.

To be sure he had long abandoned the quest for happiness as a thing unworthy of a Systematic Theologian — what else, indeed, could he do? Still it was hardly possible to avoid reflecting that he would have been happier if he had married Ethelberta. Each day something happened to convince him that he would. For example, his first duty every morning, before settling down to work, was to make a tour of the house, sometimes in the company of a trusted domestic, hunting for a concealed bottle of morphia; and when at last the servant, with her arm under a mattress, said, 'I've got it, sir,' he could not help reflecting that the burden of life would have been lighter had he married the high-souled Ethelberta. And with the thought a cloud seemed to pass between John Scattergood and the sun.

He would often say to himself that he wished he could forget Ethelberta. But in point of fact he wished nothing of the kind. He secretly cherished her memory, and the efforts he made to banish her from his thoughts only served to incorporate her more completely with the atmosphere of his life.

All through life John Scattergood

had been a deeply conscientious man. But conscience, — or rather something that called itself conscience, but was in reality nothing of the kind, — which had served him so well in other respects, had been his undoing in the matter of Ethelberta. It was at the age of twenty-five that he first loved Ethelberta, and he was not then aware that a man's evil genius, bent on doing its victim the deadliest turn, will often disguise itself in the robes of his heavenly guide. He was, as we have seen, of Puritan descent; his evangelical upbringing had taught him to regard as heaven-sent all inner voices which bade him sacrifice his happiness; and this it was of which the enemy took advantage. In his love for Ethelberta the young man was radiantly happy; but that very circumstance aroused his suspicions. 'You are not worthy of this happiness,' said an inner voice, 'and, what is far more to the point, you are not worthy of Ethelberta. She is too good for such as you.'

'Who are you?' said the young Scattergood, addressing the inner voice. 'Who are you that haunt me night and day with this horrible fear?'

'I am your conscience,' answered the Devil. 'You are unworthy of Ethelberta; and it is I, your conscience, that tell you so. I am a voice from heaven, and beware of disregarding me.'

Had Scattergood been thirty years older, this strange anxiety on the part of his conscience to establish its claims as a voice from heaven would have put him on his guard: he would have lifted those shining robes and seen the hoofs beneath them. But these precautions had not occurred to him in the days when he and Ethelberta were walking hand in hand. So he listened with awe to the fiendish whisper; he listened until its lying words became an obsession; until they darkened his mind; until they drowned the voices of love and began

to find utterance in his manners, and even in his speech, with Ethelberta. She, on her part, did not understand — what woman ever could or would? — and a cloud came between them.

'The cloud is from heaven,' said the voice. 'I have sent it; let it grow; you are not good enough for Ethelberta, and it will be a sin to link your life with hers.'

So the cloud grew, till one day a woman's wrath shot out of it; there was an explosion, a quarrel, a breach; and the two parted never to meet again.

'You have done your duty,' said the false conscience. 'You have dealt me a mortal hurt,' said the Soul. But Scattergood was still convinced that he was not good enough for Ethelberta.

Within a year or two the usual results had followed. Scattergood married a woman who was not good enough for *him*; and that other man, who had been watching his opportunity, like a wolf around the sheepfold, married Ethelberta. And that other man was not good enough for *her*.

And now many years had passed, and Ethelberta was long since dead. But that made no difference to the aching wound; for Professor Scattergood, who was intelligent about all things, and far too intelligent about Ethelberta, used to reflect that probably she would still be alive, had she married him. 'They went to Naples for their honeymoon,' he would say aloud — for he was in the habit of talking to himself — 'they went to Naples for their honeymoon; there she caught typhoid fever, and died six weeks after her marriage. But things would have happened differently had she married *me*. We were not going to Naples for the honeymoon. We were going to Switzerland: we settled it that night after the dance at Lady Brown's — the night I first told her I was not worthy of her. Fool that I was!' — Such were the medita-

tions of Professor John Scattergood, D.D., as he trotted under the hedge-row elms and heard the patter of his horse's hoofs falling softly on the withered leaves.

Thus we can understand how it came to pass that Dr. Scattergood's imagination was abnormally sensitive to anything which could remind him of Ethelberta. And I have no doubt that his peculiar horse-sense was also involved in the particular reminder with which we have now to deal.

Certain it is that he discerned the resemblance to Ethelberta the moment he cast eyes upon the mare. He was standing in the dealer's yard, and the dealer was leading the animal out of the stable. Suddenly catching sight of the strange black-coated figure, the mare stopped abruptly, lowered her head, curved her neck, and looked Scattergood straight between the eyes. For a moment he was paralyzed with astonishment and thought he was dreaming. The movement, the attitude, the look, were all Ethelberta's! Exactly thus had she stopped abruptly, lowered her head, curved her neck, and looked him in the face when, thirty-five years ago, he had been introduced to her at an Embassy ball in Vienna. A vision swept swiftly over his inner eye; he saw bright uniforms, heard music, felt the presence of a crowd; and so completely was the actuality of things blotted out that he made a low reverence to the animal as though he were being introduced to some high-born dame. The dealer noticed the movement and wondered what 'new hanky-panky old Scattergood was trying on the mare.'

'Now, that's a mare I raised myself,' said the dealer. 'I've watched her every day since she was foaled, and I'll undertake to say as there is n't another like her in —'

'In the wide world: I know there is n't,' said Scattergood, cutting him

short. Then, suddenly, 'What's her name?'

'Meg,' replied the dealer, who was expecting a very different question.

'Meg—Meg,' said the Doctor. 'Why, it ought to be— Well, never mind, Meg will do. So you raised her yourself. Will you swear you did n't *steal* her?'

This was too much even for a horse-dealer. 'We're not a firm of horse-thieves,' he said, and was preparing to lead the animal back into the stable.

'I'm only joking,' said Scattergood in a tremulous voice which belied him. 'She's the living likeness of one I remember years ago—one that *was* stolen. Come, bring her back. I'm ready to buy that mare at her full value.'

'And what may that be?' replied the dealer, glad that the enemy had made the first move.

'A hundred and twenty guineas.'

The dealer was astonished; for his customer had offered the exact sum at which he hoped to sell the mare. For a moment he thought of standing out for a hundred and fifty, but he knew it was useless to bargain with Scattergood, so he said, —

'It's giving her away, sir, at a hundred and twenty. But for the sake of quick business, and you being a gentleman as knows a horse when you sees one, I'll take you at your own figure.'

'Done,' said Scattergood. 'I'll send you a check round in ten minutes.'

And without another word he walked out of the yard. He had found the Perfect Horse.

The dealer stood dumbfounded, halter in hand. He was unconscious that Meg had already got his shirt-sleeve between her teeth. Could that retreating figure be the wary Scattergood—Scattergood of the thousand awkward questions, Scattergood the terror of every horse-dealer on the country-

side? Never before had he found so prompt, so reckless a customer. Were his eyes deceiving him? Was it a dream? A violent jerk on his right arm, and the simultaneous sound of tearing linen, recalled him to himself.

'You she-devil!' he said, 'I'll take the skin off you for this. But I hope the old gentleman's well insured.'

Meanwhile the Professor was walking home in a state of profound mental perturbation. Visions of the Embassy ball in Vienna, Buddhist theories of reincarnation, problems of animal psychology, doubts as to the validity of the Inflexible Method, vague and nameless feelings that accompanied the operations of his horse-sense, a yet vaguer joy as of one who has found something precious which he had lost, and beneath all, the ever-present, subconscious fear that he would find his wife narcotized on the drawing-room sofa, were buzzing and dancing in his brain.

'It's the mare's likeness to Ethelberta that puzzles me,' he began to reflect. 'A universal resemblance, borne by particulars not one of which is really like the original. Quite unmistakable, and yet quite unthinkable. An indubitable fact, and yet a fact which no one, who has not seen it, could ever be induced to believe.'

Had any one half an hour earlier propounded the statement that a woman could bear a closer resemblance to a horse than to her own portrait, he would have treated the proposition as one which no amount of evidence could make good. So far from the evidence proving the proposition true, he would have said, it is the proposition which proves the evidence false. Otherwise, what is the use of the Inflexible Method? But now the thing was flashed on him with the brightness of authentic revelation, and there was no gainsaying its truth. Not once during the five-and-thirty years of his

mourning for Ethelberta had anything happened to bring her so vividly to mind; not even among the dreams that haunt the borderland of sleep and waking; no, nor even when he listened to the great singer whose voice had filled his soul with the sad and angry music of Heine's bitterest song. Professor Scattergood was a firm believer in the efficacy of *a priori* thought; but though by means of it he had excogitated a system in which the plan of an entire universe was sufficiently laid down, there was not one of his principles, either primary or secondary, which could have built a niche for the experience he had just undergone in the horse-dealer's yard.

As he neared his doorstep the confusion of his mind suddenly ranged itself into form and gave birth to an articulate thought. 'I'm sure,' he said to himself, drawing his latch-key out of his pocket and inserting it in the key-hole, 'I am sure that Ethelberta is not far off. Yes, as sure as I am of anything in this world.'

II

The horse-sense, with which Professor Scattergood was so strangely endowed, was always accompanied by a well-marked physical sign — to wit, a curious tingling at the back of the head, a tingling which seemed to be located at an exact spot in the cortex of the brain. So long as the back of his head was tingling, every horse was completely at his mercy: he could do with it whatever he willed. But I have it on his own authority that at the moment he cast eyes on his new mare the tingling suddenly ceased and his horse-sense deserted him.

Accordingly, the first time he took her out he mounted with trepidation, and fear possessed his soul that she would run away with him. Though

nothing very serious followed, the fear was not entirely groundless. His daily ride, which usually occupied exactly two hours and five minutes, was accomplished on this occasion in one hour and twenty, and for a week afterward the Professor's man rubbed liniment into his back three times a day. On the second occasion he had the ill-luck to encounter the local hunt in full career, a thing he would have minded not the least under ordinary circumstances, but extremely disconcerting at a moment when Meg was in one of her wildest moods and his horse-sense happened to be in abeyance.

Before he had time to take in the situation Meg joined the rushing tide and for the next forty minutes the field was led by the first Systematic Theologian in Europe, who had given himself up for lost, and was preparing for instant death. And killed he probably would have been but for two things: the first was the fine qualities of his mount, and the second was a literary reminiscence which enabled him to retain his presence of mind.

For, even in these desperate circumstances, the Professor's habit of talking to himself remained in force; and a young Don who was riding close behind him, told me that he distinctly heard Scattergood repeating the lines of the *Odyssey* which tell how Ulysses, on the point of suffocation in the depths of the sea, kept his wits about him, and made a spring for his raft the instant he rose to the surface. Again and again, as he raced across the open, did the Professor repeat those lines to himself; and whenever a dangerous fence or ditch came in sight he would break off in the middle of the Greek and cry aloud in English, 'Now, John Scattergood, prepare for death, and sit well back' — resuming the Greek the moment he was safely landed on the other side, and thus proving once more that the

blood of the Ironsides still ran in his veins.

Said a farmer to me one day, —

'Who's that gentleman as just went up the lane on the chestnut mare?'

'That,' said I, 'is Professor Scattergood — one of our greatest men.'

'H'm,' said the farmer. 'I reckon he's a clergyman — to judge by his clothes.'

'He is.'

'Well, he's a queer 'un for a clergyman, danged if he is n't. He's allus talking to himself. And what do you think I heard him say when he come through last Thursday? "John Scattergood," says he, "you were a damned fool. Yes, there's no other word for it, John, you were a *damned* fool!"'

'That,' I said, 'is language which no clergyman ought to use, not even when he is talking to himself. But perhaps the words were not his own. They may have been used about him by some other person — possibly by his wife, who, people say, is a bit of a Tartar. In that case he would be just repeating them to himself, by way of refreshing his memory.'

The farmer laughed at this explanation. 'I see you're a gentleman with a kind 'eart,' said he. 'But a man with a swearin' wife don't ride about the country lanes refreshin' his memory in that way. He knows his missus will do all the refreshin' he wants when he gets 'ome. No, you'll never persuade *me* as them words were n't the gentleman's own. From the way he said 'em you could see as they tasted good. Why, he said 'em just like this.'

And the farmer repeated the objectionable language, with a voice and manner that entirely disposed of my charitable theory. He then added, 'But clergyman or no clergyman, I'll say one thing for him — he rides a good 'oss. I'll bet you five to one as that chestnut mare cost him a hundred

and twenty guineas, if she cost him a penny.'

From the tone in which the farmer said this I gathered that a gentleman whose 'oss cost him a hundred and twenty guineas was entitled to use any language he liked; and that my explanation, therefore, even if true, was entirely superfluous.

What did the Professor mean by apostrophizing himself in the strong language overheard by the farmer? The exegesis of the passage, it must be confessed, is obscure and, not unnaturally, there is a division of opinion among the higher critics. Some, of whom I am one, argue that the words refer to a long-past error of judgment in the Professor's life; more precisely, to the loss of Ethelberta. Others maintain that this theory is far-fetched and fanciful. The Professor, they say, was plainly cursing himself for the purchase of Meg. For is there not reason to believe that at the very moment when the obnoxious words were uttered, he was again in trouble with the mare and, therefore, in a state of mind likely to issue in the employment of this very expression?

Now, although I have always held the first of these two theories, I must hasten to concede the last point in the argument of the other side. It is a fact that at the very moment when the Professor cursed himself for a fool he was again in trouble with Meg. On previous occasions her faults had been those of excess; but to-day she was erring by defect: instead of going too fast she was going too slow, and occasionally refusing to go at all. She would neither canter nor trot; it was with difficulty that she could be induced to walk and then only at a snail's pace; apparently she wanted to fly. In consequence of which the Professor's daily ride promised to occupy at least three hours, thereby compelling him to be

twenty-five minutes late for his afternoon lecture.

Meg's behavior that day had been irritating to the last degree. She began by insisting on the wrong side of the road; and before the Professor could emerge from the traffic of the town he had been threatened with legal proceedings by two policemen and cursed by several drivers of wheeled vehicles. Arrived in the open country, Meg spent her time in examining the fields on either side of the road, in the hope apparently of again discovering the hunt; she would dart down every lane and through every open gate, and now and then would stop dead and gaze at the scenery in the most provoking manner. Coming to a blacksmith's shop with which she was acquainted, a desire for new shoes suddenly possessed her feminine soul, and whisking round through the door of the shoeing shed, she knocked off the Professor's hat, and almost decapitated him against the lintel.

The Professor had not recovered from the shock of this incident when a black Berkshire pig, that was being driven to market, came in sight round a turn of the road. Meg, as became a high-bred horse, positively refused to pass the unclean thing, or even to come within twenty yards of it. She snorted and pranced, reared and curvetted, and was about to make a bolt for home, when the pig-driver, who had considerably driven his charge into a field where it was out of sight, seized Meg's bridle and led her beyond the dangerous pass.

'Meg, Meg,' said the Professor as soon as they were alone and order had been restored, 'Meg, Meg, this will never do. You and I will have to part company. I don't mind your *looking* like Ethelberta, but I can't allow you to *act* as she did. To be sure, Ethelberta broke my heart thirty-five years

ago. But that is no reason why I should suffer *you* to break my neck to-day. We'll go home, Meg, and I'll take an early opportunity of breaking off the engagement, just as I broke it off with Ethelberta — though between you and me, Meg, I was a damned fool for doing it.'

Professor Scattergood spoke these words in a low, soft, musical voice: the voice he always used when talking to horses, or to himself about Ethelberta. Even the obnoxious adjective — which I must apologize to the reader for repeating so often — was pronounced by the Professor with that tenderness of intonation which only a horse or a woman can fully understand. And here I must explain that this particular tone came to him naturally in these two connections only. In all others, his voice was high-pitched, hard, and a trifle forced. Years of lecturing on Systematic Theology had considerably damaged his vocal apparatus. He had developed a throat-clutch; he had a distressing habit of ending all his sentences on the rising inflection; and whenever he was the least excited in argument he had a tendency to scream. It was in this voice that he addressed his class. But whenever he happened to be talking to horses, or to himself about Ethelberta, — and you might catch him doing so at almost any time when he was alone, — you would hear something akin to music, and would reflect what a pity it was that Professor Scattergood had never learned to sing.

It was, I say, in this low, soft, musical voice that he addressed his mare, somewhat exceptionally, it must be admitted, on the day when, sorely tried by her bad behavior, he had come to the conclusion that the engagement must be broken off. And now I must once more risk my reputation for veracity; and if the pinch comes and I have

to defend myself from the charge of lying, I shall appeal for confirmation to my old friend, the ostler, who knows a great deal about 'osses and believes my story through and through. What happened was this.

The moment Professor Scattergood began to address his mare in the tones aforesaid, she stood stock-still, with ears reversed in the direction from which the sounds were coming. When he had finished a gentle quiver passed through her body. Then, suddenly lowering her head, she turned it round with a quick movement toward the off stirrup and slightly bit the toe of Professor Scattergood's boot. This done she recovered her former attitude of attention and again reversed her ears as though awaiting a response. Taking in the meaning of her act with a swift instinct which he never allowed to mar his treatment of Systematic Theology, the Professor said one word, — 'Ethelberta,' — and the word had hardly passed his lips when something began to tingle at the back of his head. Instantly the mare broke into the gentlest and evenest canter that ever delighted a horseman of sixty years; carried him through the remainder of his ride without a single hitch, shy, or other misdemeanor, and brought him to his own doorstep in exactly two hours and five minutes from the time he had left it. From that time onward till the last day of his life he never had the slightest trouble with his mare. That is the story which the ostler believes through and through.

Next day the Professor said to this man, —

'Tom, I'm going to change the name of my mare.'

'You can't do that, sir. You'll never get her to answer a new name.'

'I mean to try, anyhow. Here,' — and he slipped half a sovereign into the man's hand, — 'you make this mare answer to the name of Ethelberta and

I'll give you as much more when it's done.'

'Beg your pardon, sir,' said the man, slipping the coin into his pocket. 'Beg your pardon, sir, but there never was a 'oss with a name like that. It's not a 'oss's name at all, sir.'

'Never mind that. Do as I tell you, and you won't regret it. Ethelberta — don't forget.'

The groom touched his hat. Professor Scattergood left the stables, and presently the groom and his chief pal were rolling in laughter on a heap of straw.

A fortnight later the groom said, —

'The mare answers wonderful well to that new name, sir. Stopped her kicking and biting altogether, sir. Why, the day before we give it her, she tore the shirt off my back and bit a hole in my breeches as big as a mangel-wurzel.'

'I'll pay for both of them,' said Professor Scattergood.

'Thank 'ee, sir. But since we give it her she's not even made as though she *wanted* to bite anybody. And as for kicking, — why, you might take tea with your mother-in-law right under her heels, and she would n't knock a saucer over. I niver see such a thing in all my life, and don't expect niver to see such another! *Wonderful* 's what I calls it! Though since I've come to think of it, there *was* once a 'oss named Ethelberta as won the Buddle Stakes. Our foreman says as he remembers the year it won. Maybe as you had a bit yourself, sir, on that 'oss — though beg your pardon for saying so.'

'Yes,' said the Professor, 'I backed Ethelberta for all I was worth and won ten times as much. Only some fellow stole the winnings out of my — my inner pocket just before I got home. It was thirty-five years ago.'

'So it was a bit o' bad luck after all, sir?'

'It was,' said Scattergood, 'extremely bad luck.'

'Did they ever catch the thief, sir?'

'They did. They caught him within a year after the theft.'

'I expect they give it 'im 'ot, sir?'

'Yes. He got a life-sentence, the same as mi — the same as that man got who was convicted the other day.'

At this lame conclusion the groom looked puzzled, and Scattergood had to extricate himself. 'You see, Tom,' he went on, 'the value of what I lost on Ethelberta was enormous.'

'It must have been a tidy haul to get the thief a sentence like that,' said Tom. 'But maybe he give you a tap on the head into the bargain, sir.'

'He put a knife into me,' said Scattergood, 'and the wound aches to this day.'

For some reason he felt an unwonted pleasure in pursuing this conversation with the sympathetic groom.

III

Among Professor Scattergood's numerous admirers there have always been some who remain unconvinced by his arguments for the Friendliness of the Universe. They begin by pulling his logic to pieces and conclude by saying, with the air of people who keep their strongest argument to the last, 'It looks, at all events, as though the friendly universe had done our good Professor a most unfriendly turn by depriving him of Ethelberta and substituting the present Mrs. Scattergood in her place.' And there is no denying the force of the argument.

For half a long life-time John Scattergood had lived his earnest days with little aid from those sources of spiritual vitality upon which most of us depend. Love in all its finer essences had been denied him — denied him, as he knew better than anybody, by that very

Universe whose friendliness he had set himself to prove. Among the many lonely souls one meets beneath the stars it would be hard to find one lonelier than he. Even the demonstrated friendliness of the Universe did not seem to thaw his heart, or break down the barriers of his reserve. The only means of discovering his inner mind was to put your ear to the keyhole when he was talking to himself. 'Wie brennt meine alte Wunde!' is what you would often hear him say.

Mrs. Scattergood was said to have once been a very beautiful woman; and I can well believe it was even so. She was the daughter of a baronet, and had been brought up to think that the mission of women in this world is to have a good time. But her husband had thwarted this mission; at all events he had not provided its fulfillment. And the lady made it a point of daily practice to remind him of this failure, driving the reminder home with the help of expletives learned in her father's stables long ago. John Scattergood would retire from these interviews talking to himself. 'If I could keep her from the morphia,' he would say, 'I think I could bear the rest.' He would then shut himself up in his study, would take out the miniature of Ethelberta from his secret drawer — a foolish thing to do, but a thing which somehow he could n't help; would shake his head and say for the thousandth time, 'Wie brennt meine alte Wunde!' And then, having brushed aside a tear, he would take up his pen and continue his proof of the Friendliness of the Universe according to the Inflexible Method.

If Scattergood could have seen himself, as I see him, seated in his quiet study, with the skeleton, the thesis, the miniature of Ethelberta in their respective positions, forming as it were the three points of a mystic triangle, I think he would have praised God for

the Friendliness of the Universe, and would have lifted up his voice loud and strong, 'to the tune of Bangor' belike, and in the words of the Hundred and Seventeenth Psalm.

But alas! all Q.E.D.'s are fatal to emotion, and it was Q.E.D. that Professor Scattergood had placed at the end of his thesis. In some respects he resembled that other great philosopher who became so absorbed in his proof of the existence of God that he forgot to say his prayers. The fact of the matter is, and I can't disguise it, that after proving the ultimate nature of the universe to be friendly he was no whit more in love with the universe than he was before. Nay, his interest was less rather than greater. His thesis, by becoming demonstrably true, had ceased to be morally exciting. He actually looked forward to his afternoon ride as a means of getting the taste of the universe out of his mouth.

John Scattergood had thus arrived, by long and devious ways, at the point from which he had set out; he had arrived, I mean, at that extremely common state of mind when one actual smile seen on the face of the world, or a moment of contact with any one of the innumerable friendly presences which the world harbors, was worth more to him, both as philosopher and as man, than were all the achievements of the Inflexible Method, past, present, and to come. And I have now to record that such a smile was vouchsafed to him, and such a living contact provided, by the mediation of a humble beast.

Now Scattergood, as the great champion of the Inflexible Method, knew something about it which the public, who received the doctrine at his hands, did not know. He knew its weak points. He knew that its very inflexibility was a weakness. He knew that his vessel would have been more seaworthy had he been able to build it out

of more elastic material. There were moments when Scattergood would gladly have escaped if he could from the necessity which compelled him to be a passenger in his own ship; and some screwing-up of courage was needed before he could muster heart to put to sea. This did him good; this saved him from torpor; this kept his heart receptive and ready for the ministrations of his beast.

Let no one suppose, however, that our Professor was led astray by fatuous fancies concerning his mare. He did not jump to the conclusion that she was a reincarnation of the long-lost Ethelberta. The Inflexible Method, thank God, saved him from that. But if you ask me how it all came about, I am bound to confess I don't know. All we can be sure of is that his mare did for Professor Scattergood something which a life-time of reflection had been unable to accomplish. No doubt the life-time of reflection had dried the fuel. But it was the influence of Ethelberta that brought the flame.

'It's quite true,' he said one day, 'that I prepare my lectures on horseback; and people tell me that I have fallen into a habit of preparing them aloud. But the fact is I am going to deliver a new course; and I find that horse-exercise quickens the action of the brain—a necessary thing at my time of life, when one's powers of expression are on the wane, and new ideas increasingly difficult to put into form.'

'You ride a beautiful animal,' said his interlocutor.

'Yes, and as good as she's beautiful.' And then in a lowered voice he repeated the line,—

“‘Tra bell’ e buona, non so qual fosse più.’”

This favorable view of Ethelberta's qualities was by no means convincing to Professor Scattergood's friends. We

knew she was 'bella'; but we doubted the 'buona.'

The spectacle of an elderly Doctor of Divinity setting out for his daily ride on a magnificent race-horse in the pink of condition was indeed a spectacle to fill the bold with astonishment and the timid with alarm. 'The man is mad,' said some. 'Will no one warn him of his danger?' Various attempts were made, but they came to nothing. Knowing myself to be the least cogent of advisers I kept silence to the last; but when all the others had failed I resolved to try my hand.

'Scattergood,' I said, 'that thoroughbred of yours is not a suitable mount for a man of your years. She ought to be ridden by a jockey. I wish to Heaven you would sell her.'

'Nothing in this world would induce me to part with Ethelberta,' he answered.

'I'm sorry to hear it. There's no man living in England at this moment whose life is more precious than yours. We can't afford to lose you. Then think of your' — I was going to say 'your wife,' but I checked myself in time — 'think of your work. It's a very serious matter. Sure as fate that brute' — ('She's not a *brute*,' he interrupted) — 'Sure as fate that beauty will run away with you one of these days, and break your neck.'

'How do you know that?' he asked quietly.

'Because she's run away with you twice already, and you escaped only by a miracle. She'll do it again, and next time you may not be quite so fortunate.'

'She'll never do it again,' he said in the same quiet voice.

'How do you know that?' I said, thinking that I had turned the tables on him.

'Never mind how. I know it well enough.'

'By the Inflexible Method?'

'Of course not,' he said with some annoyance. 'There are different kinds of certainty, and this about Ethelberta is one of the most certain of all.'

'More certain than the Inflexible—?'

'Oh, damn the Inflexible Method!' he cried. 'I'm sick to death of it. You'll do me a kindness by not mentioning it again.'

'All right; I'm as sick of it as you are. After all, it's not your philosophy I'm thinking of; what I am concerned about is your life. Now, Scattergood,' I added, — for I was an old friend, — 'frankly, between you and me, don't you think you're a bit of a fool?'

'My dear fellow, I am and always have been a' — and here he used that objectionable word — 'always have been a certain sort of fool. But not about Ethelberta. We understand each other perfectly. She looks after me, and takes care of me like a — like a mother. My life is absolutely safe in her hands — I mean, of course, on her back.'

'Confound those mixed metaphors!' I cried. 'That's the seventh I've heard to-day, and they're horribly confusing, even when they are corrected as you corrected yours. Now, what on earth do you mean?'

He looked at me curiously. 'I mean,' he said, 'that Ethelberta is as friendly to me as you are.'

'Or as the Universe is. Well, here's a plain question. Would you be prepared to stand before your class to-morrow morning and bid them trust the Universe for no better reasons than those on which you trust your life to the tender mercies of that brute — of Ethelberta?'

'I only wish I could find them reasons half as good.'

'Half as good as what?'

'As those for which I trust my life to Ethelberta.'

'What are they?'

'I can't tell you. If I could they would lose their force. But until they are uttered they are quite conclusive.'

'What!' I cried, laughing, 'are the reasons *taboo*? Have you got a magic formula?'

'Don't jest,' he said. 'The matter's far too serious. There is more at stake in this than the mere safety of my life.'

'Then you admit your life *is* at stake,' said I; and I thought I had scored a point.

'No, I don't. But other things are — things of far greater importance. My life, however, runs no risk from Ethelberta.'

'Then tell me this. Who runs the bigger risk, — you who trust your life to a beast for no reasons you can assign; or we, your disciples, who trust ourselves to the Universe in the name of your philosophy?'

'By far the bigger risk,' he answered, 'is yours.'

'Then you mean to say that you have better reasons for trusting your beast than we have for trusting your system?'

'I do.'

'You are quite serious?'

'I am.'

'But follow this out,' I said. 'If we, your disciples, run the bigger risk in trusting ourselves to your system, you, its author, run the same risk yourself.'

'You're entirely mistaken,' he answered.

'Surely,' said I, 'we are all in the same boat. What reasons can you have, other than those you have given us, for trusting your conclusion as to the friendliness of the universe?'

'You forget,' he said. 'In addition to the reasons I have given you, I have all those which induce me to trust my life to Ethelberta.'

'But how do they affect your philosophy?'

'They affect it vitally.'

'In the way of confirmation or otherwise?'

'Confirmation.'

'You mean that your philosophy is already conclusively proved, and yet made more conclusive by Ethelberta?'

'Put it that way, if you like.'

'Is there no hope,' I asked, 'that you will be able one day to communicate the reasons to *us*?'

'None,' he answered. 'But what I can do, and will do, if I live long enough, is to show that all of you are acting precisely, in regard to your whole lives, as I am acting in regard to Ethelberta.'

'But we are not all risking our lives on thoroughbred horses.'

'Yes, you are,' he said, 'and you are fools not to see it. And until quite recently I was — perhaps I still am — the biggest fool of all.'

'Scattergood,' I said, 'it's plain to me that you will have to do one of two things. Either you must radically change your philosophic system — or you must sell Ethelberta. Personally, I hope you'll do the last.'

'In any case,' he replied, 'I shall not sell Ethelberta.'

'Then,' said I, 'may the Friendly Universe preserve you from being killed!' And with that I took my departure.

IV

That very afternoon, Professor Scattergood, arrayed in a tweed suit and a pair of goodly riding-boots, went round to the stables to mount his mare. The groom met him as usual.

'She's been wonderful restless all night, sir,' said he. 'She's broke her halter and a'most kicked the door out. And she's bitin' as though she'd just been married to the Devil's son.'

'She wants exercise,' said Scattergood. 'Put the saddle on at once.'

'Not me, sir,' answered the groom. 'It's as much as a man's life is worth to go near her.'

'Bring me the saddle, then, and I'll do it myself,' said Scattergood. He opened the door of the stable, and the moment the light was let in Ethelberta announced her intentions by a smashing kick on the wooden partition.

'Have a care, sir!' cried the terrified groom as Scattergood, with the saddle on his arm, passed through the door. 'She'll give you no time to say yer prayers. Look out, sir! She'll whip round on you like a bit o' sin and put her heel through you before you know where you are. — Good Lord!' he added, addressing another man, 'it's a *hexecution*! The ole gen'l'man'll be in heaven in less than half a minute.'

'Ethelberta, Ethelberta, what's the meaning of all this?' said Scattergood, in a quiet voice, as he faced the animal's blazing eyes. 'Come, come, sweetheart, let us behave for once like rational beings.' And he put his arm round Ethelberta's neck and rubbed his cheek against hers.

In five minutes the saddle was on, and Scattergood, seated on as quiet a beast as ever submitted to bridle, was riding down the stable-yard.

'That ole Johnnie knows a trick or two about 'osses,' said the groom as soon as the Professor was out of hearing. 'I'd give a month's wages to know 'ow he quieted that mare.'

Meanwhile Professor Scattergood, after trotting three or four miles down the London road, had turned into the by-lane that led to the villages of Medbury and Charlton Towers. Up to this point the behavior of Ethelberta had been beyond reproach. But as they turned down the lane, a tramp with a wooden leg, who was nursing a fire of

sticks by the roadside, some fifty yards ahead, got up and stepped out into the road. For a few moments Ethelberta did not see him and maintained her swinging trot. Professor Scattergood tightened his grip. The mare went on until the tramp was not more than five paces distant, and then suddenly noticing his deformity, she planted her forefeet and stopped dead. Scattergood, nearly unhorsed by the sudden stoppage, was thrown off his guard, and in the momentary confusion of mind that followed called out in his rasping voice, 'Steady, Meg, steady!'

In an instant she was off like the wind.

Professor Scattergood did not again lose his presence of mind. For a moment he tried to check the mare, but feeling her mouth like iron he loosened his rein and let her race. He knew the road for the next five miles was fairly straight; there was a long steep hill on this side of Charlton Towers, and he reflected that the mare was certain to be blown before she reached the top. He could keep his seat, and, barring a collision with some passing vehicle, the chances were that he would win through. He shouted, indeed, and tried such resources of language as his breathlessness allowed; but Ethelberta was far beyond the reach of endearments, and the race had to be run. So with the lines from Homer once more buzzing through his brain Scattergood sat tight and awaited the issue.

His mind, I say, was perfectly clear. It seemed as if his desperate condition had given him a large quiet leisure both for introspection and observation. As objects on the road shot by him he noted each one; and, with a curious double consciousness, began watching the flow of his own thoughts. He even wondered at the calmness and lucidity of his mind and asked himself the reason. 'Perhaps it is the im-

minence of death,' he reflected, 'but death, now that it has come so near, has no terrors. That is John Hawksbury's cottage. I wonder if his son has returned from India. I must be careful on the bridge. God grant that we don't meet a cart!'

On they went. Medbury was in sight. On nearing the village, Scattergood heard the pealing of bells mingled with the roar of the wind as it rushed past his ears. As they shot past the church he saw a wedding-party standing aghast in the churchyard. He saw the bride, leaning on the bridegroom's arm. The party had just emerged from the porch, and the look of terror on the bride's face was clearly visible to Scattergood. 'Poor thing,' he reflected, 'she'll take this for a bad omen.'

He saw men running and heard their shouts. At the end of the village street a brave lad stood with arms outstretched. Ethelberta swerved not an inch, but on coming up to the lad leaped clean over him, leaving him untouched.

'A hero,' thought Scattergood; 'he will surely be rewarded in the resurrection of the just.'

Medbury was now far behind and they were breasting the two-mile hill on this side of Charlton Towers. By this time he had lost his glasses; a serious loss, for being short-sighted he could not tell what lay ahead. Moreover, the cold wind beating into his unprotected eyes had so blinded him that he could hardly see the road beneath his horse's feet. But he kept up his heart, as a brave theologian should, saying aloud, 'Please God, I shall win through yet.' However, Ethelberta, though still going terrifically fast, was no longer maintaining her first furious rush. As the gradient steepened, her pace fell slightly, and Scattergood now promised himself that he would have her in hand before they reached the level

ground on the top. Some distance ahead of him he could dimly see the form of a tall tree. With admirable presence of mind he said to himself, 'On passing that tree, but not before, I will tighten the rein and gradually tighten it until, on reaching the summit, I shall have completely pulled her up.'

They were almost abreast of the tree when suddenly a dark-plumaged bird, frightened from its roost, fluttered out of the upper branches, and flew with a whir of wings right athwart the road. At sight of the black object flung as it were into her eyes, Ethelberta made a rapid swerve and placing her near forefoot on a rolling stone, plunged forward with her head between her knees. Down she came, almost turning a somersault with the violence of her impetus, and Professor Scattergood, hurled far from his saddle, fell prone with a terrific shock on the newly metalled road.

When consciousness at length returned it brought no pain of wounds; but cold pierced his body like a knife and a shock of sounds was in his ears. A thousand memories swept over him. Beginning in the distant past, and streaming through the years with incredible rapidity, they terminated abruptly in a vision seen far below him, as though he were a watcher in the skies. He saw a deeply wounded man lying outstretched on the circumpolar ice, and a horse stood by him like a ministering priest. The horse was warming the man with its breath, and the steam of its body rose high into the frozen air. The consciousness of Scattergood, hovering in a present which had well-nigh become a past, was on the borderland which separates a running experience from a completed fact; vaguely suffering, yet aloof from the sufferer, whom he seemed to remember as one who long ago endured the bitterness of death.

The vision of what lay in the road was hardly more than a spectacle, the last link in a long chain of memories, and the past would have claimed it entirely had not the stunning sounds still fettered some fragment of consciousness in the body of the freezing man.

The din in his ears increased, and in great bewilderment of mind he began to seek for its cause. Now it was one thing, now another. 'This sound,' he thought, 'is the grind and roar of colliding ice-floes and the crackle of the Northern Lights.'

The sounds thus identified immediately became something else. They seemed to scatter and retreat, and then, concentrating again, returned to him as the tolling of an enormous bell. Nearer and nearer it came, till the quivering metal lay close against his ear, and the iron tongue of the bell smote him like a bludgeon.

A warmth passed over his face, and instantly a troubled thought began to disturb him. 'I am sleeping through the summer; I must rouse myself before winter comes back.' And with a great reluctant effort he opened his eyes.

A scarlet veil hung before him. He tried to thrust it aside with his hands, which seemed to fail him and miss the mark. Succeeding at last he saw a vast living creature standing motionless above him, its hot breath mingling with his, its great eyes, only a hand-breadth away, looking with infinite tenderness into his own.

He tried to recollect himself and something in his hand gave him a clue. 'This thing,' he mused, 'is surely my handkerchief. It belongs to John Scattergood. It is one of a dozen his poor drug-sodden wife gave him on Christmas Day. And here, close to me, is Ethelberta. How red her feet are!' And he stared vacantly at a deep gash

on Ethelberta's chest and watched the great gouts that were dripping from her knees and forming crimson pools round her hoofs.

The crimson pools were full of mystery; they fascinated and troubled him; they were problems in philosophy he could n't solve. 'Surely,' he thought, 'I have solved them, but forgotten the solution. I have lost the notes of my lecture. Dyed garments from Bozrah. The color of my Doctor's gown — I have trodden the wine-press alone. The color of poppies — drowsy syrups — deadly drugs! The ground-tint of the universe — a difficult problem! Strange that a friendly universe should be so red. Gentlemen, I am not well to-day — don't laugh at an old man. The red is quite simple. It only means that some one is hurt. Not I, certainly. Who can it be? Ah, now I see. Poor old girl!' — And he feebly reached out his handkerchief, already soaked with his own blood, as though he would staunch the bleeding wounds of Ethelberta.

As he did so, the great bell broke out afresh. First the sound drew near; then it fell away into the distance. A second joined it; a third, a fourth, a fifth, until a whole peal was ringing, and the air seemed full of music and of summer warmth. Scattergood was dreaming his last dream, ineffably content.

He stood by the open door of a church; inside he could see the ringers pulling at the ropes. And Ethelberta, young and happy as himself, was leaning on his arm.

'Sweetheart,' she whispered, 'let us behave ourselves for once like rational beings.'

He laughed, and would have spoken. But a din of clattering hoofs, which drowned the pealing of the bells, struck him dumb. The swift image of an old man, riding a maddened horse, shot

out of the darkness, passed by, and vanished; and the wedding-party stood aghast.

'Who is yonder man?' he said, with a great effort, bending over Ethelberta.

'A man of sorrows and acquainted with grief,' said a soft voice in his ear.

Ten thousand echoes caught up the words and flung them far into space. And then it seemed that thunders awoke behind, and rolled after the echoes like pursuing cavalry. 'A man of sorrows,' cried the echoes. 'He has come through great tribulations,' the thunders shouted in reply; and they lashed their horses and leaped over the mountain-tops.

On went the chase, the flying echoes in retreat, the deep-voiced thunder in pursuit. The wide heavens were filled with the tumult; myriads of eager stars were watching, and great waters were shouting and clapping their hands.

'Who is this that leads the chase? Who is this that feels the thunder leap beneath him like a living thing? It is I — John Scattergood — it is I!' And ever before him fled the echoes; they mocked the chasing squadrons and the wild winds aided their flight.

And now the pursuer perceived himself pursued. A swarm of troubled thoughts, on winged horses, seemed to be overtaking him. They swept by on either side; they forged ahead; they pressed close and jostled him on his rocking seat. There was a shock; the thunder collapsed beneath him and he fell and fell into bottomless gloom.

Suddenly his fall was stayed. A hand caught him; a presence encircled him, something touched him on the lips, and a voice said, 'At last! At last!'

Professor Scattergood was sitting on the stones, his body bowed forward, his hands feebly clasped round the head

of his motionless horse; he was gashed, shattered, and bleeding; the breath of life was leaving him, and his heart was almost still. But the dying flame flickered once more. Opening his eyes, he gazed into the darkness like one who sees a long-awaited star. Then his fingers tightened; he seemed to draw the head of Ethelberta a little nearer his own; and it was as if they two were holding some colloquy of love.

In the twinkling of an eye it was done, and the pallor of death crept over his face. The clasped hands, with the blood-stained handkerchief still between them, slowly relaxed; the glance withered; the arms fell; the head drooped. It rested for a moment on the soft muzzle of the beast; and then, with a quiet breath, the whole body rolled backwards and lay face upward to the stars.

All was still. Clouds swept over the sky, the winds were hushed, and the dense darkness of a winter's night fell like a pall over the dead. Not a soul came nigh the spot, and for hours the silence was unbroken by the foot-fall of any living creature or by the stirring of a withered leaf. And far away in the dead man's home lay an oblivious woman, drenched in the sleep of opium.

It was near midnight when a carrier's cart, drawn by an old horse and lit by a feeble lantern, began to climb the silent hill. Weary with the labors of a long day the carrier sat dozing among the village merchandise. Suddenly he woke with a start: his cart had stopped. Leaning forward he peered ahead, and the gleam of his lantern fell on the stark figure of a man lying in the middle of the road. A larger mass, dimly outlined, lay immediately beyond. Raising his light a little higher the carrier saw that the farther object was the dead body of a horse.

THE TIRED BUSINESS MAN

BY MEREDITH NICHOLSON

I

SMITH flashed upon me unexpectedly in Berlin. It was nearly a year ago, just before the summer invasion of tourists, and I was reading the letters of a belated mail over my coffee, when I was aroused by an unmistakable American voice demanding water. I turned and beheld, in a sunny alcove at the end of the restaurant, my old friend Smith, who had dropped his newspaper for the purpose of arraigning a frightened and obtuse waiter for his inability to grasp the idea that persons in ordinary health, and reasonably sane, do, at times, use water as a beverage.

It was not merely the alarmed waiter and all his tribe that Smith execrated: he swept Prussia and the German Empire into the limbo of lost nations. Mrs. Smith begged him to be calm, offering the plausible suggestion that the waiter could n't understand a word of English. She appealed to a third member of the breakfast-party, a young lady, whose identity had puzzled me for a moment. It seemed incredible that this could be the Smiths' Fanny, whom I had dandled on my knee in old times, — and yet a second glance convinced me that the young person was no unlikely realization of the promise of the Fanny who had ranged our old neighborhood at 'home,' and appalled us, even at five, by her direct and pointed utterances. If the child may be mother to the woman, this was that identical Fanny. I should have known it from the cool fashion in

which she dominated the situation, addressing the relieved waiter in his own tongue, with the result that he fled precipitately in search of water — and ice, if any indeed were obtainable — for the refreshment of these eccentric Americans.

When I crossed to their table I found Smith still growling, while he tried to find his lost place in the New York stock market in his London newspaper. My appearance was the occasion for a full recital of his wrongs, in that amusing hyperbole which is so refreshing in all the Smiths I know. He begged me to survey the table, that I might enjoy his triumph in having been able to surmount local prejudice and procure for himself what he called a breakfast of civilized food. The continental breakfast was to him an odious thing; he announced his intention of exposing it; he meant to publish its iniquity to the world and drive it out of business.

Mrs. Smith laughed nervously. She appeared anxious and distraught and I was smitten with pity for her. But there was a twinkle in Miss Smith's eye, a smile about her pretty lips, that discounted heavily the paternal fury. She communicated, with a glance, a sense of her own attitude toward her father's indignation: it did not matter a particle; it was merely funny, that was all, that her father, who demanded and commanded all things on his own soil, should here be helpless to obtain a drop of cold water with which to slake his thirst, when every one knew that he could have bought the hotel itself with

a scratch of the pen. When Smith asked me to account for the prevalence of hydrophobia in Europe it was really for the joy of hearing his daughter laugh. And it is well worth any one's while to evoke laughter from Fanny. For Fanny is one of the prettiest girls in the world, one of the cleverest, one of the most interesting and amusing.

II

As we lingered at the table (water with ice having arrived and the stars and stripes flying triumphantly over the pitcher), I was brought up to date as to the recent history of the Smiths. Being an old neighbor from home I was welcomed to their confidence. The wife and daughter had been abroad a year, with Munich as their chief base. Smith's advent had been unexpected and disturbing. Rest and change having been prescribed, he had jumped upon a steamer, and the day before our encounter had joined his wife and daughter in Berlin. They were waiting now for a conference with a German neurologist to whom Smith had been consigned — in desperation, I fancied — by his American doctor. Mrs. Smith's distress was as evident as his own irritation; Miss Fanny alone seemed wholly tranquil. She ignored the apparent gravity of the situation and assured me that her father had at last decided upon a long vacation. She declared that if he persisted in his intention of sailing for New York three weeks later, she and her mother would return with him.

While we talked a cablegram was brought to Smith; he read it and frowned; Mrs. Smith met my eyes and shook her head; Fanny frugally subtracted two thirds of the silver Smith was leaving on the tray as a tip and slipped it into her purse. It was a handsome trinket, the purse; Fanny's

appointments all testified to Smith's prosperity and generosity. I remembered these friends so well in old times, when they lived next door to me in the mid-Western town which Smith, ten years before, had outgrown and abandoned. His income had in my observation jumped from two to twenty thousand, and no one knew now to what fabulous height it had climbed. He was one of the men to reckon with in the larger affairs of Big Business. And here was the wife who had shared his early struggles, and the child born of those contented years, and here was Smith, with whom in the old days I had smoked my after-breakfast cigar on the rear platform of a street-car in our town, that we then thought the 'best town on earth,' — here were my old neighbors in a plight that might well tax the renowned neurologist's best powers.

What had happened to Smith? I asked myself; and the question was in his wife's wondering eyes also. And, as we dallied, Smith fingered his newspaper fretfully while I answered his wife's questions about our common acquaintances at 'home,' as she still called our provincial capital.

It was not my own perspicacity, but Fanny's, which subsequently made possible an absolute diagnosis of Smith's case, somewhat before the cautious German specialist had announced it. From data supplied by Fanny I reached the conclusion that Smith is the Tired Business Man, and only one of a great number of American Smiths who are afflicted with the same malady, — bruised, nerve-worn victims of our malignant gods of success.

The phrase, as I shall employ it here, connotes not merely the type of iron-gray stock-broker with whom we have been made familiar by our American drama of business and politics, but his brother (also prematurely gray and a

trifle puffy under the eyes), found sedulously burning incense before Mammon in every town of one hundred thousand souls in America. I am not sure, on reflection, that he is not visible in thriving towns of twenty-five thousand, — or wherever 'collateral' and 'discount' are established in the local idiom, and the cocktail is a medium of commercial and social exchange. The phenomena presented by my particular Smith are similar to those observed in those lesser Smiths who are the restless and dissatisfied biggest frogs in smaller puddles. Even the farmers are tired of contemplating their glowing harvests and bursting barns, and are moving to town to rest.

III

Is it possible that tired men really wield a considerable power and influence in these American states so lately wrested from savagery? Confirmation of this reaches us through many channels. In politics we are assured that the tired business man is a serious obstructionist in the path of his less prosperous and less weary brethren, engaged in the pursuit of happiness and capable of enjoying it in successes that would seem contemptibly meagre to Smith. Thousands of Smiths not yet ripe for the German specialists are, nevertheless, tired enough to add to the difficulty of securing so simple a thing as reputable municipal government. It is because of Smith's weariness and apathy that we are obliged to confess that no decent man will accept the office of mayor in one of our American cities.

In my early acquaintance with Smith, in those simple days when he had time to loaf in my office and talk politics, an ardent patriotism burned in him. He was proud of his ancestors, who had not withheld their hand all the way from Bunker Hill to Yorktown,

and he used to speak with emotion of that dark winter at Valley Forge. He would look out of the window upon Washington Street and declare, with a fine sweep of the hand, 'We've got to keep all this; we've got to keep it for these people and for our children.' He had not been above sitting as delegate in city and state conventions, and he had once narrowly escaped a nomination for the legislature. The industry he owned and managed was a small affair and he knew all the employees by name. His lucky purchase of a patent, that had been kicked all over the United States before the desperate inventor offered it to him, had sent his fortune spinning into millions within ten years. Our cautious banker, who had vouchsafed Smith a reasonable, guarded credit in the old days, had watched, with the mild, cynical smile peculiar to conservative bank presidents, the rapid enrollment of Smith's name in the lists of directors of some of the solidest corporations known to Wall Street.

It is a long way from Washington Street to Wall Street, and men who began life with more capital than Smith never cease marveling at the ease with which he effected the transition. Some who continue where he left them in the hot furrows, stare gloomily after him and exclaim upon the good luck that some men have. Smith's abrupt taking-off would cause at least a momentary chill in a thousand safety-vault boxes. Smith's patriotism has changed since the old days, when he liked to speak of America as the Republic of the Poor, and when he knew most of the Commemoration Ode and all of the Gettysburg Address by heart. It is far more concrete than it used to be. When Smith visits Washington during the sessions of Congress, the country is informed of it. It is he who scrutinizes new senators and passes upon their

trustworthiness. And it was Smith who, after one of these inspections, said of a member of our upper chamber, 'He's all right; he speaks our language'; meaning not the language of the Commemoration Ode or the Gettysburg Address, but a recondite dialect understood only at the inner gate of the money-changers.

IV

No place was ever pleasanter in the old days than the sitting-room of Smith's house. It was the cosiest of rooms, and gave the lie to those who have maintained that civilization is impossible round a register. A happy, contented family life existed about that square of perforated iron in the floor of the Smiths' sitting-room, and we were all proud of the privilege of 'dropping in' on the long winter evenings. In the midst of arguments on life, letters, the arts, politics, and what-not, Smith would, as the air grew chill toward midnight, and while Mrs. Smith went to forage for refreshments in the pantry, descend to the cellar to renew the flagging fires of the furnace with his own hands. The purchase of a new engraving, the capture of a rare print, was an event to be celebrated by the neighbors.

We went to the theatre sometimes, and kept track of the affairs of the stage; and lectures and concerts were not beneath us. Mrs. Smith played Chopin charmingly on a piano Smith had given her for a Christmas present when Fanny was three. They were not above belonging to our neighborhood book and magazine club, and when they bought a book it was a good one. I remember our discussions of George Meredith and Hardy and Howells, and how we saved Stockton's stories to enjoy reading them in company round the register. A trip to New York was

an event for the Smiths in those days, as well as for the rest of us, to be delayed until just the right moment for seeing the best plays, and an opera, with an afternoon carefully set apart for the Metropolitan Museum. We were glad the Smiths could go, even if the rest of us could not, for they told us all so generously of their adventures when they came back! They kept a 'horse and buggy,' and Mrs. Smith used to drive to the factory with Fanny perched beside her, to bring Smith home at the end of his day's work.

In those days the Smiths presented a picture before which one might be pardoned for lingering in admiration. I shall resent any suggestions that I am unconsciously writing them down as American bourgeois, with the contemptuous insinuations that are conveyed by that term. Nor were they Philistines; but sound, wholesome, cheerful Americans, who bought their eggs direct from 'the butter-man' and kept a jug of buttermilk in the ice-box. I assert that Smiths of their type were and are, wherever they still exist, an encouragement and a hope to all who love their America.

Theirs is the America to which Lincoln became as one of Plutarch's men, and for whom Longfellow wrote 'The Children's Hour,' and on whom Howells smiles quizzically and with complete understanding. Thousands of us knew thousands of these Smiths only a few years ago, all the way from Portland, Maine, to Portland, Oregon. I linger upon them affectionately as I have known and loved them in the Ohio Valley, but I have enjoyed glimpses of them in Kansas City and Omaha, Minneapolis and Detroit, and know perfectly well that I should find them realizing to the full, life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness in many other regions,—for example, with only slight differences of background,

in Richmond, Virginia, and Burlington, Vermont. And in all these places some particular Smith is always moving to Chicago or Boston or New York, on his way to a sanatorium or to Bad Nauheim and a German specialist! Innumerable Smiths, not yet so prosperous as the old friend I encountered in Berlin, are abandoning their flower-gardens and their cosy verandahs (sacred to neighborhood confidences on the long summer evenings) and their gusty registers, for compact and steam-heated apartments with only the roof-garden overhead as a breathing-place.

There seems to be no field in which the weary Smith is not exercising a baneful influence. We have fallen into the habit of laying many of our national sins at his door, and usually with reason. His hand is hardly concealed as he thrusts it nervously through the curtains of legislative chambers, state and national. He invades city halls and corrupts municipal councils. Even the fine arts are degraded for his pleasure. Smith, it seems, is too weary from his day's work to care for dramas

That bear a weighty and a serious brow,
Sad, high, and working, full of state and woe.

He is one of the most loyal patrons of that type of beguilement known as the musical comedy, which in its most engaging form is a naughty situation sprinkled with cologne-water and set to waltz time. Still, if he dines at the proper hour at a Fifth Avenue restaurant and eats more and drinks more than he should (to further the hardening of his arteries for the German specialist), he may arrive late and still hear the tune every one on Broadway is whistling.

The girl behind the book-counter knows Smith a mile off, and hands him at once a novel that has a lot of 'go' to it, or one wherein 'smart' people, assembled in house-parties for

week-ends, amuse themselves by pinning pink ribbons on the Seventh Commandment. If the illustrations are tinted and the first page opens to machine-gun dialogue, the sale is effected all the more readily. Or he may overcome even this brief temptation and gather up a few of those magazines whose fiction jubilantly trumpets the least noble passions of man. And yet my Smith delighted, in those old days round the register, in Howells's clean, firm stroke; and we were always quoting dear Stockton — 'black stockings for sharks' — 'put your board money in the ginger-jar.'

What a lot of silly, happy, comfortable geese we were!

It seems only yesterday that the first trayful of cocktails jingled into a parlor in my town as a prelude to dinner; and I recall the scandalous reports of that innovation which passed up and down the maple-arched thoroughfares that give so sober and cloistral an air to our residential area. When that first tray appeared at our elbows, at that difficult moment when we gentlemen of the provinces, always rather conscious of our dress-coats, were wondering whether it was the right or left arm that we should offer the lady we were about to take in, we were startled, as if the devil had invaded the domestic sanctuary and perched on the upright piano. Nothing is more depressing than the thought that all these Smiths, many of whose fathers slept in the rain and munched hardtack for a principle in the sixties, are now unable to muster an honest appetite, but must pucker their stomachs with a tonic before they can swallow their daily bread. Perhaps our era's great historian will be a stomach specialist whose pages, bristling with statistics and the philosophy thereof, will illustrate the undermining and honeycombing of our institutions by gin and bitters.

V

The most appalling thing about us Americans is our complete sophistication. The English are children. An Englishman is at no moment so delightful as when he lifts his brows and says, 'Really!' The Frenchman at his sidewalk table watches the world go by with unwearied delight. At any moment Napoleon may appear; or he may hear great news of a new drama; or the latest lion of the salon may stroll by. Awe and wonder are still possible in the German, bred as he is upon sentiment and fairy-lore. The Italian is beautifully credulous. On my first visit to Paris, having arrived at midnight, and been established in a hotel room that hung above a courtyard, which I felt confident had witnessed the quick thrusts of Porthos, Athos, and Aramis, I awoke at an early hour to the voice of a child singing in the area below. It has always seemed to me that that artless song flung out upon the bright charmed morning came from the very heart of France. France, after hundreds of years of achievement, prodigious labor, and staggering defeat, is still a child among the nations.

Only the other day I attended a prize-fight in Paris. It was a gay affair, held in a huge amphitheatre and before a great throng of spectators, of whom a third were women. The match was for twenty rounds, between a Frenchman and an Australian Negro. After ten rounds it was pretty clear that the Negro was the better man; and my lay opinion was supported by the judgment of two American journalists, sounder critics than I profess to be of the merits of such contests. The decision was, of course, in favor of the Frenchman, and the cheering was vociferous and prolonged; and it struck me as a fine thing that that crowd could cheer so lustily the wrong decision. It

was that same spirit that led France forth jauntily against Bismarck's bayonets. I respect the emotion with which a Frenchman assures me that one day French soldiers will plant the tricolor on the Brandenburg Gate. He dreams of it as a child dreams of to-morrow's games.

But we are at once the youngest and the oldest of the nations. We are drawn to none but the 'biggest' shows, and hardly cease yawning long enough to be thrilled by the consummating leap of death across the four rings where folly has already disproved all natural laws. The old prayer, 'Make me a child again just for to-night,' has vanished with the belief in Santa Claus. No American really wants to be a child again. It was with a distinct shock that I heard recently a child of five telephoning for an automobile, in a town that was threatened by hostile Indians not more than thirty years ago. Our children avail themselves with the coolest condescension of all the apparatus of our complex modern life; they are a thousand years old the day they are born.

The farmer who once welcomed the lightning-rod operator as a friend of mankind is moving to town now, and languidly supervising the tilling of his acres from an automobile. One of these vicarious husbandmen, established in an Indiana county-seat, found it difficult to employ his newly acquired leisure. The automobile had not proved itself a toy of unalloyed delight, and the feet that had followed unwearied the hay-rake and plough faltered upon the treads of the mechanical piano. He began to alternate motor flights with more deliberate drives behind a handsome team of blacks. The eyes of the town undertaker fell in mortal envy upon that team and he sought to buy it. The tired husbandman felt that here indeed was an opportunity to find

light gentlemanly occupation, while at the same time enjoying the felicities of urban life, so he consented to the use of his horses, but with the distinct understanding that he should be permitted to drive the hearse.

VI

If we are not, after all, a happy people, in the full enjoyment of life and liberty, what is this sickness that troubleth our Israel? Why huddle so many captains against the walls of the city, impotently whining beside their spears? Why seek so many for rest while this our Israel is young among the nations? 'Thou hast multiplied the nation and not increased the joy: they joy before thee according to the joy in harvest, and as men rejoice when they divide the spoil.' Weariness fell upon Judah, and despite the warnings of noble and eloquent prophets she perished.

It is now a good many years since Mr. Arnold cited Isaiah and Plato for our benefit, to illustrate his belief that, with us, as with Judah and Athens, the majority are unsound. And yet, to read his essay on 'Numbers' — an essay for which Lowell's 'Democracy' is an admirable antidote — is to turn with a feeling of confidence and security to that untired and unwearying majority which Arnold believed to be unsound. Many instances of the soundness of our majority have been afforded since Mr. Arnold's death, and it is a reasonable expectation that, in spite of the apparent ease with which the majority may be stampeded, it nevertheless pauses with a safe margin between it and the precipice.

Illustrations of failure abound in history, but the very rise and development of our nation has discredited history as a prophet. In the multiplication of big and little Smiths lies our only serious danger. The disposition

of the sick Smiths to deplore as unhealthy and unsound such a radical movement as began in 1896, and still sweeps merrily on in 1912, never seriously arrests the onward march of those who sincerely believe that we were meant to be a great refuge for mankind. In our very eagerness to experiment there is hope. Our impatience of the bounds of law set by men who died before the republic was born does not justify the whimpering of those Smiths who wrap themselves in the grave-clothes of old precedents, or who, if it serve them in dire extremity, become the Constitution's most valiant defenders. Tired business men, weary professional men, bored farmers, timorous statesmen, are not of the vigorous stuff of those

Who founded us and spread from sea to sea
A thousand leagues the zone of liberty,
And gave to man this refuge from his past,
Unkinged, unchurched, unsoldiered.

Our country's only enemies are the sick men, the tired men, who have exhausted themselves in the vain pursuit of vain things; who forget that democracy like Christianity is essentially social, and who constitute a sick remnant from whom it is devoutly to be hoped the benign powers may forever protect us.

VII

It was a year ago that I met my old friend Smith, irritable, depressed, anxious, in the German capital. This morning we tramped five miles, here among the Vermont hills where he has established himself. Sound in wind and limb is my old neighbor, and his outlook on life is sane and reasonable. I have even heard him referring, with something of his old emotion, to that dark winter at Valley Forge, but with a new hopefulness, a wider vision. He does not think the American republic will perish, even as Nineveh and Tyre,

any more than I do. He has come to a realization of his own error, and he is interested in the contemplation of his own responsibilities. And it is not the German specialist he has to thank for curing his weariness half so much as Fanny.

Fanny! Fanny is the wisest, the most capable, the healthiest-minded girl in the world. Fanny is adorable! As we trudged along the road, Smith paused abruptly and lifted his eyes to a rough pasture slightly above and beyond us. I knew from the sudden light in his face that Fanny was in the landscape. She leaped up on a wall and waved to us. A cool breeze rose from the valley and swept round her. As she poised for a moment before running down to join us in the road, there was about her something of the grace and vigor of the Winged Victory as it challenges the eye at the head of the staircase in the Louvre. She lifted her hand to brush back her hair — that golden crown so loved by light! And as she ran we knew she would neither stumble nor fall on that rock-strewn pasture. When she reached the brook she took it at a bound, and burst upon us radiant.

It had been Fanny's idea to come here; and poor, tired, broken, disconsolate Smith, driven desperate by the restrictions imposed upon him by the German doctors, and only harassed by his wife's fears, had yielded to Fanny's importunities. I had been so drawn into their affairs that I knew all the steps by which Fanny had effected his redemption. She had broken through the lines of the Philistine and brought

him a cup of water from that unquenchable well by the gate for which David pined, and for which we all long when the evil days come. The youth of a world that never grows old is in Fanny's heart. She is to Smith as a goddess of liberty, in short skirt and sweater, come down from her pedestal to lead the way to green pastures beside waters of comfort. She has become to him the spirit not merely of youth but of life, and his dependence upon her is complete. It was she who saved him from himself when to his tired eyes it seemed that

All one's work is vain,
And life goes stretching on, a waste gray plain,
With even the short mirage of morning gone,
No cool breath anywhere, no shadow nigh
Where a weary man might lay him down and die.

Later, as we sat on Smith's verandah watching the silver trumpet of the young moon beyond the pine-crowned crest, with the herd a dark blur in the intervening meadows, and sweet, clean airs blowing out of the valley, it somehow occurred to me that Fanny of the adorable head, Fanny, gentle of heart, quick of wit, and ready of hand, is the fine essence of all that is worthiest and noblest in this America of ours. In such as she there is both inspiration to do and the wisdom of peace and rest. As she sits brooding with calm brows, a quiet hand against her tanned cheek, I see in her the likeness of a goddess sprung of loftier lineage than Olympus knew, for in her abides the spirit of that old and new America that labors in the sun and whose faith is in the stars.

THE NOVELIST'S CHOICE

BY ELISABETH WOODBRIDGE

FOR a number of years, in my desultory novel-reading, I have found myself occasionally dropping into a particular line of speculation. As I re-read *The Mill on the Floss*, for instance, I fall to wondering what kind of story it would have made if George Eliot had allowed Tom to tell it. He would have done it bluntly, honestly, without condoning his own faults and mistakes, we may be sure; but also, we may be equally sure, without condoning Maggie's. We should probably have been left in the dark as to the motiving of her acts. Stephen Guest would have fared rather badly, Philip Wakem even worse, and Mrs. Tulliver and Sister Glegg and Sister Pullet would hardly have come in as characters at all, since Tom had none of the special sort of humorous sense to which they appeal. Very likely Tom would have failed as signally to do justice to his own character as to Maggie's — his powers were not in the line of conscious self-portrayal.

The more I speculate about this, the more amused and interested I am. And when, after it, I come back to the real story, as it was actually written, I find myself keener to appreciate the things which I discover there — the embodied result of the novelist's choice to tell her story as she did and not otherwise.

I have sometimes tried *Henry Esmond* in the same way. I fancy it told, for example, through the letters or the diary of Beatrix. What a stormy recital it would be! Fragmentary, capricious, concealing more than it re-

vealed, for Beatrix would never have been what is called simply honest, even with herself. And yet, whatever she wrote, however she posed, whatever tricks of the spirit she perpetrated, I fancy we could have guessed at her story and her nature in spite of herself. The more one thinks of it, the more one longs for a chance to try, anyhow — to have at those letters or that diary. And then one remembers, — to be sure! there are no letters, there is no diary; we were only supposing. What a pity! Yet could we, for their sakes, give up the story as it is?

Or, again, imagine the story told in the modern, dramatic way: not by any character acting as narrator, not by the author as author, not by anybody self-confessed, but allowed to enact itself upon the pages of the book as upon a stage — a few stage-directions supplied in place of scenery and real action, each participant speaking in turn, and the reader left to orient himself as he can. Fancy the beginning: —

'My name is Henry Esmond.'

'His name is Henry Esmond, sure enough,' said Mrs. Worksop.

'So this is the little priest,' said Lord Castlewood. 'Welcome, kinsman.'

'He is saying his prayers to Mama!' said little Beatrix.

But no, don't fancy it! Let us stop right here, and go back to those leisurely and deliberate first chapters as they now stand. Already one feels a little ashamed of having allowed one's self to lay such unhallowed hands upon the tale, and one determines to cease

experimenting, at least upon Henry Esmond, and leave him to the undisputed possession of his grave, decorous and altogether delightful narrative. And yet, this habit of speculation once formed, one is tempted ever afresh to its indulgence — tempted often at the most unexpected point: as I read over the pretty drama of *Romeo and Juliet*, I am by some freak of the mind led to wonder what their story would sound like, told by Juliet's nurse.

It seems curious that writers themselves have not experimented in this way with their own material. Brown-ing, indeed, the king of experimenters, did it once. But, except *The Ring and the Book*, I do not think of anything of the kind. And *The Ring and the Book* is so much more than a study in story-telling that it is as well to leave it with this passing mention.

Obviously, it makes a difference, this choice of the novelist. It is, of course, only one of the things that go to determining what a novel will be like, but it is surely one. Thackeray is always Thackeray, whether he chooses to tell his tale through the mouth of one of his characters or to step forward in his own person and talk frankly about his people as they pass before him. He is still Thackeray, yet there is a vast difference between the atmosphere of *Esmond*, which gives us the peaceful and deliberate reminiscences of an old man, and the atmosphere of *Vanity Fair*, where the author is avowedly himself, like a showman with his puppets. Perhaps it was the choice of the novelist that produced the difference, perhaps it was something inherent in the two tales, as he regarded them, that led to the choice. At all events, the choice itself is worth thinking of.

The expedient of putting a story into the mouth of one of the actors in it — that is, the autobiographical method

— has great antiquity, being at least as old as the *Odyssey*. Vernon Lee, in an interesting if whimsical essay of hers on 'Literary Construction,' maintains that it is essentially an expedient of immaturity. 'I have no doubt,' she says, 'that most of the stories which we have all written between the ages of fifteen and twenty were either in the autobiographical or the epistolary form . . . and altogether reproduced, in their immaturity, the forms of an immature period of novel-writing, just as Darwinism tells us that the feet and legs of babies reproduce the feet and legs of monkeys. For, difficult as it is to realize, the apparently simplest form of construction is by far the most difficult; and the straightforward narrative of men and women's feelings and passions, of anything save their merest outward acts — the narrative which makes the thing pass naturally before the reader's mind — is by far the most difficult, as it is the most perfect.'

Stevenson, whose powers as a storyteller can hardly be called immature, yet averred that it was the easiest way. He writes to Edmund Gosse, 'Yes, honestly, fiction is very difficult. . . . And the difficulty of according the narrative and the dialogue (in a work in the third person) is extreme. That is one reason out of half a dozen why I so often prefer the first.'

Evidently here he was thinking more of style than of construction, and one would like to know the rest of the half-dozen reasons why he preferred the first person for his stories. Perhaps we can guess at some of them. For the autobiographical form seems to settle a good many other matters besides this one of literary pitch. It prescribes in many ways the point of view. The general attitude of the actor-narrator toward the chain of events which he relates, is predetermined by his own part in those events.

But probably the strongest justification for the form is that it carries with it a certain air of genuineness. A man's own story has a value as such, as the newspaper interview testifies every day. It imposes upon us, in spite of ourselves, a prepossession in favor of its truth. Now, whatever else the novelist may wish to do, he always, first of all, wishes to create in his readers this illusion of reality. He wants to have his story seem true. He knows, indeed, that it is not true. We know it is not true. He knows that we know. And yet, he will spend months in dull research for the sake of supplying his tale with certain small earmarks of veracity that may, perchance, trick the public into a moment of doubt. He will furnish forth his story with elaborate introductions and appendices, accounting for his own share, and the publisher's share, in it, with the hope that he may be able to persuade us, at least for half an hour, that he, the author, is really and truly only the 'interested friend' to whom the papers were left; that he has really been only the recipient of a dying confession, only the discoverer of a long-hidden diary. And if he succeeds, what triumph! Is there any one who would be proof against the flattery implied in such inquiries as were aroused by *Nancy Stair* as to the real genealogy of the Stair family?

To this endeavor to make his story seem like the narrative of actual occurrences the novelist has been partly driven by the attitude of his readers. 'Convincing' is the critic's word now—a novel must be 'convincing.' The word is modern, the attitude which it connotes is modern. Not that readers of old did not find pleasure in giving themselves up to the story-teller. But they gave themselves up more easily than readers do now. The old story-teller began his tale smoothly enough:

'There was once a beautiful girl, who had a cruel step-mother and two wicked step-sisters.' Very good. His listeners, with a habit of acquiescence, accepted at once the beauty of the heroine, the cruelty and wickedness of the others. For them the tale was sufficiently convincing. Even the fairy godmother passed unchallenged. Who knew that fairy godmothers might not exist somewhere?

But we have lost the habit of acquiescence. We are proving all things, and we hold fast to very little. We challenge, we scrutinize, we dissect. We have opinions about the limits of the possible, the probable, and the inevitable. And nothing really satisfies us but the inevitable.

To make his tale seem inevitable, then, is the author's ambition, and he is aware that if he is to do this he cannot get to work in the old manner. If he begins, 'There was once a beautiful girl, with a cruel step-mother and two wicked—' 'Ah, wait!' says his reader, 'this will never do. Cruelty and wickedness are easy words to say, but the things themselves are not to be thus lightly denominated. One must discriminate. How about the step-mother's point of view? In just what way was she cruel? How did she become so? How do you know she existed at all? She does not seem to us a very real person. She is not convincing. I don't think I care to finish this story.'

The modern story-teller cannot help being conscious of this attitude on the part of his readers. Probably he has it himself, to some extent, toward his own material. What wonder, then, if, aware of the effectiveness of the expedient, he passes his story over to one of his characters, and loads upon his shoulders the burden of making it 'convincing.'

This seems, on the face of it, an easy way out. It shifts responsibility from

the author to the hero, or whoever it is who is telling the story. 'How do I know? I know because I was there. She was *my* step-mother.' It is the old reply of Æneas to Dido: 'Quorum pars magna fui.'

And not merely an easy way out, but often an excellent way. We have only to run over a few titles, to realize the possibilities of the autobiography as a literary form: *Henry Esmond*, *Robinson Crusoe*, *Lorna Doone*, *Jane Eyre*, *Kidnapped*, *David Balfour*, *Peter Ibbetson*, *Harry Richmond*, *Joseph Vance*, — good books, indeed!

With such a list before us, it may seem presumptuous to hint that the autobiographical form has its limitations and its drawbacks. Yet I believe it has. For, first, there is a danger in it arising from a fact inherent in human nature: the fact that heroes and minstrels are not usually made of the same stuff. One does things; the other tells about them. The person whom adventures befall is not necessarily the one who is best able to relate them. It is not always so, of course. There are rare beings who are born with the hero and the minstrel soul bound together within them — the Odysseus and the Æneas souls. For them it is very well. It was well for Odysseus, in the hall of the Phæacians, and for Æneas, in the court of Dido, to tell their adventures. They were doubly gifted, for action and for expression. But what if Achilles had tried to tell his story? Or Ajax his? Poor, inarticulate Ajax! There was plenty to tell, but what a botch he would have made of it! He is better off, he and Achilles too, in the hands of Homer.

The race of the inarticulate has not yet died out. It never will. But we would not wish to miss the telling of their stories because it must be done by other lips than theirs. The story of Quasimodo, the story of Tess, the story

of Dorothea Brooke, the story of Clara Middleton, the story of Isabel Archer, these are all, for various reasons, stories which could never have come from the characters themselves. Some of them, perhaps, could have told, but never would have done so. Others would, perhaps, but never could. Most of them probably neither would nor could. And we are glad, when we think about them, that their authors did not force them to the confessional against their natures.

Authors are not always so considerate. I have read autobiographical novels where the pleasure of the story was continually clouded by a feeling of protest that it should have been told thus. David Balfour, in certain parts of it, gives me this feeling. When he is telling his adventures it is well enough, though even there I should sometimes be glad if the story could have been told quite directly and simply by the author. I should like to know how David looked now and then, as well as what he did. And, of course, David was not the kind of fellow who would ever know how he looked; still less could he ever have written it down as part of an account of his life. But when it comes to his love affairs, and I find him writing these down in some detail, I must protest, 'Oh, David! You know you never would have told that!' And then I find myself suddenly regarding David with suspicion. I long to step into the story and pull his hair and see if it is not, after all, only a wig — to pull his nose, and see if the mask does n't come off, disclosing, not David at all, but David's author, Stevenson.

Ah, there is the danger! The story must be told, the secrets must be laid bare — secrets guarded not by big keys and heavy boulders of rock, but by the walls of impenetrable reserve in our own human nature. If they are not told, we are baffled and disappointed.

If they are told, we are critical. It is a dilemma.

Sometimes, indeed, the problem is successfully met. In *Lorna Doone*, for example, John Ridd, — plain John Ridd, — telling his own love story, manages to steer along the narrow channel between too much reserve and too little. He loves Lorna, — he is not ashamed to confess that to all the world, — but as to what he says to Lorna about it, or what she says to him, this is a matter which in his opinion is nobody's business but his and hers. And one can almost see the shy, yet humorous, half-smile and heightened color with which he backs away from a love scene and cannily edges round it, to take up the narrative again further on. One could wish that David Balfour had learned a lesson of John.

Moreover, as I have already suggested in the case of David, the autobiographical form is unsatisfactory in another way. If, on the one hand, it gives us too much of the hero-autobiographer's private soul, so that we pray for a little decent reserve, on the other hand, it often gives us too little of his public face, too little of the commonplace externals of his personality. And here again the trouble arises from certain universal facts of human experience. For we are accustomed to get at people from the outside. We look at their faces, we watch them walk, we listen to their voices, we notice what clothes they wear and how they wear them, we regard them in their goings-out and their comings-in, and after a while we arrive, or think we arrive, at a certain intimacy with what we call their souls. We say we know them. Perhaps we do, and perhaps we don't, but at any rate, such knowledge as we have is reached in this way. It is the way we are accustomed to; we know how to value and allow for its data,

how to discount its deceptions — perhaps we even like its baffling reserves.

Now, in the autobiographical novel, all this is reversed: instead of approaching the hero from the outside, we approach him from the inside. Instead of looking into his eyes, we look out of them. In a sense, doubtless, we know him better than if we had approached him through the ordinary channels, but in another sense we do not know him so well. It is too much like the way we know — or rather the way we fail to know — ourselves. And so, in the autobiographical novel one sometimes grows a little tired of looking from within, out. One longs to stand off and get a good plain view of the hero's nose, and his eyes. One wants to see him walk down the street, instead of walking down the street inside him.

Authors realize this, at least by flashes, and they try to gratify us, sometimes in very amusing ways. Here is Marcelle Tinayre, for example, in *Hellé*, which is the autobiography of a young girl. She is beautiful, — she manages to imply that without involving herself in any breach of decorum, — but she must in some way be described more fully. So the author makes her stand before a mirror in her ball-gown and set down what she sees there. The ruse is obvious. The action, which would have been natural — indeed inevitable — for a person like Marie Bashkirtseff, is for Hellé entirely out of character. But what would you have? The reader must be told what she looked like.

On the other hand, such an expedient is sometimes entirely successful. There is a scene in *Jane Eyre*, where Jane, in a frenzy of mingled jealousy and self-martyrdom, sets herself down before her mirror and paints with remorseless fidelity her own plain face, then paints from memory a portrait of the beautiful lady whom she imagines

to be her rival in the affections of Rochester. The action is perfectly natural. I believe Jane was always looking in the glass, not because she admired herself, but because she did not. And this pricking consciousness of her own appearance pervades the whole narrative, so that one has in its perusal very little of this sense that I have been speaking of, of viewing the hero entirely from within.

This could be achieved in the fictitious autobiography of Jane, just as it was in the real autobiography of Marie Bashkirtseff; but there are types of women with whom it could not be done — women like Dorothea Brooke or Clara Middleton. Clara, struggling hopeless in the net of circumstance, yet flashing keen lights on the people about her, could never turn such light on herself. She was unaware of her own physical loveliness, — her walk, her hair as it curled about her ears and neck. Call such things trifling and external if you will, yet it is through such trifling externals that some of our deepest and most instinctive impressions arise.

But if self-portraiture is not natural to all women, still less is it so to most men. In *Simon the Jester*, for example, we find our hero writing thus: 'I looked at him and smiled, perhaps a little wearily. One can always command one's eyes, but one's lips get sometimes out of control. He could not have noticed my lips, however.' Instantly we detect the note of falseness here. Such a man would not have carefully written down the fact that he smiled wearily, and that his friend did not notice his lips. Oscar Wilde would have been aware of such a fact about himself, and when in *Dorian Grey* he makes his hero run to the mirror to catch his own expression before it fades, we do not challenge it, though we may perhaps question whether Dorian Grey was

worth writing about at all. But we do not expect such things from Simon de Gex — we do not expect such things from most men. Of course the fact was, that the author of *Simon* wanted us to know that Simon's smile was a weary one, and no way of making this clear occurred to him, except that of having Simon himself admit that he smiled wearily. This little passage is not a momentary slip. It is typical of the whole book, which might be used as an illustration of the way in which an unfortunate method of telling the story acts as a handicap from beginning to end. With a rather unusual and very interesting situation to set forth, the author has thrown away his chance of making it seem 'inevitable' by setting up at the start a postulate in which we can never acquiesce — the postulate of Simon de Gex writing himself up.

Clearly, description of the hero by himself is dangerous tactics. Yet, where it is not attempted, we miss it. The weakness of the latter part of De Morgan's *Joseph Vance* is, I believe, due not entirely to the fact that his father died out of the story, but also, among other things, to the fact that Joseph himself, being grown-up, could no longer regard himself impersonally enough to make his personality vivid to us. And readers of the book, if they are at all like me, carry away from it a vivid picture of Joseph Vance the boy, but a very pale picture of Joseph Vance the man.

It is, perhaps, the endeavor to escape from some of these pitfalls that beset the autobiographical form, and yet to profit by its opportunities, which leads writers to try another expedient — that is, to let the story be told, not by the hero, but by the hero's friend. *The Belovèd Vagabond* is done in this way, and very cleverly done. Clearly, it could never have been told by the

Vagabond himself. An outside view of him was indispensable. He could never, without stepping entirely out of his own character, have set forth, or even dimly suggested, the portrait of himself, of his whole whimsical, lovable personality, as it is set forth by his young friend and protégé, the street waif, little Asticot.

The objection to this method is, that the teller of the story, not having the hero's decisive influence on the action, is apt to fade into a nonentity, a shadowy person, so that one scarcely remembers him. In *The Belovèd Vagabond* this is not true of the first part of the book. There, as in *Joseph Vance*, the narrator is looking back upon his own child-self. But as little Asticot grows up, and becomes the narrator of his patron's story, he himself recedes, we have no clear picture of him.

Similarly in *The Newcomes*, the narrator-friend keeps himself so entirely in the background that I fancy many of us have not realized at all that the story is actually told by one of the characters, and not by Thackeray himself. And I think we may all admit that Pendennis, considered simply as the narrator of the *Newcomes'* history, is very close to a nonentity.

But if a nonentity, why there at all? If the actor-narrator pales to a mere literary convention, what is there to gain by keeping him?

Very little to gain, and something to lose. For, whether hero or hero's friend, the teller of the story, once committed to his task of accounting for himself, and for his possession of all the facts of the narrative, cannot lay it down. He must keep on accounting for himself. Every time he narrates an event of which he was not himself an eye-witness, he must explain how he found out about it. If he fails to do this satisfactorily, the entire fabric of probability so carefully built up by the

author topples and falls. How does little Asticot know that the English lady is his master's old love? How does he know there was an old love at all? He must account for it — and does. He saw some old letters, some verses — he put two and two together. We are satisfied this time, but the question may arise again, and we shall need to be satisfied again.

Pendennis, conscious of this necessity of accounting for his information, was not so inclined to meet it in this way. He was aware that he could never follow the rules of the game if he interpreted them too strictly, and so made a sort of general confession, a blanket apology, which is worth quoting at length because it so clearly sets forth the difficulties which beset the actor-narrator: —

'In the present volumes, where dialogues are written down which the reporter could by no possibility have heard, and where motives are detected which the persons actuated by them certainly never confided to the writer, the public must, once for all, be warned that the author's individual fancy very likely supplies much of the narrative; and that he forms it as best he may, out of stray papers, conversations reported to him, and his knowledge, right or wrong, of the characters of the persons engaged. And, as is the case with the most orthodox histories, the writer's own guesses or conjectures are printed in exactly the same type as the most ascertained patent facts. I fancy, for my part, that the speeches attributed to Clive, the Colonel, and the rest are as authentic as the orations in Sallust or Livy, and only implore the truth-loving public to believe that incidents here told, and which passed very probably without witnesses, were either confided to me subsequently as compiler of this biography, or are of such a nature that they must have

happened from what we know happened after. For example, when you read such words as *que Romanus* on a battered Roman stone, your profound antiquarian knowledge enables you to assert that *Senatus Populus* was also inscribed there at some time or other. . . . You tell your tales as you can, and state the facts as you think they must have been. In this manner Mr. James, Titus Livius, Sheriff Alison, Robinson Crusoe, and all historians proceeded. Blunders there must be in the best of these narratives, and more asserted than they can possibly know or vouch for.'

There are very few heroes, or hero's friends, who have taken such liberties, but then few have told so good a story as *The Newcomes*. I fancy we are ready to grant Mr. Pendennis all the privileges he demands, yet I cannot help feeling that Thackeray set him rather too hard a task — a task which, indeed, he might better have assumed himself. In fact, I have this feeling about many of the novels cast in the autobiographical form. They may be good stories as they are, but they might, I suspect, have been just a little better if the author had not limited his own powers by bundling himself up in the clothes and the mask and the wig of one of the characters. I do not feel this about all such novels. Some of them seem to me just right as they are, and after any number of experiments with them — fancying them re-written in this way and that — I come back to the author's choice as the best. This is the case with *Lorna Doone* and *Henry Esmond* and *Jane Eyre* and *Kidnapped* and *Treasure Island* and *Joseph Vance*.

It seems like a curious company of books to be named in one sentence. Yet, after all, they are of only two kinds: stories of inner experience, told by an introspective hero; and stories of adventure, told by a hero of naïve tem-

perament with a clear grip on the practical in life. That is, in each case, the hero is fitted to his task. John Ridd could not have written *Esmond's* story nor *Esmond* John Ridd's, but John Ridd was perfectly capable of writing his own, and *Esmond* his. *Jane Eyre's* story, told by any one but herself, would lose something of its value. Told by herself, it is wonderfully impressive as a human document. The life she portrays could not, perhaps, have been what she saw it, but this is how she actually did see it. There never was a man like Mr. Rochester, perhaps. But nobody cares about that. What we are concerned with is her idea of Mr. Rochester. And we are convinced that there was a woman who felt about a man what she felt about Mr. Rochester. The whole book is, in fact, lyric. It is the record of a temperament buffeted about by the impact of people and circumstance, which are viewed only as they affect this temperament. Whether you like that kind of temperament or not is another matter. Given the subject, the book rings true, and the lyric form was undoubtedly the best for it.

In his search for the 'inevitable,' then, the writer has, after all, nothing to gain by resorting to the expedient of the actor-narrator, unless this actor-narrator is himself inevitable, — unless his part as teller of the story fits him so perfectly as to require no apology. This will hardly be the case except with a very limited class of adventure stories, and with a larger class of stories which are the records of an introspective nature. With these exceptions, he usually does better if he works with free hands, — if, taking as his own the apology of Pendennis, he quietly supplies the missing words of the inscription, tells his tales as he can, and states the facts as he thinks they must have been. And if his understanding of life

be deep enough, he will create in us the illusion of reality just as surely as if he had sought to establish it by letters and diaries.

Even when freed from a certain kind of accountability, he need not necessarily take any more liberties with his characters than the hero would have done. *Pride and Prejudice*, for example, is told almost as Elizabeth would have told it herself if she had written it. Hardly any information is given but what she knew, and Darcy's character is not fully cleared up until it is cleared in her eyes. In the *Three Musketeers* the story is told as D'Artagnan might have told it. What is a mystery to him remains a mystery to the reader. His estimate of the other characters dominates the story. Yet, not being told by him, but by an irresponsible author, the tale is carried on with a lightness and freedom that D'Artagnan himself, writing in character, could hardly have achieved. Howells, in *The Rise of Silas Lapham*, tells the story from the standpoint of Mr. Lapham, or, now and then, from that of Mrs. Lapham. We are allowed to follow, to some extent, the workings of their minds, but their two daughters are treated externally. As we follow their fortunes and try to predict the outcome, we have little more to go upon than their parents had. This is Howells's usual method, and it is the method of much modern writing.

Mr. James, in *The Other House*, carries the external point of view to such an extreme that at the end of the book, when the evidence is all in, there is still room for question, among intelligent people, as to what really happened; and even more room for disagreement as to what the motives of the characters were. Mr. James also furnishes us the best example I can think of, of the other extreme, where the treatment is exclusively internal. In a curious piece

of writing, *In the Cage*, which I cannot help thinking was a bit of pure experimenting, he attempts to set forth the spiritual states of a girl telegrapher — states of which she herself was only dimly aware, impulses which never reached consciousness, feelings which she never more than half confessed, even to herself.

Between these two extremes most of the best story-telling is done. Authors do not often openly assume omniscience: they treat their material from the standpoint of an impartial witness. Yet, when omniscience is needed to explain character and interpret motive, —

All that the world's coarse thumb
And finger failed to plumb, —

it is assumed without apology, and the reader grants it without demur. If we think of parts of *Vanity Fair* and *Middlemarch* and *The Mill on the Floss*, of *Richard Feverel* and *The Portrait of a Lady*, of *Somehow Good* and *Tess*, and many others, we realize what we should be giving up if writers had tied themselves down to the autobiographical form. The more one thinks of it, the more one feels sure that, tempting as it is, its restrictions outweigh its opportunities.

And yet — one comes back to *Esmond*, and one remembers *Joseph Vance*, and one cannot be satisfied to end the matter in a hard judgment like that. For there is a certain quality in these stories which endears them to us in a peculiar way, and which, I believe, is specially fostered by the autobiographical form in which they are cast. There is a certain type of story with this quality potentially inherent in it, which no other manner of telling could so well bring out. It is a story like *Henry Esmond*, the story of a long life, told as by one who has lived it, while he rests, near its end, and looks back.

The love of reminiscence is deep-

rooted in us. We do not need to have length of years in order to possess it. All we need to have is a consciousness of the past as past. Some years ago, a little friend of mine, then four years old, attained a new phrase: 'Don't you remember?' I say 'attained,' because it was evident that she had not only enlarged her field of expression by a new word, but that she had enlarged her field of experience by a new sensation, — the sensation of reminiscence. For the phrase, 'Don't you remember?' always ushered in a story out of her small past, some event of the preceding winter or summer, some glimpse of history in which she had been actor or witness. It was always uttered with shining eyes and a flush of delight, which deepened if I was able to catch her reminiscence and recognize and enjoy it with her. Yet the things remembered were very simple, — a drive, a walk, a kitten, a child watering his garden or falling down. The pleasure came, clearly, not from the original quality of the experience, but from the very act of remembering. She was tasting the pure pleasure of reminiscence. Watching her, I fell to wondering what was the precious quality of this pleasure whose flavor she was beginning to taste.

The charm of memory lies, I think, in the quality which it gives things, at once of intimacy and remoteness. The fascination to us of recalling our past selves, our former surroundings, lies in our sense that they are absolutely known to us, yet absolutely out of our reach. We can recall places, houses, rooms, until every detail lives again. We can turn from one thing to another and, as we look at each, lo, it is there! It has a reality more poignant than the hand that we touch or the flower that we smell. Sometimes, it is true, present experiences, even as they occur, have something of this quality. They do

not need to recede into the past to gain this glamour. Certain places have it: cathedrals sometimes, and still lakes. Certain things foster it: firelight, and silence, and the steady fall of rain. Certain moments give birth to it: the luminous pause between sundown and dusk, afternoon with its slant of light through deep grass or across a quiet river. This, I fancy, was what Tennyson was thinking of when he called the lotus land the land 'wherein it seemed always afternoon.' In that land these magic moments were prolonged, and thus it became the land of reminiscence.

My little friend was a thought too young, perhaps, to have entered into this land. It is a place where we do not expect to meet many children. Girls in their twenties sometimes slip in, when they have time, and boys in their teens, and then again, — well, perhaps, boys in their fifties. Indeed the forties and fifties are the usual time for a first real sojourn in these pleasant meadows. One looks over the hedge, or slips through a gap, half by accident, and finding it fair within, one comes back. And again one comes back, and each time one stays longer and wanders farther. And as one grows to know it better, one discovers that there is more than a meadow beyond the hedge. There are many meadows, and great woods and rivers and cities. And the delight of it is, that everything there is like something one has seen before, only lovelier. For, just as still water interprets and recreates the life it reflects, so in the land of memory life is rendered again with a tenderness that is a most precious kind of truth.

It is not to every one, nor to any one at all times, that the mood of reminiscence comes in its perfection. Often its rarer pleasures are obscured by a pain that is no necessary part of its quality, oftener they are never given the chance to reveal themselves. They require for

their enjoyment a contemplative spirit, a soul at leisure, that the waters of memory may be still and clear, mirroring the images of things now plainly, line for line, now blurred and softened by light winds of oblivion that make the vision all the more lovely.

But this is not a contemplative age, nor is leisure of spirit its chief characteristic. There is little encouragement given to the reminiscent mood, either in literature or in life. Literary endeavor is in the direction of conciseness and swiftness. Its motto is Stevenson's: 'War to the adjective! Death to the optic nerve!'

This is very good. But there is another kind of thing that is good, too: the kind of thing that comes with the brooding vision, with the remoteness that permits a broader focus and a greater deliberateness of treatment, that finds expression in abundance of delicately-wrought detail. This it is which, for lack of a better name, I am calling the reminiscent manner. One meets it in some poetry, and now and then in such prose as Richard Jefferies's. Its most complete and exquisite embodiment is surely in that rare and perfect prose lyric, Walter Pater's *Child in the House*. One might expect to find it most of all in the real autobiography, since this is the avowed form of reminiscence. But they are disappointing, these genuine autobiographers. For one thing, they are hampered by their facts. Stevenson was quite right when he said that a finished biography was 'not nearly so finished as quite a rotten novel'; and not only in finish but in other ways it is

at a disadvantage compared with fiction. Sometimes its writers may have mistaken notions of their obligation to suppress their own personalities; they must always have instincts of reserve which we cannot fail to understand. At all events, they do not wander in the fields of reminiscence with the free step and the joyous abandon that we could desire. Yet, even so, the rule holds that we have noticed with regard to novels: the chapters dealing with their 'early years' often possess a charm that is lacking in the rest of the narrative. For there is a power in the long backward look that inevitably transfigures.

And so it is often to the make-believe autobiographies that we turn for something that is in its essence not make-believe at all, but a reality of experience. The satisfaction that they give is not of a kind to be justified or made clear by reading sample passages. It is born of the writer's attitude, which through intimacy with him we come to share. Merely to think of *Henry Esmond* is often enough to throw one into a mood of contemplative reminiscence. A lover of *Joseph Vance* has but to open the book anywhere for a moment and the color of his thought is changed — he is captured by this charm of the long backward look and the brooding vision. And if through the magic of the mood we are floated a little aside from the remorseless current of immediate living, yet the realities which we thus come to feel are indeed realities, whose recognition we deeply crave, and to whose expression in literature we give eager and loving welcome.

THE ABOLITION OF POVERTY

BY JACOB H. HOLLANDER

I

IN ordinary usage the term 'poverty' is applied indifferently to three distinct conditions: economic inequality, economic dependence, and economic insufficiency. A man is said to be 'poor' in mere contrast to his neighbor who is 'rich'; this is economic inequality. Almshouses and public relief minister to those who, in the eye of the state, are 'poor'; this is economic dependence. Midway between the modestly-circumstanced and the outright dependent are the 'poor,' in the sense of the inadequately fed, clad, and sheltered; this is economic insufficiency.

More precise terminology is here possible. The condition of those who are in chronic dependence upon public aid or private relief can be described more accurately as 'pauperism.' It is so obviously misleading to use 'poverty' as a mere correlative of 'riches,' that even common speech in this connection ordinarily substitutes for the substantive some indirection, as 'the poorer classes.' Eliminating pauperism and modest circumstance, the terms 'poor' and 'poverty' remain to be properly applied to those who commonly lack the economic goods necessary for decent and wholesome existence.

The problems of pauperism and of economic inequality are definite and familiar. Their modern phase is notable, less for new extent or greater intensity than for changed social attitude, and their attendant ills are reducible or remediable. As to economic inequality,

the world is not greatly concerned that a few of its citizens are much better supplied than some others, and that these in turn are more amply provided for than many more, — so long as the least well-off have enough for a well-ordered life. The anti-social methods whereby great fortunes are often amassed and preserved — illegal privilege, predatory acquisition, exploration — excite popular resentment rather than the fortunes themselves. This is aggravated by glaring examples of wasteful dissipation or vicious consumption of great possessions. Riches as such, thus become the target for attacks really justified by ill-gotten or ill-used riches. Against that wealth which represents individual superiority — 'skill, dexterity, and judgment,' in the phrases of an old writer — there is no social protest, any more than there is interest for the well-fed hindmost in the economic contest by reason of the mere extent to which he is out-distanced.

Pauperism — the pathological disorder of the social body — still presents glaring evils. But these are being attacked with a devoted courage and an intense energy that compare with the finest efforts in the parallel field of medical science. There is a pitiful smallness in what has been done, compared with the immensity of what remains; but the vista is neither limitless nor hopeless. An aroused social consciousness, finding expression in great public undertakings and in wisely directed private energies, has not only

placed a limit to the increase of pauperism as a positive ill, but, inspired by the analogy of biological method, is everywhere extending diagnosis and preventive treatment.

It is poverty in the sense of economic insufficiency — its wide extent, its tragic consequence, its assumed necessity — that forms the real mainspring of modern social unrest, and challenges the best in modern social effort. As never before, the world's conscience is stirred that there should be 'vast numbers of people both in town and country who are brought up with insufficient food, clothing, and house-room, whose education is broken off early in order that they may go to work for wages, who thenceforth are engaged for long hours in exhausting toil with imperfectly nourished bodies. . . . Overworked and under-taught, weary and careworn, without quiet and without leisure, they have no chance of making the best of their mental faculties.'

Little need be said as to the amount of such poverty. Robert Hunter's estimate, eight years ago, that 'about 10,000,000 persons in the United States are in poverty' seemed incredible. But it was at the time in harmony with the findings of Booth and Rowntree, and it has since found confirmation in accredited studies of living conditions in this country and abroad. The social implications of such figures are unmistakable. They mean that a great mass of those whom we are accustomed to regard as the earth's most highly-civilized people are habitually under-supplied with the things, physical and spiritual, which the human structure requires, and that this inadequate provision involves not only joyless life but imperfect existence, destined, if unchecked, to result in under-vitalization and degenerate stock, like the dwarfed growths of bare mountain-sides or the stunted animal-life of arid plains.

This lends tremendous interest to the question: Is such poverty necessary and inevitable? Deliberate opinion emanating from various quarters has from time to time maintained that it is so. Narrow and rigid theologies have assumed that want must exist so that salvation may be acquired in relieving it, and this vicious doctrine has been justified by a perversion of symbolic expressions. Marxian socialism rests its case for social reconstruction less on the evidence of economic want or on vistas of social betterment than on an assumed maleficence of the existing industrial order, whereby an inevitable corollary of capitalistic wealth is exploited labor. Even popular speech often refers, with a certain tacit acquiescence, to the long existence of poverty as proof of its necessity.

Against such postulates of theological convenience, industrial fatalism, and class quietism, the general body of economic students have maintained a doctrine of social hopefulness. Professor Alfred Marshall best voices this opinion in declaring that just as we have outgrown the conviction that slavery, which the classical world regarded as an ordinance of nature, is necessary, so we are abandoning the belief that poverty must exist, or that there need be 'large numbers of people doomed from their birth to hard work in order to provide for others the requisites of a refined and cultured life; while they themselves are prevented by their poverty and toil from having any share or part in that life.' So regarded, poverty is an incident of economic evolution, not an essential of economic structure; its presence implies maladjustment, not normal working; its disappearance is a fair inference from the course of economic progress, and its ultimate passing may be hastened by wise social policy. Is there rational warrant for this belief?

II

The basis of economic well-being is economic surplus. Society can enjoy the conveniences of life only if human effort, as applied to nature, produces more than need be consumed in the course of such production. The history of economic growth has here been progressive. Starting from a rude social order wherein bare and uncertain subsistence was the most that man could wrest from nature, society has attained an incredible economic productivity by the development of intellectual force and manual dexterity, by the more efficient arrangement of its own powers, and most of all by the discovery and utilization of natural energies. The economic pessimism of a century ago, taking its cue from Malthus, forecast a cyclical return to primitive scarcity, and this threat of over-populated retrogression is still occasionally revived. But social experience and physical law emphasize counter-tendencies, and demonstrate that, as the world grows older, there is a larger mass of economic goods and services, with the resultant possibility of ampler provision for each individual member of society.

The reasons for this are obvious. The goods and services which satisfy economic wants, and so make up the category of wealth, are the results of definite factors — labor, capital, natural agents, and directive intelligence — working in joint association. As each constituent element increases, whether in amount or in specific efficiency, the resultant product increases. There is, of course, no necessary correspondence between the degree of increase of a given factor and that of the product. Under ordinary circumstances, an increase in that element which has been present in normally efficient ratio — as labor in a well-populated country or

capital in a highly developed state — will be attended by a less than corresponding increase in total product. But the lesson of modern industrial history has been that an increase of one factor ordinarily compels a more efficient rearrangement of existing forces, and thus secures a larger product. So long as the supply of laborers augments in amount and in skill, so long as the motives operate that lead to the accumulation of capital by the foregoing of present for future satisfaction, so long as the secret energies of nature continue to be unearthed and utilized, so long as captains of industry are evolved with gifted faculties of leadership, — so long will the total product of industry increase in greater proportion than those whose wants it must supply. This is true even as to primary food. In the last fifteen years the population of the civilized world, excluding China, has been increasing at the rate of about one per cent a year, whereas the average annual increase in the five great cereals, wheat, corn, oats, rye, and barley, has been about 2.5 per cent. In other words, production has increased two and a half times as much as was necessary to keep per-capita consumption constant.

If what is true of cereal food obtains with respect to economic goods in general, — and there is convincing evidence that such is the case, — if the loaf in the aggregate is not only large enough to satisfy amply the hunger of all who need be fed, but is actually increasing in size relative to the number of claimants, — the existence of poverty passes from a problem of economic production into one of economic distribution. There is apparently enough to suffice; the 'national dividend' is abundant and to spare, but the process of allotment seems to give not enough to many and, by inference, too much to some.

The question immediately presents itself, whether this chronic under-portioning of the many is a necessary consequence of private property and competitive industry. Collectivism asserts that it is, and demands the socialization of all means of production. As against this, economic individualism magnifies the service of *laissez-faire*, and maintains that poverty is the mere friction that attends industrial progress. The student of economic activities holds a median position. Reluctant to take a leap in the dark, yet profoundly moved by the compelling evidence of social dislocation, he seeks further light. In so far he reflects the hard-headed sanity of the thinking elements of the community, whose inarticulate creed is the noble declaration of John Stuart Mill, of two generations ago: 'If, therefore, the choice were to be made between Communism with all its chances, and the present state of society with all its sufferings and injustices . . . all the difficulties, great or small, of Communism would be but as dust in the balance.'

III

Poverty, interpreted as a consequence of defective economic distribution, will inevitably come to three classes of the community: to those who are working but are insufficiently paid; to those who are desirous of working but are periodically unable to obtain employment; and to those who, through mental defect or physical infirmity, find it impossible to secure remunerative employment at all. These categories may be distinguished as the underpaid, the unemployed, the unemployable. The abolition of poverty resolves itself into the assurance of economic sufficiency to the members of these classes.

If any class of wage-earners in regular employment is paid less than enough to

maintain wholesome existence, it must be either because the mode of wage-determination is socially unsound, or because, although itself sound, it is perverted by impeding forces. Economic opinion has long inclined to the latter view, and denied that an insufficient wage is a necessary implication of modern industrial contract.

Whether wages are governed by the cost of 'producing the laborer,' or by the laborer's standard of life, or by the ratio of the labor force to the size of the employing funds, or by the residuum left from other distributive shares, or by the specific productivity imputable to labor, — and each such theory of wages has in turn been accepted, — economists maintain, in contradistinction to the Marxian socialists, that there is nothing inherent in any one such theory of wages to preclude the toiler from securing an economically sufficient wage. If he fail to do so, it is by virtue of his relatively weaker position in industrial bargaining as compared with the capitalist employer.

To some extent this may be remedied by fortifying his competitive strength, and this substitution of collective for individual wage-adjustment is the purpose of modern trade-unionism; or it may be corrected by restraining the monopolistic control of the labor demand, and this is one of the designs of governmental check upon industrial combination. Where labor organizations are lacking in effectiveness or in wisdom, where industrial combinations are all-powerful and short-sighted, recourse must be had to the state to define the least favorable conditions of employment. In this manner legal enactment has heretofore established a competitive base line as to the length of the working-day, the employment of women and children, and the safe-guarding of dangerous processes. The same inter-

vention will establish as a statutory minimum wage — for less than which it shall not be lawful for employers to contract or laborers to engage — an amount sufficient to maintain a working-man's family in decency. The effect of such a legally imposed minimum wage may be increased production through heightened efficiency, or it may be reduction of the *entrepreneur's* profits if such profits be abnormally high, or it may be increased cost to the consumer with some ultimate redistribution of social surplus. In any event the present class of under-paid wage-earners will no longer be foredoomed to poverty.

The recurring inability of competent workmen to find employment is a cruel incident of modern industrial life. More, perhaps, than any other single cause it is responsible for the economic injury and mental bitterness of self-respecting toilers. To be able and eager to work, and to be unable to secure a job, to rear a family in respectability, and to see comfort, self-support, even decency, slip away through no assignable fault — is social injustice. Rodbertus and succeeding socialistic opinion have insisted that this periodic labor discharge is a phase of anarchical production, and that chronic unemployment and recurring crises are inevitable consequences of the capitalistic régime. But from the days of Jean Baptiste Say and James Mill economic thinkers have set forth that a 'universal glut' is inconceivable, that apparent over-production is in reality misdirected production or partial under-consumption, that inability of competent workmen to secure employment is the symptom of temporary industrial dislocation in which too many men have undertaken to do some things, and too few others, and that the remedy is a gradual readjustment of demand and supply.

Much of the best social thought and effort of our day is being expended in the search for less wasteful and less sluggish correctives of cyclical and seasonal unemployment than are involved in the formula of demand and supply. Labor exchanges for the more economical distribution of labor-congestion and for the 'decasualization' of the labor market; compulsory education and technical training for the avoidance of 'blind alley' occupations; residential decentralization for the settlement of town-workers in the country, where employment upon their holdings may be had when industrial work temporarily fails; labor colonies for the 'work-shy,' — are features of a rational programme whose triple end is to aid the worker in keeping his job when he has it, to regain it speedily if he lose it, and to escape the physical and moral retrogression that comes swiftly with involuntary idleness.

The adequate payment of the employed, the industrial absorption of the unemployed, still leave one inevitable element of poverty — the dependence of those who, by reason of old age, illness, or infirmity, are 'unemployable' at any economically sufficient wage. Some part of this incompetence is the sequel of under-payment and unemployment. Men whose physical vigor is sapped by under-vitalization, or whose moral independence is weakened by recurring idleness, tend by sheer law of disuse to become economically unserviceable. The largest part results, however, from the failure of the modern toiler to provide for the disability incident to sickness, accident, or old age. Whether the omission be due to lack of means, to lack of foresight, or to lack of insuring devices, the end is the same. There comes an impairment of economic efficiency with no compensating provision.

Remedial effort here also will be

two-fold in character — positive and preventive. Increased wages and more regular employment will provide a greater margin of economic safety. Formal insurance against unavoidable illness, idleness, and infirmity, through the agency of trade-unions, friendly societies, corporate employers, and governmental offices, will anticipate and provide for fortuitous or calculable disability.

Such a programme of economic bet-

terment is neither easy nor quick of attainment. But it is tremendously worth while. From the days of Plato, social philosophers have described ideal commonwealths wherein there was no want. Such utopias were fashioned as dreams or as panaceas. Now, in our own day, the abolition of poverty looms out as an economic possibility, practicable and within reach — if only society desires it sufficiently, and will struggle enough to achieve it.

SISSA AND THE BAKRU

BY KATHERINE MAYO

SISSA, the Maclises' under-housemaid, lingered in the Negro gate, settling her big skirts for the street.

'Make has'e, girl,' called the butler, invisible. 'What for you standin' up spreadin' you'self so many? Ain't you know master callin' fo' he ice?'

With a grimace of irritation, Sissa swung her basket to her head and stepped forth into the world. The crisp shell pavement scorched and crackled beneath her bare black feet. The points of shadow cast by the avenue of palms stabbed mockingly into the white glare of the earth under the blue glare of the sky. Yet the girl's deep oppression came neither from the heat nor from the merciless light, as she shuffled away on her daily errand, muttering and gesticulating after the manner of her kind.

'That saucy Barbadian woman make my heart burn *too* much!' she repeated aloud, as if continuing an argument. 'What make she trouble me so, every five minutes? Suppose I *did*

suck my teeth at she. Is suck-teeth such a big, big thing?'

Wrathfully she kicked a fallen palm-nut at a vulture fishing in the trench. The vulture teetered one hasty sidestep, then went on obscurely fishing. Sissa progressed a space, brooding in silence. Then the ireful voice broke forth again.

'Badians is *too* sinful! This creature Delilah spoil all my pleasure walkin' out. God know she do. Every mornin', when I come for master's ice, there *she* is, standin' up quar'lin' and cussin', lettin' every soul in this said town of Paramaribo hear my name. She makes my skin weary with such wickedness. *Oh!*'

The final grunt of wrath echoed between the stone face of the trench bridge and the front of a little neighborhood depot bearing the placard 'YS.'

Around the shop door a group of housemaids loitered. Some, like Sissa's self, were native Surinam blacks, wearing the glorious costume of the colony; others were islanders; the rest

Demerara girls, trig, tight, and clumsy. Regardless of origin, all chattered together, like a congress of friendly crows.

'Odí, Sissa, fa, joe, tan tedei, mi pikien?' called a compatriot, cordially.

'Hi, girl! Mornin'. You is *quite* well to-day?' a Demerarian phrased the sentiment.

And with this addition to the 'pot of gossip, turbans clustered closer and hands flapped more fin-like than before.

Suddenly one drew apart, peering up a tributary lane. 'Aie!' she squealed at half-voice. 'Aie! aie! mates, here come Delilah, sailin'!'

The newcomer, a tall mulatto, graceful as a ship at sea, bore down swiftly, smoothly, head up, eyes level, the joy of mortal insolence on her handsome yellow face. As she drew nigh, the circle opened wide, leaving Sissa alone in the centre, confronting her enemy. All eyes rolled upon her, and the keen delight of anticipation crackled in their depths. Sissa felt their blood-thirst, eager for the show; felt the cool, sophisticated malice of the Barbadian girl, and knew herself hopelessly outclassed. Her heart brimmed with rage. Red specks danced before her eyes. Her throat seemed bursting. Each instant her heavy blue-black lips protruded farther and farther till her very chin was absorbed and lost in their volume. Yet no words came.

Delilah, arms akimbo, watched with cat-like relish. 'Girl,' she drawled at last, as if satiate, gliding with a superb gesture into her easy stride, 'girl, move your mouth and let me pass.'

Sissa found tongue with a gasp. 'Woman!' — she began. But the other was already under weigh.

'Don't address *me* as "woman,"' she tossed back, over her shoulder. 'I's a lady used to my title. You may call me Miss Fitzjim.'

A titter, like a sudden breeze, swept through the listening circle. But as

suddenly it hushed. For two reasons it is unwise too openly to take the winning side: first, it may nip a pretty quarrel in the bud; second, even the under-dog may prove, in the after-reckoning, to hold black magic stronger than your own.

'Independent niggers, this-time niggers!' exclaimed one, therefore, righteously. Yet her voice was carefully gauged to elude the ear of the vanishing Miss Fitzjim.

'So upstart people, these 'Badian people!' echoed another.

'See, Sissa, child, you must put she in she place,' whispered a third in ostentatious sympathy.

Yet Sissa well knew what their hearts said. Silently she hoisted her ice-filled basket, and slunk off home.

All day she brooded over the insult. All night she dreamed of the cruel eyes and the easy, maddening Miss Fitzjim. By the time ice-hour recurred, next morning, her wits were stunned, incapable. She entered the rendezvous with no plan or power of action yet with the certainty of encounter and defeat.

'Odí, Sissa!' 'Mornin', chile!' came the salutation as before. Yet even with the friendly words, black eyes gleamed in scarce-veiled appetite, and the very smell of the arena bit into the air.

For a moment followed talk that Sissa heard as one asleep. Then rose the word she awaited; rending her brain like the blow of a dull machete. 'Aie! aie! Here come Delilah, sailin'!'

'Delilah look mighty fine,' said one. 'Delilah wearin' she new frock.'

'Delilah feelin' mighty good,' said another. 'Look how she shake she hips! Yaller girl *is* proud!'

'Delilah done tie she head Surinam way!' cried a third. 'That is n't neither Barbadian tie!'

'Oh, look, look! *Delilah done tie she head Aspasia fashion!*' shrieked a dozen voices at once. And with that fell a

hush like the hush that attends a sentence of death.

Because, to Her Dutch Majesty's Negroes of Surinam, to 'tie the head *Aspasia* fashion' is to hoist the signal of the deadliest insult in moral ken. And Delilah, in truth, had changed her close Barbadian turban for a gay Dutch kerchief — a kerchief curiously folded, with one end pendent at the side.

At the sight Sissa's soul reeled. She hung, blind and dizzy, amidst the circling tumult of her mind. A horror of imminent impact bore thick and heavy upon her, but no thought took form in the maelstrom within.

Rustling fresh starch, Delilah bore down, a vision of cool insolence in rosy calico. And always the little fly-end of her turban floated and balanced, like a familiar devilkin, over her pretty left ear.

She swept alongside the circle of gossips. Once more it clove wide, leaving Sissa in its midst, rooted to earth. The Barbadian's gaze rested upon her victim. A moment she paused, delicately feasting on the other's speechless throes. Her thin lips curved in a slow and subtle smile, then puckered rosette-wise with a little sucking sound of air drawn through the teeth.

Sissa leaped forward like a baited beast. '*Nigger!*' she panted, choking in the utterance, 'd-d-don't you *dare* to suck you' teeth at me!'

So came the supreme moment, foreseen, ecstatic. Very softly, the tormentor slid into her panther's stride, departing. Yet as she moved, with long, black eyes a-glitter sidewise beneath Egyptian lids, she turned her head till the loose end of the kerchief pointed to her prey. The eager crowd craned forward, like Vestals with thumbs down. Not a sound, save the catch of intaken breath. Then came the voice of Delilah smooth and clear, addressed to the point of her own turban.

'*Aspasia,*' it said, in tones of weary elegance, '*Aspasia, you speak to auntie. I really can't be bothered.*'

Now this is the last, worst infamy, inexpugnable, final, admitting neither parry nor *riposte*. The deep waters welled and closed above Sissa's head. She fell to earth a shapeless heap of calico tumultuously agitated. Her heels battered the ground in a steady tattoo. Her shrieks assembled the populace from half a mile round. For an hour they worked over her, without avail. Then they carried her home.

All the day thereafter she lay on the floor of her little room, drunk and sodden with wrath, seeing scarlet in the silence and the dark. But, in the silence and the dark, immortal Mother Africa whispered to her heart, until at night she rose with purpose set.

Down in an old slave cabin by the river dwells Jansie, very ancient, very dirty, very sinister of repute. Her arms are gaunt and twisted and gray, like the muddy roots of a mangrove. Her little snake-like eyes glint from among a thousand folds and wrinkles. Her multitudinous wrappings smell of strange, uncanny things that no one dares to name. Who knows how long ago the slavers snatched her from her mother's arms, on the far Loango coast? But the mother, a mighty obea-woman, a maker of great magics, followed her child in spirit, — endowed her with her craft. Jansie, herself an obea-woman of renown, will thrive in respect and plenty as long as her life endures and Negro blood survives in the colony.

Fearfully, tremblingly, groping for courage to knock, Sissa stood at the cabin door — the door that, all her life, she had hurried past with beating heart and averted eyes. Very fearfully, tremblingly, she obeyed the summons to enter.

The tiny room was dark, save for a

dim, lace-like light at the far corner. There an old Dutch lantern of perforated brass made faintly visible a smoke-stained print of the Mother of Sorrows, hanging on the black, ant-riddled wall. Before it, equally honored, coiled the Serpent, sleeping. On the floor beneath, back to the light, squatted an old, old, eldritch creature, silent, watchful, like a soulless sphinx.

'Odí, odí, bigi odí, Missi Jansie,' began the girl in abject deference, 'I came' — But there speech choked her throat.

Then spoke the Sphinx, in a voice as thin and far as a dying wind. 'You came because you have an enemy. And you want — her life.'

Awhile she peered in silence through the shadows, then spoke again.

'An enemy so dead is worse than one alive. From living enemies you may escape. An embodied being cannot stand forever in your sight. But the dead whom you have killed are always present. Their dead eyes never quit your own. Their dead hands clutch your cup. Their dead lips share each morsel that you eat. They influence every deed you do, and every thought you think. Now, you are warned. If you yet desire it I will give you the obea to kill.'

Sissa crouched upon the floor, gray-visaged, rolling great eyes of fear.

'Is there some other way,' she faltered, 'some other way to revenge?'

'Will you have a Bakru to do your bidding?' asked the Ancient One.

Now, a Bakru is a spirit of the dead — a thing of infinite darkness and spite. The very name, on such lips, in such a place, strikes terror to the core. But Sissa's courage, galvanized by hate, maintained a sham of being.

The magic-maker eyed her an instant, shivering, speechless as she was, yet determined still; then went on in the cracked and reedy voice, —

'Good. I shall give you a strong obea. To-night, at a quarter before midnight, you are standing at the great gate of the graveyard where they buried old Katootje seven days ago to-day. At a quarter before midnight you enter the mouth of the long path. Then, three steps forward, two steps back, three steps forward, two steps back, counting carefully, you walk till you reach Katootje's grave. It is the last on the left. Lie down flat on the mound, press your face into the ground above Katootje's face, and keep very, very still. As the clock begins to strike for twelve, take your obea in both hands, and call three times Katootje's name. Then rise and hurry home. But do not look behind you. For old Katootje will be close at your back all the way. And the Bakru people are angry with those who take them from their sleep. So that at first she would kill you, if your eyes met. At dawn, — and this you must surely remember, — when you first arise, before you speak one word else, before you say your prayers, you must turn to your right, and curtsy low, and say good-morning, very politely, to your Bakru. As long as you do this, the Bakru must obey you every command. *But should you one single time forget, your Bakru will become your mortal enemy.* Now here is your obea.'

Sissa's hand closed tremblingly over the little vial that slid from the witch's palm. She rose, bent knee, and would have sped away.

'Wait,' croaked Jansie. 'Give me my silver. *Then* go and let me rest.'

Dismay flooded Sissa's heart. 'Oh, Missi Jansie,' she stammered, 'I forgot! I have spent all my month's money. — And — pay-day is not till Tuesday!'

The obea-woman glowered. Then, 'Take the vial. Get your Bakru,' she said. 'This day is Thursday. Come again on Tuesday night at the same

hour. — None dare forget their debts to me.'

With soundless feet, Sissa fled through the empty, moonlit streets, seeking dark places, hugging the walls, yet shying at every shadow that the night contained. A thousand times her heart would have failed her utterly, but for the madness that gnawed thereat. And now she vaguely felt that some external power, some great, wild ally of evil had gathered her in. Dimly she wondered, as she sped, — saw herself from apart and afar, — a light, small thing, without volition, driven before a mighty wind. And when, at last, she crouched in the graveyard gate — when she began her halting course up the ghostly path, all her mind was sodden within her. She moved as an automaton; not even the terrors of the place could rouse her to realization.

Yet, as she threw herself on the grave, face downward, a hideous vision grew upon her of what lay sleeping in the thin and brackish mud below. Through shell and slime she saw how old Katootje's eyelids already quivered over the dead eyes raised to meet her own.

'One!' the clock struck, beginning the midnight peal. 'Two!' —

'Katootje! Katootje! — *Katootje!*' gasped the girl, in a last paroxysm of artificial strength. Then, with one shivering shriek, she sprang to her feet and ran as though all hell itself pursued.

With crazy haste she barred the door and windows of her room, yet knew full well the while how old Katootje stood behind her, grinning at the farce. Casting her sleeping-cloth on the floor, she threw herself on it, burying her face in her arms. And still with every nerve in her body she saw the Bakru bending above her, peering with its cold, dead, baleful eyes.

All night long she lay horribly awake, tortured with cramp, yet motionless, so that the Bakru, lulled by silence, might for one moment nod and forget. With the dawn, she staggered to her feet, faint, stiff, exhausted, turning to her right in deep obeisance.

'Odí, Missi Katootje, odí,' she whispered. 'May all be well with you to-day. And do not be so angry, *sweet* Missi Katootje!' Then she dropped on her knees and said her Moravian prayers. But they wrought no charm. The sense of an evil presence, of a companionship of wrath, terrible and unclean, clung thick upon her. She had disturbed the peace of the dead. She had laid her yoke, presumptuous, upon their awful power.

That morning the cocoa tasted bitter, and her cassava-bread stuck in her throat. At ice-hour she slunk through back ways to a distant depot, to avoid the Vestals and Miss Fitzjim. By dusk she had swathed her face in a cloth. Next morning the other servants told their mistress that Sissa lay sick of the fever and like to die.

Nora Maclise, going out to the quarters, found the girl neatly clad as an accoutred corpse, stretched upon a clean sleeping-cloth. Her face was ashen and withered, as she lay inert in the exhaustion following the attack. No word would she speak, but in her glassy eyes cowered an animal fear. Nora saw and wondered; then, after a useless question or two, gave the usual drugs and left her alone, in the silence and the dark, to sleep.

But there, in the silence and the dark, crouched Katootje, old Katootje, squatting at the sick girl's feet, watching always, with angry eyes that pierced shut lids; waiting always, waiting the orders that should speed her to her work.

Once and again had Sissa sat up, with trembling lips framed to a behest

— any behest, however futile, that might for one moment remove those terrible, questioning eyes from her own. But the words would not come. The hideous presence filled her every sense. Miss Fitzjim and the Vestals had vanished into nothingness. Of her own identity naught remained but incarnate fear. She dared not command a thing so horrific. She dared not use a power so dread. And always the eyes grew angrier and angrier. 'Palterer!' they said, 'Was it for this that you in your folly dragged us from the dark ooze where we slept!'

Saturday and Sunday passed. Sissa came no more from her chamber, refusing all food, lying with face hidden, on the floor. Sometimes the fever wrenched and racked her; sometimes she lay quite still, as if sleeping or stunned.

Now it chanced that the Maclises planned to go down river, on the Tuesday, to Plantation Johanna Maria, for a season of recreation.

'I scarcely know,' said Nora, 'whether to take Sissa along or to send her to the hospital here.'

'By rights it would be hospital,' Maclise replied, 'but take her along all the same. The change may rouse her, and rousing's what she wants.'

On the night of arrival Sissa was put in a little room near Nora's own. Refreshed by the river journey, fanned by the cane-field breezes, she slept heavily, and waked only at sunrise, to see the mistress standing by her holding a glass of milk warm from the cow.

'Drink this, little Sissa,' Nora commanded, 'drink it at once, while I wait. — Now get ready and come into the garden. I want help with the flowers.'

The garden was fresh and cool, glorious in bloom and foliage, sweet with the fragrance of roses and stephanotis and wonderful blossoming vines. Three Javan women were already busy

trimming its turf with cutlasses, their sarongs kilted high above their smooth brown knees, starry jasmines strung like beads in the coils of their shining hair. A dog as big as a jaguar — a great, fair dog from across the sea — came and nuzzled in Nora's hand.

'He is very wise,' observed Nora, 'and as kind as he is strong — unless people trouble him, or try to do some evil. Then —'

Sissa stared at the Dane wide-eyed, and furtively bent knee as she passed before him. Later, on the back verandah, she fetched and carried vases, brought fresh water, and watched with beauty-hungry eagerness the work of the mistress's hands.

'Now,' said Nora, 'go to sleep. Then eat your dinner and sleep again. And then dress nicely and go out for a walk.'

The girl did as she was bid, with the obedience natural to her race. The sense of directed action brought fresh life. And by mid-afternoon, as she strolled down the fine plantation roads toward the waterside, the absorbing interest in a thousand new things banished misery.

At the floating dock a tent-boat had just made fast. Its single passenger, bearing a tin clothes-canister on her head, was disembarking. Sissa recognized a fellow servant left behind for an extra day in town.

'Odí, Jetje!' she shouted, gayly.

'Odí, Sissa, odí, mi pikien! I am *too* glad to see you up and walking. — But wait! I have a message for you.'

With finger on lip the newcomer drew close, and whispered low.

'Last night,' she breathed, 'I passed by Missi Jansie's door.' Fearfully she paused, searching ground and sky with her eyes, as though a lizard or a hawk might eavesdrop. 'Missi Jansie,' she resumed, barely murmuring the name, 'looked out and called to me. Missi

Jansie said, "Tell this to Sissa. — '*To those who once forget comes a Second Forgetting.*'" Oh, Sissa! *What* did she mean? I am frightened!"

Sissa stared at the speaker unseeing. Then she turned and left her, moving mechanically down the empty dock.

'To those who forget —' What had she forgotten? — Somewhere in her thistle-head a knell began tolling: 'Come again — on Tuesday night. — None dare forget — their debts to me.' And Tuesday night was the night just gone — that sweet, sweet night that she had slept all through, without so much as a dream of any wicked thing — slept to awaken to no horrid vision, but with her own dear mistress standing at her side, good food in her hand!

'Oh, thank you, mistress!' she said aloud, as the scene came back to her. And at the sound of her own voice her light went out. *Those* had been her first words of the morning! *That* was the Second Forgetting! She had spoken to another before greeting Katootje. Now — even now, her Bakru was her untrammelled enemy!

Sissa sank to the wet floor of the dock, stunned by the shock of despair, crushed in the vista of a life bedeviled. Like a log she lay, till the fever came and shook her in its icy clutch. Later it burned her with fires. At that, groping, half-conscious, she crawled to the dock's edge, slipped up her skirts and slid her bare legs over into the river.

The cool, brown flood, opaque with the mud of the fore-shores, rose half up her thighs, lipping, lapping, softly. Lipping, lapping, it soothed her and cooled her with pulsing caresses. Her head, weary of torments, nodded and fell. And so the girl sat dozing, while the setting sun painted the sky and water all rose and violet and pearl.

Now through the cool, brown flood, opaque with the mud of the fore-

shores, moved something also cool, and brown, and exceedingly wavy, — something big and long, with a mouth of the first comprehension, — something that swam at ease, in large and free undulations, seeking what God might send.

Swimming at ease, swaying hither and yon under the opaque water, its nose touched a pendent brown thing, — touched it softly, coolly, like another pulse of the river, — touched it and found it good. Slowly, softly, lipping, lapping, like the little waves of the river, the great stretched mouth set a-swallowing, — lipping, lapping, rising, under the opaque water. And still Sissa dozed.

Then, with one piercing yell, the girl waked and flung herself backward, clutching at the planks of the dock with both hands over her head. Shriek on shriek brought the crew of the tent-boat running. Seizing her shoulders, they hauled at her, shouting, prancing, exhorting each other, cursing her weight and resistance. With a flop, they landed her — and thirty stricken feet of water-camoodie beside.

In the din that arose as they slew the great snake and peeled it off from her, no one remarked her ceaseless half-crazy cry, 'Oh, Missi Katootje, *leave me! Don't eat me! Leave me, leave me, sweet Missi Katootje!*'

But that night, after the oldest women had boiled the fat of the snake and therewith anointed her, after the chatter and marvel had slackened, Sissa, from her bed, found some one to summon Jetje. With her lips at Jetje's ear, the sick girl pleaded, —

'Beg the mistress, for me, to send you to town to-morrow. Get my month's money, from my canister. Carry it to Missi Jansie and say, "Take back that which you gave, and this is all yours, with more also. Sissa is weary of trouble. Sissa *loves* Miss Fitzjim."

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF AN INDIVIDUALIST

VI

BY JAMES O. FAGAN

I

DURING the years 1896 and 1897, while I was at work in the office of the Superintendent of the Fitchburg Railroad in Boston, my prospects and work in life were waiting, so to speak, for a mental decision on my part of the simplest kind. I was called upon either to get into harmony with a certain popular movement in business life or to remain on the outside as a mere spectator. Without any trouble at all I could have placed myself in the swim and taken my chances with this new system that was just then beginning to develop all over the country in industrial circles. The situation can be described in a very few words.

On the one hand there was the scientific organization of workingmen, and on the other hand there was the scientific organization of the details of the laboring process and of methods of management. While at the time my understanding of the situation was somewhat narrow, nevertheless it was soon impressed upon me in a number of practical ways that a great change was about to take place in the status of the individual, whether as a worker or as a manager.

But just at this point in my business career when I was looking over the field and trying to figure in some way on my future in the railroad business, I happened to be in a peculiar mental condi-

tion. I was actually making a study of my mind, and in the course of this study had come to the conclusion that in order to preserve my individuality it would be necessary for me to treat my mind as I would my business or my body. That is to say, I was called upon to direct its energies and superintend its activities. Those who look upon the mind in this light as a personal domain to be studied, cared for, and cultivated, are the men of force and character in any community.

Be this as it may, this mental study had the effect of building up my individualistic character. It emphasized my personal responsibility to myself and to society, and it culminated in the simple conclusion that every man who desires to steer his course along healthy and progressive lines must try to do his own thinking. Such at any rate was the individualistic spirit with which I looked on my surroundings while I was at work in the Superintendent's office. The conclusions I arrived at by means of this study emphasized the personal factor in every problem and renewed my attachment to the men on the railroad with whom I was associated, and to the principles they represented. I refer now to the actual workers, such as foremen, trainmen, and supervisors, who of course were in no way responsible for the general policy of the railroads.

As a matter of fact, at the time,

great changes were being inaugurated all over the country, both in method of operation, and in matters of management. For one thing the accident situation was at last attracting a little attention, abuses in many directions were being discussed, and a new generation of wide-awake employees was coming to the front and receiving a hearing.

In course of time, as a part of this overturn on the Fitchburg Railroad, the Superintendent and the office force, of which I was one, went out in a body. I was just close enough to the management, and sufficiently familiar with the aims of employees, to understand the nature of this overturn. I did not look at the matter from the point of view of the politician or the philosopher. I simply knew that a certain class of men of sterling character and unquestioned ability were, with practically no excuse, being turned out of office. The officials who took their places were also good men, but they belonged to a different school, and they were called upon to do business in a different way.

On all sides the general principle of merging, consolidating, and organizing was getting under headway and half a dozen railroads in New England had already been rolled into one. Meanwhile, of course, business was expanding in every direction and, as everybody seemed to agree, was becoming too complicated for any form of personal management or control. Personally, I did not take much stock in this argument, for I noticed that with increase of business no attempt was made to increase the number of supervisors or to retain in any other way the bond of personal relationship. Personal contact between men and managers began to give way to a cold-blooded system of correspondence which, at the present day, has reached enormous and ridicu-

lous proportions. Illustrations of these facts are interesting.

I can remember the time, for example, when an employee's 'pass' was a bond of sympathy between the men and the management. Upon request, any official could hand an employee what he wanted, on the spot. He did n't have to say, 'Who are you and what is your record?' He knew his men, and he treated them liberally according to his best judgment. But just as soon as the public and the politicians got mixed up in this pass business the employees' side of it was ruined, and every human factor connected with it was scattered to the winds. To the merchant the pass was a form of rebate, to thousands upon thousands of professional people in different lines it was a form of recompense amounting, in some cases, to a bribe. The railroads themselves have taken, or rather have been given, the blame for this state of affairs. The recipients, on the other hand, seem to have satisfied public opinion with the old apology offered by Adam: 'The woman tempted me and I did eat.'

To-day the employee's pass has lost all its personal use and significance. It is part of the bond in many of the schedules. Apart from this, if the employee desires a trip-pass he must show in writing that he is legally entitled to it. Instead of coming from the official just above him, it calls for the signature of one of the highest officials on the railroad. And the employee's application for this pass before and after he gets it has a curious history. En route to a storehouse for safe-keeping, it probably figures in a dozen separate reports. It is copied into records, certified, approved, and stamped by numerous officials, clerks, and conductors, until in course of time it has complied with the multifarious requirements of the Interstate Commerce Law.

The working of what is known as the Sixteen-hour Law furnishes another illustration of the alienation of the employee from the employer which has followed in the train of the new system.

For example, time was when, if I wished to get away from my tower duties for an hour or two for some urgent personal reason, I could, with the permission of the superintendent, call upon one of the other men to help me out. For twenty-five years I watched this method of handling the business in a reasonable and human manner and never knew it to be abused. The management looked upon us as men. To-day, on the other hand, if I want to get away for a couple of hours in order to go to a funeral, my superintendent will refer me to the law in the case as promulgated by the Interstate Commerce Commission: 'No man can exceed his time limit of nine hours except in cases of emergency'; and, according to the announced ruling in such matters, I cannot plead emergency for anything that I can foresee. But when a man is dead I can easily foresee the funeral. Therefore the only funeral a tower-man can go to nowadays is his own. There is absolutely no encouragement for loyalty or *esprit de corps* in mechanical situations of this kind.

Along these lines, then, on the railroads and elsewhere, the severance of the human tie between employee and employer has become more marked from year to year. Just at present there is everywhere, in thinking circles at any rate, a tremendous awakening to these simple and serious facts. Whether the mistakes of management in this direction can be rectified, and the aim and policy of organized labor modified in any way, is a question. The vital mistake was in depriving the immediate superior of the authority and individuality that belongs to his office.

On the other hand, it is useless to

blame employees for taking their cue from the mechanical system that pays them their wages. The business reform along these lines at the present day has both sides of the situation to deal with. It is surely my duty, then, along with my personal narrative, to describe as best I can these social and industrial movements with which in a practical way I have been associated; and of all these problems this matter of the weeding out of the human and personal elements in all kinds of working relationships in America is, as it seems to me, by long odds the most important. Additional illustration of the matter, then, will not be out of place.

For instance, the history of affairs in this direction on the old Fitchburg Railroad is a case in point. Here we have a practical demonstration, extending over fifteen or twenty years, of the tendencies, amounting in fact to efforts, of industrial management to widen the gap and lessen the opportunity for personal intercourse between the employer and the workingman.

II

When first I appeared on the scene, the railroad territory now known as the Fitchburg Division of the Boston and Maine consisted of five or six different railroads or divisions of railroads. At Boston, Fitchburg, North Adams, Troy, New York, and one or two other places, superintendents had their headquarters. After the consolidation of these railroads and branches into the Fitchburg system, these different headquarters were abolished. To-day a single superintendent located in Boston covers the whole territory, and probably this man has in his charge six times as many employees as were originally taken care of by five or six separate managers. That is to say, no effort whatever has been made to

preserve a reasonable and necessary ratio between supervisors and men for the purpose of maintaining some kind of human relationship between them.

A writer in a recent issue of the *Christian Register* comments thus on a cognate phase of the labor situation: 'It is a curious fact that the recent strikes show that the alienation of the poor from the rich has increased in spite of the social interest that has been spent upon them.'

Looking into the matter in the case of the railroads, and indeed of nearly all other large industries, the alienation of the employee from the manager is not by any means surprising; and the absence of this human factor works out to a logical conclusion in all problems of efficiency and safety on railroads and elsewhere.

A brief contrast, of a personal nature, between the old and the new methods of management on railroads, will throw additional light on this subject.

My superintendent for a great many years on the Fitchburg Railroad was Mr. J. R. Hartwell. He knew each trainman, engineman, and station agent personally. He also knew each engine, its condition and capacity. He rode over his division each day and kept in personal touch with every movement, both of men and equipment. He was always in tune with every throb of the traffic. As chief clerk under Mr. Hartwell, my duties embraced business of every description on the division. I hired the trainmen, kept the pay-rolls, and supervised the train runs and the placing of the equipment. Correspondence of nearly every description passed through my hands. I knew instinctively what a superintendent of Mr. Hartwell's character would do in almost any situation that arose, and in his absence I used his authority freely. Under Mr. Hartwell's administration

both the employee and the public got fair and quick measure of justice. In attending to the duties of the office I had the assistance of a single stenographer. Apart from correspondence that was unavoidable, however, there was an infinity of detailed business that was attended to by word of mouth, by telephone or telegraph.

On the other hand, to-day, if the business on any given division has doubled, the office force has been multiplied by six, and the correspondence and reports by twenty. Matters of the most trifling description, to which formerly the man in authority said yes or no, as he would in any private business, now have to go the rounds of several departments, and give work to a dozen typewriters. Everybody is busy reporting and investigating; business on the typewriters is being rattled off practically by the ton, and this kind of railroad débris, entailed to a great extent by the mechanical administration of affairs, and carefully tabulated and preserved for years to cover the law, fills acres of floor-space.

Altogether, the modern railroad superintendent, his methods and duties in the year 1912, present a curious study in industrial economics. I copy in part a strange, yet as it seems to me an absolutely truthful, account of the situation, from a recent issue of *The Railway Age Gazette*.

Nearly everybody in authority on American railroads, according to this writer, is engaged in investigating something and advising somebody. Consequently, for one thing, it costs more to find out who broke a light of glass than to pay for the material and put it in. Nobody is supposed to answer a question or a letter until nearly every one else has had a chance to 'investigate and advise' on the matter.

A division superintendent of to-day, we are told, is anywhere from one day

to a week behind with his explanations and advices, and he has absolutely no hope of catching up; meanwhile, 'The call-boy is doing to-day's business. Each out-bound train depends upon him to furnish a crew.'

The train-dispatcher, however, is the real storm-centre of the railroad business. 'He alone has to do with the present. He always has the information you want on his tongue's end, and with the same breath he tells some brakeman's wife on the 'phone when her husband's train will be in. But,' the writer continues, 'when we close the door to the dispatcher's office we shut out the sound of the telegraph instruments, throbbing with the details of to-day's business, and as we pass the doors of the various offices down the hall the steady rattle of typewriters indicates that events from twenty-four hours to a month or more old are being investigated and explained. They cannot possibly catch up with the present. How would an official feel to step to his job some morning and find that he was free to supervise what was going on in his division that day, that there was no need to explain increases in operating expenses, decreases in net tons, engine failures, car-shortages, delays, accidents, wash-outs, fires, labor troubles, or why passenger-brakeman Jones allowed some prominent politician to get off at the wrong station and thereby miss a scheduled speech? The sensation would indeed be novel, and it would take time for him to become accustomed to such a change in conditions.'

But while this mechanical way of doing business results, in my opinion, in confusion and inefficiency in nearly every department of affairs, the harm that has been done to the minds of employees, managers, and society at large is, at the same time, almost inconceivable. Only by studying the

situation can one understand and account for the artificial relationship that is becoming such a significant factor to-day in American industrial circles.

III

With the men of the old school on the Fitchburg Railroad I was on very friendly terms, and I was naturally much annoyed at the unceremonious treatment they received at the hands of the new system. In the course of a few years practically every man of my acquaintance, who held a responsible position on the Fitchburg Railroad and who continued to exercise any independence, received his 'walking papers.' Most of them, however, fitted themselves easily into the working of the new system, although many of them did not.

It was not so much the loss of their jobs that troubled these men as it was the knowledge that, so far as recognition was concerned, their life-work had been wasted. To a unit of the system at the present day, dismissal is, for the most part, a financial consideration: his salary is the tie that binds; but at the time I am now referring to on railroads it was the abrupt severing of personal and business relationship, and the banishment from spheres of honorable work and usefulness, that cut these old railroad men to the soul. I do not think that people at the present day have any idea what this momentous change in relationship between the employer and the employed really meant, and means, to individuals and to society at large. To illustrate this point I am going to picture the process in actual operation as it concerns one of the old-timers on the Fitchburg Railroad when he was called on to get down and out to make room for the new machinery.

Beginning far back in the seventies,

and for about twenty-five years following, one of the best-known men on the railroad was a detective who was known all over New England as 'Big Mike.' In those days even the General Superintendent was distinguished by a descriptive nickname. These titles were always characteristic, but their exact meaning was not always apparent on the surface. For example, Mike was called Big on account of his heart-work on the railroad. By night and day the human side of his detective work was to him the ever-present and all-absorbing consideration. A few days before I left Boston to return to my levers in the switch-tower, Mike came to see the Superintendent on a final visit. The story was then going the rounds that, some time previously, Mike had caught a young fellow in the act of pilfering from a freight car. For reasons of his own, however, instead of sending him to jail in due process of law, Mike, it was said, had simply taken his word of honor in some way, and then let the boy go.

Under the new system, of course, this was a capital offense. The management, he was told, would never countenance such proceedings. What was the use of machinery, that is to say, of clerks, typewriters, lawyers, courts of justice, and prisons, if a simple detective were allowed to settle the case of a young thief in this way. Such at any rate were the excuses and explanations for his discharge, and he had to go.

Just what a great honest heart was capable of doing in this detective business on railroads, however, was probably only known in all its significance to Mike himself. Even to his friends and associates on the railroad the strange fact that he was actually running his department in the life-interest of these embryo criminals was not fully appreciated until some time after his departure. In other words, here and there,

in different places in New England, there was actually a scattered school of these young fellows, whom Mike at different times had arrested and, after a personal investigation, had befriended in some way. By hook or by crook he had kept them out of jail, and enabled them to begin life anew with at least one firm friend at their backs. In this way to an extent that is almost incredible, Big Mike had become a private probation officer on his own responsibility. In the younger set of these unfortunates he was particularly interested, for the reason that five out of six of his captures on railroad property were under seventeen years of age. His regard for these youngsters developed in time into a passion for helping them out.

In working out their reformation, however, his method was somewhat unique. To begin with, according to reports, he always managed to give his students a good sound beating as a sort of preliminary to a mutual understanding. One day, for example, he chased one of these embryo thieves, a brawny young fellow, into Walden Pond. A desperate fight in the water ensued. The contest was decided in the detective's favor, and finally he dragged his beaten antagonist to dry land. Instead of locking him up, however, he took this young culprit to his own home. He kept him on probation for a few months and then engaged him as his personal assistant in the detective business. To-day, this student holds high rank in the profession. In my hearing one day Mike explained his attachment to the boy, somewhat as follows: 'You see,' he said, 'I never in my life came so near getting licked myself and drowned into the bargain, as I did that afternoon in Walden Pond. I had the greatest respect for that kid from the start.'

On the afternoon of his departure,

Mike was given a sort of farewell reception. Fifteen or twenty men from the different offices in the old granite building on Causeway Street, Boston, were present. The boys tried to make it pleasant for him, but he refused to be comforted. The work of a lifetime was thrown back in his face and he could not conceal his dejection. His desk or locker was in one corner of the room. Just before he took his departure he placed the contents of this locker on the table. In all there were about fifty relics or mementos of adventure. To each one of us he presented one of these articles as a token of remembrance, accompanying each gift with a fragment of the story connected with it. Throughout the proceeding Mike acted like a broken-hearted man. With that farewell to his old-time associates, this champion of the human side in the detective business passed absolutely from the world of affairs. He went into seclusion and even his best friends saw him no more. One afternoon, however, a year or two ago, the writer, passing a public playground in the South End of Boston, caught sight of him. He was intently watching his old-time favorites, the boys, at play. When he became aware of my approach, he turned abruptly and walked away, and it dawned upon me that Big-hearted Mike, like Timon of Athens, in the old story, had really and finally turned his back upon the world.

IV

The most interesting of all my experiences in life so far have been concerned with the adventures of my pen. My set-back in railroad life had a good deal to do with my literary activity. I soon gave up all thoughts of promotion in the railroad service, and upon my return to the signal tower I devoted nearly all my spare time to the con-

struction of sentences. The thinking man wishes to share his thought with other men, and naturally the first thing for him to do in working out a programme of this kind is to cultivate ways and means of expression. That I was entirely ignorant of the rules of composition, or of the usual requirements of a successful writer, did not bother me for a minute, and as for my knowledge of grammar I did not give it a thought. But, on the other hand, I seemed to possess a faculty, an indefinable something, that was independent of these technical foundations. I could at least tell a plain story in a plain way. And besides backing up my craving for expression, there was somehow and somewhere in the storehouses of my mind an infinite array of sentences of matchless form and magical significance acquired during years of thoughtful reading, and there came to me in course of time a sort of intuition of rightness both of form and substance. To a greater extent than I can possibly explain, a sentence has always been to me a matter of euphony, not only in the measured ring of the words, but also as it were in the sounding significance of the thought. Such at any rate in my own case is the anatomy of style.

Nevertheless, in making the best of my natural equipment, a good deal of hard work was necessary.

To begin with, I simply went to work to practice the arts of condensation and clearness of presentation for their own sakes. The simple satisfaction of being able to put into words what I saw with my eyes, and fancied in my mind, was sufficient reward for the exertion it entailed. And I was assisted in my efforts at the time by a very commonplace incident. Shortly after my return to the switch tower, I wrote a short story on some railroad subject and sent it to a publisher in

Boston. It was returned without comment. I then sent the same article by way of a friend to another publisher, and the verdict from him was somewhat as follows: 'If the man is a switchman, in all frankness I say, let him stick to his job.'

I took the advice in good part and immediately went to work on plans for improvement. I took Shakespeare's play *The Tempest* as a sort of model with which to experiment. I studied the plot, the characters, and the scenes. When thoroughly familiar with these features I proceeded to write the story in my own words, being careful to leave nothing out, and weaving the whole into a straightforward narrative, containing about one thousand words. I wrote and rewrote the story at least one hundred times. In this task, my ingenuity in condensation, and in the presentation of my material, was taxed to the utmost. The time and labor, however, were well spent, and then, just as I was hesitating about my next literary move, my attention was called to a short-story announcement in a magazine called the *Black Cat*.

Ten thousand dollars was to be divided into prizes. Just for the fun of the thing I determined to try my hand at story-writing. I was successful beyond my dreams. Within a year, in prizes and otherwise, I earned about one thousand dollars. For the time being, I put aside all social and industrial problems and abandoned myself to the spell of this kind of intellectual enjoyment.

V

During the years in which my chief intellectual occupation was story-writing, I was engaged in a few side excursions which were not only interesting in themselves but, as it would now appear, were just what was needed to steer me back into a more substantial

groove of intellectual effort. One day, I heard Mr. Sam Jones, then Mayor of Toledo, deliver an address at one of the Mills meetings in the Parker Memorial building in Boston. He made a simple yet inspiring plea for more brotherhood in our social and industrial dealings with each other. I then and there made up my mind to pay him a visit in order to study his ideas in practical operation. The opportunity to do so came in the year 1900. I made the trip to Toledo and spent nearly a week, several hours a day, in the Mayor's company. I visited his office, his house, his factory, and incidentally I filled my note-book with observations and records of sight-seeing. I said to myself, here is a man who has the time, the opportunity, and the means to work out the problem of social and industrial relationship to a finish. What is his plan and what are the results?

'To begin with,' he said to me, 'I consider the whole question of better social and industrial conditions as mainly a moral one. I have given up hoping for or believing in regeneration by party or collective methods of any kind. I am not one of those who think you can vote righteousness or brotherly conduct into anybody or into any nation. All machine methods of uplift, whether in industry or politics, are futile. You might just as well go on to the street and take a dozen men out of a crowd, call them musicians and bid them play, as try to vote a social conscience into any community.'

There was no concealing the fact that the Mayor of Toledo was an enthusiast. He had an absorbing sympathy for struggling, misdirected humanity, and his appeal was for brotherhood, coöperation, not competition, between the units of society. His application of these ideas to the management of his own factory makes very interesting reading.

'My brother Dan,' he said to me, 'has general charge of the place. We began work here in a small way in 1894, employing six men; now we have over one hundred. We manufacture oil-well appliances, and particularly a sucker rod which is an invention of my own. Yes, — of course it is patented. Do I preach against patents and yet use one? Yes, I am sorry to say Society compels me to. I suppose my excuse is that I can do more good with it than without. A man meets this dilemma in a hundred forms and must figure it out with his own conscience.

'In running our shop we set out upon a basis of absolute equality. Equality in everything but wages, and I should n't be surprised if we include even that before long. As it is, to-day we pay a minimum rate of two dollars. We pay no less to anybody. At the same time we have considerable work that could be done just as well by boys for less than half the money, but we don't want child labor at any price.

'Again we have no bosses or foremen in the shops. No iron-clad regulations or orders deface the walls. Of course certain things creep in that have to be stopped, for instance newspaper reading during working hours.

'Well, there is a typewritten letter on a pillar yonder explaining the case in a fair way, and it is quite sufficient. It reads like this: "According to our ideas of justice and equality, what is fair for one is fair for all. If one reads a newspaper during working hours all have the same right; obviously this would ruin our common interest; therefore let us all abstain from newspaper reading during our eight hours of work."

In conclusion Mayor Jones summarized his Golden-Rule settlement as follows: 'A shop with one hundred workers, the day's work eight hours, a minimum daily wage of two dollars,

no bossing or disagreeable features, and a Mutual Insurance plan to which we all belong. For those who remain with us six months a week's vacation with full pay, and a dividend at Christmas. So far this has amounted to five per cent on the year's salary. With the money each man receives a letter of Christmas greeting and sympathy from the firm.'

A more inspiring and satisfactory state of affairs cannot well be imagined than this Golden-Rule settlement, and it lasted just as long as Mayor Jones lived to direct its activities and inspire it with his presence. Shortly after his death, however, the shop and the system connected with it fell to pieces, for the simple reason that the plan without the head and the authority to superintend it was at least one hundred years ahead of its time. A few years later, when I again visited Toledo, I found that the whole splendid system had dissolved into its original competitive parts, simply for lack of authority and leadership.

This visit to Toledo broke the spell of short-story writing, although it was not until a year or two later that I finally withdrew from the field. Meanwhile, I spent a great deal of time in studying the social and labor situation and in visiting factories and business establishments to get in touch with actual conditions. It was after considerable experience of this kind in mills, mines, and factories that I finally settled down to a systematic study of the accident situation on the railroads.

VI

When a man becomes simply the henchman of a political party, a labor union, or a corporation, his opinions, as a rule, have a biased foundation. The necessity for a broader conception of individual responsibility and exertion

in all the walks of life is at the bottom of the philosophy contained in this autobiography. With this philosophy in the foreground of my mental equipment, I worked from the year 1903 until 1908 in the switch tower at West Cambridge, studying the service on American railroads from every conceivable point of view. The deeper I looked into the matter of preventable accidents, the more I became convinced of the personal nature of the difficulties with which the problem was surrounded. Here is a situation, I said to myself, that I can at least clarify and explain. On this one word *accident* I can now concentrate an individuality that for twenty-five years has been trying to find an outlet.

Roughly speaking, my breaking-in, physically, technically, and intellectually, had consumed the best part of twenty-five years. During these years, so far as material or financial betterment was concerned, I had been actually going backward. In South America when I was seventeen years of age I received twice as much salary as I have ever received in the United States. I married when my pay was thirteen dollars a week, and I am sorry that I am obliged to crowd out this inner circle of my story with the simple statement that I look upon my married life as an ample and happy reward for all the disappointments and difficulties contained in the rest of my experience.

Just at present, then, I am concerned with life in the open. Before I managed to get a public hearing on the subject of railroad accidents, I spent two or three years in fruitless efforts. I sent a number of appeals to railroad managers in different parts of the country. I proposed safety leagues, badges, buttons, safety officials on every railroad, anything to excite individual interest in the matter. Most of these ideas are now in practical and

successful operation on many railroads. But from only one of the managers in that early period did I receive anything more definite than an acknowledgment of my communications. From Mr. Kruttschnitt, Vice-President of the Southern Pacific, I received by letter the first actual recognition and encouragement. This I think was early in 1906. I followed this up by addressing the legal department of the Boston and Maine Railroad, and the reply I received was as follows:—

I have your letter of March 16th. I also received yours of the 16th ult., enclosing 'Observations of a Signalman,' etc. I trust you will pardon me for not acknowledging the receipt of your communication. I have been away most of the time for the last month and have only just had an opportunity to read your remarks. I think it splendid, and I believe that you have hit upon some of the difficulties of our system. I am sending your paper to President Tuttle.

Yours very truly,

EDGAR J. RICH,

General Solicitor.

This letter led by a simple evolution of events to the publication in the year 1908 of *The Confessions of a Railroad Signalman*.

Mr. Rich, of course, had no knowledge whatever of my writings until they appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly*, but it was his intense loyalty to the railroad, together with his comprehensive conception of the true interests of the public and of the employee, that strengthened my own position in the matter, and renewed my devotion to the work in hand.

It was in the month of June, 1907, that I finally took the bull by the horns. In the June number of the *Atlantic Monthly* an article was pub-

lished entitled 'The Personal Factor in the Labor Problem.' I knew just as well as the writer of this article all about President Tuttle's kindly feeling toward railroad men. To Mr. Tuttle belonged all the credit for the harmonious relations that obtained at the time on the Boston and Maine railroad between management and men. But unfortunately, harmony was not the only consideration, either then or now, in the problems concerning efficiency on railroads, although politicians and the leaders of labor unions may be of that opinion.

At any rate, after carefully reading the article in question, I went right into Boston and requested an interview with the editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*. I said to him, 'Do you know what this so-called harmony on the railroad really means? Would you like to follow its trail, and note by the way its actual significance in terms of service, — the relationship for instance between this kind of harmony and the railroad accident?'

The nature of the editor's answer can be gathered from the articles that followed in the pages of the *Atlantic*. Leaving these articles then to tell their own story of my subsequent activities, I now find myself toward the close of my autobiography face to face with the present day and its problems. As I look at the labor situation for instance, society is just now in a precious pickle. The need of the hour is for right-minded people who understand the situation to describe it without political or sentimental prejudice.

The alienation of the employer from the employee, one or two phases of which I have described in this chapter, has borne fruit. Organized labor of its free will, and organized management, to a great extent, perhaps, by compulsion, have substituted machinery for personality, and these machines are

now clashing — with results that are known to all men. In describing the situation as it should be described it will be necessary to use, as it were, a chisel instead of a pen.

From the point of view of the individualist, then, the tendency of modern industrial methods and legislation is to reënslave the world. To a great extent this conclusion is arrived at from a study of the excessive demands and unfair policies of organized labor. The first item in this modern industrial programme is the surrender of the individual workingman. He is called upon to sink his industrial personality and to stifle his industrial conscience in the interests of his union, or his class. This class doctrine is not hidden under a bushel. It is proclaimed at every labor meeting, you read it in countless books, it is openly preached on street corners, and in all public places of assembly. Finally the movement receives support from an army of well-meaning reformers, the victims of imaginative sociology, who are next in turn to be doctored personally and professionally by some of their own theories.

The modern industrial policy to which I refer says in effect: We propose to run the earth; that is to say, to name our own terms, to nominate our own managers, to regulate our own wages and conditions, to feed, clothe, and carry the masses of the people, according to the plans and standards of the industrial commonwealth which it is our purpose ultimately to establish. We have the numbers, the votes, the organization, the concentration, in a word the federation; consequently in every sense of the term the future belongs to us.

Beginning with the worker himself, the process of enslavement spreads outwards. It overshadows the press, the pulpit and the platform. The limitations it has imposed upon manage-

ment are as glaring as they are dangerous. On the railroads the problems of efficiency and safety must now pass through the sieve of industrial expediency. This modern industrial policy says to the common people, to the great mass of consumers, 'Be with us or go hungry.' To the traveler, 'Be with us or walk.' To the politician as well as to the inoffensive voter, it offers an unquestioning alliance, or the private life. To the ministers of the Gospel it presents the ultimatum: 'Consider our terms or consider religion as a dead issue.' It invites the educator to twist his philosophy and teaching in its direction, or to be publicly branded as a mere academic or intellectual. To employers, managers, inventors, pioneers, and capitalists, it holds forth no olive branch or alternative. To all non-affiliated industrial units such as these it merely suggests a return to the wood pile. The majority of thinking people are not yet ready to interpret the sounds and the rumbling in the distance in this light, and many of those who have the requisite knowledge and insight are politically or industrially enslaved by the difficulties and delicacies of their positions. To all doubters of the reality and truth of the picture I have drawn of present conditions, I have but one word of advice, *Circumspice*.

In a recent issue of the London *Daily Mail*, the noted novelist, Mr. Galsworthy, informs his readers that in his opinion 'democracy at present, not only in England, but in America, offers the spectacle of a man running down a road followed at a more and more respectful distance by his own soul.'

From the literary point of view this is certainly a very attractive statement, but it is far from being a correct diagnosis of the situation. On the contrary, as it seems to me, democracy in America to-day is making heroic efforts to

keep up with its soul, and this soul in many directions is actually getting ahead in the race.

Digestion and assimilation are problems of the social as well as of the individual stomach. In any period of civilization an overdose of soul can anticipate a day of reckoning just as inevitably as an overdose of tyranny or corruption.

Every once in a while Society gets an unexpected reminder of these facts. Just at present, for example, ideas of humanity and of social justice are everywhere clashing with authority. In religious and educational matters, in the home and in every field of industry, Society is now confronted with the all-important problem of reasonable and necessary discipline. The situation in a general way owes its vitality to the benevolent intentions of hosts of earnest and conscientious people who are now determined to give poverty a helping hand and labor its due share of reward. In practical, every-day operation, however, this kind of moral enthusiasm, generous and praiseworthy as it surely is, has some of the dangers as well as many of the useful properties that are associated with steam. And unfortunately for the proper control of this all-comprehensive and irresistible moral pressure, civilization in America to-day is in a tremendous hurry. Under stress of mental and moral overstrain — and here we have the spectacle of the man running down the road trying to keep pace with his soul — there seems to be no time, no opportunity, for the patient consideration of social and industrial safeguards. In fact, the thinking process of Americans in general is now being managed by a few specialists as scientifically as the laboring process. The men who coin political catch phrases, introduce moving pictures, teach systems of industrial efficiency, or

dictate opinions and policies to be followed by millions of working people, are all trying to make it easy to think as well as easy to work.

Meanwhile, Society itself is in a spendthrift mood. It is intoxicated with a wealth of material resources and moral opportunities. Just at present it is supremely interested in the laboring classes. Every practical manifestation of this public sympathy, however, is nowadays quickly converted by its recipients into terms of political and industrial power; and this power is now frankly and openly at odds with authority, and with personal and property rights of nearly every description. The extent of industrial power acquired in this way, on the railroads for instance, can be illustrated by a matter-of-fact statement made recently to an audience in Massachusetts by Chief Stone of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers. He spoke substantially as follows:—

‘Practically speaking, I am not responsible to any one. I have so much power I really don’t know what to do with it. It is simply running over.’

Now I think it will take but a few words to convince open-minded people that the industrial chaos at the present day, a partial picture of which I have drawn, contains within itself the germs of reconciliation and cure. The labor union to-day flourishes and commits excesses by virtue of power intrusted to it by the spirit of humanity, which

has become the sign-manual of progress of every description in the twentieth century. This spirit of humanity or, in other words, this soul of democracy, which Mr. Galsworthy would have Americans look upon as a tail-ender of some kind, is actually in alliance with every manifestation or echo of righteousness that is able to express itself in any way throughout the length and breadth of civilized society. The initial outburst of pent-up feeling put in motion by this alliance has already swept scores of social and industrial disgraces from the map of society; but in the natural order of things, there is wholesale demoralization in the chaotic yet fundamentally healthy situation that remains. The next few years in America are to be an era of renaissance. The soul of democracy is now beginning to take stock of its handiwork. For one thing it will, in the near future, place a restraining hand quietly but firmly on the shoulder of organized labor, and in doing so it will give millions of other toilers a greater measure of social and industrial justice.

Finally, the writer, whose life-story my readers have been following in these pages, has this parting word to his brother individualists, everywhere:

‘Launch your vessel,
And crowd your canvas,
And, ere it vanishes,
Over the margin,
After it, follow it,
Follow the Gleam.’

(The End.)

THE PASSING OF THE FARMER

BY ROY HINMAN HOLMES

I

THESE are days of unprecedented social change. The eyes of the world, however, are so attentively fixed upon the developing American city, that the greatest change of all in America's social life is going forward well-nigh unheeded. The farmer class, which we have grown accustomed to consider the permanent foundation of our society, is showing decided signs of impermanence. The farmer is moving to town. It is not simply a farmer here and a farmer there, each because of reasons of his own, who are leaving the land and entering other occupations. The movement, instead, is general in extent. In a comparatively short time the typical farmer of to-day, who tills the land that he owns, with the help of his growing sons, will be but a national memory.

Though he is the most conservative of men, the farmer cannot forever cling to the past. In his attempt to modernize his occupation, the individual owner must fail, and rather than rest in failure he very naturally turns from the land to seek success elsewhere. The new and better conditions which are to prevail, instead of coming as the result of a gradual development within itself of the old system, will come rather from without, as an extension over the country districts of those modern systems of production which are operating successfully in the cities. Being myself a descendant of a long line of farmer ancestors, and having

tilled for some years a small farm of my own in the Middle West, I, as one of those who are within, am able to feel this approaching change, instead of being forced to depend entirely upon what may be seen from without.

It is upon her great areas of fertile land that America's increasing millions must depend for their food-supply. Agricultural production, however, as carried on upon the farms, is failing to keep pace with the growing demand, in spite of the fact that the experts point the way to a yield per acre many times greater than the average yield of to-day. The cry of agricultural science is for a more intensive cultivation of the soil. This more intensive cultivation demands an increasing number of laborers on the land. The laborers, however, instead of increasing in numbers are continually becoming fewer; farms, instead of becoming smaller, as the theorists of the last generation predicted, are steadily becoming larger: the trend is necessarily away from crops that demand intensive culture. The production of agricultural supplies in this country is losing in its race to keep in advance of consumption. Not alone are the farms becoming larger, but the proportion of them operated by renters is rapidly increasing. The increase of the renting system can be viewed as nothing short of alarming, unless one believes it to be but a necessary transitional stage leading to something more satisfactory.

There appears to be quite a disposition, in some quarters, to blame the

farmers as a class for their failure to measure up to certain standards which it is believed should govern them. Often the class is referred to condescendingly by some townsman, who asks, 'How shall we uplift the farmer?' It is felt, apparently, that those now upon the nation's farms should in some way be held responsible for a more complete utilization of the possibilities of the soil. It is considered by many good people of the cities that the farmer boy, in leaving his father's acres for the shop or the office of the town, is in some way upsetting a balance that should be maintained. Often it is charged that the rural schools of to-day are 'educating away from the farm,' and it is urged that their influence should be thrown against the cityward drift of the young.

II

In every consideration of the question it must be borne in mind that the movement is not in its essence a movement from the country to the city, but rather it is from farming as an occupation to something else as an occupation. It is very common indeed in this country, due no doubt to some extent to the influence of the schools, for sons to enter other occupations than those pursued by the fathers. A thought will convince any one that the schools are no more influential in causing the sons of the farmer to leave the farm than they are in drawing the sons of the merchant away from the store, or in determining the lawyer's sons to turn from the occupation of their father. It is, perhaps, one of the chief functions of the school to broaden the vision of the student, — to give him a world-view. The young man should be made to feel in his youth that the world is wide, that there are many openings into life, that the path his father chose, or was forced into by circumstances, is but one of the

many. The school should aid the youth to determine what path he, individually, is best fitted to follow; and so far as is practicable, it should assist him to take the first steps in that pathway. It should no more be taken for granted that the son of the farmer should be a farmer than that the son of the physician should be a physician.

There is no drift away from any one of the learned professions. They are constantly being recruited from without. No great alarm is felt over the decision of a large proportion of the young men of the city to break away from the occupations of their fathers. There is no cause for alarm. The son of the physician may go into business or become a civil engineer; there is no dearth of doctors, for other men's sons are studying medicine.

On the other hand, the entrance of farmer boys into occupations other than that of farming is a very serious matter, indeed, for the reason that there is no corresponding movement of young men from the cities to the farms. Though the sons of farmers are among the most successful men in every walk of city life, it is comparatively rare to find a man not country-born who is a successful farmer. Though the city gates swing easily to admit the country boy, the city-trained lad finds it exceedingly difficult to swing them the other way. Those coming to the farms with money sufficient to buy are handicapped by money without knowledge; those coming without money are in a worse plight still. The typical farmer of to-day who is fairly successful, from the financial standpoint, has inherited a cast of mind that is indispensable to his success. He may be wealthy, and often he is, but he has the outlook upon life of pioneer ancestors who were very far from wealthy. The pioneer days, so far as this country is con-

cerned, are passed. Land may no longer be had for the asking. It may be well for the would-be farmer to be poor in spirit, yet his purse must be well-filled.

Though from the beginning of the rapid development of the cities there has been a constant movement of country people to them, the migration has been considerably accelerated since the improvement of the rural schools, and the placing of high-school advantages within the reach of rural pupils, as has been done in many localities. The virtual extension of city school-systems into the country districts, together with other modern phenomena, among which may be mentioned the rural mail system, the rural telephone, the improvement of highways, and the building of interurban lines, is in a large measure breaking down the barriers which formerly existed between the country and the city. The two civilizations, rural and urban, which had until recent years existed to a large degree independently of each other, are rapidly being blended into one. This new civilization thus formed is city-centred, and a strong pull toward the centre is setting in.

It is not alone the young people who are to-day drifting away from the farms to town. There is also a continued movement of older men with their families to the cities. Many farmers of middle age are entering other occupations, depending for a portion of their income upon the proceeds from the farms they have left. Many small towns are made up to quite an extent of a population of 'retired farmers,' many of whom are still in the prime of life. Instead of having remained at their task until their days of activity should have normally ended, they chose to get away from it all while they were still young enough 'to get some enjoyment out of life.' Like those early miners of gold who chanced to be suc-

cessful, they, having gathered in their piles, next enter upon the stage of spending. The typical 'retired farmer,' however, differs very radically from the old-time miner, in that, as his wealth was not the result of a sudden smile of fortune, he does not spend it in sudden moods of reckless generosity.

The drift cityward is receiving a decided impetus in those country regions best provided with 'city conveniences.' Communities that had long existed as almost independent social entities, each having a centre 'at the Corners' where were located the church, the school-house, the store, and the post-office, have had their unity destroyed in these modern days. Formerly, frequent social gatherings were held, when the whole neighborhood would 'turn out,' — the women and children gathering in the afternoons, and the men, both old and young, joining them in the evenings. The sons of farmers married the daughters of farmers, and new farm homes were established, thus perpetuating the community.

With the coming of improved methods of communication, new groups were soon formed, not on the basis of neighboring farms, mere physical nearness, but rather on the basis of a freer intellectual choice. Mere physical proximity has less than formerly to do with social grouping. The most intimate acquaintances of the farmer and his family often live in the village or the city several miles away. The sons and daughters of the farmer marry, and are married to, the daughters and sons of the city-dweller. Such marriages result, in the great majority of cases, in new homes established not on the farms but rather in the towns. This is but another way of saying that, with the coming of modern means of communication, so that the actual conditions of life both in the country and in the city are better understood by all

than ever before, the attracting power of the city for the country-born is much stronger than that of the country for the city-born.

This very evident desire of so many of the young and the middle-aged to get away from the farms, coupled with the impossibility of an influx from without to fill the places of those who leave, indicates clearly that the system of farming, as we know it, cannot indefinitely continue. At the present time so many of the farmer families have left the land that in many localities those who remain are tilling such large areas that the work cannot be other than superficially done. There is also to be seen, in increasing frequency, the renter who will never own an acre, or suitable tools for tilling one, and the mortgager who will never be free of debt. These are days of national prosperity, yet there is a steady increase in the number of mortgaged farms. Farm land is increasing in value so rapidly that the farmer cannot keep pace with his land. The deeds and mortgages are to a greater extent than ever before held by men who are not farmers, but who on the contrary are city business men.

III

Some of the causes which are operating to drive the farmer out of his occupation are not at all difficult to find. One of the most obvious of them is the decreasing supply of labor. It is becoming continually more difficult to obtain helpers for work on the farms, either for the house or for the field. In the old days, the neighborhood group was very often entirely self-sufficient. There were enough men and women in the community to do the work of the community. It was the most natural thing in the world for the farmer who had more sons than could profitably be employed upon the home acres to al-

low one or more of the boys to spend a portion of the year in the employ of neighbors who were without sons. Though it was an economic misfortune to be without strong and willing boys in the home, yet one could usually depend upon hiring neighbor boys for just the length of time that help was needed. The daughterless housewife also could obtain all the help needed by calling upon the neighborhood girls. The mingling of the young people in this democratic fashion did much to strengthen community ties. Often the young man of twenty-one, having saved his summers' earnings, married his employer's daughter and bought a farm of his own. Many another young man, who had spent his summers at home, also set up for himself after marrying the 'hired girl.'

The multiplication of radiating influences from the rapidly developing modern city has swept away the old days. The growing sons and daughters are spending more and more time in the schools. The well-to-do farmer very naturally wishes his children to enjoy as good educational advantages as do the children of the town merchant. His own children gone, he calls in vain now for the assistance of the young people of the neighborhood. They, too, are at school, or, if at work, are in the shops and stores of the city. The old group is broken, and help, if it comes, must come from without. Efficient single men and women for farm labor may seldom be found to-day at any wage, and the supply of inefficient laborers is becoming continually less. A generation ago the young farm laborer could expect, after a few years of earnest work and careful saving, to own a farm of his own; and he would plunge hopefully into the task. To-day, however, farms sell for thousands, which in those days could be bought for hundreds. The farm-hand of to-day

does not expect to buy, and, as a rule, he simply drifts along in an aimless, hopeless fashion.

There seems to be no lack of capable married men who are glad to work on the farms for pay equivalent to their city wage. They must be made certain, however, of work for the entire year, and their pay must include the rent of suitable dwelling-houses. The farmer of to-day, as a rule, is not in a position to take advantage of this source of labor-supply. Hence, his fields are imperfectly tilled, and his crops improperly harvested.

The merchant has no difficulty in obtaining workers. For him, the 'Help Wanted' sign brings scores of applicants. The manufacturer often has a 'waiting list' to choose from. That these men may hire while the farmer may not, is a social discrimination against the occupation of farming that cannot long be withstood.

In these days of the occupation's decline, without doubt the most pathetic figure in the situation is that of the farm wife. It is primarily to ease her burdens that many landowners are turning away from the land. In the former days, surrounded by her daughters, or by neighboring cousins and nieces, she was queen of the country civilization. Though her life was one of constant toiling, yet it was dignified by something that is now lacking. She cared little for the ways of the city, and seldom went to town. Her life was indeed narrow, but it reached deep down into the very soil. Her interests were limited by the limitations of the country neighborhood, but her culture was as genuine as any in the world. However, with the breaking-up of the old group, the formation of new ties, and the inevitable rush of the girls to town, her life has suffered a melancholy change. The grand-daughter of yesterday's queen has become the drudge

of to-day. Her lot is made doubly hard: scarcity of help for the house and the field has called her to redoubled exertions, and since the beginning of the new order her life is being measured by new and, from a certain standpoint, more exacting standards.

A generation ago, the wife and mother compared her lot with that of her pioneer grandmother, and felt that she had much to be grateful for. To-day the past is forgotten; comparisons must be made between herself and city sisters and friends. The family album with its reminders of yesterday is seldom opened. 'To-day' is ever at hand in the automobile's honk, the jingle of the telephone bell, and the headlines of the daily paper.

These farm women find themselves in a new civilization, but not of it. They have as great a longing for the best that life can offer as have the well-gowned club women of the cities. In many cases, from a financial standpoint, they can as well afford the luxuries of modern life as the majority of those who possess them. But, as the wives of farmers, they must give themselves to the land. Their houses go neglected that they may help with work in the fields. Their hands are coarse and rough from assisting their husbands with pressing work on the land. Wives of wealthy farmers in this our country, while at their work, often resemble in their appearance ignorant, poverty-stricken peasant women of Europe. Many a farmer's son who has completed the course of a city high school has been helped to do so by the sacrifices of an over-worked mother back on the farm, who has taken upon herself many of the tasks that, otherwise, would have been his. In the hearts of these lonely, toil-worn women, love for farm life is turning to bitterness, and the daughters are electing new things.

Undoubtedly the primary fault in

the occupation, the one fundamental thing which is rendering the present system of farming the least popular calling in the modern scheme of things, is its lack of opportunity for specialization in labor. In these days of the expert, the farmer is inexpert, and therefore lonesome. In the cities, the men of every calling, from the surgeon to the chimney-sweep, pride themselves upon doing one thing well. The farmer alone is the jack-of-all-trades. Though the trend in farming is toward specialized lines of production, the farmer's labor remains, as it was in the beginning, unspecialized as to processes. With the coming of more complicated agricultural machinery to be handled, and the growing necessity for thorough study of soils, of insect pests, and of the markets, the farmer is yearly brought face to face with more complex demands.

To manage and do the major part of the labor, satisfactorily, on a farm of eighty acres, demands on the part of the farmer several lines of proficiency which are seldom found combined in any one individual. He must have the strength and physical endurance of the unskilled laborer, combined with the ingenuity and mechanical ability of the skilled workman. He must be somewhat of a student, an authority on matters connected with the science of agriculture. As a student, he must also have something of the spirit of the investigator and experimenter, for his own farm presents problems for which he can find no solution in the books. He must be a business man competent to manage a large and complicated undertaking, or much of his labor will be wasted. The typical farmer, in his attempt to make a creditable showing upon each of these counts, attains no better than second-rate efficiency in any single line. Comparisons with the city expert are bound to make him uncomfortable. However, such compari-

sons, although unjust to the individual, are yet inevitable. It is told to all that he is a poor business man, a superficial student, a bungling mechanic, and a clumsy laborer. He is made to feel that he is a misfit on the land and in the work of his inheritance. He is rather severely punished for marching in the rearward of a vanishing procession.

IV

The pioneer days are over. The supply of cheap land is nearly exhausted. It is now as much out of the question 'to go West to take up a farm' as it is to go East to take up a factory. The former call of the land was to those who had little money or special training of any sort, and who, for this very reason, were glad to build homes in the wilderness and to live in them, braving the various dangers of frontier life, while they changed the wilderness into a garden and watched the price of farm land rise.

The present call of the land is not unlike the call to other activities. It is to men who have money to invest, and to those who have expert knowledge and ability of some sort. As the farming class was called into being by the existence of abnormal land conditions, it is very natural to expect that as conditions become normal the class will be merged back into the society from which it sprang, and the task of agricultural production taken over by the classes of modern industrial organization: by the capitalist, the manager, and the laborer. The laws of social and economic development which brought the factory are in operation still. Agriculture is but a form of manufacturing, and its development must be along the lines marked out by the development of manufacturing in the past. The little shop in which the owner and his family lived and performed all the

labor, both mental and physical, connected with the manufacture of wagons or shoes has given way to the great plant employing thousands of specialists. The small farm of to-day is similar in its organization to the shop of yesterday, and must as surely give way.

The farmer does not leave the farm because it is in the country. He turns away from it for the same reason that the cobbler turns from the shop, because he feels it to be out of harmony with the life about him. The real 'isolation,' which we are to understand is the prime reason for the unrest of the farmer, is not physical, it is social. It does not consist in the fact that his nearest neighbor lives a quarter of a mile or more away, but rather in the fact that he is a farmer: his occupation and necessary mode of life do not fit well in the modern scheme. If physical isolation were the cause of the discontent, modern improvements in methods of communication would do much to bring contentment. It is noticeable, however, that in those communities best provided with modern conveniences the drift cityward is most rapid. The more closely men are drawn together, the more surely does the old order pass.

Though the pioneer's work was well done, it is now finished. There is no especial reason to look for the expert agriculturist of the future among the descendants of the pioneer farmer of the past. The men who are to carry on the agricultural production in the coming days are being prepared in the cities for their task. As the new civilization is urban, so the new farming is

of necessity a specialized department of urban life. There cannot long remain the distinction implied in the terms 'townsman' and 'countryman.' All men will be grouped in the tables according to occupational divisions. The question will be not, 'Where does one live?' but rather, 'What does one do?' Country work will be as well subdivided as the work of the cities, and for the most part according to the same divisions. The agricultural expert will direct the labor in the fields as do other experts the various processes in the great shops. Agricultural production will have come into its own.

One of the greatest social advantages which we may hope to derive from the change, is a vastly increased opportunity for laborers now crowded into the cities to find work in the country fields. One would expect to see a continual shifting of laborers of the poorer classes back and forth between the town and the country. The more of these people who can be brought into direct contact with the soil, the better. America has in the past looked to the farm for the rejuvenation of her social vitality. The land will probably much better serve social needs under the new system than under the old, for the healing influences of the soil will be applied directly to those of our people who stand most in need of healing. It is not the few who can afford to own farms who most need the benefits of country life, but rather the many who can neither buy nor rent. Under the new order they and their children will receive a blessing which might never come to them in the old, and the whole of society will be benefited thereby.

REMEMBRANCE

BY O. W. FIRKINS

THOU say'st, 'I will remember,' and thine eyes
Are the pure founts of tender verities;
And thou would'st give, unasked, thy life to-day,
Could thine avail, to rescue or delay:
But to remember — in that promise lies
Achievement that o'er-arches sacrifice.
Shall life remember what death holds in fee?
The idlest hope is hope of memory.
Shall Love, unresting, with remembrance dwell
A watcher? Who shall watch the sentinel?
Who chide the faithless, the forgetful ward?
Love, for whose eyes the vast of heaven was starred
With lights more fleeting than his earth-born fires —
Is it so hard to quiet his desires?
Must time, then, marshal his eternities,
The centuries' line embattle, ere he sees
Love at his mercy? A year's smiling curve,
The space that parts two vintages, will serve
To blunt, to blur, remembrance. For our debt
Is lifeward, and to breathe is to forget.

I shall go hence; and thou wilt love and mourn,
And for a time I shall to thee return
In all we shared of life's full harvestings:
My eyes shall meet thee in unnumbered things,
In flowers, in wavings of the fruited grain,
In the brook's motion, in the rain-swept pane;
I shall find voices in the winds, the moans
Of sea-waves, and the forest's undertones;
The gorge shall take my part, and the green glades
Shall urge thee to remember, and the shades
Of evening, and the vesper's solemn chime:
These shall be bonds to hold thee — for a time.

But change shall come, and on thy first distress
Creep dumb encroachings of forgetfulness.
Days that were mine shall shrink like ebbing moons,
Till in the lapse of circling nights and noons,
Unmarked, there glide into eternity
A day unvisited with thoughts of me.
Down shall it pass within time's dusk and haze,
The day thou first forgett'st, like other days.
Shall it stand, lonely, by that Stygian sea
In hated, uncompanioned obloquy?
A comrade comes, to meet it on the sands;
Another; yet another; then in bands,
Trooping apace, they come: and I shall feel
Another coil of the great darkness steal
Around my bosom, and another fold
Of silence lap me in its vesture cold.

Still shalt thou think of me, nor with disdain —
Art thou not thou? — but with love-nurtured pain;
Only from moon to moon, thy thoughts shall be
Like scantier islets in a widening sea.
Fair are those isles, but few — the fragments rent
By earthquake from some primal continent.
And there shall come a severance in thy thought;
The bonds which earth and her fair aspects wrought
'Twixt thee and me shall loosen one by one;
I shall not visit thee in star or sun,
Nor raise a signal from the April lea;
The skies shall speak of azure, not of me.
I shall be parted from the warmth of June,
From dawns, and the cloud-wreath on the moon;
And I shall pass from bird-note and bright wing,
From frostwork, from the sorcery of spring.
The fickle forest and the faithless seas
Which I had charged with signs and messages,
Speak not to thee, or speak with other tongue.
What shall avail? Thou livest, thou art young;
Youth, life, are thine, and thou must love thine own;
He should not die who fears to be alone.

A time shall come at last when memory sets
Even in its dawn; the buoyant mind forgets
In seeking to remember. Thou wilt say:
'A faithful heart — (How yon sun's parting ray
Whitens the olives!) one that loved me. — (Look!
The glow-worms dance already where the brook
Turns seaward by the marshes!) Spake we not
Of something sad but now? — I scarce recall —
Perchance that song in Lucia, or the fall
Of yellow leaves last night in quiet air!
And I shall be as one that treads a stair
That winds into a crypt, and, at a turn,
Sees the last square through whose dim panels burn
The faint remains of daylight from his eyes
Parted, and is an exile from the skies.

Months shall glide past and memory shall become
Formless and nameless, recordless and dumb;
A something houseless, vagrant, unassigned;
A film, a blur, a vapor in the mind;
A faint disquiet in the mid-day proud;
A sadder edging on the gloomy cloud
Trailed in the wake of sunset; a shade less
Of glory in the young dawn's hopefulness:
Then shall death open the last gates of doom,
And lock me in a tomb within the tomb.

VENETIAN NIGHTS

BY ELIZABETH ROBINS PENNELL

'VENEZIA!' somebody was shouting; and I was startled from a sound sleep, and porters were scrambling for our bags, and we were stumbling after them, up a long platform, between a crowd of men in hotel caps yelling, 'Danieli!' 'Britannia!' and I hardly know what, out into a fog as impenetrable as night, or London. The muffled, ghostly cries of '*Gondola! Gondola!*' from invisible gondoliers on invisible waters, would have sent me back into the station, even had there been a chance to find so modest a hotel as the Casa Kirsch open at three o'clock in the morning; and my first impressions of Venice were gathered in the freezing, foggy station restaurant where J. and I drank our coffee and shivered, and the hours stretched themselves into centuries, before a touch of yellow in the fog suggested a sun shining in some remote world, and we crawled under the cover of one of the dim black boats that emerged vaguely, a shadow from the shadows.

I had looked forward to my first gondola ride for that 'little first Venetian thrill' that Venice owes to the stranger; but if I thrilled it was with cold and damp and fog as the gondola pushed through the yellow gloom in the sort of silence you can feel, and tall houses towered suddenly and horribly above us, and strange yells broke the stillness, before and behind, when another black boat with its black figure at the stern, came out of the gloom, scraped and bumped our side, and was swallowed up again.

And after we were on the landing of the Casa Kirsch, and in our rooms, and the fog lifted, and the sun shone, and we looked out of the window with all Venice in our faces, and J. took me to see the town, my impressions were foggy with sleep. For, from Pompeii, where there had been work, to Venice where there was to be more, we had hurried by one of those day-and-night flights to which J. has never been able to accustom me, the hurried, crowded pauses at Naples and Florence turning the journey into a beautiful nightmare of which all I was now seeing became but a part, — the Riva, canals, sails, Bersaglieri, the Ducal Palace, the Bridge of Sighs, St. Mark's, the Piazza, gondolas, women in black, white sunlight, pigeons, tourists, the Campanile, following one upon another with the inconsequence of sleep. And then we were on the Rialto and J. was saying, 'Of course you know that?' and I was answering, 'Of course, the Bridge of Sighs!' and a quarter of a century has not blunted the edge of his disgust or my remorse. But my disgrace drove me back to the Casa Kirsch, to sleep for fifteen blessed hours before looking at one other beautiful thing of troubling my head about what we were to do with our days and our nights in Venice.

What we were to do with our days settled itself the next morning as soon as I woke. For I saw Venice, from my window, rising out of the sea with the dawn, everything she ought to have been the morning before, and I had no desire to move from a room that looked

down upon the Riva, and across to San Giorgio, and beyond the island-and-sail-strewn Lagoon to the low line of the Lido, and above to the vastness of the Venetian sky.

Nor was there trouble in providing for our nights. Before I left home a romantic friend had pictured me in Venice, wrapped in black lace, forever floating in a gondola under the moon. But my Roman winter had taught me how much more likely the gaslight of some little *trattoria* or *caffè* was to shine upon me in my shabby tweeds. The only question was, which of the many little trattorie and caffè in Venice we should choose; and this was decided by Inglehart, whom we ran across that morning in the Piazza, and who told us that he slept in the Casa Kirsch, dined at the Antica Panada, and drank coffee at the Orientale, which was as much as to say that we might, too, if we liked. And we did like.

We began that night to dine at the Panada and drink coffee at the Orientale, and we kept on dining at the Panada and drinking coffee at the Orientale every night we were in Venice; except when it was a *festa* and we followed Inglehart to the Calcino, where various Royal Academicians sustained the respectability that Ruskin gave it by his patronage and Symonds tried to live up to; or when there was music in the Piazza, and Inglehart carried us to the Quadri or Florian's; or when it stormed, as it can in March, and all day, from my window, I looked down upon the dripping Riva, and the wind-waved Lagoon, and lines of fishing-boats moored to the banks, and no living creatures except the gulls and the little white woolly dogs on the boats covered with sails under which the sailors huddled, and gondoliers in yellow oilskins, and the Bersagliieri in hoods; and at night we went with Inglehart no farther than the kitchen of

the Casa Kirsch, for he hated, as we did, the *table d'hôte* from which, there as everywhere, German tourists were talking away every other nationality.

The kitchen was a huge room, with high ceiling, and brass and copper pots and pans on the whitewashed walls, and a dim light about the cooking-stove, and mysterious shadowy corners. The *padrona* laid the cloth for us in an alcove opposite the great fireplace, while she and her family sat at a table against the wall to the right, and the old cook ate at a bare table in the middle, and the maid-servant sat on a stool by the fire with her plate in her lap, and the man-servant stood in the corner with his plate on the dresser. Having thus expressed their respect for class distinctions, they helped equally in cooking and serving, talked together the whole time, quarreled, called each other names, and laughed at the old man's stories, told in the Venetian, which I only wish I had understood then as well as I did a few weeks later, when it was too late; for, with the coming of spring, there were no storms to keep us from the Panada.

Just where the Panada was, I would not attempt to say; not from any desire to keep it secret, which would be foolish, for Baedeker long since found it out; but simply because I could not very well show the way to a place I never could find for myself. I knew it was somewhere round the corner from the Piazza, but I never rounded that corner alone without becoming involved in a labyrinth of little *calli*. Nor would I attempt to say why the artists chose it and why, because they did, we should, for it was the dirtiest, noisiest, and most crowded trattoria in Venice.

No matter whether we got there early or late, it was full; and always we began our dinner by wiping our glasses, plates, forks, spoons, and knives on our napkins, making such a habit of it

that I remember afterwards at a dinner-party in London catching myself with my glass in my hand and stopping only just in time; while Inglehart, on another occasion, got as far as the silver before he was held up by the severe eye of his hostess. Probably it was because nobody could hear what anybody said that everybody talked together. I cannot recall a moment when stray musicians were not strumming on guitars and mandolins, and the oyster-man was not shrieking, '*Ostriche! Ostriche fresche!*' though nobody paid the least attention to him or ever bought one of his oysters. And above the uproar was the continuous cry, '*Ecco me! Vengo subito! Mezzo Verona! Due Calamai! Vengo subito! Ecco me!*' of the waiters who, though they never ceased to announce their coming, were so slow to come that many diners brought a course or two in their pockets.

The little Venetian at the next table was sure to produce a bunch of radishes while he waited for his soup. On market-days, when there was more of a crowd than ever, few of the baked potatoes had seen the inside of the Panada's oven; often the shops that fill the Venetian calli with the perpetual smell of frying, and where the brasses and blue-and-white used to shine, were patronized on the way. If dinner has to be collected in the streets, no town, even in Italy, offers such facilities as Venice. Vance, the painter, who sometimes honored us at our table with his company, after he had taken off his coat and put on his hat, seldom troubled the establishment to provide him with more than a glass, a plate, a knife, and a fork for the price of a *quinto* of Verona. His first, and as it turned out, his last, substantial order, was the event of the season. The *padrone* discussed it with him and a message was sent to the cook that the

dish was *di bistecca*. When it came it was not cooked enough to suit Vance. A second was cooked too much. The third was done to a turn. In the bill, however, were the three; and voices were lowered, mandolins and guitars were stilled, the oyster-man forgot his shriek, during the five awful minutes when Vance and the *padrone* had it out. After that Vance made another *trattoria* the richer by his daily *quinto*.

J. and I had our five minutes with the *padrone* later on, once when Rossi, our waiter, was so slow that our patience gave out and we shook the dust of the Panada from our feet. But we could not shake off Rossi. He had arrived with our dinner just as we were vanishing from the door, and was made to pay for it. After that his leisure was spent in trying to make us pay him back, and he would appear at our front door, or waylay us on the Riva, or follow us into the Orientale, or run us down on the Piazza; demanding the money as a right, begging for it as a charity, reducing it by a centesimo every time, until we had only to wait long enough for the debt to be wiped out. But this was at the end of our stay in Venice, and months of dining at the Panada had passed before then.

I should be as puzzled to explain the attraction of the Caffè Orientale on the Riva, unless it were the opportunity it offered for economy. At the Quadri and Florian's in the Piazza, coffee was twenty centesimi and the waiter expected five more, but at the Orientale it was eighteen and the waiter was satisfied with the change from twenty, which meant the saving every night of almost half a cent. The Orientale, for us, was as quiet and deserted as the Panada was crowded and noisy. Outside, tables looked on the Lagoon and the façade of San Giorgio, white in the night; and in a big, new, gilded room sailors and sergeants played checkers,

and more serious Venetians worked out dismal problems in chess. But we sat in the shabby, stuffy, old, low-ceilinged room, to which nobody ever penetrated except the elderly Englishman and his son, who read the *Standard* in the opposite corner, — after our race with them to the caffè, the winners getting the one English paper first, — and the *caramèi* man with his brass tray of candied fruit, impaled on thin sticks, like little birds on a skewer.

Had the old room been seedier and duller, — dull our company never was, — I still would have seen it through the glamour of youth and thought it the one place for the study of Venice and Venetian life; but nobody who sat there with us would have objected so long as Inglehart presided at our table.

Inglehart was of that large, fair, golden-haired type that suggests indolence and indifference; and as he lolled against the red velvet cushions smoking his Cavour, his eyes half-shut, smiling with casual benevolence, he looked incapable of action, and as if he did not know whether he were alone or not, and cared less. And yet, he had a record of activity behind him; he always inspired activity in others; he was rarely without a large and devoted following. He it was who drew 'the boys' from Munich to Florence, and from Florence to Venice, and 'the boys' have passed into the history of art. And he it also was who packed them off again before they learned how easy it is to be content in Venice without doing anything; though I fancied he was rather glad to indulge in that content himself. That he had not quite reached the point of idling all day, but was busy over his Venetian etchings, I knew from J., who spent many hard-working hours in his studio, while I stared from the windows of the Casa Kirsch, making believe I was gathering material; or strolled on the Riva pre-

tending to market for my mid-day meal, although the baker was almost next door, and the man from whom I bought the little dried figs, that nowhere are so dried and shriveled up as in Venice, was seldom more than a minute away.

We were never alone with Inglehart at the Orientale. The American Consul dropped in, as he had for so many years that half his occupation would have gone if he had n't dropped in any longer. Martin joined us because he loved to argue anybody into a temper; and, as he was an awful bore, succeeded so well with most people that he could not understand or accept his failure with Inglehart, and was forever coming back, making himself a bigger bore than ever by trying again. But Shinn was the only man I ever knew to put Inglehart into a temper, and that was by asking him deferentially one night if he did not think St. Mark's a very fine church; the next minute, however, calming him down by inviting him out 'in my gandler.'

Arnold found the caffè as comfortable a place to sleep in as any other. Like Sancho Panza, he had a talent for sleeping. He had made his name and fame as one of the Harvard baseball team in I-will-not-say-what year, and sleep had been his chief occupation ever since. He was supposed to be in Venice to study with Inglehart, at whose studio he arrived regularly at the same hour every morning. And as regularly he was snoring before he had been sitting in front of his easel for ten minutes. Inglehart would come round, shake him, and, before he slept again, put a touch to his study. Then Inglehart would work on until he had finished it and, unless it slid off the canvas with the quantity of bitumen he used (there was a story of the beautiful eyes in a beautiful portrait sliding down into the chin of the pretty girl who was posing), Arnold,

waking up, would carry off the painting, unconscious that he had not finished it. Nobody can say how many Ingleharts are masquerading at home as Arnolds, while their owners wonder why Arnold has never since done any work a tenth as good.

The one thing that roused him was baseball, and he was in fine form on the afternoons when he and a few other enthusiasts spent an hour or so on the Lido for practice. The Englishmen did not much believe in the stories they heard of him as a baseball player. It was not easy for anybody to believe that a man who was always tumbling off to sleep on the slightest provocation could play anything decently. But I was told that one day he was wide enough awake to be irritated, and he bet a dinner he could pitch the swell British cricketer among them three balls, not any one of which he could catch. And on Easter Monday they all went over to the Lido. The Briton asked for a high ball; it skimmed along near the ground and then rose over his head as he stooped for it. He asked for a low one; it came straight for his nose and, when he dodged, it dropped and went between his legs. He asked for a medium one; it curved away out to the right, he rushed for it, it curved back again and took him in the manly bosom. The rest of the Britons and 'the boys,' they say, enjoyed the dinner more than he did.

But most constant of our little party was Jobbins, our one Englishman, or, rather, the one Englishman we tolerated, who came in late to the Orientale — where, or if, he dined none of us could say — with the stool and canvas and paint-box he had been carrying about all day from one *campo*, or *calle*, or *canale*, to another, in search of a subject. The trouble with Jobbins was that he had passed too brilliantly through South Kensington to do the

teaching for which he was trained, or anything but paint great pictures, the subjects for which he could never find; his mistake was to want to paint them in Venice where there is nothing to paint that has not been painted hundreds, or thousands, or millions, of times before; and his misfortune was not to find in adversity the comfort and hope which the philosopher believes to be its reward. He had become, in consequence, the weariest man who breathed. It made me tired to look at him. Later on he was given a good post as teacher somewhere in India, but he lived such a short time to enjoy it, that I was sure he was homesick for Venice and the search after the impossible, and the old days when he was so abominably hard-up that even J. and I were richer. Of the complete crash by which we all gained, — including the man who got the Whistler painted on the back of a Jobbins panel, — I still have reminders in the brass plaque and bits of embroideries and brocades which J. bought to help save the situation, at the risk of creating a new one from which somebody would have to save us.

For all his weariness, Jobbins looked ridiculously young. He insisted that this was what lost him his one chance of selling a picture. He was painting in the Frari, a subject he vainly hoped was his own, when an American family of three came and stared over his shoulder. 'Why, it's going to be a picture!' the small child discovered. 'And he such a boy, too!' the mother marveled. 'Then it can't be of any value,' the father said in the loud, cheerful voice in which American and English tourists in Venice make their most personal comments, convinced that nobody can understand, though every other person they meet is a fellow countryman.

A story used to be told of Bunney at

work in the Piazza, on his endless study of St. Mark's for Ruskin, one cold winter morning, when three English girls, wrapped in furs, passed. One stopped behind him. 'Oh, Maud! Ethel!' she called, 'do come back and see what this poor shivering old wretch is doing.'

The talk in our corner of the Orientale kept us in the past until I began to fear that, just as some people grow prematurely gray, so J. and I, not a year married, had prematurely reached the time for creeping in close about the fire — or a caffè table — and telling gray tales of what we had been. It was a very different past from that which tourists were then bullied by Ruskin into believing should alone concern them in Venice. We were not tourists, we were none of us seeing sights, being far too busy doing the work we were there to do; and for us 'the boys' gave the date which over-shadowed every other in Venetian history. Nothing that had happened in Venice before or after counted, though 'the boys' were a good deal over-shadowed by Whistler, who had been there with them for a while.

It was extraordinary how the Whistler tradition had developed and strengthened in the little more than four years since he had left Venice. Not only at the Orientale, but at any caffè where two or three artists were gathered together, Whistler stories were certain, sooner or later, to be told. It was then we first heard the goldfish story, and the devil-in-the-glass story, and the Wolkoff-pastel story, and the farewell-feast story, and the innumerable stories pigeon-holed by 'the boys' for future use, and so recently told by J. and myself in the greatest story of all — the story of his Life — that it is too soon for me to tell them again.

As I did not at the time know Whistler, I shared the popular idea of him as a man who might be ridiculed, abused,

feared, hated, anything rather than loved. But to my astonishment, none of them could speak of him without affection. 'Not a bad chap,' Jobbins would forget his weariness to say, 'not half a bad chap!' And one night he told one of the few Whistler stories not yet told in print. 'He rather liked me,' said Jobbins, 'liked to have me about, and to help on Sundays when he showed his pastels. But that was n't my game, you know, and I got tired of it, and one Sunday when lots of people were there and he asked me to bring out that drawing of a calle with tall houses, and away up above clothes hung out to dry, and a pair of trousers in the middle, I said, "Have you got a title for it, Whistler?" "No," he said. "Well," I said, "call it an Arrangement in Trousers," and everybody laughed. I'd have sneaked away, for he was furious. But he would n't let me, kept his eye on me, though he did n't say a word until they'd all gone. Then he looked at me rather with that Shakespeare fellow's *Et tu Brute* look: "Why, Jobbins, you, who are so amiable!" That was all. No, not half a bad chap.'

Now and then, talk of 'the boys,' reminding Inglehart of his own student days, would lead him into more personal reminiscences, when the stories were of his adventures — sometimes on Bavarian roads, singing and fiddling his way from village to village; sometimes in Bavarian convents, teaching drawing to pretty novices and kept in order by stern Reverend Mothers; sometimes in American towns painting the earliest American mural decorations — and he could have painted many more if the difficulty of deciding upon a subject and, after he did decide, getting more than one figure into the design, had not kept him from carrying out the first big twelve-thousand-dollar commission ever given to any body in America. And he probably

would have plunged us into still deeper depths of reminiscence and romance but for the descent upon Venice of the men from Munich.

They were only three, McFarlane, Anthony, and Thompson, but they had not journeyed all the way from Munich to talk about 'the boys' and to drop sentimental tears over old love-tales. They were off on an Easter holiday and meant to make the most of it. Because Inglehart was Inglehart, they gave up the gayer caffè in the Piazza to be with him in the sleepy old Orientale. But they were not going to let it stay a sleepy old Orientale if they could help themselves. Their very first evening Inglehart ordered two glasses of milk — to steady his nerves, he said, though he politely attributed the unsteadiness to the tea he had been drinking. People drifted to our room from outside, and from the new room, to see what the noise was about, until there was not a table to be had. The old Englishman and his son put down the *Standard* and laughed with us. The caramei man went away with an empty tray, I do believe the only time he was ever bought out in his life; and McFarlane treated us all to *tamarindo* to drink with the fruit, and he wound up his extravagance by buying a copy of the Venetian paper 'the boys' used to call the *Barabowow*.

Nor did the transformation end here. The men from Munich were so smart, that we were shocked into the consciousness of our shabbiness. Inglehart, who had been happy in an old ulster with holes in the pockets and rips in the seams, dazzled the caffè by appearing in a jaunty spring overcoat. J. exchanged his old trousers with a green stain of acid down the leg for the new pair he had hitherto worn only when he went to call on the Bronsons, or to dine with Mr. Horatio Brown, where I could not go because I was so

much more hopelessly shabby. But in the Merceria I could at least supply myself with gloves and veils; while Jobbins unearthed a fresh cravat from somewhere. And we began to feel apologetic for the shabbiness and general down-at-heelness of Venice which was boring the men from Munich to extinction — really they were so bored, they said, that all day they found themselves looking forward to the caramei man as the town's one excitement.

I thought the illuminations on Easter Sunday evening — when the Piazza was 'a fairyland in the night,' and the music deafened us, and the Bengal lights blinded us — would help to give them a livelier impression; but though they came with us to Florian's it was plain they pitied us for being so pleased. They could n't, for the life of them, see why the place had been cracked up by Ruskin. Nothing was right. The language was not worth learning. At the Panada, after we had given our order for dinner, McFarlane would murmur languidly, '*Lo stesso*,' which he declared the one useful word in the Italian dictionary; to it Thompson added a mysterious '*Sensa crab*,' when Rossi suggested '*Piccoli fees*,' under the delusion that he was talking English. Anthony was quite content with the vocabulary the other two supplied him. The climate was as deplorable: either wet and cold, when the Italian *scaldino* was n't a patch on the German stove, and a gondola became a freezing machine; or warm and enervating so that they could n't keep awake.

They dozed in their gondola, they yawned in St. Mark's and the Ducal Palace and all the other places Camillo, their gondolier, was inhuman enough to wake them up to look at. The beauty of Venice was exaggerated, or if they did come to a bit that made them pull their sketch-books out of their pockets,

Camillo was at once bothering them to do it from just where Guardi, or Canaletto, or Rico, or Whistler, or Ruskin, or some other old boy had painted, etched, or drawn it. But it was Venetian art that got most on their nerves. They had given it a fair chance. 'Trot out your Tintoretos,' they said to Camillo every morning; and he carried them off to the Palace, and the Academy, and more churches than they thought there were in the world, and at last to the Scuola di San Rocco. And there a solemn man in spectacles took them in hand. They said to him, too, 'Trot out your Tintoretos,' and he led them up to a big, dingy canvas, and they said, 'Trot out your next,' and they went the rounds of them all, and they asked, 'Where's your Inglehart?' and he said he had never heard of Inglehart, and they said, 'Why, he's here!' and they left him hunting, and were back in their gondola in ten minutes; and they guessed they could do with Rubens! I trembled to think of the shock to tourists, religiously studying Baedeker and Ruskin, could they have heard the men of Munich talk of art and of Venice.

Perhaps their disappointment in Venice was the reason of their preoccupation with Munich. Certainly 'Now at Munich,' was the beginning and end of the talk, as 'when the boys were here' had been before they came. They would not admit that anything good could exist outside of Munich. I remember Inglehart once suggesting that Paris was the best place for the student, to whom it was a help just to see what was going on round him. 'But what does go on round the student there?' McFarlane interrupted. 'It's all fads in Paris. What do they talk about in Paris to-day but values? [This, remember, was a quarter of a century ago.] That's all they teach the student, all they think of. Look at

Lesling's picture last year. They all raved over it, said it was the *clou* of the Salon, medaled it, bought it for the Luxembourg, and I don't know what all. And what was it? — Pale green sheep in the foreground, pale green mountains in the background, so pale you could shoot peas through them. That's what you have to do now to make a success in Paris — get your values so that you can shoot peas through 'em. And what will it be tomorrow? And what help is it to the student anyway?'

What the student saw going on round him in Munich was, as well as I could make out, chiefly balls and pageants. To this day I cannot help thinking of life in Munich as one long spectacle. Inglehart, who could talk with calmness of his painting, was stirred to animation when he recalled the parts he had played in it. He could not conceal his pride in his success as a South Sea Islander, achieved by the simple means of burnt Sienna rubbed into him so vigorously that it took months to get it out again, and a blanket which he mislaid toward morning so that his walk home at dawn, like a savage skulking in the shadows, was a triumph of realism. Pride, too, colored his account of his appearance as a socialist carpenter inciting to riot in the streets of an elaborate Old Munich, the origin of Old London and Old Paris and all the sham old towns that exhibitions have long since staled for us. But his masterpiece was his dissipated gentleman, like all masterpieces a marvel of simplicity. He hired evening clothes, he rolled in the gutter on his way to the ball, and it was done; but the art, he said, was in the rolling, and his was so masterly that at the door he was mistaken for the real thing and, if friends had not come up just in time, the door would have been shut in his face.

He was as enthusiastic over the

Charles V ball, though all the artists of Munich contributed to its splendor, working out their costumes with such respect for truth and so regardless of cost, that for months and years afterwards, not a bit of old brocade or lace was to be had in the antiquity shops of Bavaria. And the students were responsible for the siege of an old castle outside the town and, in their archaeological ardor, persuaded the Museum to lend the armor and arms of the correct date, and, in their appreciation of the favor, fought with so much restraint that the casualties were a couple of spears snapped.

And from the studios came the inspiration for that ball Munich talks of to this day, in which all the nations were represented. There was a Hindu temple, a Chinese pagoda, an Indian wigwam. But the crowning touch was the Esquimaux hut. Placed in a hall apart, at the foot of a great stairway, it was built of some composition in which pitch was freely used, lit by tallow candles, and hung with herrings offered for sale by nine Esquimaux dressed in wool for skins. All evening the hut was surrounded; only toward midnight could the crowd be induced to move on to some fresh attraction. In the moment's lull one of the Esquimaux was tying up a line of herrings; he brushed a candle with his arm. In a second he was blazing. Another ran to his rescue. In another second the hut was a furnace and nine men were in flames, with pitch and wool for fuel. One of the few people still lounging about the hut, fearing a panic, gave the signal to the band, who struck up *Carmen*. Never again, McFarlane said, had he listened to the music of *Carmen*, never again could he listen to it, without seeing the burning hut, the men rushing out of it with the flames leaping high above them, tearing at the blazing wool, in their agony turning and twisting as in

some wild fantastic dance, while above the music he could hear the laughter of the crowd, who thought it a joke — a new scene in the spectacle. He snatched a rug from somewhere and tried to throw it over one of the men, but the man flew past to the top of the great stairway. There he was seized and rolled over and over on the carpet until the flames were out. He got up, walked downstairs, asked for beer, drank it to the dregs, and fell dead with the glass in his hand, the first freed from his agony. Of the nine but two survived. Seven lay, with their hut, a charred heap on the ground, before the laughing crowd realized what a pageant of horror Fate had planned.

Munich stories, before the night was over, had to be washed down with Munich beer which at that time as still, I fancy, was best at Bauer's. By some unwritten law, inscrutable as the written, though I might sit all evening the only woman at our table in the Orientale, — oftener than not the only woman in the caffè, — it was not the thing for me to go on to Bauer's. Therefore, first, the whole company would see me home. It was a short stroll along the Riva, and so beautiful were the April nights that the men from Munich could not hold out against the enchantment of Venice in spring. I felt it a concession when McFarlane admitted the loveliness of Venice by starlight, and I knew the game of boredom was up when, in this starlight, he decided that, after all, there might be more in the Tintoretto's than he thought; if only he had time to study them. But Easter holidays do not last forever, and the day soon came when the men from Munich had to go back to where all was for the best in the best of all towns, but where no doubt, on the principle that we always prefer what we have not got at the moment, they told the fellows in the Bier Kellars that only in Venice

was life worth while, that Rubens was dingy, and that they guessed they could do with Tintoretto.

Somehow, we were never the same after they left us; not, I fancy, because we missed them, but because we could hold out still less against the spring. When the sun was so warm and the air so soft, when in the little canals wisteria bloomed over high brick walls, when boat-loads of flowers came into Venice with the morning, when at noon the Riva was strewn with sleepers, — then indoors and work became an impertinence. J. and Inglehart no longer stayed in the studio. I gave up collecting material from my window and lunch from the Riva. Jobbins interrupted his search, Martin his argument, the Consul his dropping-in.

There was never a fête in the Piazza that we were not there, watching or walking with the bewildering procession of elegant young Venetians, and peasants from the mainland, and officers, and soldiers, and gondoliers with big caps set jauntily on the curls, and beautiful girls in the gay fringed shawls that have disappeared from Venice and the wooden shoes that once made an endless patter along the Riva but are heard no more, and Greeks, and Armenians, and priests, and beggars, passing up and down between the arcades and the caffè tables overflowing far into the square: St. Mark's more unreal than ever in its splendor, with its domes and galleries and traceries against the blue of the Venetian night.

There was never a side-show on the Riva that we did not interrupt our work to go and see it; whether it was the circus in the little tent, with the live pony, the most marvelous of all sights in Venice; or the acrobats tumbling on their square of carpet; or the blindfolded, toothless old fortune-teller, whose shrill voice I can still hear mumbling '*Una volta soltanta per*

Napoli!' when she was asked if Naples, this coming summer, as the last, would be ravaged by cholera. She was right, for in the town, cleaned out of picturesqueness, cholera could not again do its work in the old wholesale fashion.

There was never an excursion to the islands that we did not join it. To visit some of the farther islands was not so easy in those days, except for tourists with a fortune to spend on the gondolas that we could not afford; and we were grateful to the occasional little steamboat that undertook to get us there, though it meant going with a crowd and a brass band, for all the world like an excursion to Coney Island. But the Lagoon was as beautiful from a steamboat as from a gondola, the sails of the fishing-boats touching it with as brilliant color, the islands lying as peacefully upon its shining waters, the bells of the many *campanili* coming as sweetly to our ears, the sky above as pure and radiant; and it mattered not how we reached the islands, they were as enchanting when we landed.

There was one wonderful day at Torcello, where nothing could mar the loveliness of its solitude and desolation; its old cathedral full of strange mosaics and stranger memories; the green space in front that was once a piazza, tangled with blossoms and sweet-scented in the May sunshine; the purple hills on the mainland melting into the pale sky. And there was another at Burano, with its rose-flushed houses and gardens and traditions of noise and quarrels, and girls who followed the boat on the bank and pelted us with roses, until Jobbins vowed he would go and live there — and he did, but a market-boat brought him back in a week. And there were days at Chioggia, the canals alive with fishing-boats, and the banks with fishermen mending their nets; and at Murano, busy and beautiful both with the throb of its glass furnaces and the

peace of the fields where the dead sleep; and on the Lido where green meadows were sprinkled with daisies and birds were singing. More wonderful were the nights, coming home, when the gold had faded from sea and sky, the palaces and towers of Venice rose low on the horizon as in a city of dreams, the Lagoon was turned by the moon into a sheet of silver, lights like great fireflies stole over the water, ghostly gondolas glided past, — then we were the real lotus-eaters drifting to the only lotus-land where all things have rest.

The fussy little steamboat, I found, could rock ambition to sleep as well as a gondola, and life seemed to offer nothing better than an endless succession

of days and nights spent on its deck, bound for wherever it might bear us. But only the Venetian has the secret of doing nothing with nothing to do it on, and if J. and I were to hope for figs with our bread, or even for bread by itself, we had to move on to the next place where work awaited us. And so the last of our nights in Venice came, before spring had ripened into summer, and the last of our mornings when porters again scrambled for our bags, and there were again yells; but this time of '*Partenza!*' and '*Pranta!*' and the train hurried us away from the Pandada and the Orientale and the Lagoon to a world where no lotus grows and life is all labor.

THE SUNSET OF THE CONFEDERACY

VIII

BY MORRIS SCHAFF

I

AND now, as Lee sits there by the roadside with those two earthy, incarnated spirits frustrated, we find the reason why nothing Longstreet can say assuages his troubled mind; and why the idea of surrender is so galling.

Inasmuch as these spirits were not frustrated by Grant, but primarily and inexorably by our country's destiny, in this lies the significance of Lee's fortune. Oh Fate! you never drew a harder lot than that you drew for him. For he did not believe in Slavery at all; in fact, to him it was repulsive, and an

institution antagonistic to the South's ultimate political weal; yet you put him at the head of the last struggle between Slavery and Freedom in this world!

This speculation as to the temperamental and ingrained qualities of Lee may be wide of the mark; but I think not; for, as sure as we live, such lofty pride and burning enthusiasm are what we have a right to expect when the sterling in human character rings true. This, at least, we know indisputably, that the one thing he dreaded, and was ready to lay his life down rather than submit to, was humiliation; and let us

be thankful that a place has been provided in human breasts for that kind of pride, a pride which rebels at abasement and — what is almost as intolerable — patronizing, sniffing condescension, come from whomsoever, or how, it may. And while you and I, Reader, may not even dream of putting ourselves in the company of the great, yet, in so far as we have that virtue and show it when we should, we claim, with uncovered heads in their presence, a common brotherhood.

And now, before the narrative journeys on, one final word as to Lee. Had the war ended favorably for the South, he would inevitably have been called upon and forced to head a government which, however victorious, in the very nature of things could not have enjoyed peace. For so long as Slavery existed, it would have had its implacable enemies; and sooner or later, torn by internal dissensions, the Border States would, one after another, on account of commercial advantages, have deserted the Confederacy; and it is a question whether Lee's fame, military and political, would not have been left a sad wreck. But be this as it may, the failure of the Confederacy broke the heartstrings of thousands of high-minded Southerners, and I believe that it broke Lee's very heart itself, and the wonder is that death did not come sooner.

Conversation between Longstreet and Lee as to Grant's prospective terms continued in broken sentences till Babcock was seen approaching, and then, as Lee still seemed apprehensive of humiliating demands, Longstreet suggested to him that in that event he should break off the interview and tell Grant to do his worst. The thought of another round seemed to brace him, and he rode with Colonel Marshall to meet the Union commander. So closes Longstreet's account of that incident.

Lee directed Marshall to find a suitable house for the conference, and he chose McLean's, the best in the town, a brick building with elms and locusts about it, and rose-bushes blooming on the lawn. With a cool, inviting veranda, it stood facing west, the last in the village.

Marshall sent his orderly back to notify Lee, and he and Babcock soon were seated in the parlor, the left-hand room as you enter the hall. Meanwhile, Traveller's humane groom removed his bit, and he began to nip the fresh springing grass in the dooryard, while Babcock's orderly sat mounted out in the road, to notify Grant on his arrival. Ord, Sheridan, Custer, Griffin, and with him my friend Merrill, and their staffs, were up the road, only a few hundred yards away, and in full view.

Grant, after dispatching Babcock, mounted at once and followed the Walker's Church Road till he came to the La Grange Road. This he took to the left, and then struck down across Plain Run to the Lynchburg Road. As he passed the left of the First New York Dragoons, some one shouted, 'There comes General Grant.'

He rode directly to Sheridan's group, saying as he drew rein, 'How are you, Sheridan?'

'First-rate, thank you, how are you?' replied Sheridan, with an expressive smile; and then he told Grant what had happened, and that he believed it was all a ruse on the part of the Confederates to get away.

But Grant answered that he had no doubt of the good faith of Lee, and asked where he was.

'In that brick house,' responded Sheridan.

'Well, then, we'll go over,' said Grant; and asked them all to go along with him.

This must have been about one o'clock, for Lyman says that 'at 2:20

Colonel Kellogg, Sheridan's chief commissary, accompanied by a member of Lee's staff, brought a note from Grant to Meade to suspend hostilities.'

Cincinnati, sired by the King of the Turf, Lexington, with his delicate ears, high and thoroughbred port, led the way, and at his side was Rienzi, carrying Sheridan. For some reason or other, perhaps because as a boy I played with the colts on the old home farm, those horses, from the day I saw Grant on Cincinnati and Sheridan on Rienzi in the Wilderness, have seemed like acquaintances to me; and now it pleases my fancy to put them with Traveller in a pasture, far, far beyond the reach of thundering guns or lamenting bugles, — a pasture that remains eternally green.

As Grant mounted the steps and entered the hall, Babcock, who had seen his approach, opened the door. Sheridan, Ord, and the other officers remained outside and took seats on two benches, one on either side of the door, and the steps of the veranda.

Grant, about five feet eight inches tall, his square shoulders inclined to stoop, was without a sword, wore a soldier's dark-blue flannel blouse, displaying a waistcoat of like material, and ordinary top-boots with trousers inside. Boots and clothing were spattered with mud, and, in his memoirs, with his usual unstudied frankness, he says, 'In my rough traveling suit, the uniform of a private, with the straps of a lieutenant-general [bullion-bordered rectangles, holding on their ground of black velvet one large and two smaller stars], I must have contrasted strangely with a man so handsomely dressed, six feet high, and of faultless form. But this was not a matter that I thought of until afterwards.'

Never was a great man less self-conscious than he, though, as I have observed elsewhere, while at the head of

the Army of the Potomac, he maintained his dignity day in and day out, without charging the air of his headquarters with the usual pompous military fuss. This I know from experience, and although I was a mere boy, had he shown any affectations I believe I should have noticed them.

The kind and cut of his beard, deep-brown in shade, the way his hair lay, and the outline of his face, are familiar; but his eyes, so charitably direct, and his voice, so softly vibrant, veracious and sweet, must have been seen and heard to be duly appreciated. Under the depths of his quiet and modest reserve, lay a persistent and intense doggedness of purpose, as prompt and unconquerable as Lee's pride and burning enthusiasm. And thus strangely balanced, stood those types and creations of American society of their generation, facing each other.

'Grant greeted Lee very civilly,' says Marshall; and I have no doubt that he and his superb kinsman and chief at once felt the charm of that gentle, inflexible composure which every crowned head of the world, who afterward met him, felt and remarked upon.

Lee said to Grant, with his customary urbanity, that he remembered him well in the old army; to which Grant, with his usual modesty, replied that he remembered *him* perfectly, but thought it unlikely that he had attracted Lee's attention sufficiently to be remembered after such a long interval.

Lee soon found himself in a stream of pleasant reminiscence with Grant about the Mexican War; and it could not have been otherwise, for there was something so quietly companionable in Grant's manner that every one whom he met informally and socially always joined him in his unpremeditated talk. And I think I can see Lee's brown, vigilant eyes kindle with inquisitive wonder as, in the course of their con-

versation, they fell on him. The same wonder had been in Meade's and every old officer's eyes, save Sherman's, since Grant's star broke through its dark eclipse. Here stood the man whose marvellous career had started wave after wave of camp-gossip in both armies, — the hero of Fort Donelson, Vicksburg, and Chattanooga, — now about to receive the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia, and leave a name shining unchallenged and unclouded at the climax of the war; and yet, in the full glow of this impending fame, mild, unconscious of self, and unpretentious.

It was Lee who finally had to remind Grant of the object of their meeting and suggest that he put his terms in writing, — another proof of Grant's inherent delicacy, which made him reluctant to broach a painful subject.

Grant asked for his manifold order-book and, on receiving it, took a seat at the little centre-table and rapidly, with only a single momentary pause, wrote his terms. He says that when he put his pen to its task, he did not know the first word he should make use of in writing. The terms were as follows: —

APPOMATTOX CT. H., VA., *April 9, 1865.*

GENERAL R. E. LEE,

Commanding C. S. A.

GENERAL: In accordance with the substance of my letter to you of the 8th inst., I propose to receive the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia on the following terms, to wit: Rolls of all the officers and men to be made in duplicate, one copy to be given to an officer to be designated by me, the other to be retained by such officer or officers as you may designate. The officers to give their individual paroles not to take up arms against the Government of the United States until properly [exchanged], and each company or regimental commander to sign a like parole for the men of their com-

mands. The arms, artillery, and public property to be parked and stacked, and turned over to the officers appointed by me to receive them. This will not embrace the side-arms of the officers nor their private horses or baggage. This done, each officer and man will be allowed to return to his home, not to be disturbed by the United States authorities so long as they observe their paroles, and the laws in force where they may reside.

Very respectfully,

U. S. GRANT, Lieutenant-General.

When he came to the end of the sentence closing with 'appointed by me to receive them,' he raised his eyes, and they fell on Lee's lion-headed, stately sword, and then he wrote, 'This will not embrace the side-arms of the officers nor their private horses.' Grant probably thought of Traveller, and the pang it would give him to part with Cincinnati were he in Lee's place.

It is needless for me to point out the significance of the last sentence, binding as it did the passions, and pledging the honor, of his country. In short, it meant that there should be no judicial bloodshed, no gibbets, and no mourning exiles. These terms, in the light of all that might have happened after the assassination of Mr. Lincoln, which took place within five days of the surrender, lent elevation, repose, and dignity to humanity, and, I have no doubt, the eyes of the country's guardian angel welled with tears of joy.

Grant finishes the terms, rises, goes to Lee and hands him the open order-book. Remaining seated, Lee lays it on the table beside him and with deliberation takes out his spectacles and adjusts them. Slowly and carefully he reads line after line. All eyes are on Lee. A hush, silent as death, prevails. And lo! a storm-beaten figure is at the door, haggard and in ravaged gar-

ments. It is easy to read in her face that it was once the playground of passion; it is easy to see the ashes of burned-out hopes in those blood-shot but once soaring eyes; and it is easy to see, too, where care has ploughed deeply her once rose-blooming cheeks. With lean hand and long, trembling finger, her eyes flashing the urgency of immediate compliance, she beckons imperatively across the room to Destiny. With his still and inevitably onward step he makes his way toward her. Clutching him close, she whispers in quick, feverish breath, 'What paper is that he is reading?'

'Who are you?' Destiny asks, fixing his cold gray eyes on her.

'I am the Spirit of Four Years Ago. It was I who made their capitals ring as state after state left the Union, I who fired the first shot at Sumter. It was I who beat the Long Roll at every cross-road and before every door of the Southland. Awake, awake! Come back, come back, oh, drum-throbbing days! But what paper is that he is reading? I am persuaded there must be something dire in it, for I hear the bell in my breast sounding a knell.'

'Those are Grant's terms for the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia.'

'Stop him! stop him!' screamed the spirit wildly.

Destiny shook his head; she staggered backward, death rattled in her throat. But, as she was about to fall, Charity put her kindly arms about her and then, stroking her tired brow, led her away.

Barely have they cleared the door when another figure appears, gaunt, blood-stained, reeking of the lair, with inveterate malice in his hard, hard, face. He needs no Plutonic herald to proclaim him Revenge. But see that darkening frown on the noble countenance of Magnanimity as he ap-

proaches the newcomer and asks in subdued tones, loaded with reproach, 'What are *you* doing here?'

'What does Grant mean,' growled the figure, 'by giving such terms to these God-damned rebels?'

'Rebels, God-damned rebels!' exclaimed Magnanimity; 'why, they are kith and kin! sons of Washington, Jefferson, Marshall, Madison, and Pinckney! Oh, you miscreant!'

He seized Revenge and flung him far; and great Nature approvingly allowed his crunching bones to break her silence as he fell on the jagged cliffs of Hate. Courage and Manliness greeted their brother proudly as he reëntered the door, and Mercy, 'the sweetest virtue ever ascribed to God or man,' walked up to him and, lifting her smiling face, put her hand in his.

When Lee came to the end he raised his eyes, looked at Grant, and remarked, 'This will have a very happy effect upon my army.'

Grant then said he would have the terms copied in ink, unless he had some suggestions to make. Lee replied, one only, — that the cavalry and artillerymen owned their own horses, and he would like to understand whether or not they would be allowed to retain them. Grant told him the terms as written would not allow of this, but, as he thought this was about the last of the war, he would instruct the officers in carrying them out to allow every one claiming to own a horse or a mule to take the animal to his home, so that they could put in a crop to tide them through the next winter, which he feared might be one of want and suffering, owing to the wide devastation.

Lee is reported to have said then, 'This will have the best possible effect upon the men. It will be very gratifying, and will do much toward conciliating our people.'

When on my visit to Appomattox last autumn, I had proof of Lee's prophecy from the lips of one of Virginia's well-bred matrons, the wife of Colonel Abbitt, who commanded a regiment in Wise's brigade. During a call of respect to her and her mild-faced, battle-trying husband (we were on the porch; before us a long-stemmed red dahlia was in bloom, the shadows of venerable oaks mottled the sward, and the old plantation lay dreaming), she said, with gentle voice, 'I never like to hear our people speak unkindly of Grant, for the armies had stripped us of everything we had in the way of food, and I think the supplies we got from the officers he left saved us from almost starving. No, I never like to hear any one abuse Grant.'

The terms were put in writing by Colonel Parker of Grant's staff, a full-blooded Indian, a chief of the historic Six Nations, whose empire England, in the early days, had recognized. Parker's stature was imposing — he was as tall as Lee and heavier; his eyes were coal-black, and his face had the broad commanding features of his race. He carried the table which Grant had used to the opposite corner of the room, and Colonel Marshall, a son of Lee's sister, and a gentleman through and through, let him have his small box-wood inkstand and pen.

While Parker was copying the terms, Ord, Sheridan, Rawlins, and others, were presented to Lee, but the only one whom he greeted with any cordiality was Seth Williams; to the others he bowed formally. When Williams, with his usual spontaneous spirit of comradeship, referred to something amusing that had happened during their service together at West Point, one as adjutant, the other as superintendent, Lee's only response was a slight inclination of the head.

A paraphrase of what Grant says in

his memoirs of Lee and his manner at this interview, may be pertinent: namely, that Lee was a man of much dignity, and with a face so impassive that Grant did not know the character of his feelings, and that, whatsoever they may have been, they were entirely concealed from observation. He goes on to say: 'My own feelings, which had been quite jubilant on the receipt of his letter, were sad and depressed. I felt like anything rather than rejoicing at the downfall of a foe who had fought so long and valiantly and had suffered so much for a cause, though that cause was, I believe, one of the worst, for which there was the least excuse. I do not question, however, the sincerity of those who were opposed to us.'

The cause which Grant had in mind was obviously Slavery, and, while it was the primal cause of the war, yet the people of the South did not lay down their lives in defense of the right to buy and sell human beings, and to charge them now with that offense is to my mind basely calumnious. No; Slavery, as a lawfully acknowledged institution, went up with the smoke of the first house that was burned, and the animating principle then, and to the end, was the defense of home and of the rights of the states to govern themselves.

While the terms were being copied, Lee told Grant that he had a number of prisoners whom he should be glad to release, as he had no provisions for them or his own men, who had been living for the last few days on parched corn and what they could gather along the route. Grant asked him to send the prisoners within his lines, and said that he would take steps at once to have Lee's army supplied, but was sorry to say that he was entirely without forage for the animals. An inquiry as to the number of men to be fed Lee was unable to answer, and Grant asked, 'Sup-

pose I send over twenty-five thousand rations, will that be enough?’

‘More than enough,’ replied Lee.

Grant directed Morgan, his chief commissary, to see that Lee’s army was fed.

By this time the terms were copied, and when they were signed it was about half-past two or three o’clock. Lee shook hands with Grant, bowed to the other officers, and left the room. Colonel Paine of Ord’s staff says: ‘As Lee came out of the room, and stopped for a moment in the doorway, those of us on the porch arose and complimented him with the usual salute to a superior officer. He seemed pleased at this mark of respect and, looking to the right and the left, he raised his own hat in recognition of the attention. As he drew on a pair of apparently new gloves, he stood so close to me that his initials, worked in white silk on the guard of the gauntlet, were plainly observed.’

Having signaled for his horse, Lee stood on the lowest step of the veranda while the groom was rebridling him, and from time to time, his eyes resting on the leaning fields spotted by the colors of the army he had just surrendered, he smote his gauntleted hands together unconsciously. When Traveller was led up, he mounted him at once. Grant then stepped down from the veranda and, as he passed Lee, touched his hat. Lee returned the salute and rode away. Marshall says that, if General Grant and the officers who were present at the McLean house had studied how not to offend, they could not have borne themselves with more good breeding.

II

On Lee’s departure, General Grant mounted Cincinnati and, having ridden some distance, dismounted on being reminded that he had not notified the

War Department, called for pencil and paper, and telegraphed Stanton briefly that the Army of Northern Virginia had surrendered to him on terms proposed by himself. He then remounted and went to his headquarters, which meanwhile had been pitched on a knoll a mile or so up the road toward Appomattox Station.

When I visited the spot, on that misty morning already referred to, the ground about was covered almost knee-high with a stubble of tall, intermatted coarse grass and weeds, chiefly asters, with stunted white blossoms. Crawling here and there up through the grass and to the mist-drenched tops of the weeds, were vines like morning-glories, with now and then on their wavering stems a single bell-shaped, pink flower. The field, a pretty large one, declines to the east, and in the rising one beyond, a pasture dotted with trees and colonies of young sassafras and persimmon, stood an old deserted tobacco-house veiled in the mist. A herd of cattle, twenty or more, with bells of different tones, was grazing toward the south.

Almost as soon as Grant reached his headquarters, the trains carrying rations started on their humane mission, and with them went a hamper from Custer to his classmate ‘Gimlet’ Lee, colonel of a North Carolina regiment, and its historian says that Lee invited some of his officers to join him at luncheon. By the time the order announcing the surrender was promulgated, the rations were being issued. It was then nearly four o’clock.

Joy overflowed every heart of the Army of the Potomac when it was officially told that Lee’s army had surrendered. Men threw their hats in the air and cheered themselves hoarse, bands played, and officers, young and old, embraced each other, not in exultation over their foe, but because, at

last, after four long years in defense of their country, the end had come — victory with healing on its wings.

The official news reached Meade on Humphreys's front at five o'clock. Major Pease was the bearer of the happy tidings. Webb, Meade's chief of staff, at once led three cheers with swinging hat, and then three more for Meade, who of all men should have been present at the McLean house. He had been unwell and, for a good share of the day, had lounged in an ambulance; but on receipt of the joyful news he mounted his horse and, preceded by a bugler sounding triumphantly to clear the way, rode down through his men whom he had led so long and so well; and Lyman, who was riding at his side, records that the color-bearers brought up their flags and waved them, and that the patient, silent old Army of the Potomac burst into a frenzy of excitement, rushing to the sides of the road and shouting till his very ears rang with the cheering.

Pretty soon Wright ordered the heroic, brown-eyed Cowan, a man of noticeable presence and stature, whose ancestors brought him a child from the land of Wallace and Bruce, to fire a national salute. The guns began to roar, and Bernard of Petersburg, author of an interesting book entitled, *War Talks of Confederate Veterans*, who was on furlough, says that as he and his party, on their return, jogged along near Amherst Court House, the sound of distant artillery from the direction of Appomattox Court House reached their ears. 'But there was an ominous regularity in the firing of the guns.' The guns were Cowan's, and Grant, as soon as he heard them, sent orders forbidding salutes. Nature has her mysteries, and she has carefully hidden her final purposes from the ken of men, but in one respect she has been benignly open and wise, — she has left

the traits of the gentleman unmistakable to us all.

Lee, on riding back from the McLean house, established his headquarters for the afternoon by the roadside in the orchard. Now there is only a tree or two left on the southeasterly sloping field.

W. W. Blackford, in the appendix to the second volume of *Memoirs of the War*, a rare and valuable book,¹ says that his command, the Engineer Brigade, under the refined and scholarly Tallcott, was camped near by in the orchard. Blackford records: —

'There were many details about the surrender demanding attention, one of which was securing rations for the army from General Grant's supplies, and officers were going and coming all day. General Lee's staff were bivouacked in the shade of an apple tree near the road, and there Colonel Taylor or Colonel Venable received all visitors. General Lee was under the shade of a tree a little farther back, where he paced backward and forward all day long, looking like a caged lion. General Lee usually wore a plain undress uniform and no arms, except holsters-pistols; on this occasion, however, he had put on his full-dress uniform and sword and sash, and looked the embodiment of all that was grand and noble in man. We, the field officers of the First, occupied a tree near General Lee's staff. Colonel Tallcott had been a member of General Lee's staff up to the time he took command of our regiment, and consequently there was a good deal of social intercourse between regimental and army headquarters, and during this day we were all much together, so we were kept posted pretty fully about that all was going on.

'General Lee seemed to be in one of

¹ I am much indebted to Mr. R. C. Blackford, of Lynchburg, Virginia, for the privilege of quoting from this book.

his savage moods, and when these moods were on him it was safer to keep out of his way; so his staff kept to their tree, except when it was necessary to introduce the visitors. Quite a number came; they were mostly in groups of four or five, and some of high rank. It was evident that some came from curiosity, or, as friends in the old army, to see General Lee. But the General shook hands with none of them. It was rather amusing to see the extreme deference shown him by them. When he would see Colonel Taylor coming with a party toward his tree, he would halt in his pacing and stand at "attention" and glare at them with a look which few men but he could assume. They would remove their hats entirely and stand bareheaded during the interview, while General Lee sometimes gave a scant touch to his hat in return and sometimes did not even do that.'

At first sight, there is something a bit discordant in this account with the popular conception of Lee; but to me it only makes the man more real and adds to my admiration for him.

Out of the same mellow and blessed summer sky comes the growling thunder and the speeding lightning. What are we, if not human? Where is there any one, with a drop of red blood in his veins, who, with a cause so dear, and after leading an army like that of Northern Virginia so long and valiantly, could, in the face of what Lee had just gone through wear the look of a saint and curtain his natural feelings with a lace-work of hypocritical smiles,—and Cowan's guns booming,—above all, from the curious who, next to the shallow-pated, supercilious rich, are the most detestable of beings. No, unless a man was a walking diplomatic sham he could not suppress his feelings; on the contrary, God has set times for us all when anger's fires kindle quickly and blaze in every feature. I

am surprised that any of General Lee's old friends should, at that hour, have sought to renew acquaintance; they should have known better.

Late in the afternoon, when Gordon saw him mount Traveller to go to his permanent headquarters at the foot of the majestic oak that was waiting for him, he sent word for his men to give their loved commander a cheer as he passed, for he told them that Lee was feeling badly. Longstreet says:—

'From force of habit a burst of salutations greeted him, but quieted as suddenly as they rose. The road was packed by troops as he approached, the men with hats off, heads and hearts bowed down. As he passed they raised their heads and looked upon him with swimming eyes. Those who could find voice said, "Good-bye"; those who could not speak, and were near, passed their hands gently over the sides of Traveller. He rode with his hat off, and he had sufficient self-control to fix his eyes on a line between the ears of Traveller and look neither to right nor left until he reached a lone white oak tree, where he dismounted to make his headquarters and finally talked a little.'

Alexander records: 'He [Lee] told the men that in making the surrender he had made the best terms possible for them, and advised all to go to their homes, plant crops, repair the ravages of the war, and show themselves as good citizens as they had been good soldiers.' And all who were present say that tears were in his eyes. He then appointed Longstreet, Gordon, and Pendleton as commissioners to meet Gibbon, Griffin, and Merritt, of our army, to formulate details for carrying out the terms of capitulation.

Meanwhile Grant, according to Porter's most realistic account of what took place at the McLean house, seated himself in front of his tent, on

reaching camp. No cheers greeted him as he rode thither (had it been McClellan the army would have gone wild and their voices would have shaken the skies over him). Well, Grant seated himself in front of his tent, and what do you suppose he talked about? The surrender, of course. No, he turned to Ingalls and inquired, —

‘Ingalls, do you remember that old white mule that So-and-so used to ride when we were in the city of Mexico?’

‘Why, perfectly!’ exclaimed the diplomatic Ingalls, one of the best poker players of the old army, who, having to draw suddenly on his wits (it is barely possible that he had never even heard of the old mule before), filled his hand as usual.

Ingalls was clever. I used to look at him with a boy’s keen interest. A man of the world, true as steel to his friends, and a most efficient officer.

Grant, until supper was ready, went on recalling the antics of the long-eared, nimble-footed animal in those far-back times; times and mule doubtless evoked by his interview with Lee. His detached naturalness and summer calm in this hour of victory, I could not have believed possible, had I not seen him day after day on the field.

After supper, to the surprise and disappointment of his staff, who were looking forward to witnessing the ceremonial of surrender, Grant announced that on the following afternoon he proposed to start for Washington. He also expressed, with customary informality, his conviction that all the other Confederate armies would now lay down their arms and that peace would soon prevail. And thus, without vainglory, before his camp-fire on that knoll, where now the asters and the bind-weed bloom, Grant ended the great day when the sun of the Confederacy set, one among the greatest days, I think, in the annals of our country.

III

Meanwhile, night had fallen, and the camp-fires had been lit, but no moon or stars looked down softly on the field of the last act of the tragedy. For nature, as if in sympathy with the moods of the broken-hearted, had let fall a dark, responsive curtain, and the expanded heavens were black, draped as with a pall.

And now, as the bivouacs of the armies come into view, they are, as you see, on every slope and by every brook, their fires gleaming in the leafy margin of every wood and by the side of every road, each surrounded by figures of men, some upright, some prone, and many sitting with clasped knees; those in blue with dreamy joy, those in gray with sad and moistened eye. As all this breaks on my vision, a sense of loneliness comes over me. I know that I ought to feel glad, glad that Democracy has won her triumph, and that peace has come; but for some reason or other, as the field of Appomattox lies before me with its two old armies, the pitchy darkness fretted with their lonely camp-fires, my heart beats low and my eyes are swimming. Back come again those war days when, as a boy, I followed the flag; back come the nights of Chancellorsville, the Wilderness, Spottsylvania, and Cold Harbor; and the slender chords that nature has strung across the abysses of my weak heart are vibrating sadly.

And listen! The bands are playing ‘Home, Sweet Home.’

Come, dear Reader, let us withdraw, — the feeling is too tender; let us go beyond the reach of those pathetic notes, up to that oak-timbered ridge which rises steeply west of the Court House, and there sit till the bugles sound ‘taps.’

How the dry leaves scuffle under our feet as we disturb them in their quiet

beds! But here we are; let us sit down on this fallen stub, once in the vanguard of the venerable trees, to greet the morning sun. No wind is astir, and dogwood, oak, beech, maple, and gum about us are holding their blooming spring-time festival; for it is April. Deep is their silence; the Appomattox, which rises at their feet, is murmuring the news it will tell to the sea, and a little frog, free from man's troubles, pipes child-like in the sedges.

We can see nearly all of the campfires of the Army of the Potomac; there is Grant's, too; but we cannot see Lee's, for it is up in the woods at the foot of that large white oak. But we can see those of his men who are bivouacking on the gullied slopes that pitch down to the river. And how each one of them, as well as those of the Army of the Potomac, glows softly through the darkness like a lonely topaz! The sight of those fires, with all they mean, will outlast many a memory; for each one of our intellectual faculties has its own special treasure, and, thank God, should the winds of fortune blow too chill, the humblest farmer's boy can withdraw in his old age to the picture gallery of his youth!

Night with her noiseless step moves on. The fires are burning low. Hark! the first bugle is sounding 'taps,' and one by one the call is taken up in the camps. And let me tell you, Reader, that if you have never heard it blown on the field, you will not realize its depth; that call, to be at its best, must be heard on the edge of a battlefield and in the presence of an enemy. Then the night envelopes neighboring woods, and the vaulted starry skies seem to lend each lamenting note some of their own subdued loneliness. And now the last one is dying away — and the day is done.

But before we leave this spot, let us not forget that it is a Sunday night,

and that in many a country home, North and South, the little sleepy ones are assembled for evening prayer, and fathers, — or too often it is a pale, widowed mother, — on bended knees, with palm to palm, are thanking God for mercies, asking Him to watch over them during the night, imploring Him earnestly to bring peace once more to the land, and adding with low, trembling voice, a prayer that 'He will protect and guard the absent soldier-boy.'

To-morrow they will hear that the war is over. Speed, speed on, glad tidings to every door in the land! Unworthy as we are, let us kneel and join in a silent prayer of thankfulness that the end of the strife has come and that no more homes, North or South, will hear the blighting news of a son who has died in a hospital or been killed in battle; but ere we rise, let us ask Him to send his comforter to our enemies, the broken-hearted Confederates of the Army of Northern Virginia; and I think I can hear from every mountain range and every wave-washed beach a respondent, 'Amen, and Amen.'

A peevish voice hails, — it sounds like that of a carping professor of literature: 'I thought we were to have an account of a famous military campaign and he has led us to a prayer-meeting! He does not seem to have the first idea of true narrative continuity!' Well, perhaps not; but continuity or no continuity, which would you rather follow, a canal, or some insignificant rivulet wandering from field to field, which, although without depth, yet for a moment now and then, besides the actual mundane facts, reflects cloud and star, and once in a while breaks into a low little gurgle of its own?

The narrative might linger reflectively in the shadow of the four years of war that had been waged so bitterly by the two sleeping armies, sponsors now for all their absent, valiant dead;

and it might dwell, too, on what Appomattox meant in the way of progressive national life. But on it must go. As to what Appomattox meant, historically and politically, that I shall leave to other pens, with this single suggestion, that it is not in our country's stupendous growth and world-recognized power that the war finds its true measure. It has other terms than those of commerce and wealth. In short, it supplies to our countrymen what Grote says the Iliad did to the Greeks, 'a grand and inexhaustible object of common sympathy, common faith, and common admiration.'

Sleep on, then, Army of the Potomac and Army of Northern Virginia, and sleep well; your countrymen's 'common sympathy, common faith, and common admiration,' will, through the powers of mind and heart, camp you together on a field higher than this.

The next morning, a rain began that lasted for several days. Grant, with his staff, peace-loving Ord and Gibbon, set out, preceded by a white flag and bugler, to call on Lee. But on reaching the Confederate sentinels at the river, he was halted by them, as they had orders to allow no one to pass; they requested him to wait there till his presence could be made known to Lee. Grant and his party then turned to the little knoll at the left of the road: a tablet marks the spot. As soon as Lee heard that Grant had been stopped on his way to pay him his respects, he mounted and came down from his camp at a gallop, and as he rode he lifted his hat. Grant lifted his, and stepped Cincinnati forward; Lee wheeled Traveller to the left, and the staff fell back into a semi-circle, out of hearing.

There they talked for well-nigh an hour, and Grant says in his memoirs, that 'Lee referred to the extent of the Southern country and that the armies

of the North might have to march over it several times before the war entirely ended, but he hoped earnestly that that would not be necessary, involving, as it would, further destruction of property and useless sacrifice of life.' Grant, in view of this truth, suggested to him that if he would say the word, so great was his influence that every Confederate army would lay down its arms, and the suspended political life would soon resume its peaceful sway. To this Lee replied, with his usual reverence for authority, that he could not usurp executive functions without consulting Mr. Davis.

Marshall says that Lee observed to Grant, in the course of the interview, that if he had met him at Petersburg, or at any time later, they would have ended the war then and there. He does not give Grant's reply, but it was, doubtless, that he had orders from the War Department not to assume to make terms of peace, which Lee as a soldier would have recognized as a complete answer.

At the end of the interview, Lee requested that such explicit instructions be given to the commissioners as to paroles and the carrying out of the details of the terms that there might be no misunderstandings. He then lifted his hat and said good-bye.

He and Grant parted. They never met again.

The question as to who was the greater, Lee or Grant, is no longer an open one: the world has apparently decided irrevocably in favor of Lee. But, nevertheless, I cast my vote for Grant; and on the substantial ground that he was intuitively great; and I can think of no foundation for greatness so unchallengeable and so elemental as intuition.

Grant rode back to the McLean house, and there met Longstreet, Wilcox (who had been his groomsmen), Heth, Gordon, Pickett, and others, all

of whom except Gordon were fellow West Point men. Longstreet says that, 'as he was passing through the room, General Grant looked up, recognized me, rose, and with old-time cheerful greeting, gave me his hand, and after passing a few remarks offered a cigar, which was gratefully received.'

At noon Grant shook hands with all of the Confederates, saying goodbye, and then started for Washington, bivouacking that night at Prospect Station.

Meanwhile Meade, with his son George, Webb, and Colonel Theodore Lyman, had set out to see Grant, intending to pay his respects to his old friend Lee on the way. As Field, a large and handsome man, whose hair was very black and worn long, was in command where they entered the Confederate lines at New Hope Church, Meade went to his headquarters first. And here is what Lyman says in his diary:—

'He [Field] guided us to Lee's headquarters, in a small wood, and consisting only of a flag with a camp-fire before it. His baggage had perhaps been burnt the night before, along with much more; we saw many burnt wagons here and there. The rebel infantry was camped or rather bivouacked along the road, with their muskets stacked and the regimental colors planted. They appeared to have very little to eat and very few shelter tents. The number of men actually equipped seemed small, the bivouacs did not appear larger than those of a weak corps. Lee was away, but as we rode along we met him returning. He looked in a brown study, and gazed vacantly when Meade saluted him. But he recovered himself and said, —

"What are you doing with all that gray in your beard?"

"As to that, you have a great deal to do with it!" said our general promptly.

'Lee is a tall, strongly-made man, with a florid, but not fat, face. His thick hair and beard, now nearly white, are somewhat closely trimmed. His head is large and high, the eye dark, clear, and unusually deep. His expression is not that of genius or dash, but of wisdom, coolness, and great determination. His manners are courtly and reserved, now unusually so, of course. Though proud and manly to the last, he seemed deeply dejected. Meade talked with him some time.'

Meade then went on to the McLean house, hoping to find Grant, but he had left. While Lyman was talking to Gibbon, a voice behind him said, —

'How are you, Ted?'

It was 'Roonie' Lee, the General's second son, W. H. F., who had been a college mate of Lyman at Harvard. I never saw this son of General Lee, but often heard his old army friends speak of him with warm affection.

That night Lee sat before his camp-fire with Marshall, and told him to prepare an order to the troops, which on the following day was read and was in these terms.

April 10, 1865.

HEADQUARTERS, ARMY OF

NORTHERN VIRGINIA.

After four years of arduous service, marked by unsurpassed courage and fortitude, the Army of Northern Virginia has been compelled to yield to overwhelming numbers and resources. I need not tell the survivors of so many hard-fought battles, who have remained steadfast to the last, that I have consented to this result from no distrust of them, but, feeling that valor and devotion could accomplish nothing that could compensate for the loss that would have attended the continuation of the contest, I have determined to avoid the useless sacrifice of those whose past services have endeared them to their countrymen.

By the terms of the agreement, officers and men can return to their homes, and remain there until exchanged. You will take with you the satisfaction that proceeds from the consciousness of duty faithfully performed; and I earnestly pray that a merciful God will extend to you his blessing and protection.

With an increasing admiration of your constancy and devotion to your country, and a grateful remembrance of your kind and generous consideration of myself, I bid you an affectionate farewell.

R. E. LEE, General.

A few hours before Lee left, on the following morning, Captain Colston went to see him to say good-bye, and asked him as a favor to write his name on the fly-leaf of a New Testament which he had carried through the war. Lee willingly complied, and now the Testament, and the almost sacred autograph, are in Baltimore, and when death comes to the captain, may all the sweet promises of the book be realized.

Lee, about ten o'clock, accompanied by Marshall, Taylor, and Venable, rode off the field of Appomattox, off into the radiant field of glory; and I think the towering white oak followed him and Traveller with tender interest till they disappeared behind the timbered ridges of wildness and beauty in Buckingham. And who knows that on many and many a night, as the stars shone down, and all the younger generations of oaks, pine, and gum were asleep, the venerable, majestic tree did not commune with itself, wondering how it was going with Lee.

At an early hour on the following day, the 12th, General Chamberlain, of Maine, to whom the honor had been given of receiving the surrender of the arms and colors of Lee's forces, formed his division along the road from the Court House to the river. For reasons

that will unfold, I believe the selection of Chamberlain to represent the Army of the Potomac was providential in this, that he, in the way he discharged his duty, represented the spiritually real of this world. And by this I mean the lofty conceptions of what in human conduct is manly and merciful, showing in daily life in consideration for others, and on the battlefield linking courage with magnanimity and sharing an honorable enemy's woes.

The division he commanded was the first division of the old Fifth Corps, — Warren's, — the unfortunate Warren, to whom, however, with Chamberlain, had fallen the honor of saving Little Round Top and Gettysburg. And yet, mournful as was the grave that Warren filled, yet to clouds, wandering winds, and the glimmering silence of the marching stars, that little wooded hill at Gettysburg repeats with exultation the story of its broken-hearted hero.

Well, Chamberlain led his division to its post along the road; within a stone's throw flowed the Appomattox. On the right of his line stood the Thirty-Second Massachusetts, sponsor for Lexington and Bunker Hill, for Adams, Hancock, Franklin, and the old, unconquerable Puritan spirit.

Deep, deep is the blending in our country's magic life of the hopes and aspirations that have stirred big hearts in all ages. Read the annals of Virginia, and it will be made known to you how the Spirit of Liberty made her home there with the Cavaliers, who fled from Old England for practically the same reasons that drove the Puritans to New England and the Catholics to Maryland. There, at those hospitable hearths she sat, where slaves were treated almost as members of the same family, tears falling down black cheeks as well as white, when death struck either master or slave; there she sat, stirrer of big hearts, kindling Virginia's

torch to light the way to the Declaration.

The troops, facing west, and in single-rank formation, were brought to an 'order arms.' The Confederates, in plain view, began to strike their few weatherworn scattered tents, seize their muskets, and for the last time fall into line. Pretty soon, along Chamberlain's ranks, the word passed, 'Here they come!' And as, in my mind's eye, I see them heading down that road, their colors dotting the gray column like tiger-lilies, my heart beats tenderly. I know how their bearers feel at the thought that they are to lay down their banners and part with them forever, banners which I saw so often, as they floated defiantly over the fields of the Wilderness and Spottsylvania.

On they come, and Gordon is riding at the head of the column. His eyes are cast down and heavy lies his grief, but on he leads the men who had stood with him and whose voices had more than once screamed like the voices of swooping eagles as victory showed her smile; but now he and all are dumb. They are gaining the right of Chamberlain's line; now Gordon is abreast of it, his eyes are still down and he is drinking the very lees, for he thinks that all those men in blue, standing within a few feet of him at 'order arms' are gloating over the spectacle. He is almost opposite Chamberlain, who sits there mounted, the Maltese Cross and the Stars and Stripes displayed behind him; a bugle blows, and instantly the whole Federal line from right to left comes to a 'carry,' the marching salute.

Chamberlain has said: 'Gordon catches the sound of shifting arms, looks up and, taking the meaning, wheels superbly, making with himself and his horse one uplifted figure, with profound salutation as he drops the point of his sword to the boot-toe; then, facing to his own command, gives

word for his successive brigades to pass us with the same position of the manual, — honor answering honor. On our part not a sound of trumpet more, or roll of drum; not a cheer, or word or whisper of vain-glorying, or motion of man standing again at the order; but an awed stillness rather, and breath-holding, as if it were the passing of the dead!'

Great, in the broad and high sense, was the cause battled for, and spontaneous and knightly was this act of Chamberlain's, lending a permanent glow to the close of the war like that of banded evening clouds at the end of an all-day beating rain. It came from the heart; and it went to the heart; and when 'taps' shall sound for Chamberlain, I wish that I could be in hearing, as Maine's granite coast with its green islands and moonlight-reflecting coves takes them up in succession from Portland to Eastport, and as the ocean's voice dies away, hear the vast wildernesses of hemlock, spruce, and pine repeating them with majestic pride for her beloved son.

The Confederate brigades, one after another, came into line, dressed carefully to the right, and then the last command was given — 'Stack arms.' The guns were planted, the bayonets writhing in each other's grasp; equipments were taken off, and then the colors were laid lovingly on the stacks. The color-bearers cried as they turned away. And my eyes swim, too.

Longstreet's men, the men of Chickamauga and Gettysburg, came last, and bringing up the rear was Pickett with the remnant of his division; and the banners which, I suspect, valor has planted on the peaks of History from Thermopylae down, waved as the old fellows marched by with their torn standards. God's blessings on everyone who wore the gray that day; in peace, sweet peace, I know, rest the dead.

It was a fitting circumstance, and one of mere chance, that Chamberlain was selected, and called on the famous corps to salute their old intrepid enemy at this last solemn ceremonial. Chance, did I say? No, for God, whenever men plough the fields of great deeds in this world, sows seed broadcast for the food of the creative powers of the mind. What glorified tenderness it has added to the scene! How it, and the courage of both armies, and Lee's noble character and tragic lot, and Grant's magnanimity and Chamberlain's chivalry, have lifted the historic event up to a lofty, hallowed summit for all people. I firmly believe that Heaven ordained that the end of that epoch-making struggle should not be characterized by the sapless, dreary commonplace; for with pity, through four long years, she had looked down on those high-minded, battling armies, and out of love for them both, saw to it that deeds of enduring color should flush the end.

The ceremony of laying down arms took up the whole day, and all night men in relays were writing the paroles on the shambling little field-press; and on the following morning, as fast as they were distributed, the men set off for home. And with each departing step a deeper stillness comes over the field, and in corresponding mood the current of this narrative slows down;

for, a few more lines and its course is run.

Major William A. Owen, adjutant of the Washington Artillery of New Orleans, in his diary thus describes the scene. After receiving the paroles, he assembled his battalion and read Lee's farewell order to them.

'The men listened with marked attention and with moistened eyes as the grand farewell from their old chief was read; and then, receiving their paroles, they every one shook my hand and bade me good-bye, and breaking up into parties of three or four turned their faces homeward, some to Richmond, some to Lynchburg, and some to far-off, ruined Louisiana.

'I watched them until the last man disappeared with a wave of his hand around a curve in the road, then mounted and rode away from 'Appomattox.'

With this last scene of the great tragedy — that Confederate cannoneer outlined against a golden evening sky, and waving a long farewell — to soft and low falls the beat of my heart. Gone are the armies of the Potomac and Northern Virginia, the long white trains and rumbling wheels, the dreaming colors and thundering guns, gone to a field which the mind of man by the wings of imagination alone can reach, and in whose beckoning radiance, so sweetly sad, this narrative ends.

(The End.)

ELECTION SUPERSTITIONS AND FALLACIES

BY EDWARD STANWOOD

It is not strange that in the one hundred and twenty years that have elapsed since the National Constitution became effective, a considerable body of political tradition has accumulated. What has happened only once does not impress men's minds. If it happens twice they begin to take notice. There are men who discern an occult and invariable law in the sequence on three successive occasions of a certain event after another event which has no relation to the first, and which could not have caused it. No doubt the superstition that the fall of a mirror forecasts a death in the family arose from the fact that, on several occasions, a death did occur after the fall of a mirror.

It is the same way in politics. In general those who are engaged in the lower activities of campaigns do not take extremely broad views of public affairs, nor do they discern the meaning and foresee the consequences of great events. That which is insignificant, transitory, and local, affects their judgment more than that which is really important. It is easy for such men to see portents and to originate superstitions; and, when their imagination has created them, even men who would not be afraid to walk under a ladder sometimes find themselves unable to persuade themselves that they run no risk in so doing.

Prior to the reëlection of General Grant in 1872, there was a superstition prevalent that no man possessed of a middle name could be elected Presi-

dent a second time. The notion was based upon the fact that every President so endowed, up to that time, had, for one reason or another, failed to be reëlected: John Quincy Adams, Martin Van Buren, — if his was a triple name, — William Henry Harrison, and James Knox Polk. Even since Grant, who may be said to have been exempt from all rules, the tradition has held good. Rutherford Birchard Hayes, James Abram Garfield, and Chester Allan Arthur, were not reëlected; William McKinley and Theodore Roosevelt were; also Grover Cleveland, after the lapse of an intermediate term, — who, it may be suggested, escaped the hoodoo by dropping his first name, Stephen, which his parents incautiously gave him.

How clear it is to a superstitious mind that here is a definite law! Some of those who think there is something in it may fancy that Mr. Bryan had the law in his mind when he assured the country during his last candidacy that if he should be elected he would not be a candidate for a second term, — his middle name, Jennings, barring his further ambition. Now are we to apprehend that the supposedly meagre chances of Mr. Taft in the present canvass are really a result of his father's indiscretion in inserting an ill-fated Howard into his name? Does an evil genius put it into parental hearts to over-name their infant sons and thus prevent them from attaining unto the presidential years of Washington and Lincoln?

There is another superstition, much more commonly held, which has not yet been falsified, that no senator can be elected President. Jackson was a senator when he was defeated in 1824. Clay was a senator when a candidate against Jackson in 1832. Hugh L. White, senator from Tennessee, was one of several Whig candidates against Van Buren in 1836. Douglas was a senator when he was one of the Democratic candidates in 1860. Cass was a senator from Michigan when he was nominated by the Democrats in 1848; and, although he resigned four days after his nomination, — it would be an insult to his memory to suggest that his action was due to a belief in the superstition, — he was defeated, nevertheless. Garfield had been chosen a senator from Ohio when he was nominated for the presidency in 1880, but his term was not to begin until the day when he took the oath as President. In addition to this list, mention might be made of other senators who have been candidates for nomination by national conventions, but have not been successful in that first step. To go no further back than 1860, there are Seward, Cameron, Jefferson Davis, R. M. T. Hunter, Conkling, Oliver P. Morton, Sherman, Edmunds, Bayard, Blaine, Thurman, Logan, Allison, Cockrell, Cummins, La Follette, and others. This is all very queer, but so far as it is not merely a coincidence it can mean nothing more than that senators arouse a certain amount of antagonism against themselves, or do not arouse enthusiasm for themselves. It yet remains for some bold bad man in the Senate to defy the superstition, and by attaining preëminence in statesmanship, force his party to nominate him, and the people to elect him.

It has been unusual for the Vice President to succeed to the first place in the government. After Adams and

Jefferson, no Vice President was elected President until Van Buren broke over the rule; and none since Van Buren until Roosevelt. But there has been no superstition about it. For most of the time in the last forty years, both parties have nominated, for the second place on the ticket, men whom the conventions would never have considered for the first place. It would be invidious to name them or the exceptions to the rule. Moreover, the position and duties of the Vice President are not such as to keep the incumbent of the office in the public eye.

It is a tradition as yet unbroken that no man is to serve a third term as President. It arose in a simple way. General Washington did not lay it down as a principle; there is no reason to suppose that he held the opinion that a President should not hold office more than eight years. He had originally accepted the office with reluctance, was full of honors, had reached an age when he felt the need of rest from public duties, had become a target for vituperative assaults, and believed that he should make way for others. His reasons for retiring were purely personal. But Jefferson, Madison, and Monroe each in turn gave place to a successor after eight years of service, willingly in all probability, in deference to the example of Washington; yet there is nothing in the political literature of the time to suggest that, with regard to any one of them, there was a movement to continue him in office beyond the two terms.

By the time Jackson became President the Constitution had been in operation forty years, and the tradition was established. Indeed, public opinion had gone even beyond it. There was a general feeling against a second term. Jackson recognized the sentiment, and in every one of his annual messages to Congress during his

first term urged an amendment of the Constitution forbidding the reelection of a President. He was particularly emphatic in the second of those messages, December 6, 1830, in which, after arguing the matter, he said, 'I cannot too earnestly invite your attention to the propriety of promoting such an amendment of the Constitution as will render him [the President] ineligible after a single term of service.' His reiterated recommendations did not prevent him from accepting a second term, or from perpetuating his administration by dictating his successor.

After Jackson, no President was re-elected until 1864, and Lincoln was assassinated six weeks after his second term began. Grant was elected in 1868 and reelected in 1872. As his second term was drawing to a close there were rumors that he was not disinclined to be a candidate for another term. A check upon his aspiration, if in truth he cherished it, was given by a resolution of the House of Representatives, in December, 1875, which declared that 'the precedent established by Washington and other Presidents of the United States in retiring from the presidential office after their second term, has become, by universal concurrence, a part of our republican system of government, and that any departure from this time-honored custom would be unwise, unpatriotic, and fraught with peril to our free institutions.' The resolution was Democratic in its origin, the Democratic party being then in control of the House, and it received the votes of all the members of that party who were present. Eighteen Republicans only opposed the declaration. The affirmative votes numbered 234. Not long afterward, in January, 1876, the House voted, yeas 148, nays 105, to submit to the State legislatures an amendment of the Constitution in these words:—

'No person who has held, or may hereafter hold, the office of President, shall ever again be eligible to said office.'

The resolution failed because it was not supported by a two-thirds vote; but inasmuch as most of the members who opposed it had just previously voted for a substitute, lengthening the term to six years and forbidding reelection, the House showed itself to be practically unanimous against a second term. It may be remarked in passing that no other proposition of amendment has been offered in Congress so many times as this forbidding the reelection of a President, sometimes with and sometimes without an extension of the single term to six years. The Constitution of the Confederate States limited the President to one term of six years.

The third-term question came up again in 1880, when Grant was really a candidate for a third term after the lapse of four years since his retirement. The prolonged contest in the Republican convention of that year, when Mr. Conkling was able to hold his 306 votes for Grant even on the ballot that nominated Garfield, is a part of our political history which is familiar to all. Grant was probably the only President who ever desired a third term. What might have happened in 1908 if Mr. Roosevelt had been willing to lend himself to the fiction that he was then serving his 'first elective term' must forever be left to conjecture. His extraordinary personal and political popularity, then and now, suggests that he might have broken the tradition, — a suggestion that acquires force from the present acquiescence of a great, but as yet unnumbered, body of the people in the theory that the word 'consecutive' should be inserted in this clause of our unwritten Constitution.

We come now to matters connected

directly with the presidential canvass; and they may be considered in something like chronological order. It is needless to say that the following remarks do not fit in with anything that has taken place, or is likely to take place, in the present extraordinary canvass, in which conditions are absolutely as chaotic as they are unprecedented. But they are applicable to most of the presidential contests since the Civil War.

We are, let us say, at the beginning of the canvass, before the national conventions have been held. Politicians and political editors are studying tables of electoral votes and estimating results, — guessing how this State and that will cast its vote.

On both sides a start is made by conceding the 'solid South' to the Democrats, not without a reservation on the part of the Republicans that they have a chance to win some votes in that part of the country. But in fact the South has not been 'solid' since 1892. Five of the Southern States have already broken away, partially or wholly, from their traditional attachment to the Democratic party. Delaware and West Virginia have at the last four quadrennial elections given their electoral votes to the Republican candidates. Maryland did so in 1896, and cast a divided vote in 1904 and 1908. Kentucky was carried by the Republicans in 1896; Missouri, in 1904 and 1908. These are what used to be known 'before the War' as border states, but they did also once form a part of that South which was solid to a degree.

The North has usually been quite as solid as the South, but the circumstances which have brought about solidarity in the one region and the other are altogether different. The South has maintained a defensive attitude against a policy toward the relics of its former 'domestic institution' which it has

fancied the dominant party of the North to be ready at any moment to launch against it; whereas, in truth, as every man in the North, whatever his politics, knows, that party has not for thirty years had the courage to undertake such a policy, however strong its inclination to do so may have been. So the South has been needlessly in an attitude of apprehensive defense, when it might have made itself more secure by an alliance with the timid enemy. The North, on the other hand, has been united because a majority of the people have favored a domestic policy which had no reference to a North or a South, and which is as advantageous or as disadvantageous to the one region as to the other.

It is, unquestionably, the wish of every man who takes a statesmanlike and patriotic view, that no group of States should be solid, but that the citizens of any State should approach national questions in a national spirit, differing in opinion as they must, but seeking to promote the general welfare, and fearing no assaults upon their own local interests, because convinced that their political opponents are as patriotic as themselves.

The first incident of the canvass which sets men thinking and revising their election forecast is the State election in Vermont. Before it takes place the politicians on both sides manifest an eager interest in the result. If the Republican majority should fall below a certain number of thousands the Democrats expect a victory for their party in November. A normal majority — so the Republicans assure themselves — foretells their own triumph.

After the election one party exults over the result as an infallible forecast of what is to occur in November; the other speaks contemptuously of 'the Vermont superstition,' and declares there is nothing in it. Yet the result is

in almost all cases a sure prognostication of what is to happen, as is the result in Maine shortly afterward; and it is not a superstition. On the contrary, it is founded upon a philosophical principle that cannot be successfully disputed. Mr. Bryan was as surely defeated in 1896, when Vermont gave Grout thirty-eight thousand majority, as he was when the polls closed in November. In order to maintain this proposition it is not necessary to suppose that a single voter anywhere in the country changed his political intention as a consequence of the Vermont election, or that any man, previously undecided, determined to 'jump on the band-wagon.' The real reason is that men in Indiana, in Idaho, and in Vermont, influenced by the same events, actuated by the same motives, and listening to the same arguments, act in the same way. Some of them, of course, are drawn in one direction, others in the opposite direction, according to what manner of men they are, and what original opinions and tendencies they represent.

Grant that Vermont is not, politically speaking, a typical American community, yet it does contain all sorts and conditions of men, although in different proportions from the distribution in many other communities. When, therefore, it appears that there has or has not been a perceptible political change, caused by a movement by one or more of the many classes of population from one party to the other, the country is supplied with a reasonably trustworthy view of the state of political sentiment in Indiana, Idaho, and elsewhere. Events, it is true, may occur between September and November that will affect and modify political action all over the country, and in Vermont as well; but they must be events, and not merely transitory waves of sentiment.

We frequently see in the newspapers, a few weeks before the election, statements by political correspondents that the prospects of this party or the other have improved or grown less promising during the week past, or that there is now a perceptible drift toward this candidate or that. Do readers ever stop to consider what this means, or whether there can possibly be any foundation for such statements? Does any one suppose that there is ever a considerable body of voters in any State who are undecided how they will vote, and who secede in a flock from their party one week, and return to it the next? Or if there were such a body, can any one suggest how the sapient correspondents ascertain the fact? It may not be an unjustifiable conjecture that the sole basis of such statements as we are considering is the state of mind, optimistic or the reverse, of the committee chairman or the local politician who communicates information as to the political situation to the newspaper interviewer. The chairman may have received a despondent letter from a county manager, and from it may conclude that the cause is in a bad way in that part of the State. Or he may have had a good night's rest and an excellent breakfast. His mood will determine the character of his outgivings. But, in reality, nothing has happened; or if it has, he does not know it.

It may be asked, if this be sound political reasoning, why the frantic campaigning and stump-speaking of the September and October preceding the election? If the race has been decided, why does one party not rest on its oars and the other give up and row back to the stake-boat? There is need that some old hand on the stump, who is also a good observer, should present to the country an analytical and philosophical study of the purpose and the result of campaign oratory. To

the superficial outside observer, what should be, and ostensibly is, its main purpose, — the conversion of political opponents, — is seldom accomplished, even to a limited extent. How could one expect it to be? Unless the speaker is a man of great power and reputation, the audiences he attracts consist almost exclusively of voters who are already enlisted in his party and do not need to be convinced or converted. On the other hand, if he is a person of national prominence or noted for his eloquence, he has some, perhaps many, political opponents among his hearers. But they do not go to his meetings with open minds, but out of curiosity; and the views, principles, and intentions which they take to the meeting they carry away unchanged.

The most successful stumping tours in our political history, so far as the number addressed was concerned, and the most spectacular, were those of Mr. Blaine in 1884, and those of Mr. Bryan in his three campaigns. But the election returns at the close of the canvasses cannot be tortured, with the utmost mathematical ingenuity, into proving that by their eloquence an appreciable inroad was made in the ranks of their opponents. Moreover, if personal observation goes for anything, one might appeal to the common experience of every man with the question: Did you ever meet or know of a voter who was converted from one party to another by a stump speech?

Undoubtedly 'spell-binding' has its uses. If not, campaign committees would have found it out long ago and abandoned the practice, instead of organizing political meetings in every hamlet and providing as speakers a few stars and a multitude of third-rate men. The manufactured enthusiasm of those who attend the meetings probably has an influence in dissuading doubting and hesitating voters from

deserting their party. It also certainly has the effect of bringing indifferent citizens to the polls on election day. It may be that experienced campaigners have been able to discover some other benefit, direct or indirect, of the system; but those just mentioned are the only ones that are obvious to the political student who is not in the inner circle of management.

The party that is at any time in the minority, and out of power, hopes for and predicts a 'landslide.' Now there is one test, heretofore infallible, to be applied to political opinion at any given time. A landslide, or a fairly stable condition of the political sentiment of the country, can be foretold with even more confidence than an inspection of the barometer gives us in respect of the weather. A political upheaval — to put it in paradoxical form — does not originate from below, but from above. It would be difficult to cite an important overturn in national politics which was not foreshadowed by an open revolt of party leaders, and led and managed by them. Small variations in close districts and states do take place without the preliminary symptom just mentioned; but we are speaking now of changes that may be described as revolutionary. The fact might be illustrated by numerous examples. Indeed, as is implied by the form of the statement above, every overturn furnishes an example. But it will be sufficient to mention a few of them.

The revolt against Jacksonism which resulted in the election of Harrison, in 1840, was forecast by the secession of such Democratic leaders as Tyler, and Hugh White, and Berrien, and Mangum. Cass was defeated, in 1848, by the defection of Van Buren and many other leaders. The election of Lincoln was preceded by a wholesale desertion to the new Republican party

of a large group of senators and other prominent men. The movement which resulted in the defeat of Blaine was originated and engineered by life-long Republicans. The campaign of 1896 occurred but yesterday. It was characterized by two 'landslides,' one in the West led by Teller and other senators; the other in the East, where a host of leading Democrats set the example of revolt from the free-silver movement. Prior to the election of 1908 the Democrats predicted a landslide here, there, and everywhere. But there were no prominent men of the other party who were moved by principle to desert to the other side, none who scented a revolution which promised profit to those who should take part in it; and there was no landslide anywhere.

All these desultory and disconnected remarks refer to the period before the election. One or two important matters that arise out of the situation when the votes have been cast, remain to be considered.

On many occasions, after a presidential election had been held and the returns were in, curious or alarmist statisticians have put forth calculations showing that the change of a small number of votes in one state, or two or three states, would have given victory to the defeated candidates. If 2554 men in New York who voted for Polk, in 1844, had voted for Clay, Clay would have been elected. Or the same result might have been reached if 3167 Pennsylvania Democrats had shifted to Clay, and if there had been no Plaquemines Fraud. The case of Blaine, in 1884, is hardly in point, because, although a shift in New York of 575 votes — as they were counted — would have elected him, there is a strong probability at least that he did actually have a plurality of the votes honestly cast in that State. But in 1888, although Cleveland had a popu-

lar plurality of almost 100,000 he had only 168 electoral votes, whereas Harrison had 233. The vote of New York was: for Harrison, 650,338; for Cleveland, 635,965. Plurality for Harrison, 14,373. So, and this illustrates the method under consideration, if 7187 of the Harrison votes had been cast for Cleveland he would have had the thirty-six electoral votes of New York, which would have made his total 204, and left only 197 for Harrison.

That is all true; but there is included in all such calculations an assumption that such a change can take place in one state without being reflected by a corresponding change elsewhere. That is contrary to the principle that similar persons, acted upon by the same influences, act in the same way. In the case just cited it is proposed to consider the consequence of a bolt from the party candidates by more than one in a hundred of the Republican voters. In that case we should anticipate and should find a bolt of about one per cent of all the Republican voters in the country, and the net change in that case would have been not seven thousand, but many times that number, and Cleveland's plurality would have been more than doubled. The loser of a hand at whist sometimes tells what he would have done if he had only had another trump. But that change in his own hand would have altered all the hands.

Inasmuch as it would have required a transfer to Bryan of more than seventy-seven thousand Republican votes, carefully distributed in eight states, to reverse the result of the last election, we did not hear the old story that the minority party came near to success. But the statisticians have indulged themselves in a consideration — one can hardly call the comments of most of them a study — which it may be worth while to examine, although any subject which, like this, involves

an arithmetical analysis of figures, is necessarily dry.

The point that is made by them is that the total vote in 1904 showed a remarkable decrease, as compared with that in 1900, and that the increase in 1908 over 1904 was by no means as large as the apparent increase of population would lead one to expect. The facts are accurately stated, but the suggestion that they are not capable of easy and simple explanation is not justified. The total vote of the country at the last three elections was as follows:¹ —

1900	13,971,071
1904	13,523,108
1908	14,885,989

The decrease in 1904 as compared with 1900 was 3.27 per cent; the increase in 1908 over 1904 was 10.16 per cent; and the increase in the eight years from 1900 to 1908 was 6.56 per cent. If then we do not go beyond these figures the point mentioned above is proved, for the increase in population during the eight years has undoubtedly been more than seven per cent. But it will not do to rest upon such a general statement, for that is to disregard wholly the remarkable aloofness of the Southern states from the party contests of the rest of the country. There are nine such states in which there is never the semblance of a canvass. Not to burden this article with too many figures it may be said that the largest vote given in these states at any one of the last three elections, that of 1900, represented but 37.3 per cent of the males of voting age, and only 60.4 per cent of the white males. There is absolutely no inducement for Democrats to go to the polls, and—if that were possible—less than none for the few Republicans who may be allowed to vote. In two other states where the condi-

¹ These are the figures of the *New York Tribune Almanac*.

tions are slightly different, — North Carolina and Tennessee, — the result is so well-assured in advance that whatever political effort is made locally—for the national committees take no part in it—is needless on the part of the Democrats and futile on the part of the Republicans. We may say, then, that whether a light vote, or one comparatively lighter, is cast in these eleven states is purely a matter of accident, and wholly without significance. The total vote in the eleven Southern states at the last three elections was as follows: —

1900	1,879,842
1904	1,377,080
1908	1,585,804

Comparing these figures with those for the whole country, we see that the decrease during the first four years was just above half a million, which was rather more than that in the country as a whole; and that the increase in the second period, 200,000, compares with 1,362,000, in the whole country.

There are five 'border states,' Delaware, Maryland, West Virginia, Kentucky, and Missouri, where the contest is as strenuous as it is anywhere in the United States. Here are their total votes: —

1900	1,678,417
1904	1,587,636
1908	1,751,461

The lowest total vote of the three represents 86.9 per cent of the males of voting age in those States, and 78.4 per cent of the white males.

There remain twenty-nine northern states, and Oklahoma, which must be excluded from a comparison of totals as it did not participate in a presidential canvass until 1904. The total vote in these states was: —

1900	10,406,523
1904	10,543,985
1908	11,289,386

A slight increase of a little more than one per cent in the first period, followed by an increase of a little more than seven per cent in the second period, and an increase for the eight years of 8.54 per cent, which is quite as large as the increase of the voting population, if we bear in mind the fact that a large part of the increase of the total population in recent years has been made by immigrants who do not always come to stay, and who do not always become citizens if they do stay.

Statistical calculations of this sort are necessarily dry; but those who have followed the foregoing analysis will perceive that little is left of the point which we set out to examine. That little is the fact that in the Northern States the total vote did not increase in 1904, as compared with 1900, so much as the natural rate of increase of the voting population would lead one to expect. But the fact involves no mystery for those who observed and remember the characteristics of the last three presidential canvasses. Although the statement involves what every one knows, or ought to know, it may be put briefly and broadly.

The canvass of 1896 was characterized, as has been already remarked, by two distinct movements: Republicans by the thousand going over to the Democrats, Democrats revolting against the party platform and candidates. Almost all the Northern States west of the Missouri River gave their electoral votes to Bryan; every Northern State east of that river voted for McKinley, generally by very large majorities. In 1900 the situation was more nearly normal. There was a great decrease of the Bryan vote in the Far West, a considerable increase in the Eastern States; but the vote for Mr. Bryan was still in a marked degree a vote of radicals, who had full control

of the party and dictated candidates and policies.

This brings us to the canvass of 1904, and to the explanation of the comparatively light vote of that year. A variety of influences affected the result. There was, first, the exceeding popularity of Mr. Roosevelt; secondly, the voluntary or enforced effacement of the radical element of the Democratic party; thirdly, the absence of any 'paramount' issue. They all tended in one direction. They produced an enormous increase of the Republican vote — more than 400,000. A vast number of radical Democrats manifested their displeasure at the change in the tone of their party, by either voting for Mr. Roosevelt or neglecting to vote at all, and the returns showed a loss of more than a million and a quarter Democratic votes.

It is, of course, impossible to estimate the extent of the defection, or to guess how many 'bolted' the ticket, and how many failed to vote. But we see the resultant of all the forces, and it is precisely that which coincides with the observation of every man whose eyes and ears were open in 1904. The canvass of 1908 saw the radicals again in control of the Democratic party, and it saw also a much more kindly and tolerant spirit toward Mr. Bryan on the part of conservative members of the party. Moreover, there were local contests in such states as New York, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, and others over the governorship, with an advantage in every case on the Democratic side. This led to a spirited contest, an enlarged vote, and a sympathetic increase of the strength of the Democratic electoral ticket. General result: a slightly larger Republican total than ever before, caused by an increase of moderate amount in the Far West and a decrease in some states of the East and

the Middle West; a large increase of the Democratic vote in the states where the governorship contests were fierce;¹ and a general total larger than ever.

Artemus Ward, in his famous lecture on the Mormons, used to tell his London hearers that the greatest British artists came by night, bringing lanterns, to see his pictures; and that when they saw them they said they never saw anything like them before — and hoped they never should again.

¹ In the four states of New York, Ohio, Illinois, and Indiana, the Republican majority was 830,000 in 1904, and only 462,000 in 1908. Of the 368,000 loss, 329,000 represented an increase of the Democratic vote, which was, nevertheless, 7,000 less than in 1900.

Most of us would like to employ language something like that to express our opinion of the current presidential canvass. Certainly we never saw or heard of one in the slightest degree resembling it.

In the words of the sporting editor all records have been broken, and we may almost say that all the traditions and conventions of political campaigns and of political conduct have been affronted, if not violated. That being the case, it is somewhat late to consider whether the superstitions and traditions of a hundred or more years are to stand, in the result in November. All we can do is, to use the phrase that has become current in British politics: 'Wait and see.'

MOTHERLINESS¹

BY ELLEN KEY

Womanliness means only motherhood;
All love begins and ends there.

— ROBERT BROWNING.

I

FIFTY years ago no one would have thought of writing about the nature of motherliness. To sing of motherhood was then just as natural for ecstatic souls as to sing of the sun, the great source of energy from which we all draw life; or to sing of the sea, the mysterious sea, whose depth none has fathomed. Great and strong as the sun and the sea, motherhood was called; just as

tremendous an elemental power, a natural force, as they — alike manifest, alike inexhaustible. Every one knew that there existed women without motherly instincts, just as they knew of the existence of polar regions on the globe: every one knew that the female sex, as a whole, was the bearer of a power which was as necessary for life's duration as the sun and the sea, the power not only to bear, but to nurture, to love and rear and train. We knew that woman, as a gift from Nature, possessed the warmth which, from birth to death, made human life human; the gift which made the mother the child's providence, the wife the husband's happiness, the grandmother the com-

¹ Miss Key's essay, which was written for the *Atlantic* in Swedish, has been translated by Mrs. A. E. B. Fries. — THE EDITORS.

fort of all. A warmth which, though radiating most strongly to those gathered around the family hearth, also reached those outside the circle of her dearest, who have no homes of their own, and embraced even the strange bird as it paused on its journey. For motherliness was boundless; its very nature was to give, to sacrifice, to cherish, to be tender, even as it is the nature of the sun to warm, and of the sea to surge. Fruitfulness and motherhood received religious worship in the antique world, and no religious custom has withstood the changes of the times so long as this.

Many ideas have become antiquated and many values have been estimated afresh, while the significance of the mother has remained unchallenged. Until recently, the importance of her vocation was as universally recognized as in the days of Sparta and Rome. The ideas of the purpose for which she ought to educate her sons changed, but the belief in the importance of training by the mother remained. Through the Madonna Cult the Catholic Church made motherhood the centre of religion. The Madonna became the symbol of the mother-heart's highest happiness and deepest woe, as embodied in the Virgin-Mother's holy devotion at the manger and the sacred grief of the Mater Dolorosa at the cross. The Madonna became the symbol of woman's highest calling, that of giving to humanity its saviours and heroes — those heroes of the spirit, so many of whom have borne witness to the importance of the intrinsic power of womanhood as a guide, not only to earthly life, but also to those metaphysical heights about which the greatest of them all has testified that: 'Das Ewigweibliche zieht uns hinan.'

'Das Ewigweibliche' is nothing but the well of maternal tenderness, that power of love, whereby woman's intui-

tion takes a short cut to the heights which man's thought reaches by a more laborious path. Great poets have perceived that motherhood is not only the mighty race-renewer. Björnstjerne Björnson says that 'all creating is of mother origin'; in other words, that all the qualities which the child craves of the mother, the work craves of its creator: the vision, the waiting, the hope, the pure will, the faith, and the love; the power to suffer, the desire to sacrifice, the ecstasy of devotion. Thus, man also has his 'motherliness,' a compound of feelings corresponding to those with which the woman enriches the race, oftener than the work, but which in woman, as in man, constitutes the productive mental process without which neither new works nor new generations turn out well. Man's experience of the mother's influence on his life causes him — at least among the Romanic people — to include the mother in his worship of the Madonna. And whenever a man dreams of the great love, he sees a vision of motherly tenderness fused with the fire of passion.

In Art, that great undogmatized church, man has not wearied of interpreting that dream, of glorifying that vision in word and color. Even the woman-child, with motherly action straining the doll to her breast, kindles his emotion; he would kneel to the maiden who, unseen, displays her tender solicitude for a child, to the 'Sister' who brightens the sick-room, to the old nurse in whose face every wrinkle has been formed as a cranny of goodness. They all touch his emotion in revealing the loveliest of his possessions in mother or wife; if he has neither, then the things which he most yearns to have, and which he most warmly desires about him in his last hours. Whether the individual was doomed to yearn in vain or not, that motherliness existed has

always been felt to be as certain as that the sun existed, even though the day be overcast. Humanity could, one thought, count on the warmth of motherliness, as for millions of years we may still rely on the warmth of the sun.

II

During those earlier periods motherliness was but a mighty nature-force; beneficial, but violent as well; guiding, but also blind. As little as they discussed the question of the natural division of labor, which had arisen because the woman bore, nurtured, and reared the children, and — in literal as well as spiritual sense — kept the fire on the hearth, even less did they doubt the natural 'mother instinct' being sufficient for the human family. The instinct sufficed to propagate the race, and the question of not only propagating, but elevating, had not yet been thought upon. Even such as it has been, motherliness has achieved enormous gains for progress. Although not yet consciously cultivated, it has been the greatest cultural power. Through research into the origin of humanity and into its early history, it became clear to us that motherliness was the first germ of altruism and that the sacrifices for their progeny which the higher animals, and even the lowest races of mankind, imposed upon themselves, were the first expressions of the race-bond; a bond out of which later the social feeling gradually developed with its countless currents and unmeasurable deeps.

With the primitive peoples who lived in a state of war of all against all, there was only one spot where battle did not rage, where the tender feeling, little by little, grew. Among the older people mutual depredation was the established order; only the child craved help; and in helping the child, father

and mother united. The child made the beginning of a higher relation between the parents. In the man the fatherly duty of protection took the form of war and hunting, which developed the self-assertive, 'egoistical' qualities; while the woman's duties developed the self-sacrificing, altruistic feelings.

Motherliness, which in the beginning was but the animal instinct for protecting the young, became helpfulness, compassion, glad sympathy, far-thinking tenderness, personal love — a relation in which the feeling of duty had come to possess the strength of instinct, one in which it was never asked *if*, but only *how*, the duty should be fulfilled. And though the manner of showing the feeling has undergone transition, the feeling itself, during all the ages that it has acted in human life, has developed until, in our day, it has grown far beyond the boundaries of home. The man's work is to *kindle* the fire on the hearth, the woman's is to *maintain* it; it is man's, to *defend* the lives of those belonging to him; woman's, to *care* for them. This is the division of labor by which the race has reached its present stage.

Manliness and womanliness became synonymous with the different kinds of exercise of power belonging to each sex, in their separate functions of father and mother. That the mother, through her imagination dwelling on the unborn child, through her bond with the living child, through her incessant labors, joys, and hopes, has more swiftly and strongly developed her motherliness than the father his fatherliness, is psychologically self-evident. The modern psychologist knows that it is not the association of theory, but the association of feeling, which is the most important factor in the soul-life. But besides feeling, which belongs to the unconscious sphere, and which, like the roots of the plant, must remain

in the dark soil that the tree may live, we have *will* to guide our thoughts. What is present in the soul, what directs our action, what spurs our effort, *that* is what we, with all our will, as well as feeling, hold dear. Thus there accumulated in the female sex an energy of motherliness, which has shown itself so mighty and boundless a power that we have come to claim it as a constant element and one not subject to change. And this energy grew so great because the hitherto universally conflicting elements in human life reached their oneness in mother-love; the soul and the senses, altruism and egoism, blended.

In every strong maternal feeling there is also a strong sensuous feeling of pleasure, — which an unwise mother gives vent to in the violent caresses with which she fondles the soft body of her baby — a pleasure which thrills the mother with blissful emotion when she puts the child to her breast; and at that same moment motherliness attains its most sublime spiritual state, sinks into the depths of eternity, which no ecstatic words — only tears — can express. Self-sacrifice and self-realization come to harmony in mother-love. In a word, then, the nature of motherliness is altruism and egoism harmonized. This harmony makes motherhood the most perfect human state; that in which the individual happiness is a constant giving, and constant giving is the highest happiness. Björnson's words, 'a mother suffers from the moment she is a mother,' and the declaration of countless women that they never realized the meaning of bliss until they held the child to their breast, are fully reconcilable in the nature of motherhood.

What torrents of life-force, of soul, tenderness, and goodness have flowed through humanity from the motherliness of the true mothers, and the mothers who have not borne children. All

the bodily pangs and labors which motherhood and mother-care have cost age after age, is the least of their giving. All the patient toiling which millions of mothers have imposed upon themselves when they alone have reared and fed their children, all the watchful nights, all the tired steps, — all that mothers have denied themselves for the sake of their children, is not the greatest of their sufferings. That is their greatest sorrow which a man has expressed in the poem wherein the mother throws her heart at her son's feet, who, as he angrily stumbles over it, hears it whisper, 'Did you hurt yourself, my child?'

During the thousands of years that motherliness was of this sort, women had not yet been seized with the modern and legitimate desire, *sich auszuleben*, to drain the wine of life. The one desire of their souls was '*sich einzuleben*' to lose themselves in the lives of their dear ones in their own world, often narrow indeed, yet for them a world grown great and rich through the joy of motherhood in creating. The mother had labor and trouble no less than the working-woman of to-day, but then she was in the home. She could quiet the crying of the little child, take part for a moment in its play, give correction or help; she was at hand to receive their confidences when the children came in with their joys or griefs. Thus she wove of little silken threads a daily-stronger-growing band of love, which, throughout all the changes of life, and wherever the children afterwards went into the world, held their hearts close to her own. And when she, later, sat alone and yearned, how she lived in and through her children!

Though all were not like Goethe's mother, — Goethe, whom we could have loved even more if he had oftener visited his glorious mother, — yet she is

typical of the many, many mothers in whom motherliness has been so strong that it has lived by its own strength, so great that it has developed all the powers of their beings. And these mothers became complete individualities of dignity and worth, although their life-interest was centred, not in a work of their own, but in the child to whom they had given the best of themselves. They were mothers of whom sons have testified that from them had they got their own essential qualities. Those mothers were not 'characterless' beings, upon whom the women of our day, bent on the complete expression of their wonderful lives, look down. No, they were in the noblest sense liberated. Their personalities were enriched through wisdom and calm power. They were ripened into a sweetness and fullness through a motherliness which not only had tended the body, but which had been, in deepest meaning, a spiritual motherhood.

Besides these glorious revealers of motherliness, there has always been the great swarm of anxious bird-mothers, who could do no more than cover their young with their wings; great flocks of 'goose-mothers,' mothers who with good reason were called unnatural, just because it was never doubted that motherliness was the natural thing, something one had a right to expect — the wealth which could have no end.

III

Scientific investigation into the form through which, consciously or unconsciously, the power of motherliness was expressed in the laws and customs of the past, and further research into that compound of feelings and ideas which shaped and gave rise to the traditions of savage tribes, came simultaneously with the era of Woman-Emancipation. At the same time there took place a

deep transformation in the view of life, during which all values were estimated anew, even the value of motherliness. And now the women themselves borrow their argument from science, when they try to prove that motherliness is only an attribute woman shares with the female animal, an attribute belonging to lower phases of development, whereas her full humanity embraces all the attributes, independent of sex, which she shares with man. Women now demand that woman, as man, first of all be judged by purely human qualities, and declare that every new effort to make woman's motherliness a determining factor for her nature or her calling, is a return to antiquated superstition.

When the Woman Movement began, in the middle of the last century, and many expressed fears that 'womanliness' would suffer, such contentions were answered by saying that that would be as preposterous as that the warmth of the sun would give out. It was just in order that the motherliness should be able to penetrate all the spheres of life that woman's liberation was required.

And now? Now we see a constantly decreasing birthrate on account of an increasing disinclination for motherhood, and this not alone among the child-worn drudges in home and industry, not alone among the lazy creatures of luxury. No, even women strong of body and worthy of motherhood choose either celibacy, or at most one child, often none. And not a few women are to be found eager advocates of children's upbringing from infancy outside of the home. Motherhood has, in other words, for many women ceased to be the sweet secret dream of the maiden, the glad hope of the wife, the deep regret of the ageing woman who has not had this yearning satisfied. Motherliness has diminished to such a

degree that women use their intelligence in trying to prove not only that day-nurseries, kindergartens, and schools are necessary helps in case of need, but that they are *better* than the too devoted and confining motherliness of the home, where the child is developed into a family-egoist, not into a social modern human being!

IV

Some years ago I wandered through the Engadine, the place where the two men who, for our day, have strongly emphasized the importance of motherliness found inspiration, — Nietzsche, summer after summer, and Segantini, year after year. Segantini has often painted, not only the human mother, but also the animal mother. And he has done both with the simple greatness and tenderness of the old masters who, in the Madonna and the Child, glorified the wonderful mystery of mother-love. Segantini, who lived and died in the Alpine world where life is maintained under great difficulties, noted principally the importance of the mother-warmth during the mere physical struggle for existence. Nietzsche again, the lonely writer and seer of humanity's future, emphasized not only the significance of motherliness in a physical sense, but also in a sense hitherto barely perceived, of *consciously re-creating the race*. He knew that the race-instincts first of all must be developed in the direction of sexual selection, so as to promote the growth of superior inborn traits. He knew also that women needed to be educated to a perfected motherliness, that they, instead of bungling this work as they are apt to do to-day, may come to practice the profession of motherhood as a great and difficult art.

This new conception is ignored by those who advocate community-up-

bringing instead of home-rearing, because most mothers, among other reasons, are *to-day* incapable as educators, and because parents *to-day* often make homes into hells for children. What hells institutions can be, seems to be forgotten! Almost every child is happier in an ordinary, average home than in an admirable institution. And what a strange superstition, that the *teachers* of the future will all be excellent, but — that the *parents* will remain incorrigible.

As yet have we even tried to educate women and men to be mothers and fathers? This, the most important of all social duties, we are still allowed to discharge without preparation and almost without responsibility. When the words of Nietzsche, 'A time will come when men will think of nothing except education' have become a reality, then we shall understand that no cost is too great when it comes to preserving real homes for the purpose of this new education. And there is nothing which in a higher degree utilizes all the powers of womanhood (not alone these of motherliness) than the exercise of them in the true, not yet tried, education of the new generation.

All women, even as now all men, must learn a trade whereby they can earn their livelihood, — in case they do not become mothers, as well as before they so become, and after the years of their children's minority; but during those years they must give themselves wholly to the vocation of motherhood. But for most women it ought still to be the dream of happiness, some time in their lives, to have fulfilled the mission of motherhood, and during that time to have been freed from outside work in which they, only in exceptional cases, would be likely to find the same full outlet for their creative desire, for feeling, thought, imagination, as is to be found in the educative activity in the

home. But so unmotherly are many women of this age, that this view is considered old-fashioned and (with the usual confusion of definitions) *consequently* impossible for the future.

When already they say the women of to-day want to be 'freed' from the inferior duties of mother and housewife, in order to devote themselves to higher callings, as self-supporting and independent members of society, how much more will that be the case with the women of the future! As these 'higher callings,' however, for the majority consist, and will continue to consist, in monotonous labor in factory, store, office, and such occupations, it is difficult to conceive how these tasks can possibly bring greater freedom and happiness than the broad usefulness in a home, where woman is sovereign — yea, under the inspiration of motherhood, creator — in her sphere, and where she is directly working for her own dear ones. Neither can it be understood how the care of one's own children can be felt as a more wearisome and inferior task than, for instance, the laborious work of a sick-nurse, or school teacher, who, year in and year out, works for persons with whom only in exceptional cases she comes in heart-contact.

If women meanwhile continue to look upon the work of mothers and house-mothers as in itself burdensome and lowering, then, naturally, the care of children and of the home will gradually be taken over by groups of women who, on account of their motherliness, choose to occupy themselves with children and household duties.

If this 'freedom' is the ideal of the future, then, indeed, my view of motherliness, as indispensable for humanity, is reactionary; but it is reactionary in the same way that medicine reacts against disease. And has our race ever been afflicted by a more dangerous dis-

ease than the one which at present rages among women: the sick yearning to be 'freed' from the most essential attribute of their sex? In motherliness, the most indispensable human qualities have their root.

Women who summon all their intelligence and keenness in their endeavor to prove that motherliness is *not* the *quinta essentia* of womanhood verily need a Minerva Medica, as portrayed in the Vatican relief, the goddess of wisdom with the symbol of the art of healing! And she will surely come when the time most needs her.

The phrase, 'the course of progress tends to the dissolution of the home,' shows how little we understand the words we use. Progress implies also dissolution, decay, retrogression, and death. In the progress of a disease attacking culture, a new renaissance must come, if not for the people, then for the truths, which though temporarily dimmed will be seen in a new light by new peoples. From time to time has this been the case with the emotions of patriotism, of religion, and of liberty. No fundamental values, indispensable to humanity, are lost; they return reinforced. Motherliness has not been lost even in those who show a lack of it in their personal lives. They have converted it into general service. When women at last have become fully emancipated, then the enormous sums of energy which now are invested in agitation, will be set free: to be used partly for social transformation, partly to flow back with fresher and fuller power into the home.

Very likely there will always be a number of unmotherly, of sexless, but useful working ants. Women geniuses, with their inevitably exceptional position, may increase, possibly also the types of mistress frequent in our day — women who devote themselves to a career which makes them independent

of marriage. They wish to be lovers, but lovers who captivate not alone by beauty, but also by intellectual sympathy. That these women do not want the care of children, when they do not even want motherhood, is but natural.

In that future of which I dream, there shall be neither *men* who are ill-paid and harassed family supporters, nor wives who are unrewarded and worn-out family slaves! Then mother-care will be a well-paid public service, for which a thorough preparation is required! Then all home arrangements shall be as perfectly adjusted as they are now the reverse, and all home duties be transformed by new ways of work, which shall be lighter, cheaper, quicker. Thus, woman will actually be 'freed' in respect to those burdens of the home-life from which she ought to and may be freed, freed so as to be spared the necessity of giving over the care of her children to nurseries and kindergartens, where even the most excellent teacher becomes mediocre when her motherliness must embrace dozens of tender souls.

If, on the other hand, 'progress' takes the road leading toward the breaking up of the home, — the ideal of the future for the maternal, — then the future state will be a state of herd-people. But the more our laws, our habits of work, and our feelings, become socialized, the more ought education itself in home and school to become *individualized*, to counteract the danger of getting fewer personalities while institutions increase. And individual up-bringing can be carried on only in homes where mothers have preserved the nature-power of motherliness and given this power a conscious culture.

v

The supposition that motherliness has its surest guide in its instinct is

therefore a superstition which must be conquered. In order to be developed, motherliness must exist in one's nature. The matter must be there so as to be shaped; this is obvious. But the feeling in itself may, like all other natural forces, work for good or for evil; the feeling itself often shows, even in motherliness, the need of the evolution in humanity which the poet foreshadows, when we at last shall see 'the ape and tiger die.'

As motherliness has been sung more than it has been understood, we have lived in the illusion not only that it was inexhaustible, but that its instinct was infallible, — that for this sacred feeling Nature had done everything and no culture was needed. Hence motherliness has remained until this day uneducated. The truth that no one can be educated *to* motherliness — any more than a moon can be made into a sun — has been confounded with the delusion that the mother-instinct is all-sufficient in itself. Hence it has often remained blind, crude, violent; and 'instinct' has not hindered mothers from murdering their children by ignorance, and from robbing them of their most precious possessions.

This sentimental view of motherliness as the ever holy, ever infallible power, must be abandoned; and even this province of nature brought under the sway of culture. Motherliness is as yet but a glorious stuff awaiting its shaping artist. Child-bearing, rearing, and training must become such that they correspond to Nietzsche's vision of a race which would not be *fortgepflanzt* only, but *hinaufgepflanzt*.

Motherliness must be cultivated by the acquisition of the principles of heredity, of race-hygiene, child-hygiene, child-psychology. Motherliness must revolt against giving the race too few, too many or degenerate children. Motherliness must exact all the legal

rights without which woman cannot, in the fullest sense of the word, be either child-mother or community-mother. Motherliness must cause women to demand all the training for the home duties and community duties which the majority of women now lack, as well as the state-given *mother-stipend* without which she cannot be at the same time child-bearing, child-rearing, and self-supporting. Motherliness thus developed will rescue mothers not only from olden-time superstition, but also from present-day excitement. It will teach them to create the peace and beauty in the home which are requisite for the happy unfolding of childhood, and this without closing the doors of the home on the thoughts and demands of modern times. Motherliness will teach the mother how to remain at the same time Madonna, the mother with her own child close in her arms, and Caritas, as pictured in art: the mother who at her full breast has room also for the lips of the orphaned child.

Many are the women in our day who no longer believe that God became man. More and more are coming to embrace the deeper religious thought, the thought that has given wings to man created of dust, the thought that

men shall one day become gods! But not through new social systems, not through new conquests of nature, not through new institutions of learning. The only way to reach this state is to become ever more *human*, through an increasingly wise and beautiful love of ourselves and our neighbors, and by a more and more perfect care of the budding personalities. Therefore, if we stop to think, it is criminal folly to put up as the ideal of woman's activity, the superficial, instead of the more tender and intimate tasks of society. How can we hope for power of growth when the source of warmth has been shut off?

The fact that the thought of our age is shallow in regard to this its most profound question — the importance of motherliness for the race — does, however, by no means prove that the future will be just as superficial. The future will probably smile at the whole woman-question as one smiles at a question on which one has long since received a clear and radiant answer! This answer will be the *truly free* woman of the future, she who will have attained so fully developed a humanity that she cannot even dream of a desire to be 'liberated' from the foremost essential quality of her womanhood — motherliness.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

WOMAN — ONE WORD MOST

IN the August *Atlantic* an article entitled 'Woman' probably attracted the attention of every reader answering to that name. In the Contributors' Club appeared a comment upon it which, though more comprehensible than the article, still left one bewildered by much analogy and analysis. These two processes beset us behind and before, whatever subject we discuss. Cleverly handled as they are by Miss Anderson and Contributor, we humbly submit that neither writer analyzed according to the Century Dictionary, or any other daily guide to the common way-faring mind. If Miss Anderson or her German backer, Dr. Groddeck, had given us a definition of personality, we might understand them better, but the only attempt at it reminds one of a saying of Alcott's. On the occasion of one of his floating discourses, a downright auditor demanded that he define some word or term that he had used, to which the sweetly nonplussed philosopher replied: 'Mr. —, we may confine, but not define.' Miss Anderson not only fails to define personality, but even to confine it — except in confining it to man. It is no definition to say, 'that curious katabolic thing, personality'; it makes one feel as if one had started for the gate and run his head against a particularly bumpy stone wall.

What is 'katabolic'? We dash for a dictionary and lug the 'k' to the light, only to be kindly referred to 'catabolic.' It looks more harmless beginning with 'cat,' but presents an uncomfortable family likeness to 'cata-

leptic.' We chase the 'cats' and read: 'catabolic — relating to catabolism.' You see, it gets gentler the more you stroke it. Finally we learn what catabolism is: —

'In physiology that phase of metabolism which consists in a downward series of changes in which complex bodies are broken down with the setting free of energy into simpler and simpler waste bodies. (M. Foster.)'

Does this mean that personality, 'that katabolic thing,' is a downward series of changes by which a complex body (which man undoubtedly is) is broken down by setting free his energy (we were assured that he is by nature a perfect dynamo of energy) into a simpler and simpler waste body? We judge that a completely simplified waste body must be a corpse.

Thus refreshed, we tackle the next phrase concerning personality — 'a quality or state of being peculiar to himself (we devoutly hope it is), the natural outcome of his inherent nature and training. This dynamic force has been man's strongest asset.' Now, we started with man's energy as his great dynamic asset — and it was energy that developed 'the katabolic thing' which is now his strongest asset. Is the 'katabolic thing' chasing its own tail? Of course it has a perfect right to do it, but it appears to be a peculiarly vicious circle.

Having painfully acquired the information that this strange 'thing' is something or somebody which, or who, is going to pieces just as fast as it can (the asset of a physiological bankrupt), we are told that, with this most valuable asset, man has accomplished 'the

entire mechanism of things done in the world.' He is undeniably a wonder, then—woman should be forever abashed in his presence. But she need not be envious, for she has a complaint almost as bad, the antithesis of his. She is 'anabolic in her habits of body, different in her disposition,' and to her 'this fact and feeling of personality is foreign.' One would think that this deprivation must be *her* most valuable asset.

But let us pursue 'anabolic' to its lair. We discover first that anabolism is the equivalent of assimilation, and then we remember that in our eagerness to grasp 'the katabolic thing' we almost overlooked the meek little quotation giving 'dissimilation' as the synonym of catabolism. It so much resembles 'dissimulation' that we look twice to make sure, not unprepared to accept that word as an apt substitute. But dissimilation?—why, of course—the opposite of assimilation, conveying a vague, unpleasant suggestion of indigestion. We put this idea down firmly, and return to study anabolism—'ascending metabolic processes whereby a substance is transformed into another more complex, more highly organized, more energetic.' Aha! here we discover a perfectly satisfactory explanation of why women are the mothers of men, 'those katabolic things.'

Well, now do we know what personality or non-personality is? Not I, for one. So far as I have a nebulous theory of what it does n't mean, I fail to see why it is n't a *human* 'thing,' as likely to develop in some women as in some men, and to be undeveloped in some other men and women. Defend us from the generalizer! The scientific fact-finder, after years of study, correlation of thousands upon thousands of details, may be justified in striking an average and calling it a general law, but when it comes to the psychological analysis of humanity, the dogmatic

generalizer is dealing with such imponderable complexities and unknown quantities that he had best beware of glitteralities.

So far as one can make out this proud masculine monopoly, 'personality,' woman is not missing much without it, but one agrees with Contributor that if one has any heart-burning on the subject, it is no consolation to be called 'a symbol'—'a power working through man to accomplish what she will.' The facts seem to be contrary to this irradiating theory.

Having been battled and shuttled between Biology and Idealism all through the article, one is in doubt on which level to approach this bomb; but we think that it must be admitted that, in the biological sense, man stands for the creative force more than woman, and therefore he works through woman to accomplish what *he* will. Miss Anderson does not wish to prove inferiority or superiority in woman, and if her statement, 'Both are superior; both are complete,' means both *together* are superior and complete, it is the one indisputable statement in the article, but rather ambiguous in form, and merely by the way, whereas it should be the crux of the whole matter.

The author says that so long as the woman movement tries to prove that 'woman is equal or superior to man' it will fail. The woman movement as a whole is not trying to prove any such thing. The equal *of* man is an utterly different proposition—equality does not spell identity. The woman movement is not taking man's stride, distancing him on his own road, and turning to fling in his face, 'Now who's superior?' It is aiming to persuade him (some of it I grant aims to force him) to permit woman to walk at his side, where we have been told that she was placed by the *Divine* creative power.

Miss Anderson and her learned Ger-

man Doctor say that man alone creates in life. In the creation of life we know that neither alone can bring to being the tiniest atom, and it is a legitimate argument for equality of rights, duties, and endowments, not identity in them. Granting that biologically, as I have said, man more than woman stands for the active creative force, it is a waste of time, gray matter, and good black ink to argue which is the *greater* part.

Why the *antis* — anti-suffragists, anti-feminists, anti-modernists — balk so at the word 'rights,' in relation to woman's new needs, it is hard to see. But we waive the question as to whether the ballot, or equal pay for equal work, be a right, a privilege, or a concession, it matters not to the present point. Miss Anderson puts *Rights* in scornful italics, and asks, what has any one to do with rights? Well, if man had not called the franchise and economic justice by that name, woman would not be asking for them in that name. Then Miss Anderson comes down with heavy emphasis on woman's *duties*. The advocates of all the claims for women are perfectly willing to call them duties: nor do they hesitate because they are told that woman already has more of them than she can properly fulfill; or worse, that she rebels against those that she was created to fulfill. As to adding duties like voting or municipal housekeeping to the women now working overtime at their private duty, we recognize the fundamental truth of the common saying, 'When you want a thing done, go to the busiest man you know.' As to the shirkers of duty, we would apply to them Miss Anderson's own remark on the real uprooting of an evil being beyond the ballot, and would say that the remedy is 'within the woman,' and that the right, privilege, or duty of voting is as likely to help as to hinder her reform; at the worst the effect would be *nil*.

The Eternal Feminine is certainly growing tiresome, because of the misplaced accent on the Feminine. If women had not attended so strictly to their 'natural duties,' they might have had time to express themselves on the Eternal Masculine — surely as eternal in her life as she is in his.

It is amusingly pertinent, after reading Contributor's comment, to catch the first words of the next contribution, 'Stars and Stockings,' for the Palmist Lady's remark to her client sums up the real facts of the eternally threshing controversy, — 'You have a composite hand, my dear.' Just so, — be it man or woman, — each is a composite hand, and no two of the same composition. 'Personalities' or 'symbols' of a cloud of ancestors, with free will and election both working hard, and new influences and environment cropping up hourly. Such heterogeneous '*Compositae*' as the human family are pretty nearly incapable of classification. The world's aim to-day in religion, in international policies, even in 'new party' politics, is to emphasize likeness and minimize difference. In society, civics, and ethics, treat the feminine as human first, and nature will keep alive that element of her which must be eternal. The one word most needed is, Woman is Human.

A CASE OF UNREVEALED IDENTITY

No, I am confident that he could not have been Mr. Fagan. He sold pillow-sham-holders, and the date was right, but he was a small wiry man with sandy hair, and an expression of disgust, which deepened when I told him that we did not own a single pillow-sham. Mr. Fagan's countenance would either have shown approval at such a confession, or would have remained absolutely indifferent, as he continued his meditation on

Fixed fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute.

But the question that perplexes me is, did Mr. Fagan ever sell silver polish? And, if not, when will the silver-polish man write his autobiography? Or — unwelcome thought — has he already written it and have I somehow missed the book?

The silver-polish man was Somebody. There is no doubt about that. I, who have even more than the usual prejudice against agents, opened wide the door and invited this distinguished stranger in, though he told me his business upon the threshold, with no attempt at concealment.

He stayed perhaps five minutes and sold me the polish, which proved to be all that he claimed for it. He said, too, that it would not polish either brass or copper. It would surely be like Mr. Fagan to give that warning; but if not he, 't was his peer. I do not remember

that he said anything else, but he left me with the kind of feeling one has at a college commencement on being introduced to the president or to a very distinguished alumnus. The great man merely says that the weather is going to be fine after all, but the occasion is memorable.

If this should meet the eye of the unknown stranger, will he be kind enough to take notice that I am still expecting him to reveal his identity through some sociological treatise; but, failing that, I should like to renew my supply of his excellent polish, which I have been unable to obtain elsewhere. He will remember me as the middle-aged lady in the blue apron who was ironing napkins by the kitchen fire. I gave him a little spoon, on which to try the polish, that was dented with the tooth-marks of three generations of babies.

THE LAST OF SMITH

SOME LETTERS ON THE SUBJECT

KEYSTONE, SO. DAK., August 9, 1912.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ATLANTIC.

Sir, — We are all interested in Mr. Smith of non-churchgoing fame. The Outsider has depicted his character most clearly, no doubt because he is better acquainted with him than are Mr. Nicholson and the Churchman. The trouble, says Mr. Outsider, is altogether with the church; but his argument rather convinces me that there is simply a divergence of character between the church and Mr. Smith, which precludes sympathy between them.

Mr. Smith is not a Christian, and the church is Christian. Mr. Smith makes the preposterous demand that the church give up its Christianity in order to gain his membership. First he makes the objection that the sermon's reasoning is strained. But Christianity is not founded upon reason. It rather assumes an intuitive knowledge on the part of man of what is right and what is wrong, and then attempts so to develop his affections and will that they will enable him to do the right. Does Mr. Smith think that logic can ac-

comply with this? One cannot reason intelligibly about spiritual things to the common man. Does Mr. Smith, disappointed in the illogical sermon, go home and read the 'Critique of Pure Reason'? Perhaps, however, Kant's reasoning appears strained to Mr. Smith; but even Hume, whose reasoning suits Mr. Smith better—does he read him? Were the minister to preach philosophical sermons he would empty the pews, and Mr. Smith would not be found there either. The pulpit must continue to be the inspirer of men's wills and not the satisfier of their intellects, as Mr. Smith so much desires.

This illogical sermon is, however, but a very small point of difference. His opposition to foreign missions shows more clearly his natural antagonism to Christianity itself. For the most part he tries to give the impression that it is because of the church's dogma that he absents himself; but here it is clearly shown that it is the precepts of Christ to which he objects, for the evangelization of the world was very plainly one of Christ's principles. Mr. Smith hopes for the day when Paul and Peter and John shall cease to speak with authority. He does not tell us just which teachings of these apostles he wishes deposed from their position of authority. Is it 'We that are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak,' or, 'Be ye kind one to another,' or, 'Beloved, let us love one another'? Perhaps he would not ask us to overthrow the authority of these; but he surely would request that we do away with 'How beautiful are the feet of them that preach the gospel of peace,' and, 'How shall they preach except they be sent?' As well ask the Socialist no longer to use Karl Marx as an authority upon economics as to tell the Christian that Paul and Peter and John must not be his authorities upon religion.

Then he tells us that the church must cease to curse. Mr. Smith is not the only one who desires this. Every man who wishes to do wrong and yet have a quiet conscience makes the same demand. That is what the Pharisees asked of Jesus. They never would have crucified him had he lived by love alone; but when he hated their hypocrisies and made his hatred known in the most vigorous of denunciations, they rose in their wrath to destroy him. The church, even though she lose her influence over Mr. Smith, cannot truly follow her founder and cease to denounce the wrongdoer. Were the church to abandon Christianity (we use this term in its broadest sense, meaning no dogma as to the substance or nature of Christ, but the idealization of his character and the attempt to realize that ideal), as Mr. Smith seems to desire, would he not laugh at the absurdity of its still calling itself a *Christian* church?

There is some truth, however, in Mr. Smith's objection that the church is wedded to dogma; for while few churches to-day give any prominence to their creeds, many yet retain them, and ask their members to subscribe to theological doctrines of which the best that can be said is that they do no harm because no one pays any attention to what they mean. Still there are plenty of churches, which will receive into membership any one who will take Christ as his life's guide, regardless of his theological views; but even this Mr. Smith calls dogma, and will have none of the church until it becomes a mere gentlemen's club, discussing public questions, but making no mention of religion, and ceasing to talk about Christ, and to quote the Prophets and Apostles. But even then, I fear, Mr. Smith would prefer the golf links.

Yours truly,

H. DARLEY LAMB.

NEW YORK CITY, August 20, 1912.

REV. H. D. LAMB.

Dear Sir, — The editor of the *Atlantic Monthly* has been good enough to send me your letter to him for perusal, — I being 'The Outsider.' It was my earnest endeavor to write the article in question without giving offense, but I fear I have failed in this, and even in the more important task of expressing clearly what I meant to say.

My point was that Smith is frankly not a Christian; therefore that it is idle to say that he should go to church if he does n't want to; and that he should not be criticized for not going any more than he should be for staying away from a synagogue. He is really not a part of either establishment.

The Outsider did not mean to complain about the churches. Mr. Nicholson did and, being a churchman, I suppose he has a right to; but Smith as I understand him sees no reason why they should change themselves on his account. He does n't want the minister to preach philosophical sermons for him. If he wants philosophy he can go to university or university-extension lecture for that.

What I tried to bring out was that while Smith does not oppose organized Christianity, it does not seem to him to be the way unto God. Also that persistent reference to Smith as a man morally defective because he has not some official church affiliation seems to me a wrong view to take. That's all. If the church means something to him and he goes there to worship, it is certainly good for him to go. If he only goes because custom and public opinion condemn him if he stays away, it will do him no good. It is better for him to worry out his own salvation than to assume things he does not believe in

for convenience or for profit. And I will go a step further and hope I shall not be misunderstood: it is better for him to work things out for himself and come to a wrong conclusion, than to guess right and let it go at that.

Yours sincerely,

THE OUTSIDER.

P. S. — I do not play golf.

MILTON, MASS., August 13, 1912.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ATLANTIC.

Sir, — Perhaps the following quotation from the works of the great Swedish scientist, philosopher, and seer, Emanuel Swedenborg, would be an aid to Smith's reflections on church-going. The phraseology is rather odd, but it can be understood. The brackets are mine.

'Man is continually in [internal] worship when he is in [a state of] love and charity, external worship being only an effect. The angels are in such worship; wherefore with them there is a perpetual sabbath; whence also the sabbath, in an internal sense, signifies the kingdom of the Lord. Man, however, during his abode in this world, ought not to omit the practice of external worship, for by external worship things internal are excited [*i.e.*, called forth], and by external worship things external are kept in a state of sanctity so that internal things can flow in [to the mind]. Moreover, man is hereby imbued with knowledge and prepared to receive [into his understanding] things celestial. He is also gifted with states of sanctity, though he be ignorant of it; which states are preserved by the Lord for this use in eternal life, for in the other life all man's states of life return.'

A. H. WARD.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

NOVEMBER, 1912

MY BOYHOOD

BY JOHN MUIR

ATTLEBOROUGH
PUBLIC LIBRARY,
OCT. 31 1912
ATTLEBOROUGH, MASS.

I

WHEN I was a boy in Scotland I was fond of everything that was wild, and all my life I've been growing fonder and fonder of wild places and wild creatures. Fortunately, around my native town of Dunbar, by the stormy North Sea, there was no lack of wildness, though most of the land lay in smooth cultivation. With red-blooded playmates, wild as myself, I loved to wander in the fields to hear the birds sing, and along the seashore to gaze and wonder at the shells and seaweeds, eels and crabs in the pools among the rocks when the tide was low. And, best of all, in glorious storms to watch the waves thundering on the black headlands and craggy ruins of the old Dunbar Castle when the sea and the sky, the waves and the clouds, were mingled together as one.

After I was five or six years old I ran away to the seashore or the fields almost every Saturday, and every day in the school vacations except Sundays, though solemnly warned that I must play at home in the garden and backyard, lest I should learn to think bad thoughts and say bad words. All in vain. In spite of the sure sore punishments that followed like shadows, the natural inherited wildness in our blood

ran true on its glorious course, as invincible and unstoppable as the stars.

My earliest recollections of the country were gained on short walks with my grandfather when I was perhaps not over three years old. On one of these walks grandfather took me to Lord Lauderdale's gardens, where I saw figs growing against a sunny wall and tasted some of them, and got as many apples to eat as I wished. On another memorable walk in a hay-field, when we sat down to rest on one of the haystacks, I heard a sharp, prickly, stinging cry, and jumping up eagerly, called grandfather's attention to it. He said he heard only the wind, but I insisted on digging into the hay and turning it over until we discovered the source of the strange exciting sound — a mother field-mouse with half a dozen naked young hanging to her teats. This to me was a wonderful discovery. No hunter could have been more excited on discovering a bear and her cubs in a wilderness den.

I was sent to school before I had completed my third year. The first school-day was doubtless full of wonders, but I am not able to recall any of them. I remember the servant washing my face and getting soap in my eyes, and mother hanging a little green bag with my first book in it around my neck so

I would not lose it, and its blowing back in the sea-wind like a flag. But before I was sent to school my grandfather, as I was told, had taught me my letters from shop signs across the street. I can remember distinctly how proud I was when I had spelled my way through the little first book into the second, which seemed large and important, and so on to the third. Going from one book to another formed a grand triumphal advancement, the memories of which still stand out in clear relief.

At this time infants were baptized and vaccinated a few days after birth. I remember very well a fight with the doctor when my brother David was vaccinated. This happened, I think, before I was sent to school. I could not imagine what the doctor, a tall, severe-looking man in black, was doing to my brother; but as mother, who was holding him in her arms, offered no objection, I looked on quietly while he scratched the arm, until I saw blood. Then, unable to trust even my mother, I managed to spring up high enough to grab and bite the doctor's arm, yelling that 'I wasna gan to let him hurt my bonnie brither,' while to my utter astonishment mother and the doctor only laughed at me. So far from complete at times is sympathy between parents and children, and so much like wild beasts are baby boys: little fighting, biting, climbing pagans.

Father was proud of his garden and seemed always to be trying to make it as much like Eden as possible, and in a corner of it he gave each of us a little bit of ground for our very own, in which we planted what we best liked, wondering how the hard dry seeds could change into soft leaves and flowers and find their way out to the light; and to see how they were coming on we used to dig up the larger ones, such as peas and beans, every day. My aunt had a corner assigned to her in our garden,

which she filled with lilies, and we all looked with the utmost respect and admiration at that precious lily-bed, and wondered whether when we grew up we should ever be rich enough to own one anything like so grand. We imagined that each lily was worth an enormous sum of money, and never dared to touch a single leaf or petal of them. We really stood in awe of them. Far, far was I then from the wild-lily gardens of California, which I was destined to see in their glory.

When I was a little boy at Mungo Siddons's school a flower-show was held in Dunbar and I saw a number of the exhibitors carrying large handfuls of dahlias, the first I had ever seen. I thought them marvelous in size and beauty and, as in the case of my aunt's lilies, wondered if I should ever be rich enough to own some of them.

Although I never dared to touch my aunt's sacred lilies, I have good cause to remember stealing some common flowers from an apothecary, Peter Lawson, who also answered the purpose of a regular physician to most of the poor people of the town and adjacent country. He had a pony which was considered very wild and dangerous, and when he was called out of town he mounted this wonderful beast, which after standing long in the stable was frisky and boisterous, and often to our delight reared and jumped and danced about from side to side of the street before he could be persuaded to go ahead. We boys gazed in awful admiration and wondered how the druggist could be so brave and able as to get on and stay on that wild beast's back. This famous Peter loved flowers and had a fine garden surrounded by an iron fence, through the bars of which, when I thought no one saw me, I oftentimes snatched a flower and took to my heels. One day Peter discovered me in this mischief, dashed out into the street and

caught me. I screamed that I wouldna steal any more if he would let me go. He did n't say anything, but just dragged me along to the stable where he kept the wild pony, pushed me in right back of his heels, and shut the door. I was screaming of course, but as soon as I was imprisoned the fear of being kicked quenched all noise. I hardly dared breathe. My only hope was in motionless silence. Imagine the agony I endured! I did n't steal any more of his flowers. He was a good hard judge of boy nature.

It appears natural for children to be fond of water, although the Scotch method of making every duty dismal contrived to make necessary bathing for health terrible to us. I well remember among the awful experiences of childhood being taken by the servant to the seashore when I was between two and three years old, stripped at the side of a deep pool in the rocks, plunged into it among crawling crawfish and slippery wriggling snake-like eels, and drawn up gasping and shrieking only to be plunged down again and again. 'As the time approached for this terrible bathing I used to hide in the darkest corners of the house, and oftentimes a long search was required to find me. But after we were a few years older we enjoyed bathing with other boys as we wandered along the shore, careful however not to get into a pool that had an invisible boy-devouring monster at the bottom of it. Such pools, miniature maelstroms, were called 'Sookin-in-goats,' and were well known to most of us. Nevertheless we never ventured into any pool on strange parts of the coast before we had thrust a stick into it. If the stick were not pulled out of our hands, we boldly entered, and enjoyed plashing and ducking long ere we had learned to swim.

Most of the Scotch children believe in ghosts, and some under peculiar con-

ditions continue to believe in them all through life. Grave ghosts are deemed particularly dangerous, and many of the most credulous will go far out of their way to avoid passing through or near a graveyard in the dark. After being instructed by the servants in the nature, looks, and habits of the various black and white ghosts, boowuzzies, and witches, we often speculated as to whether they could run fast, and tried to believe that we had a good chance to get away from most of them. To improve our speed and wind we often took long runs into the country. Tam o' Shanter's mare outran a lot of witches, — at least until she reached a place of safety beyond the keystone of the bridge, — and we thought perhaps we also might be able to outrun them.

II

Our house formerly belonged to a physician, and a servant girl told us that the ghost of the dead doctor haunted one of the unoccupied rooms in the second story, that was kept dark on account of a heavy window-tax. Our bedroom was adjacent to the ghost room, which had in it a lot of chemical apparatus, — glass-tubing, glass and brass retorts, test-tubes, flasks, etc., — and we thought that those strange articles were still used by the old dead doctor in compounding physic. In the long summer days David and I were put to bed several hours before sunset. Mother tucked us in carefully, drew the curtains of the big old-fashioned bed, and told us to lie still and sleep like gude bairns; but we were usually out of bed, playing games of daring called 'scootch-ers,' about as soon as our loving mother reached the foot of the stairs, for we could n't lie still, however hard we might try. Going into the ghost room was regarded as a very great scootcher. After venturing in a few

steps and rushing back in terror, I used to dare David to go as far without getting caught.

The roof of our house, as well as the crags and walls of the old castle, offered fine mountaineering exercise. Our bedroom was lighted by a dormer window. One night I opened it in search of good scootchers and hung myself out over the slates, holding on to the sill, while the wind was making a balloon of my nightgown. I then dared David to try the adventure, and he did. Then I went out again and hung by one hand, and David did the same. Then I hung by one finger, being careful not to slip, and he did that too. Then I stood on the sill and examined the edge of the left wall of the window, crept up the slates along its side by slight finger-holds, got astride of the roof, sat there a few minutes looking at the scenery over the garden wall while the wind was howling and threatening to blow me off, managed to slip down, catch hold of the sill and get safely back into the room. But before attempting this scootcher, recognizing its dangerous character, with commendable caution I warned David that in case I should happen to slip I would grip the rain trough when I was going over the eaves and hang on, and that he must then run fast downstairs and tell father to get a ladder for me, and tell him to be quick because I would soon be tired hanging dangling in the wind by my hands. After my return from this capital scootcher, David, not to be outdone, crawled up to the top of the window roof, and got bravely astride of it; but in trying to return he lost courage and began to greet (to cry), 'I canna get doon. Oh, I canna get doon.' I leaned out of the window and shouted encouragingly, 'Dinna greet, Davie, dinna greet, I'll help ye doon. If you greet, fayther will hear, and gee us baith an awfu' skelping.' Then, standing on the sill and

holding on by one hand to the window casing, I directed him to slip his feet down within reach, and after securing a good hold, I jumped inside and dragged him in by his heels. This finished scootcher-scrambling for the night and frightened us into bed.

Boys are often at once cruel and merciful, thoughtlessly hard-hearted and tender-hearted, sympathetic, pitiful, and kind in ever changing contrasts. Love of neighbors, human or animal, grows up amid savage traits, coarse and fine. When father made out to get us securely locked up in the backyard to prevent our shore and field wanderings, we had to play away the comparatively dull time as best we could. One of our amusements was hunting cats without seriously hurting them. These sagacious animals knew, however, that, though not very dangerous, boys were not to be trusted. Once in particular, I remember, we began throwing stones at an experienced old Tom, not wishing to hurt him much, though he was a tempting mark. He soon saw what we were up to, fled to the stable and climbed to the top of the hay-manger. He was still within range, however, and we kept the stones flying faster and faster, but he just blinked and played possum without wincing either at our best shots or at the noise we made. I happened to strike him pretty hard with a good-sized pebble, but he still blinked and sat still as if without feeling. 'He must be mortally wounded,' I said, 'and now we must kill him to put him out of pain,' the savage in us rapidly growing with indulgence. All took heartily to this sort of cat mercy and began throwing the heaviest stones we could manage, but that old fellow knew what characters we were, and just as we imagined him mercifully dead he evidently thought that the play was becoming too serious and it was time to retreat; for suddenly

with a wild whirr and gurr of energy, he launched himself over our heads, rushed across the yard in a blur of speed, climbed to the roof of another building and over the garden wall — out of pain and bad company, with all his lives wide-awake and in good working order.

After we had thus learned that Tom had at least nine lives, we tried to verify the common saying that no matter how far cats fall they always land on their feet unhurt. We caught one in our back-yard — not Tom, but a smaller one of manageable size — and somehow got him smuggled up to the top story of the house. I don't know how on earth we managed to let go of him, for when we opened the window and held him over the sill he knew his danger and made violent efforts to scratch and bite his way back into the room; but we determined to carry the thing through, and at last managed to drop him. I can remember to this day how the poor creature in danger of his life strained and balanced as he was falling, and managed to alight on his feet. This was a cruel thing for even wild boys to do, and we never tried the experiment again, for we sincerely pitied the poor fellow when we saw him creeping slowly away, stunned and frightened, with a swollen black-and-blue chin.

Again, showing the natural savagery of boys, we delighted in dog fights, and even in the horrid red work of slaughter houses, often running long distances and climbing over walls and roofs to see a pig killed, as soon as we heard the desperately earnest squealing. And if the butcher was good-natured, we begged him to let us get a near view of the mysterious insides, and to give us a bladder to blow up for a football.

But here is an illustration of the better side of boy nature. In our back-yard there were three elm trees, and in the one nearest the house a pair of robin-rebreasts had their nest. When the

young were almost able to fly, a troop of the celebrated 'Scots Grays' visited Dunbar, and three or four of their fine horses were lodged in our stable. When the soldiers were polishing their swords and helmets they happened to notice the nest, and just as they were leaving, one of them climbed the tree and robbed it. With sore sympathy we watched the young birds as the hard-hearted robber pushed them one by one beneath his jacket — all but two that jumped out of the nest and tried to fly; but they were easily caught as they fluttered on the ground, and were hidden away with the rest. The distress of the bereaved parents, as they hovered and screamed over the frightened crying children they so long had loved and sheltered and fed, was pitiful to see; but the shining soldier rode grandly away on his big gray horse, caring only for the few pennies the young song-birds would bring and the beer they would buy, while we all, sisters and brothers, were crying and sobbing. I remember as if it happened this day how my heart fairly ached and choked me. Mother put us to bed and tried to comfort us, telling us that the little birds would be well fed and grow big, and soon learn to sing in pretty cages; but again and again we rehearsed the sad story of the poor bereaved birds and their frightened children, and could not be comforted. Father came into the room when we were half asleep and still sobbing, and I heard mother telling him that, 'A' the bairns' hearts were broken over the robbing of the nest in the elm.'

After attaining the manly belligerent age of five or six years, very few of my school-days passed without a fist fight, and half a dozen was no uncommon number. When any classmate of our own age questioned our rank and standing as fighters we always made haste to settle the matter at a quiet place on

the Davel Brae. To be a 'gude fechter' was our highest ambition, our dearest aim in life in or out of school. To be a good scholar was a secondary consideration, though we tried hard to hold high places in our classes and gloried in being Dux. We fairly reveled in the battle stories of glorious William Wallace and Robert the Bruce, with which every breath of Scotch air is saturated, and of course we were all going to be soldiers. On the Davel Brae battleground we often managed to bring on something like real war, greatly more exciting than personal combat. Choosing leaders, we divided into two armies. In winter damp snow furnished plenty of ammunition to make the thing serious, and in summer sand and grass-sods. Cheering and shouting some battle-cry such as 'Bannockburn! Bannockburn! Scotland forever! The Last War in India!' we were led bravely on. For heavy battery work we stuffed our Scotch blue bonnets with snow and sand, sometimes mixed with gravel, and fired them at each other as cannon balls.

III

An exciting time came when at the age of seven or eight years I left the auld Davel Brae school for the grammar school. Of course I had a terrible lot of fighting to do, because a new scholar had to meet every one of his age who dared to challenge him, this being the common introduction to a new school. It was very strenuous for the first month or so, establishing my fighting rank, taking up new studies, especially Latin and French, getting acquainted with new classmates and the master and his rules. In the first few Latin and French lessons the new teacher, Mr. Lyon, blandly smiled at our comical blunders; but pedagogical weather of the severest kind quickly set in, when for every mistake, every-

thing short of perfection, the taws was promptly applied. We had to get three lessons every day in Latin, three in French, and as many in English, besides spelling, history, arithmetic, and geography. Word-lessons in particular, the 'wouldst couldst shouldst have-loved' kind, were kept up with much warlike thrashing until I had committed the whole of the French, Latin and English grammars to memory; and in connection with reading lessons we were called on to recite parts of them with the rules over and over again, as if all the incomprehensible regular and irregular verb-stuff was poetry.

In addition to all this, father made me learn so many Bible verses every day that by the time I was eleven years of age I had about three-fourths of the Old Testament and all of the New by heart and by sore flesh. I could recite the New Testament from the beginning of Matthew to the end of Revelation without a single stop. The dangers of cramming and of making scholars study at home, instead of letting their little brains rest, were never heard of in those days. We carried our school-books home in a strap every night and committed to memory our next day's lessons before we went to bed, and to do that we had to bend our attention as closely on our tasks as lawyers on great million-dollar cases.

I cannot conceive of anything that would now enable me to concentrate my attention more fully than when I was a mere stripling boy, and it was all done by whipping — thrashing in general. Old-fashioned Scotch teachers spent no time in seeking short roads to knowledge, or in trying any of the new-fangled psychological methods so much in vogue nowadays. There was nothing said about making the seats easy or the lessons easy. We were simply driven point-blank against our books like soldiers against the enemy, and

sternly ordered, 'Up and at 'em. Commit your lessons to memory!' If we failed in any part, however slight, we were whipped; for the grand, simple, all-sufficing Scotch discovery had been made that there was a close connection between the skin and the memory, and that irritating the skin excited the memory to any required degree.

Fighting was carried on still more vigorously in the high school than in the common school. Whenever anyone was challenged, either the challenge was allowed or it was decided by a battle on the seashore, where with stubborn enthusiasm we battered each other as if we had not been sufficiently battered by the teacher. When we were so fortunate as to finish a fight without getting a black eye, we usually escaped a thrashing at home and another next morning at school, for other traces of the fray could be easily washed off at a well on the church brae, or concealed, or represented as the results of playground accidents; but a black eye could never be explained away from downright fighting.

A good double thrashing was the inevitable penalty, but all without avail: fighting went on without the slightest abatement, like natural storms, for no punishment less than death could quench the ancient inherited belligerence in our pagan blood. Nor could we be made to believe that it was fair that father and teacher should thrash us so industriously for our good, while begrudging us the pleasure of thrashing each other for our good. All these various thrashings however were admirably influential in developing not only memory, but fortitude as well. For if we did not endure our school punishments and fighting pains without flinching and making faces, we were mocked on the playground, and public opinion on a Scotch playground was a powerful agent in controlling behavior; there-

fore we at length managed to keep our features in smooth repose while enduring pain that would try anybody but an American Indian.

Far from feeling that we were called on to endure too much pain, one of our playground games was thrashing each other with whips about two feet long, made from the tough wiry stems of a species of polygonum fastened together in a stiff firm braid. Handing two of these whips to a companion to take his choice, we stood up close together and thrashed each other on the legs until one succumbed to the intolerable pain, and thus lost the game.

Nearly all our playground games were strenuous: shin-battering shinny, wrestling, prisoners' base, and dogs-and-hares; all augmenting, in no slight degree, our lessons in fortitude. Moreover, we regarded our punishments and pains of every sort as training for war, since we were all going to be soldiers. Besides single combats we sometimes assembled on Saturdays to meet the scholars of another school, when very little was required for the growth of strained relations, and war. The immediate cause might be nothing more than a saucy stare; perhaps the scholar stared at would insolently inquire, 'What are ye glowerin' at, Bob?' Bob would reply, 'I'll look where I hae a mind, and hinder me if ye daur.' 'Weel, Bob,' the outraged, stared-at scholar would reply, 'I'll soon let ye see whether I daur or no!' and give Bob a blow on the face. This opened the battle, and every good scholar belonging to either school was drawn into it. After both sides were sore and weary, a strong-lunged warrior would be heard above the din of battle shouting, 'I'll tell ye what we'll da wi' ye. If ye'll let us alane we'll let ye alane!' — and the school-war ended as most others between nations do; and most of them begin in much the same way.

Forty-seven years after leaving this fighting school I returned on a visit to Scotland, and a cousin in Dunbar introduced me to a minister who was acquainted with the history of the school, and obtained for me an invitation to dine with the new master. Of course I gladly accepted, for I wanted to see the old place of fun and pain, and the battle ground on the sands. Mr. Lyon, our able teacher and thrasher, I learned, had held his place as master of the school for twenty or thirty years after I left it, and had recently died in London, after preparing many young men for the English universities. At the dinner-table, while recalling the amusements and fights of my old school-days, the minister remarked to the new master, 'Now, don't you wish that you had been teacher in those days, and gained the honor of walloping John Muir?' This pleasure so merrily suggested showed that the minister also had been a fighter in his youth. The old free-stone school building was still perfectly sound, but the carved ink-stained desks were almost whittled away.

IV

Our most exciting sport was playing with gunpowder. We made guns out of gas-pipe, mounted them on sticks of any shape, clubbed our pennies together for powder, gleaned pieces of lead here and there and cut them into slugs, and while one aimed another applied a match to the touch-hole. With these awful weapons we wandered along the beach and fired at the gulls and Solan geese as they passed us. Fortunately we never hurt any of them that we knew of. We also dug holes in the ground, put in a handful or two of powder, tamped it well round a fuse made of a wheat-stalk, and, reaching cautiously forward, touched a match to the straw. This we called making

earthquakes. Oftentimes we went home with singed hair and faces well peppered with powder-grains that could not be washed out. Then, of course, came a correspondingly severe punishment from both father and teacher.

Another favorite sport was climbing trees and scaling garden-walls. Boys eight or ten years of age could get over almost any wall by standing on each other's shoulders, thus making living ladders. To make walls secure against marauders many of them were finished on top with broken bottles imbedded in lime, leaving the cutting edges sticking up; but, with bunches of grass and weeds, we could sit or stand in comfort on top of the jaggedest of them. Like squirrels that begin to eat nuts long before they are ripe, we began to eat apples about as soon as they were formed, causing of course desperate gastric disturbances, to be cured by castor-oil. Serious were the risks we ran in climbing and squeezing through hedges, and of course among the country-folk we were far from welcome. Farmers passing us on the roads often shouted by way of greeting, 'Oh, you vagabonds! Back to the toon wi' ye. Gang back where ye belong. You're up to mischief I'se warrant. I can see it. The game-keeper'll catch ye, and maist-like ye'll a' be hanged some day.'

Breakfast in those auld-lang-syne days was simple oatmeal porridge, usually with a little milk or treacle, served in wooden dishes called 'luggies,' formed of staves hooped together like miniature tubs about four or five inches in diameter. One of the staves, the lug or ear, a few inches longer than the others, served as a handle, while the number of luggies ranged in a row on a dresser indicated the size of the family. We never dreamed of anything to come after the porridge, or of asking for more. Our portions were consumed in about a couple of minutes; then off to school.

At noon we came racing home, ravenously hungry.

The mid-day meal, called dinner, was usually vegetable broth, a small piece of boiled mutton, and barley-meal scone. None of us liked the barley-scone bread, therefore we got all we wanted of it, and in desperation had to eat it, for we were always hungry, about as hungry after as before meals. The evening meal was called 'tea,' and was served on our return from school. It consisted, so far as we children were concerned, of half a slice of white bread without butter, barley-scone, and warm water with a little milk and sugar in it, a beverage called 'content,' which warmed, but neither cheered nor inebriated. Immediately after tea we ran across the street with our books to Grandfather Gilrye, who took pleasure in seeing us and hearing us recite our next day's lessons. Then back home to supper, usually a boiled potato and piece of barley-scone. Then family worship and to bed.

Our amusements on Saturday afternoons and vacations depended mostly on getting away from home into the country, especially in the spring when the birds were calling loudest. Father sternly forbade David and me to play truant in the fields with plundering wanderers like ourselves, fearing that we might go on from bad to worse, get hurt in climbing over walls, get caught by gamekeepers, or lost by falling over a cliff into the sea. 'Play as much as you like in the back-yard and garden,' he said, 'and mind what you'll get when you forget and disobey.' Thus he warned us with an awfully stern countenance, looking very hard-hearted, while naturally his heart was far from hard, though he devoutly believed in eternal punishment for bad boys both here and hereafter. Nevertheless, like devout martyrs of wildness, we stole away to the seashore, or the

green sunny fields, with almost religious regularity, taking advantage of opportunities when father was very busy to join our companions, oftenest to hear the birds sing, and hunt their nests, glorying in the number we had discovered and called our own. A sample of our nest-chatter was something like this.

Willie Chisholm would proudly exclaim, 'I ken [know] seventeen nests and you, Johnnie, ken only fifteen.'

'But I wouldna gie my fifteen for your seventeen, for five of mine are larks and mavisies. You ken only three o' the best singers.'

'Yes, Johnnie, but I ken six goldies and you ken only one. Maist of yours are only sparrows and linties and robin-redbreasts.'

Then, perhaps, Bob Richardson would loudly declare that he 'kenned mair nests than onybody, for he kenned twenty-three, with about fifty eggs in them, and mair than fifty young birds, — maybe a hundred. Some of them naething but raw gorblings, but lots of them as big as their mithers and ready to flee. And aboot fifty craws' nests and three fox-dens.'

'Oh, yes, Bob, but that's no fair, for naebody counts craws' nests and fox-holes, and then you live in the country at Belle-haven where ye have the best chance.'

'Yes, but I ken a lot of bumbee's nests, baith the red-legged and the yellow-legged kind.'

'Oh, wha cares for bumbee's nests!'

'Weel, but here's something! My father let me gang to a fox-hunt, and, man, it was grand to see the hounds and the long-legged horses lowpin' the dikes and burns and hedges!'

The nests, I fear, with the beautiful eggs and young birds, were prized quite as highly as the songs of the glad parents, but no Scotch boy that I know of ever failed to listen with enthusiasm

to the songs of the skylarks. Often-times, on a broad meadow near Dunbar, we stood for hours enjoying their marvelous singing and soaring. From the grass where the nest was hidden the male would suddenly rise, as straight as if shot, up to a height of perhaps thirty or forty feet, and sustaining himself with rapid wing-beats, pour down the most delicious melody, sweet and clear and strong, overflowing all bounds; then suddenly he would soar higher, again and again, ever higher and higher, soaring and singing until lost to sight even on perfectly clear days, and often-times in cloudy weather, 'Far in the downy cloud,' as the poet says.

To test our eyes we often watched a lark until he seemed a faint speck in the sky and finally passed beyond the keenest-sighted of us all. 'I see him yet!' we would cry, 'I see him yet!' 'I see him yet!' 'I see him yet!' as he soared. And finally only one of us would be left to claim that he still saw him. At last, he, too, would have to admit that the singer had soared beyond his sight, and still the music came pouring down to us in glorious profusion from a height far above our vision, requiring marvelous power of wing and marvelous power of voice, for that rich, delicious, soft, and yet clear music was distinctly heard long after the bird was out of sight. Then suddenly ceasing, the glorious singer would appear, falling like a bolt straight down to his nest where his mate was sitting on the eggs.

In the winter, when there was but little doing in the fields, we organized running-matches. A dozen or so of us would start out on races that were simply tests of endurance, running on and on along a public road over the breezy hills, like hounds, without stopping or getting tired. The only serious trouble we ever felt in these long races was an occasional stitch in our sides.

One of the boys started the story that sucking raw eggs was a sure cure for the stitches. We had hens in our backyard and, on the next Saturday, we managed to swallow a couple of eggs apiece, a disgusting job, but we would do almost anything to mend our speed, and as soon as we could get away, after taking the cure, we set out on a ten-or twenty-mile run to prove its worth. We thought nothing of running right ahead ten or a dozen miles before turning back; for we knew nothing about taking time by the sun, and none of us had a watch in those days. Indeed, we never cared about time until it began to get dark. Then we thought of home and the thrashing that awaited us. Late or early, the thrashing was sure, unless father happened to be away. If he was expected to return soon, mother made haste to get us to bed before his arrival. We escaped the thrashing next morning, for father never felt like thrashing us in cold blood on the calm, holy Sabbath. But no punishment, however sure and severe, was of any avail against the attraction of the fields and woods. It had other uses, developing memory, and the like, but in keeping us at home it was of no use at all.

V

Our grammar-school reader, called, I think, *Maccoulough's Course of Reading*, contained a few natural history sketches that excited me very much and left a deep impression, especially a fine description of the fish-hawk and the bald eagle by the Scotch ornithologist, Wilson, who had the good fortune to wander for years in the American woods while the country was yet mostly wild.

Not less exciting and memorable was Audubon's wonderful story of the passenger pigeon, a beautiful bird flying in vast flocks that darkened the sky

like clouds, countless millions assembling to rest and sleep and rear their young in certain forests, miles in length and breadth, fifty or a hundred nests on a single tree; the overloaded branches would bend low and often break, and the farmers gathering from far and near would beat down countless thousands of the young and old birds from their nests and roosts with long poles at night, and in the morning drive their bands of hogs, some of them brought from farms a hundred miles distant, to fatten on the dead and wounded covering the ground.

In another of our reading-lessons, some of the American forests were described. The most interesting of the trees to us boys was the sugar-maple. And soon after we had learned this sweet story we heard everybody talking about the discovery of gold in the same wonder-filled country.

One night, when David and I were at grandfather's fireside, learning our lessons as usual, my father came in with news, the most wonderful, most glorious, that wild boys ever heard.

'Bairns,' he said, 'you needna learn your lessons the nicht for we're gan to America the morn!'

No more grammar, but boundless woods full of mysterious good things; trees full of sugar, growing in ground full of gold; hawks, eagles, pigeons, filling the sky; millions of birds' nests, and no game-keepers to stop us in all the wild, happy land. We were utterly, blindly glorious.

After father left the room, grandfather gave David and me a gold coin apiece for a keepsake and looked very serious, for he was about to be deserted in his lonely old age. And when we in fullness of young joy spoke of what we were going to do, of the wonderful birds and their nests that we should find, the sugar and gold, and the rest, and promised to send him a big box full of that tree-sugar packed in gold from the glorious paradise over the sea, poor lonely grandfather, about to be forsaken, looked with downcast eyes on the floor, and said in a low, trembling, troubled voice, 'Ah, poor laddies, poor laddies, you'll find something else ower the sea forbye gold and sugar, birds' nests, and freedom fra lessons and schools. You'll find plenty hard, hard work.'

And so we did. But nothing he could say could cloud our joy or abate the fire of youthful, hopeful, fearless adventure. Nor could we in the midst of such measureless excitement see or feel the shadows and sorrows of his darkening old age.

To my school-mates whom I met that night on the street, I shouted the glorious news, 'I'm gan to Amaraka the morn!' None could believe it. I said, 'Weel, just you see if I am at the skule the morn!'

[In the December number Mr. Muir will tell the story of the family plunge into the Wisconsin wilderness. — THE EDITORS.]

HONOR AMONG WOMEN

BY ELISABETH WOODBRIDGE

Can honour set to a leg? No. Or an arm? No. Or take away the grief of a wound? No. Honour hath no skill in surgery, then? No. What is honour? A word. What is in that word honour? What is that honour? Air. Who hath it? He that died o' Wednesday.

FALSTAFF was the prince of special pleaders, but he does not shake our belief that honor is something besides air, that it is more important than legs and arms, and that 'he that died o' Wednesday' may be an object of envy and emulation. And yet, as we reflect on the different ideals of honor that men have held, — not only different but mutually incompatible, — we see some justification for the derisive spirit.

Honor has had countless local and temporary forms. For the ancient Roman it enjoined certain forms of courage and branded certain forms of cowardice, while at the same time it permitted hideous brutality toward the weak. For the mediæval knight it prescribed in some respects an extravagant courtesy toward the weak, while in other ways it did not encourage even a scant justice. Coming nearer to our own times, we find that honor among soldiers is one thing, among doctors another, among lawyers another, among 'gentlemen' another, among business men yet another. It looks a little hopeless. Henry M. Stanley in his autobiography calls attention to this conflict of standards. He says, 'With regard to his "honor" it seemed to bear a different meaning on different banks of a river. On the eastern shore of the Mississippi, it meant probity in

business; on the western shore it signified popular esteem for the punishment of a traducer, and he who was most prompt in killing any one who made a personal reflection obtained most honor, and therefore every pedlar or clerk in Arkansas hastened to prove his mettle.'

Yet one thing all codes of honor have in common: they are outside the law. Law has taken care of certain large sections of human conduct: it has explicitly prohibited killing and stealing and various other flagrantly anti-social acts. But other large sections of conduct are left. The Mosaic law did not forbid lying, but only malicious false witnessing. Modern law covers perjury and libel, but many forms of lying are still untouched. The law compels men to keep their contracts, but not to keep their word, when given without witnesses. It controls to some extent the abuse of power, but only to some extent. It protects the weak, but it does not compel them to have courage. Accordingly, in these regions of conduct where the law falls short, honor steps in, laying emphasis on the need of truth, of good faith, of courtesy, of courage. It does this in many different ways, but its concern is almost always with the things that the law cannot or does not control. Where law ends, honor begins.

And one other thing all standards of honor have in common: that is, the kind of tribunal to which they appeal, the kind of penalty which follows upon their disregard. A gentleman pays his

card debts. Why? Because if he repudiates them he is 'no gentleman.' A soldier responds to a challenge, or gives one, under the proper conditions. Why? Because if he does not he will find himself compelled, by an intangible but irresistible force, to resign his commission. A scholar is scrupulous in his acknowledgment of every intellectual debt owed to other scholars. Why? Because if he fails in this he is in danger of the scathing condemnation of other scholars. A doctor will not criticize the work of a colleague, though a scholar will freely criticize the work of any other scholar. Why? Because among doctors custom forbids this.

Now, in all these cases, though the specific acts required or forbidden may be, and are, very different, the tribunal of reference is the same, and the penalty is the same. The tribunal is the opinion of a man's peers, more or less crystallized as the customs or the etiquette of his class. The penalty is spiritual ostracism from his class. A man who has disregarded these customs may be passed over by the law, — he may even be supported by it, he may be blessed in his basket and in his store, — yet he is in danger of losing something immeasurably precious to him, more precious even than basket and store: the right to hold up his head among his equals.

Defined in terms of its penalties, then, honor may be described as a man's sense of obligation with regard to those rules of social conduct which are not outwardly or legally binding, but whose infringement will, in the opinion of his equals, and therefore in his own opinion, tend to declass him.

In this sense there can be, and is, honor among thieves as well as among business men, honor among gamblers as well as among statesmen. This explains, too, the curious inconsistencies, the laxities and rigidities, of the vari-

ous honor-codes. For, since honor is a class affair, its specific rulings will naturally grow out of the conditions governing the particular class. And we can understand cases like the one that puzzled Stanley. For on the two banks of the Mississippi there were two distinct kinds of people, living under distinctly different conditions. On the west bank it was still pioneer life, on the east bank there was a tolerably settled community. Now, among the pioneer class, courage is, on the whole, more obviously important than any other quality. In a settled community, honesty is more obviously important.

It would seem to follow, that the more distinct and close-knit a class is, the more distinct and rigid will be its code of honor. And this is indeed the case. The class which has always been bound together in the closest possible way is probably the soldier class. Now it is precisely among soldiers that codes of honor have been most elaborately and tyrannically developed.¹ Only less close-knit than the soldiers are the other two great professions, the doctors and the lawyers, and these, too, have developed codes of professional honor which have been the jest, when they have not been the despair, of the ages. Loyalty to these has often seemed to lead to disloyalty toward a higher ideal, and a complete betrayal of the interests of the non-professional outsider.

This, too, is inevitable from the very nature of the case. For it will necessarily happen that the interests of one class will clash with those of another, and if a man belongs partly in two classes, whose requirements are incompatible, he must choose between them, for no man can serve two masters. Thus, the soldier finds himself required

¹ For an exposition of certain phrases of soldier honor that is at once quaint and masterly, the reader is referred to Joseph Conrad's novellette, *Honor*. — THE AUTHOR.

by his honor as a soldier to do things which his honor as a citizen prohibits. And many a young recruit must have been dazed, as Stanley was during his brief service with the Confederate troops, by this subversion of standards. 'The "Thou shalt not" of the Decalogue,' he says, 'was now translated, "Thou shalt." Thou shalt kill, lie, steal, blaspheme, covet, and hate.'

Nor does this occur among soldiers alone. Many a gentleman has found himself forced to decide between his business debts and his 'debts of honor.' Gentlemen of his class play for money. When they lose, they pay, for a gentleman's word is as good as his bond — a gentleman's word, that is, given to another gentleman. Given to the grocer, the rule does not necessarily hold. For the grocer has the law to protect him. If he is not paid, he can bring suit. But if debts of honor are not paid, no suit will be brought. The retribution will be of another sort — a sort not to be encountered. Can we blame the gentleman? It is a choice of penalties. He chooses the one he is best able to endure.

This attitude, in this particular sort of case, is becoming somewhat antiquated, at least in theory. Yet there are, I fancy, few men who can withstand the temptation to pay their club dues first, and let their coal bill wait.

This grazes the subject of business honor, and business honor is a particularly difficult matter. Business men are only emerging from a past whose traditions are characterized by vagueness and expediency. The trader was bound, even to his kind, by no close ties. His honor was the honor of the wolf, of the pirate, or of the slave.¹

¹ Legal recognition of this is to some extent implied in the doctrine of 'caveat emptor,' by which the seller is not bound to point out such defects in the thing sold as the buyer could presumably discover for himself. — THE AUTHOR.

Gradually came the realization that honesty was really the best policy, that stability and reciprocity were necessary, that credit was the condition of progress, and that behind credit stood integrity. Moreover, it began to be recognized that a man could be at the same time a gentleman and a trader, or, speaking more generally, a man of business. Thereupon, the standards of the gentleman and those of the business man began by a kind of spiritual and social osmosis, to affect each other.

The end is not yet, but the code of the gentleman is being stripped of some of its narrowness and whimsicality, and at the same time the code of the business man is growing ashamed of its opportunism.

Naturally, this is what is happening, or going to happen, to all narrow honor-codes. With the breaking-down of class distinctions, the class-codes that have grown up within their boundaries must become blurred. The process of osmosis is going on everywhere. The growing conviction of the real solidarity of the human race is slowly working itself out in practical ways, and in the end it must give rise to a code of human honor which is the result of human needs. When this occurs, we shall get a code whose rulings, far from running counter to those of general morality, will reinforce them with the utmost rigor and universality.

From this condition we are yet a long way off. We still have visions of lands where 'there ain't no Ten Commandments.' Indeed, they are more than visions, as any one may know by glancing at the condition of the African tribes in contact with Europeans, or of the Jews in Russia, or of the Indians in our own country. Many otherwise high-minded men are not keenly conscious of any obligations of honor toward the Chinese.

And even leaving out differences of race, which for historical reasons always tend to blur such obligations, we need not go far afield to find cases where a community is divided against itself. Take our large universities. Here the students have their own standards of honor, whose unwritten laws are more binding than any of those which either the police or the faculty stand for. The matter of cheating in studies is a case in point. Feeling about this has varied, and still varies widely, in the different institutions. It is probably gradually squaring itself with ordinary standards of morality. Yet the hoodwinking of an instructor by a student in the ordinary routine of the class-room is still regarded as, at worst, a venial offense. It is better not to cheat, says the code, the best fellows don't; yet on the whole it is 'up to the instructor.' But, on the other hand, if the students are competing for a prize, the ruling is quite different. It becomes sternly intolerant of the least shadow of dishonesty. For now it is not a case of the student against his instructor, but of the student against his fellow students. To take advantage of his instructor is one thing. To take advantage of a fellow student, snatching the prize by dishonest means, this is quite another. This is in the highest degree dishonorable.

Honor among men, then, originally a narrow class matter, whose standards were always independent of the law, and often at variance with it, is gradually, with many back-currents and side-eddies, making progress toward a wider jurisdiction and a broader set of standards. As the sense of class-distinctions upon which it originally rested fades, and a sense of general human obligation grows, we may call it honor, or we may call it morality. Honor then becomes what Wordsworth calls it:—

Say, what is honour? 'T is the finest sense
Of justice which the human mind can frame,
Intent each lurking frailty to disclaim,
And guard the way of life from all offense
Suffered or done.

Indeed, Wordsworth's meaning is much more the one we commonly have in mind now, than are any of the narrower interpretations which we have been considering. This is the kind of honor that will ultimately be required of men, whether they are business men, or lawyers, or soldiers. This is the kind that must ultimately be required of women. But men have been slowly working toward this through the narrower codes of their class-life. Have women been achieving it in the same way?

To a certain extent, women have, through the ages, shared men's sense of honor—at least as regards men. Their judgments of men have usually confirmed men's judgments of themselves. They have to some extent awarded the prizes of honor in accordance with the rules that men laid down. They have grown familiar with men's ideals of courage, of truth, of courtesy. Such familiarity was worth something, but it did not deeply affect women's standards for themselves, because it did not affect men's standards for women. For example, the mere fact that women prized courage in men did not make women themselves courageous.

And it was men's standards for women that really counted. For women never had, in the past, a class-sense in the same way that men had. Their relations were not primarily with one another, but with men. They had, indeed, certain broad class-affiliations, but these were established through their men—their fathers or brothers or husbands. In this way they were aristocrats or serfs, they were English or French or Turkish. But they had

practically no classes corresponding to the class of knights, or of doctors, or of lawyers, or of masons. And it was impossible that any code should develop such as these classes evolved.

They were, to be sure, women. This was a bond. True. But it will be noticed that men's codes of honor have developed, not through the fact that they were men, but through the fact that they were special kinds of men, — knights or lords or masons, — and, as we have seen, the narrower code usually took precedence of any which they recognized as binding them merely because they were men. This was pale, that was vivid. This was vague, that was definite.

Again, it may be said, men have developed a code of honor as gentlemen. Could not women develop a corresponding code as gentlewomen? To some extent, indeed, they did this. But the rulings which they thus developed were, perhaps, more regarding details than principles, more touching manners than morals.

This was quite natural. They had more to do with details than with principles. They were expected to be more conversant with manners than with morals, except along certain very narrow lines.

And here we come squarely up against the whole matter of the historic position of women. Perhaps, for our purposes, the question is nowhere better put than in the dictionary definition of honor. Any dictionary will do, but Webster's happens to be most succinct. After giving various definitions, we find it explaining it as 'more particularly, in men, integrity; in women, purity, chastity.'

Dictionaries are condensed history, and this little phrase, assuming as it does one standard for men and another for women, is very significant. The word 'honesty' has gone through a

similar stage. In Elizabethan usage it meant square dealing, when used of men; but when used of women, it meant chastity. This meaning of the word is now ignored except by the dialect dictionaries, but the similar meaning of honor is still in good and regular dictionary standing, though actually passing out of common use.

Now this fact, that the words honor and honesty were at one time used of men in one sense, while they were used of women in another and very different sense, gives us something to think about. Evidently, integrity and honesty were not expected of women as they were of men. Why not? Probably because they were not needed by women as they were by men. We have seen that men, through the necessities of social intercourse, arrived at certain roughly formulated ideals of courage and honesty, certain traditions of class solidarity. Each man had his personal dignity to maintain, his place among his equals. But women, meanwhile, were holding intercourse, not with equals, but with superiors — men — and inferiors — children and servants. Through the necessities of such intercourse they, on their part, were working out ideals of tenderness, of industry, of adaptability, and management. In their environment these were the things that were above all necessary. And these are good things, but not the stuff of which honor is made.

As for honor which gives a human being the sense of personal dignity, the right to hold up his head among his peers, this came to a woman, not through any qualities she herself possessed, but through those of her lord, provided always that she preserved herself as clearly and unquestionably his possession. Hers was the honor of the thing possessed. The ownership of the owner must be jealously

guarded, even by the thing owned, so far as it had any volition. This done, she must adapt herself as well as possible to his needs. And this adaptation followed one or both of two main lines — the lines of usefulness and the lines of ornament. A woman was expected to be useful, or to be, in one way or another, pleasant. If she were very useful, she did not need to be quite so pleasant; if she were very pleasant, she did not need to be quite so useful. This gives us the rationale of the relations of most women in the past.

The theories about woman's position correspond with these two lines of usefulness and ornament. They go all the way from the theory of woman as a drudge, to the theory of woman as a rose, or a goddess.

The first theory is often not clearly formulated, although it is very clearly implied in the tenth Mosaic commandment, which classified a man's wife with his house and his ox and his ass. It is exemplified with rare neatness in the answer made to a missionary in the Far East by a coolie whose wife had just carried him across a muddy stream. 'Are n't you ashamed to let your wife carry you across?' the Western woman exclaimed indignantly. He looked puzzled. She repeated her question. He still looked dazed, and finally asked, 'Whose wife *should* carry me across?'

The second theory has been often formulated with great elaborateness, and never, perhaps, with greater charm than in Lord Houghton's little poem, 'To Doris.'

'If, my Doris, I should find
That you seemed the least inclined
To explore the depths of mind
Or of art;
Should such fancies ever wake,
Understand without mistake,
Though our hearts, perhaps, might break,
We must part.

I'd as lief your little head
Should be cumbered up with lead
As with learning, live or dead,
Or with brains.
I have really doated less
On its outline, I confess,
Than the charming nothingness
It contains.

Do you think the summer rose
Ever cares or ever knows
By what law she buds and blows
On the stem?
If the peaches on the wall
Must by gravitation fall,
Do you fancy it at all
Troubles them?

So, as sun or rain is sent,
And the happy hours are spent,
Be unaskingly content
As a star.
Yes, be ever of the few
Neither critical nor blue,
But be just the perfect you
That you are.'

This is delightful, but if Doris took it seriously, it would end matters for her, so far as honor is concerned. Roses and peaches do not concern themselves with honor, any more than with gravitation or the laws of growth. The same theory is implied in the younger Donne's characterization of woman as 'the most excellent toy in the world.' Honor is not found among toys, even the most excellent ones.

But we do not have to go back to Donne, or even to Lord Houghton, to find this attitude toward women. It was never more attractively summarized than in Barrie's play, *What Every Woman Knows*, when Maggie gives her quaint definition of 'charm.' To quote from memory, it runs about as follows: 'Charm is something, that if a woman has it, it does n't matter whether she has anything else or not; and if she does n't have it, it does n't matter what else she has.' Indeed, there could be no better illustration than is furnished by this whole play of the kind of thing women have, by

the force of inexorable necessity, trained themselves to be and to do.

These two theories, the drudge-theory and the rose-theory, are, of course, not the only ones that have been held about women. They are the two extremes, which have shaded into and interpenetrated each other, with various modifications. All that we are concerned with here is the fact that neither the extremes nor any of their variants provide the kind of soil and climate in which women's ideals of honor — except of the one narrowly restricted sort — would be likely to grow and burgeon.

In fairness it ought, perhaps, to be added, that these theories never absolutely corresponded with the whole situation. Theories never do. Theories of child-training were once, perhaps, even less sound than they are to-day, yet many children were doubtless excellently trained. So, in spite of theories, many women undoubtedly lived lives which offered every encouragement to their honor-sense, and many more, even without such stimulus, developed this sense in its highest form, just as many women, without any tradition of courage to incite them, have displayed the most brilliant courage.

As to the theories themselves, they are sometimes discussed with too much heat. No one was particularly to blame for them, any more than any one was to blame for the prevalence of curious theories concerning disease, or the movements of the sun. Moreover, even the women themselves acquiesced in these ideas. As late as the Victorian era, we find the Honorable Mrs. Norton, one of the most brilliantly endowed women who ever lived, writing in this way:—

'The wild and stupid theories advanced by a few women, of "equal rights" and "equal intelligence" are

not the opinions of their sex. I, for one (I, with millions more), believe in the natural superiority of man, as I do in the existence of a God. The natural position of woman is inferiority to man. Amen! That is a thing of God's appointing not of man's devising. I believe it sincerely, as a part of my religion. I never pretended to the wild and ridiculous doctrine of equality.'

And yet it is clear that nothing but this wild and ridiculous doctrine of equality could ever furnish women with the incentive to develop a sense of honor at all like men's. It is a curious fact that, while Mrs. Norton was denouncing the theory, she was, indirectly through the tragedy of her life, and directly through her immense personal influence, doing all that she could to make it prevail by bringing about an important change in the laws concerning women. And it is not her fault that she furnished Meredith the model for his Diana and gave him the suggestion for Diana's great act of treachery — the selling of a state secret intrusted to her in the intimacy of friendship. The real Mrs. Norton, in spite of rumors, did not actually commit such an act, but it is for our purposes deeply significant that Meredith, who, of all our literary artists, has most fully understood the possibilities of women, should have made so excellent a creature as Diana do so abominable a thing. The motives that he assigns her are vanity — the longing to display her power — and a desperate need of money. The excuses he offers are her ignorance of usage, her lack of fundamental training, bringing about in her a complete blindness to the nature of her own act.

It is virtually the same excuse that Ibsen furnishes Nora, in *The Doll's House*, for her act of forgery. It is the excuse all women must submit to have offered in their behalf, so long as

they still do queer things with money and checks and contracts and confidences, — and, it must be admitted, that women still do the queer things; either this excuse, or else the excuse which has the sanction of much older tradition, namely, that women, training or no training, have no sense of honor at all.

On this point women are still not entirely in agreement. 'Sense of honor?' said one young woman to whom the question was brought up; 'Women's sense of honor? They have n't any.' On the other hand, an older lady — one who is wise through long and sweet living — answered, 'Sense of honor? Of course women have it — as high as any man's. Only — I should want to choose my woman.' Where, then, does the truth lie?

About forty years ago, in a young ladies' seminary where the 'higher branches' were taught, the principal was addressing his class of graduates on this very subject of honor. Young ladies, he explained, had little of it. 'If,' he went on, in effect, 'one of your number should commit a breach of school discipline, what would the rest of you do? You would, of course, tell.' The young ladies listened with demure attention, and the principal never knew that the very situation he was describing had been existent in the class for a year. They had recognized it, dealt with it, and kept silence.

Probably these were extraordinary young ladies. It was chiefly the extraordinary ones who, at that period, pursued the 'higher branches.' However that may have been, the significant thing, for our present purpose, is, not that the secret was kept, but that an intelligent educator — one of the most advanced of those who, at that time, were engaged in women's education — should have still held this opinion about women. We shall see how

far we have come since, if we try to imagine a principal of a girls' school or college addressing his class in this strain to-day.

It is, of course, a truism that the education of girls — using education in a very broad sense — has undergone during the last three generations, and with cumulative speed and effectiveness, a radical revolution. With most of its results we are not now directly concerned, but as regards this one matter of honor, the effect is already obvious.

For, as we have seen, honor develops most conspicuously where men are closely knit together as equals, in such a way that they feel at once their own personal dignity and their interdependence. For the first time in history, young women are coming together in just this way, in large masses, in the schools and colleges. They had come together before, in small numbers, in royal courts and in nunneries, but the atmosphere of courts is, for various reasons, unsuited to the development of honor, even among men, and still more among women, while the whole postulate of the nunnery, as of the monastery, clearly precludes it.

In the college, then, and to a less degree in the school, honor ought to develop as clear and strong among young women as among young men. And in fact it does. No college boy will 'give away' a fellow student to an instructor. No college girl will do it either. Everything that can be said in this regard about boys may also be said about girls, if we make a certain allowance for two things: first, the fact that, for obvious reasons, faculty surveillance is, though gradually being reduced, still much greater over the girls than over the boys; and second, that owing to their extreme youth the girls' colleges have not had time to acquire any such body of student tradition,

on all subjects, as has accumulated in the older colleges. It is, perhaps, all the more impressive that the college girl's sense of honor—of the honor of her college, the honor of her class, the honor of her team, and her own honor as inextricably bound up with these—should have reached the keenness that it has.

But it is not alone in the college world that this is happening. In the business world the story is the same. A New York business man was recently asked what he thought about women in business, — were they, on the whole, as businesslike, as honorable, as men? He answered promptly, 'More so.' Perhaps his 'more so' can be discounted a little. Perhaps it was the accent residuary from an earlier surprise at finding women businesslike at all. Or perhaps women in business, like the woman who, forty years ago, studied the 'higher branches,' are still to some extent a picked lot, and would therefore in some respects average a little higher than men. Or perhaps women, knowing the line along which their reputation has been weak, have made rather special efforts to counteract this.

Finally, it is possible that women through lack of experience have brought the standards of an abstract morality to bear on business matters, and these standards are, probably, in some respects higher than those now governing ordinary business transactions. As illustrative of this, a young woman, not in business, but following her husband's affairs with intelligent interest, said to me the other day, 'I am beginning to learn what business men call business honor. It is often quite different from what I should expect. I should n't do some things that they would, and they would n't do some things that I should. It seems to be a case of knowing what is customary and expected.'

These are cases where women are responding to a new environment. But there is a class, dwelling in our midst, whose environment has nothing about it particularly new, a class who lack the training and opportunities granted to the college and the business woman, but who yet have developed an honor-code binding and explicit, although little recognized. The servants within our doors, drawn together in the comradeship of similar conditions, have such a code among themselves, which, when it runs counter to our own interests, we sometimes resent, never realizing that it is in essence the same as the code that binds one gentleman to another, one white man to another, one doctor or lawyer to another. Many a servant has left a satisfactory position because she knew another servant to be dishonest, and there was no way, according to her code, of honorably meeting this situation. She could not countenance dishonesty, she could not accuse a fellow servant. There was nothing to do but leave.

This is doubly interesting because it shows that the sense of honor may be strong where it has, apparently, little to feed on, so long as it has these two conditions: class feeling, and some degree of personal independence. In the matter of independence, it is perhaps worth noting that women-servants have, for a long time, stood upon their own feet in a sense in which few other women have done so. The mistress, to take a trifling but significant example, cannot return home at night alone, but her maid may come for her alone, and is counted a sufficient escort.

It would appear, then, that the sense of honor in women has been, not an absent, but a latent quality. All it has needed for its development has been the proper environment.

But this does not mean that, the

proper environment now being given, women are to pass through all the successive honor-stages that men have — that they must swathe themselves in all the honorable red tape of the Roman, the knight, the gentleman, the lawyer, and the doctor. Heaven forbid! There is no reason why they should adopt standards which, though once useful, have now been superseded. We have noticed that all codes of all classes are gradually being modified by the growing consciousness of a broadly

human solidarity, and it is on this plane that women will naturally fall into line.

Neither men nor women have so far been able to build up, to a point of practical and universal efficacy, such a code of honor as Wordsworth suggests, but both men and women are now working toward this. It is perhaps not altogether utopian to anticipate that what they have not been able to do apart, they may be able to do, with somewhat greater success, together.

WAR-TIME LETTERS OF CHARLES ELIOT NORTON TO GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS

EDITED BY SARA NORTON AND M. A. DE WOLFE HOWE

OF all the friendships that formed so important an element in the life of Charles Eliot Norton there was none in which long intercourse and essential sympathy were so closely joined as in the friendship with George William Curtis. The biography of Curtis, by Mr. Edward Cary, in the 'American Men of Letters' series, has already shown Norton to be the friend to whom he wrote most constantly and frankly. In all of Norton's voluminous correspondence there is no single collection of letters in which the course of his life — for forty-two years — can be so intimately followed as in the letters to Curtis. The gifts and achievements of this best of friends were preëminently of the sort to win and hold the admiring sympathy of Mr. Norton. The love of letters, the skillful practice of the art of writing, the keen interest in pub-

lic matters, the independence of political thought and action, the charm of personality expressing itself as clearly in the spoken as in the written word, — all these were attributes upon which a friendship after Mr. Norton's own heart could be based.

Their friendship began in Paris in 1850. Curtis, with his friend Quincy A. Shaw, was returning from Egypt, where he had gathered the experiences soon to be embodied in his first book, *Nile Notes of a Howadji*. Norton had been in India, acting as supercargo of a vessel owned by the Boston firm of Bullard and Lee. Hearing at Agra that his father was seriously ill, he set out at once for home. Before reaching Paris more favorable reports came to him, and he remained longer in Europe. Near the end of his life he dictated some recollections of this period,

describing first his fortunate establishment in Paris with an older friend, Mr. Joseph Coolidge, of Boston, and proceeding: 'Another great pleasure which Paris gave me was falling in one evening at the Café de Paris with Quincy Shaw, who introduced me to his companion, long-haired and sweet-visaged George Curtis. We were much together during my stay in Paris, and this was the beginning of the friendship which was so much to me during the remainder of my life.'

In 1860, on the eve of the Civil War, Curtis was only thirty-six years old, Norton thirty-three. Curtis had written his 'Howadji' books, *Lotus-Eating*, *The Potiphar Papers*, and *Prue and I*. His 'Works' had been collected in five uniform volumes, and his recognized place in America was among the popular writers of the day. His reputation as a political writer was still largely to be made. Norton had made a smaller beginning as a writer of books, but had contributed abundantly to the serious periodicals of the time. To his friends he was known as a careful observer of social and political matters, and a faithful lover of his country. To both these young men, as to many others who gave what they could to the physical or spiritual service of the nation, the Civil War came as a great quickening and revealing power. There is a special interest, therefore, in the letters which the young student wrote from Cambridge and Newport to his friend in New York, who in 1863 became the political editor of *Harper's Weekly*.

Although the following letters deal chiefly with the public aspects of the war, it should be remembered that to Curtis, — with a brother and three brothers-in-law in the army, the brother and two of the brothers-in-law, Robert Gould Shaw and Charles Russell Lowell, giving their heroic lives to the cause, — and to Norton,

touched more nearly through friends than through kinsmen, a full sense of the meaning of war was inevitable. In selecting the letters to be published at this time, it has not seemed advisable to adhere to the single topic of the war; other interests of life, overshadowed as they were by what was passing in the South, continued their course. Curtis was often with the Nortons at Shady Hill, as he had been in earlier days at Newport. He was a friend of their friends, and familiar with their interests. So tragic an event as the death of Mrs. Longfellow, and its effect upon her husband, naturally found a place in the correspondence of Longfellow's two younger friends. Books were read and discussed. But the war was uppermost.

In Norton's view of its progress, there are constant evidences of the deeply patriotic faith and hope that were in him. His personal service to the national cause was rendered chiefly through the second half of the war in his editorial work for the New England Loyal Publication Society, an organization the object of which was officially described as the 'distribution of journals and documents of unquestionable and unconditional loyalty throughout the United States, and particularly in the armies now engaged in the suppression of the Rebellion.' Of this good work the letters hold their traces. Most noticeable of all, and most typical of the Northern element which Norton represented, are the signs of the change which came upon men's view of Lincoln. In November, 1862, Norton is found writing: 'I am very much afraid that a domestic cat will not answer when one wants a Bengal tiger.' In December of the next year, he wrote of Lincoln: 'I conceive his character to be on the whole the great net gain from the war.' This is but one of many reflections from the mirror

in which the progress of national events was solicitously watched.

But the letters will speak best for themselves.

[SHADY HILL], *Jan'y 15, 1860.*

MY DEAREST GEORGE:—A fortnight hence I hope you will be with us. How pleasant it will be to see you once more! We shall all be delighted to welcome you. The years are hardly fair to us that give us but an annual meeting, and I trust that this new one, this 1860, will treat us both more kindly by bringing us oftener together than the last. — It is ten years now, or will be in the spring, since we first knew each other. — Paris, Shady Hill, Newport, New York, are the various places which your affection has made happier for me. Do you recall the pleasant spring evening when we first met in the Café de Paris? How young we were then! I am not certain that we have grown very old since then, — but what years of experience these ten have been for us both! The next ten will be shorter, — so love me more during their course to make up for their quicker passage.

What you say about the Harpers is at once satisfactory and vexatious. As long as you feel bound to devote yourself to money-making, and they pay you so well, — so long I suppose you must keep to them, — but I shall be truly glad when the time comes that you can cut loose from them, and work more after your own pleasure, and more in other fields than those which they own and occupy. . . .

SHADY HILL, *Dec'r 17, 1860.*

MY DEAR GEORGE:— . . . In these present times of alarm and suspense my chief fear is lest we of the North should fail to see that the time has now come when the dispute between the North and the South can be settled finally, and therefore ought to

be settled and not deferred. I am afraid lest we may yield some part of our convictions and be false to our principles. The longer we stave off settlement by compromises and concessions, the heavier will be the reckoning when the day of settlement at length comes. This is no time for timid counsels. Safety no less than honor demands of us to take a firm stand, and to shrink from none of the consequences of the resolute maintenance of our principles, — the principles of justice and of liberty. I believe that New England is stronger than New Africa. A nominal union is not worth preserving at the price that is asked for it.

For my own part I think it most likely that we shall come at length to the rifle and the sword as the arbitrators of the great quarrel, — and I have no fear for the result. The discipline of steel is what we need to recover our tone. But I pity the South; and look forward with the deepest sorrow and compassion to the retribution they are preparing for themselves. The harvest they must reap is one of inevitable desolation. . . .

SHADY HILL, *March 5, 1861.*

MY DEAR GEORGE:—Is it not a great satisfaction to have the dignity and force of the government once more asserted? To feel that there are strong and honest hands to hold it, in place of the feeble and false ones which for four months past have let it fall?

Lincoln's Inaugural is just what might have been expected from him, and falls but little short of what might have been desired. It is manly and straightforward; it is strong and plain enough to afford what is so greatly needed, a base upon which the sentiments of the uncorrupted part of the Northern people can find firm ground; and from which their course of action can take direction. But what will the

seceded States say about it? still more, what will they do? I incline to believe that they will not try violence, and that their course as an independent Confederacy is nearly at an end.

Congress could not have done less harm than it has done in passing the proposal for a Constitutional Amendment.¹ I am sorry that Lincoln should have volunteered any approbation of the proposal, — though I have little fear that the Amendment can be adopted by a sufficient number of States to make it part of the Constitution. I do not wish to bind the future. I fully adopt the principle in regard to 'Domestic institutions' (what a euphuistic people about slavery we are!) of the Republican platform, but I do not want Congress bound never to pass laws to prevent the internal Slave Trade. Let Slavery alone in each State, — very well; but let us not promise never to try to stop Virginia from being nothing but a breeding ground of Slaves.

The first act of this great play of Destruction of the Union has ended well. It seems now as if before the play were ended it would be generally found out that, as you and I have believed from the beginning, its proper name is, Destruction of the Slave Power.

When the history of American Slavery is written its open decline and fall will be dated from the day in which the South Carolina Declaration of Independence was signed. . . .

SHADY HILL, *April 29, 1861.*

DEAREST GEORGE: — I wish we could have a long talk together. Your last note found its answer in my heart. Everything is going on well here. The feeling that stirs the people is no outburst of transient passion, but is as

deep as it is strong. I believe it will last till the work is done. Of course we must look for some reaction, — but I have no fear that it will bear any proportion to the force of the present current.

It seems to me to be pretty much settled by this unanimity of action at the North that we are not to have a divided Union. I almost regret this result, for I wish that the Southern States could have the opportunity of making a practical experiment of their system as a separate organization, and I fear lest when the time of settlement comes the weakness of the North may begin to show itself again in unmanly compliances.

But our chief danger at the present moment is lest the prevailing excitement of the people should overbear the wiser, slower, and more far-sighted counsels of Mr. Seward, — for it is he who more than anyone else has the calmness and the prudence which are most requisite in this emergency. I am afraid that he is not well supported in the Cabinet, and I more than ever wish that he could have been our President. I am not satisfied that Mr. Lincoln is the right man for the place at this time.

Sumner dined with our Club on Saturday.² He did not make a good impression on me by his talk. He is very bitter against Seward; he expressed a great want of confidence in Scott, thinking him feeble and too much of a politician to be a good general; he doubts the honor and the good service of Major Anderson. There is but one man in the country in whom he has entire confidence, and in him his confidence is overweening.

After Sumner had gone Mr. Adams³ came in and talked in a very different

¹ The proposed Thirteenth Amendment recommended to the States by Congress on the eve of Lincoln's inauguration.

² The Saturday Club of Boston.

³ Charles Francis Adams was appointed minister to England, March 20, 1861.

and far more statesmanlike way. His opinions are worthy of confidence. I think he is not thoroughly pleased with the President or the Cabinet, — but in him Mr. Seward has a strong ally.

You see that Caleb Cushing has offered his services to Governor Andrew. I understand that two notes passed on each side, — one a formal tender from Cushing of his services, which the Governor replied to with equal formality, stating that there is no position in the Massachusetts army which he can fill. Cushing's first letter was accompanied by another private one in which he offered himself to fill any position and expressed some of his sentiments on the occasion. To this Andrew answers that in his opinion Mr. Cushing does not possess the confidence of the community in such measure as to authorize him — the Governor — to place him in any position of responsibility, and that, even if this were not the case, Mr. Cushing does not possess his personal confidence to a degree which would warrant him in accepting his services. — This is excellent. It is no more than Cushing deserves. Neither the people nor the Governor have forgotten, and they will never forgive, his speeches last November or December, or his previous course.¹ . . .

SHADY HILL, June 16, 1861.

MY DEAR GEORGE: — . . . Here at home we are all well, — and leading such tranquil lives that the contrast between them and the labors, anxieties and sorrows of the war, is brought very strikingly home to our hearts. I know you must have felt very deeply the death of Theodore Winthrop. The loss of such men as he makes us feel how heavy a price the country has to pay for the support of the principles

¹ Cushing had presided at the Democratic National Convention which nominated Breckinridge to run against Lincoln.

that are at stake. It is sad that he should have fallen so early in the struggle, and in such fullness of life. But no lover of his country, of liberty or of peace, would desire to change the manner of his death. Few men in our days have been happy enough to be called to die for a principle, or for their country's sake. There is real glory and joy in dying while doing good service in this war.

I am told that Winthrop's article which is to appear in the *Atlantic* this week is as full of spirit and manliness as the one that came out last month. But with what a solemn commentary will it be read.

Our regiments enlisted for the war are going off one after another. The best of them is Gordon's, — so called from its Colonel who is a West Pointer. It is officered throughout by gentlemen, and its ranks are full of fine fellows. But, I forget, you know all about it, and your hearts will follow it and go with it wherever it goes. . . .

July 10, 11½ A.M. (1861).

DEAREST GEORGE: — You will have heard of the awful calamity that has fallen upon the Longfellow, — and us all.

I have no heart to write, except for the sake of lightening your sorrow. She did not suffer except for the first hour or two after the accident; was conscious, quite calm, strong and patient through the night whenever she was free from the influence of ether. This morning she became unconscious, — and died half an hour ago.

Longfellow is suffering much from his burns, — but they are not alarming. He was sleeping a little while ago. I wish he might never wake.

God help him.

God help us all.

Your ever loving

C. E. N.

NEWPORT, *July 26, 1861.*

MY DEAR GEORGE: — I received yesterday from Tom Appleton accounts from our dear Longfellow which you may be glad to hear. He says: 'Longfellow makes very good progress. The scars on his face have wholly disappeared. The right hand is nearly well, and the left (the worst) is almost painless and the skin forming. He is very comfortable and cared for. His sisters and children are always in the room or near by, and the weather is all we could wish. Lowell, Agassiz and Felton have been to see him several times, and cheer him by their heartfelt sympathy. We are all trying to get used to this terrible change and do our best to bear it.'

I shall go up next week to Cambridge to see them, and I will write to you again from there or on my return.

From the first I have looked on our defeat¹ in Virginia as a hard lesson, not as a disaster to be greatly regretted. It has taught us much. Instead of weakening confidence in our troops, the fight of last Sunday, in spite of its issue, will strengthen their faith in themselves. And in its effect on the public sentiment of the North it will be like the fall of Sumter. Everything that makes the attainment of our object in fighting more difficult, makes it at the same time more certain. Had we marched only to easy victory we might have had but half a triumph: *now* the triumph of our cause is likely to be complete. Nothing tears veils like cannon-shot, and the dullest eyes are beginning to see the real cause and the true remedy of our troubles. The emancipation of Virginia from slavery was finally settled, I think, last Sunday.

The New York papers, always accepting the *Evening Post*, go from bad to worse, the *Tribune* leading the rest. Fortunately none of them have much

¹ At Bull Run.

effect on public opinion, and they are losing most of what they may hitherto have possessed. 'Il y a quelqu'un qui a plus d'esprit que M. de Voltaire: c'est tout le monde.' The downfall of the fourth estate need not be wept over. . . .

NEWPORT, *August 1, 1861.*

MY DEAR GEORGE: — I was just about writing to you today when I had the pleasure of receiving your more than welcome letter. — I was in Cambridge on Tuesday, and saw Longfellow. He is in just that state of mind and feeling which we who love him could desire. He is perfectly simple and manly in bearing his terrible affliction, — with no exaggeration of grief or of the repression of it. I have never seen anyone under great sorrow who seemed to me to show a more Christian resignation and fortitude. He was quite self-possessed, though now and then his tears for a moment choked his voice. He taught me to love and respect him more than ever. He is still in his room, and for a great part of the time in bed. His hands are almost well, but he recovers very slowly from the prostration of his strength. He said that the visits of his friends did him good; that he liked to see them, and to talk with them. All his usual sweetness and quickness of sympathy was in his words, intensified by a new and most affecting pathos. His thoughts about others were as if he himself were not changed. He spoke of you, of your being at Cambridge, and of his not having been able to see you. He said he found it very difficult to take an interest in anything, — everything seemed very remote. He did not know how he should bear it as he got well. 'I am very desolate.'

If you can go to Cambridge at any time this summer I am sure it would please Longfellow to see you, and if you will come by way of Newport, I will

go from here with you. I shall at any rate go up again to see him before long.

The extracts you sent me from your brother's¹ letter were very interesting. I am more and more convinced that we not only deserved but needed defeat. I hope it is our second Sumter, and that we shall not need another lesson of the same sort to deepen conviction and make the true end of the war — the civilizing of the Southern States — plain to the whole people. I find almost everywhere the right spirit, but not quite enough of it. Men seem determined to secure our triumph, but do not know for what cause, except for the satisfaction of pride, triumph is needed. — Child² writes to me from Stockbridge. 'At ten o'clock Monday evening we got the afternoon news, — about as bad as news could be. Hardly anybody could sleep. That might have been thought the unhappy distinction of high-strung nerves, but the next morning the butcher from Lee told us nobody slept in Lee, and when butchers are kept watching by bad news there must be something to pay. It is said that immediately on receipt of the *bad* news seventy-one men offered themselves to enlist in Lee where no enlistments could be procured before. I saw a man going through the streets crying out loud when the news was confirmed on Monday night.'

The change in the *Tribune* will not restore the paper to its old place. Greeley's appeal to the people was more mean-spirited than I would have believed he could write. . . .

NEWPORT, August 24, 1861.

MY DEAR GEORGE: — . . . I do not agree with you that the war is likely to be short. Its issue may soon become

¹ Joseph Bridgham Curtis, 4th R. I. Regiment; killed at Fredericksburg.

² Professor F. J. Child of Harvard.

certain, but it will be long before we can lay down our arms. Nor am I ready yet to share in any gloomy prognostications. I believe the people will save the country and the government in spite of all the weakness and mismanagement and corruption at Washington. Nor am I afraid of the effect of another defeat, — if another should come. It will indeed bring to the surface an immense show of cowardice, and meanness; but we have no right yet to believe that the temper of our people is so low that it will not rise with the trial of calamity. I bate nothing of heart or hope, and I grieve to think that you should ever feel out of heart or despondent. We have not yet more than begun to rouse ourselves; we are just bracing to the work; but we are setting to it at last in earnest.

The practical matter to be attended to at this moment seems to me to be the change in the Cabinet. A change *must* be made, — and it will be made, if not by the pressure now brought to bear, then by a popular revolution. We shall have public meetings of a kind to enforce their resolves in the course of a few days, if Cameron, Welles and Smith are not removed, or the best reason given for retaining them. Mr. Seward ought to understand that it is not safe for him that they should any longer remain in the Cabinet. If another reverse were to come and they still there, the whole Cabinet would have to go; — and then let Mr. Lincoln himself look out for a Committee of Safety.

It is growing too dark for me to write more to-night.

Let me hear from you again soon, — and above all do not begin to doubt our final success.

If the fortunes of war go against us, if all our domestic scoundrels give aid to the cause of the rebels, — we still

shall not fail, and the issue will be even better than our hopes.

Most affectionately yours,
CHARLES E. N.

NEWPORT, October 2, 1861.

MY DEAR GEORGE: — . . . I sent you yesterday a copy of De Vere's last volume of poems. There are some very charming things in it. He has genuine poetic sensibility, and with age he gains power of expression and depth of thought. In everything he writes he shows the refinement of his taste, the delicacy of his feeling, and his strong religious sentiment. He is greatly pleased with any expression of appreciation from America, and if you have a fit opportunity I wish you would say something of this volume in print. And if you should do so, please be sure to tell me, (for I do not always see *Harper's Monthly and Weekly*), that I may send it to him. De Vere has taken from the beginning the most intelligent and sympathetic view of our great contest. I read you, I think, one of his letters about it; and in later letters he has expressed his convictions still more fully and warmly. Nor is this volume without the marks of his hearty interest in our struggle.

I have great faith in Frémont. But how painfully little we know! and how ungenerously that little is used against Frémont by the public generally in forming their opinion of his course! I earnestly hope that he may soon have a success which shall win back to him the popular confidence. Events prove Lincoln's modification of his proclamation even more unfortunate than it at first seemed, — and even at first it seemed bad enough. In a fight so desperate as that which is now being waged in Missouri we have need of all our arms, — and Lincoln has compelled us to throw aside the most effective of them all, — he has spiked our gun of

longest range. Have I before quoted to you Milton's sentence about those 'who coming in the course of these affairs to have their share in great actions above the form of law or custom . . . dispute precedents, forms, circumstances when the commonwealth nigh perishes for want of deeds in substance, done with just and faithful expedition?' 'To these,' as he says, 'I wish better instruction, and virtue equal to their calling.'

It is an unexampled experience that we are having now, and a striking development of the democratic principle, — of great historic deeds being accomplished, and moral principles working out their results, without one great man to do the deeds or to manifest the principle in himself.

The fight in Kentucky seems to me one of the most important phases in the war. Her conduct for the past year has been so mean that she deserves the suffering that has come upon her; but in her borders we have now got slaveholders arrayed against slaveholders, and between them they will kill slavery in her limits. I hope you are wrong in thinking that we shall lose her, — though, if we do, I shall not much grieve, believing that every reverse of ours but makes our final success more certain, and gives to it a solid reality which would not be the result of an easy triumph. . . .

SHADY HILL

December 5. Thursday eve 'g.

MY DEAR GEORGE: — . . . We are very serious over the President's Message. We think it very poor in style, manner and thought, — very wanting in pith, and exhibiting a mournful deficiency of strong feeling and of wise forecast in the President. This 'no policy' system in regard to the conduct of the war, and the treatment of the slavery question, is extremely dan-

gerous, and must at the best produce very unfortunate divisions of opinion and of action among the people; — it is truly a very sad thing to see each successive opportunity for great, decisive, *right* counsels thus thrown away and worse than lost. — The chances of true success for us are diminishing with alarming rapidity. The Sibyl has burned three, — six, — seven — of her books. How many has she left to offer us? And shall we not have to pay more than we can get, for what are left?

Cameron has saved the gist of the part struck out; — but that is not enough. Nor is he the man to lead this country. He is playing a game, and his principles are as good as, no better than, John Cochrane's.

I have stopped the publication of my essay on Emancipation, — convinced that the interpretation I had given to the Constitution was not the one truly intended by its framers and that it was not worth while to attempt to overset the common opinion in regard to the relation of the Constitution to slavery. We must get Emancipation — if at all — by *war*. Shall we?

Like Mr. Lincoln, to-night I do not like to think of great subjects. . . .

SHADY HILL, *December 31, 1861.*

MY DEAREST GEORGE: — . . . Lowell has been spending the evening with us, and brought up to read to us his new Biglow Paper. It is one of the best things he ever did, — it is a true Yankee pastoral and lyric; — not another letter of B. Sawin, but a poem or rather two poems of Hosea's own, — the first a dialogue between Concord Bridge and Bunker Hill Monument, — the last a lyric about Jonathan and John, with the most spirited refrain. I am sure that you will be as delighted with it as I am. There is no

doubt but that it will touch the popular heart.

I entirely agree with you as to the masterly manner in which Seward has treated the Trent case. If his paper has too much the character of a legal plea for strict diplomatic usage, it is to be remembered that it is in reality addressed to the American people and not to Lord Lyons. — Shall we yet have to fight England? With all my heart I hope not, — but if need be I am ready.

SHADY HILL

Sunday, February 9, 1862.

MY DEAREST GEORGE: — . . . Jane¹ and I went to hear Fred'k Douglas. It was a sad though interesting performance. He said very little to the purpose, and nothing that was of worth as helping toward clearer conclusions in regard to the future of the black race in America. There was a want of earnestness and true feeling in his speech. It was discursive, shallow, personal, and though he said some clever things and displayed some power of humorous irony, it was on the whole a melancholy exhibition, for neither the circumstances of the time, nor the immeasurable importance of the topic, were enough to inspire him with wise or sincere counsel. I could not but think how far he was from such honesty of purpose and depth of feeling as were in John Brown's heart. There were several eloquent and well-meant passages in his lecture, but most of it was crude and artificial. We could not but come away disappointed and even disheartened.

How good the news is from Tennessee! ² We have waited so long for success that we may well be glad when it comes. I trust that this is a blow to be followed up. . . .

¹ Mr. Norton's older sister.

² Fort Henry had just been taken, and Fort Donelson was about to fall.

Monday evening, March 3, 1862.

MY DEAR GEORGE: — . . . On the day you left us I had a long and most entertaining talk from Emerson about his experiences in Washington. Two things he said were especially striking. 'When you go southward from New York you leave public opinion behind you. There is no such thing known in Washington.' — 'It consoles a Massachusetts man to find how large is the number of egotists in Washington. Every second man thinks the affairs of the country depend upon him.' He reported a good saying of Stanton, when the difficulty of making an advance on account of the state of the roads was spoken of. — 'Oh,' said he, 'the difficulty is not from the mud in the roads, but the mud in the hearts of the Generals.'

Emerson said that Seward was very strong in his expressions concerning the incapacity and want of spirit of Congress, — and that Sherman and Colfax confirmed what Seward said, ascribing much of the manifest weakness to 'Border State' influence.

And much more. . . .

SHADY HILL, March 8, 1862.

MY DEAREST GEORGE: — As I sit down to thank you for the note that came to me this morning, Jane is reading it aloud to Longfellow, and interrupts me to ask explanations. All you say is very interesting. But can I quite agree with you in confidence in Mr. Lincoln's instincts? His message on Emancipation¹ is a most important step; but could anything be more feebly put, or more inefficiently written? His style is worse than ever; and though a bad style is not always a mark of bad thought, it is at least a proof that thought is not as clear as it ought to be.

¹ The special message urging 'gradual abolishment of Slavery' was sent to Congress March 6.

How time brings about its revenges! I think the most striking incident of the war is the march of our men into Charlestown singing the John Brown psalm, 'His soul is marching on.'

As for Lincoln's suggestions, I am sure that good will come of them. They will at least serve to divide opinion in the Border States. But I see many practical objections to his plan; and I doubt if any State meets his propositions with corresponding action.

The *Tribune* is politic in its burst of ardor. Let us make out the message to be more than it is, — and bring the President up to our view of it. . . .

SHADY HILL, March 19, 1862.

MY DEAREST GEORGE: — . . . I am not as critical as Iago, but I do not like McClellan's address to his troops. It is too French in style and idiom. He 'loves his men like a father'? 'A magnificent army.' 'God smiles upon us.' How does he know? And 'victory attends us'? This last phrase is plainly a mistranslation from the French 'La Victoire nous attend,' — which means, what our General ought to have said, Victory *awaits* us.

But I am more than content with our progress. Wendell Phillips in Washington! The new Article of War! The slaves running away in Virginia! Frémont reinstated in command! — Freedom cannot take any backward steps — and it looks as if she would soon begin to move forward with faster and more confident steps than heretofore.

What a fine fight that was in Hampton Roads! Honor to the men of the Cumberland. I heard a most interesting and deeply moving account of the incidents of the fight and the sinking from Dr. Martin, the surgeon of the ship.

And how splendidly the Monitor was managed! . . .

SHADY HILL

Thursday evening, July 31, 1862.

DEAREST GEORGE:—... The weather is very beautiful;—such a sunshiny, showery, green, shady summer as it is! But we have no days finer than the 17th. *That* was fine every way. Your Oration¹ lasts in the minds of men. Its praises come to me from all sides. Last Saturday at the Club there was a general expression of hearty admiration of it which would have pleased you to hear. Everyone who had heard it said it was one of the most effective pieces of oratory that had been heard here by this generation, and that its sentiment and doctrine were as noble as your eloquence. Even the 'conservatives' give in to its power. 'Detestable opinions, Sir, but overwhelming eloquence.'

Here we have given up McClellan as a general, and have renewed our original faith in Stanton. It seems to me certain that the President and the Secretary of War have not interfered with McClellan's plans, but have done everything to forward them. I fear the President is not yet quite conscious of the spirit of the people, and aware of the needs of the time. I have no doubt of his good intention, but I doubt if his soul is open to the heats of enthusiasm for a great principle, or his will quick and resolute enough for a great emergency. I do not believe in any palliatives at present. Will Lincoln be master of the opportunities, or will they escape him? Is he great enough for the time?

Do you think the army² on the James River is safe? If it is forced to surrender I think the people generally would be excited to make the cause good, rather than depressed by the calamity. — It looks to me as if Eman-

cipation might come very soon in Kentucky. But what a pity that the President should not have issued a more distinct and telling Proclamation. I think this a great misfortune. However it is not a mere piece of commonplace faith that everything is best, when I say I believe that the issue of the war will be as we desire. — What a lot of capital *I's* I have put into this note. . . .

SHADY HILL, *September 7, 1862.*

MY DEAR GEORGE:— I have not written to you in these past ten days because I have been writing much at my lectures,³ because Susan⁴ has been ill with a slight touch of chills and fever, caught originally years ago on Long Island, because, in fine, the times have been so bad that there was no comfort to be found even in you. — I am hopeful still, but less confident than I have been. I think these days since you left us have been in some important respects the most disheartening that we have yet been through. They have been worse than days of more serious disaster, for they have betrayed alike the incompetence of our generals and the vacillations of our administration, at a time when there was special need of good generalship, and of vigorous purpose. It is poor comfort to find Pope such a failure that the reappointment of McClellan, apparently to chief command, seems better than to leave the army in Pope's hands.

The people as usual have behaved splendidly. We are perishing for lack of that unpurchasable article — genius. The men are fine, — what we want is a man, — and our times do not produce in quantity men who deserve

³ A course of Lowell Institute lectures on the characteristics of the twelfth century, delivered in the following winter.

⁴ In May, 1862, Mr. Norton and Miss Susan Sedgwick had been married.

¹ The Phi Beta Kappa Oration at Harvard.

² The Army of the Potomac, under McClellan, after the disastrous Seven Days' battles.

to be spoken of in the singular number.

And yet I feel that we do not know enough to form a positive judgment as to the conduct or abilities of any one of our generals. All are unsatisfactory, but they may, some of them, be less unsatisfactory than they seem to be. It is no use to get big armies if no one of our leaders can set them in the field. It is no use to send our men or to go ourselves to the war, if we are to be shot and not do any shooting.

All which, dearest 'He of *Harper's Weekly* and the Nile,' is a mystery. I reveal my hidden, partial thoughts to you. There is much to be said (and which I say) on the other side. Our cause remains the same. It will not be lost in the end, and it is a good thing (perhaps) for the nation to have no leaders, but be forced to make its own way. — But, after all, I believe similar troubles attend almost all great wars; ours only seem aggravated by the gossiping intelligence of every fact, and the reiteration of every falsehood by the newspapers.

Have you lately read Carlyle's account of the battle of Dunbar? — if not, pray read it now. And read too any good account of Hoche's campaign in La Vendée. Hoche was a man of sense and his policy makes one doubt the advisableness of our advancing army's living on the enemy. — The best thing for our cause at the present time would be, I believe, a few days' invasion of Ohio or Pennsylvania. Our people would really feel *war* then, and I think the Administration would have to carry on war with vigour after that. But I fear the enemy is not strong enough to invade us. . . .

SHADY HILL, September 23, 1862.¹

MY DEAREST GEORGE: — God be praised! I can hardly see to write, —

¹ The day after Lincoln read the Emancipation Proclamation to his Cabinet.

for when I think of this great act of Freedom, and all it implies, my heart and my eyes overflow with the deepest, most serious gladness.

I rejoice with you. Let us rejoice together, and with all the lovers of liberty, and with all the enslaved and oppressed everywhere.

I think today that this world is glorified by the spirit of Christ. How beautiful it is to be able to read the sacred words under this new light.

'He hath sent me to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovery of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised, to preach the acceptable year of the Lord.'

The war is paid for.

Dearest George, I was very glad to see that your brother was safe, and to hear of his gallantry in the late actions.²

Love and congratulations from us all to all of you.

Ever yours,

C. E. N.

SHADY HILL, November 12, 1862.

MY DEAREST GEORGE: — . . . Were it not for one or two *ifs*, I should feel much better about the state of affairs than I have for some time. The worst of the *ifs* is the one concerning Lincoln. I am very much afraid that a domestic cat will not answer when one wants a Bengal tiger. It is encouraging that Congress meets so soon again; the President will be helped by it.

Another *if* must go before Burnside's name. He may be able to command one hundred thousand men in the field, but is he? He, like our other generals,

² At Antietam, where Lieut. J. B. Curtis's regiment was cut to pieces and driven back, he seized the colors, and shouted, 'I go back no further! What is left of the Fourth Rhode Island, form here!' For the rest of the day he fought as a private in an adjoining command. See Cary's *Curtis*, p. 161 n.

is on trial. How we shall rejoice if he succeeds.

You are certainly right in your view of the elections. The Administration will not be hurt by the reaction if the war goes on prosperously. If we have a vigorous, brilliant and really successful winter campaign there will be not much opposition left next spring; but if otherwise — if we have successes that lead to nothing, and victories that are next door to defeats, if the influence of Washington air follows and paralyzes our armies, then I think it will be hard times for us and all honest republicans, who hope for the country and believe in its institutions and its people. . . .

SHADY HILL, January 30, 1863.

MY DEAREST GEORGE: — One busy day has succeeded another since you were here till I am at last reduced to a condition in which I am fit for no work, and so set about writing a note and sending my love to you.

The Hero of one hundred ungained Victories, — the conqueror in his own bulletins, is at present in Boston, and but a few people remain calm. Some are excited with enthusiastic admiration of their own imagination of McClellan; some busy with wire-pulling; some active to prevent others 'without distinction of party' gaining any advantage out of relations with the disgraced Captain and candidate for the next Presidency; and some very much disquieted by all this folly. So you see those who keep quiet and innocent minds are in a despicable minority.

I have just finished the volume of Russell's *Diary* that you left here. It is a very valuable and useful book; but he is a pretty small Irishman after all, and his style is as amusing sometimes as his ignorance. But I really like the book and have been greatly interested in it.

The new Army Bill is just what is

needed, and in general Congress seems to be doing its work well. The Negro Soldier bill must pass, and I trust it is an efficient one. The getting ready a Negro army is the need beyond all others of this moment; and I am afraid from what I hear that the inexplicable President 'does n't see it.' Mr. Sedgwick writes that he wishes two hundred good men would come on to Washington to press the matter forward, and to labour with Mr. Lincoln. — As to the Potomac Army I wish it could be sent South and West, and that Richmond could be captured by successes not in Virginia.

We are making arrangements here to secure the circulation of good telling articles from foreign and our own newspapers, to influence and direct public opinion.¹ We propose to secure from one hundred thousand to five hundred thousand readers for two articles per week, and perhaps more. I shall be the 'editor' so to say, with John Forbes and Sam Ward as advisers. Please bear this in mind and *send to me, marked, articles which you think should be thus circulated.* I shall have frequent occasion to borrow from *Harper*, — or rather from you in *Harper*.

SHADY HILL, June 28, 1863.

MY DEAREST GEORGE: — . . . I want very much to talk over public affairs now with you. The course and the prospects of the parties no less than of the war seem likely to be very much determined by the events of the next few weeks. I trust solicitously. — The President's letter struck me just as it had struck you. It is eminently characteristic of his better qualities of mind, — those which he shows when pushed hard, or really touched. It is a pity that he does not sustain himself at this height. He will not, I trust,

¹ The first allusion to the work of the New England Loyal Publication Society.

make any elaborate answer to the Ohio Copperheads.

I am glad that the lines are being so clearly drawn. We had best understand the real amount and character of the Northern force against us. . . .

SHADY HILL, *February 1, 1863.*

MY DEAR GEORGE: — Here is our prospectus. If at any time you want to secure a still wider circulation for any one of your articles than their appearance in *Harper* affords, please send me from one hundred to five hundred slips, which can be cheaply enough struck off if done before the form for the paper is broken up.

McClellan is still here, and has been causing people to break the Sabbath to-day. Agassiz is a devoted admirer of his, and said yesterday that 'he was a great but not a towering man.' Dr. Holmes, studying him physiologically, talks of 'broad base of brain,' 'threshing floor of ideas,' no invention or original force of intellect, but compact, strong, executive nature, 'with a neck such as not one man in ten thousand possesses,' 'muscular as a prize fighter,' etc. etc. . . .

SHADY HILL, *February 26, 1863.*

MY DEAREST GEORGE: — . . . It was pleasant to hear from you of your visit to Philadelphia, and to hear from John,¹ on the same day, his glowing account of it. What a loyal place Philadelphia has become! We should be as loyal here if we had a few more out-and-out secessionists. Our Union 'Club' — we have dropped the offensive word 'League' — promises well — two hundred members already, and Mr. Everett and his followers pledged to principles which suit you and me. We are proposing to take the Abbott Lawrence house on Park St., and to be

¹ Their common friend, and later their Ashfield neighbor, John W. Field of Philadelphia.

strong by position as well as by numbers. But nothing will do for the country, — neither Clubs nor pamphlets nor lectures, nor Conscription Bills (three cheers for the despotism necessary to secure freedom), nor Banking Bills, nor Tom Thumb, nor Institutes, — nothing will do us much good but victories. If we take Charleston and Vicksburg we conquer and trample out the Copperheads, — but if not?

I confess to the most longing hope, the most anxious desire to know of our success. I try to be ready for news of failure: indeed I shall be ready for such news if it comes, and we must all only draw a few quick breaths and form a sterner resolve, and fight a harder fight.

Where is the best statement, in a clear and quiet way, of the political necessity of the preservation of the Union, its vital necessity to our national existence? Seward has done harm by keeping up the notion of the old Union, — but who has seen clearest the nature of the new Union for which we are fighting? . . .

SHADY HILL, *September 3, 1863.*

MY DEAREST GEORGE: — It is pleasant to think of you as so near us. It would be much pleasanter to have you with us, — especially this morning, that we might congratulate each other on the extraordinary excellence of the President's letter.² He rises with each new effort, and his letters are successive victories. Indeed the series of his letters since and including the one to the Albany Committee are, as he says to General Grant of Vicksburg, 'of almost inestimable value to the country,' — for they are of the rarest class of political documents, arguments se-

² Presumably Lincoln's letter of August 26, 1863, to J. C. Conkling, in answer to an invitation to attend a mass-meeting of unconditional Union men at Springfield, Ill., on Sept. 3.

riously addressed by one in power to the conscience and reason of the citizens of the commonwealth. They are of the more value to us as permanent precedents — examples of the possibility of the coexistence of a strong government with entire and immediate dependence upon and direct appeal to the people. There is in them the clearest tone of uprightness of character, purity of intention, and goodness of heart. . . .

SHADY HILL

Monday evening, September 21, 1863.

DEAREST GEORGE: — . . . A ring at the door bell is the occasion of that [ink spot], — and I hear William James's pleasant and manly voice in the other room from which the sound of my Mother's voice has been coming to me as she read aloud the Consular Experiences of the most original of consuls. Tonight I am half annoyed, half amused at Hawthorne. He is nearly as bad as Carlyle. His dedication to F. Pierce — the correspondent of Jefferson Davis, the flatterer of traitors, and the emissary of treason — reads like the bitterest of satires; and in that I have my satisfaction. The public will laugh. 'Praise undeserved' (say the copybooks) 'is satire in disguise,' — and what a blow his friend has dealt to the weakest of ex-Presidents. . . .

SHADY HILL, *September 27, 1863.*

MY DEAREST GEORGE: — . . . Charles Eliot is going abroad with his wife and children, and proposes to spend the next six or eight months in Paris. He means to study Chemistry, and is also desirous to become thoroughly acquainted with the system and management and organization of some of the public institutions of France. He has a genius for such matters, and is well fitted by his training here to discover in the foreign institutions the points of

most practical importance as capable of adaptation to our needs.¹

He wants a letter to John Bigelow, and I have promised to get it for him. Will you write one or ask Godwin for one? And will you let me have it in the course of the week? . . .

SHADY HILL, *October 16, 1863.*

MY DEAREST GEORGE: — I heartily and with all my heart rejoice with you in the result of Tuesday's elections. All our confidence in the intelligence and patriotism of our people is justified. The victory is the moral Waterloo of the rebellion. The end is in view, — with Union and freedom and peace. . . .

I have just undertaken, in company with Lowell, the editorship of the *North American Review*. The arrangement with the publishers is a tolerably liberal one, and I think we can put some life into the old dry bones of the Quarterly. Will you sometimes write an article? Will you in the course of the next six weeks write one, — on any national question you choose, or on any other subject if you are tired of politics, — letting us have it for the January number? Do if you can do it. We can pay you two dollars and fifty cents a page. . . .

SHADY HILL

Thursday, December 10, 1863.

MY DEAREST GEORGE: — . . . Last night we went to hear Beecher. He spoke admirably, and it was a great pleasure to hear him. It was not great oratory, but it was a fine, large, broad, sensible, human, sympathetic performance. Tomorrow we have a dinner of our Dozen Club for him.

Once more we may rejoice that Abraham Lincoln is President. How wise and how admirably timed is his

¹ Six years later Mr. Eliot became President of Harvard.

Proclamation.¹ As a state paper its naïveté is wonderful. Lincoln will introduce a new style into state papers; he will make them sincere, and his honesty will compel even politicians to like virtue. I conceive his character to be on the whole the great net gain from the war. . . .

SHADY HILL, *February 23, 1864.*

MY DEAREST GEORGE: — . . . It is a great mistake, but let us trust not a great misfortune, that Chase should thus put himself forward against Lincoln as a candidate for the next Presidency. It is a position by no means creditable to him, nor can I well see how, if he has any self-respect, he can longer retain his position in the Cabinet. The address of the Committee who have his Presidential interests in hand is a most unprincipled document. Mr. Lincoln's public conduct has given no grounds for the main charges contained in it against him, and it is disgraceful to insinuate charges which no man has a right to assert.

It would not be surprising if such an attack upon him were rather to strengthen Mr. Lincoln with the people than to weaken their confidence in him. I think the people generally trust his ability and his judgment no less than his good intentions. They see that he is honest in his devotion to their cause, they feel that he is in full sympathy with them, and they cannot be persuaded that, having served them so well, he will fail them hereafter. The democratic instinct is with him, and he has the hearts of the people as no public man in our time has had them. Mr. Chase has no hold on the popular

affections, and it will not be strange if this early and unprincipled pushing of his candidacy should destroy his future chances of obtaining the great object of his ambition.

The radicals, the extreme radicals, make an enormous but characteristic mistake in ranging themselves in opposition to the President. He has done their work for them far more speedily and successfully than they could have done it for themselves. He has gone as fast as safety would permit, and it is difficult to understand how men really desirous to advance the cause of liberty and of the Union, can, with the remembrance of the two hundred thousand votes cast for Woodward, Slavery and Disunion last October in Pennsylvania, think it desirable to support a candidate whose only claim to superiority over Mr. Lincoln lies in the fact of his being supported by a smaller party. But the extremists as usual remember nothing, learn nothing from experience, and have no gratitude except for future benefits. In Mr. Lincoln's words, — 'It is very difficult to do sensible things.' . . .

SHADY HILL

Class Day. *June 24, 1864.*

MY DEAREST GEORGE: — . . . The Baltimore Convention² did its duty well, and the air has cleared a good deal since it was held. I should have been glad if a more solid democratic plank had been inserted in the platform, — but our politicians do not yet begin to understand the distinctive, essential feature of our institutions, and have only a distant, theoretic comprehension of the meaning and worth of truly democratic ideas. This war is a struggle of the anti-democrats with the democrats; of the maintainers of the

¹ This proclamation, transmitted to Congress with Lincoln's Third Annual Message, Dec. 8, 1863, provided both for the renewal of allegiance by persons in rebellion and the restoration of state governments under the Union.

² The National Union Convention, held early in June at Baltimore, had renominated Lincoln for the Presidency.

privilege of a class with the maintainers of the common rights of man. This view includes all the aspects of the war, and it is the ground upon which the people can be most readily brought to the sacrifices still required, and to the patient bearing of the long and heavy burdens it imposes upon them.

I have great confidence that the summer's campaign will end well for us. If we have, as we may have (though I shall not be disappointed if we do not have it), a great victory, then the rebellion as a military power will be nearly at an end. But if we merely take Richmond, one more serious campaign at least will be before us, and the country will feel the weight of the war more than ever before. . . .

ASHFIELD, MASS., *July 24, 1864.*

MY DEAREST GEORGE: — . . . This week, let us hope, we shall hear that Sherman is in Atlanta, and that he is breaking up the army opposed to him. His work is not better done than Grant will do his. But I do not want peace till there is certainty of our carrying the Amendment to the Constitution. We must have that to make peace sure.

The Rebel self-appointed peace-makers took nothing by their move, and Lincoln showed as usual his straightforward good sense. What a contrast between him and the politicians who fancy themselves his superiors in insight and shrewdness! What does Raymond¹ mean by his Saturday's article on Lincoln's statement of terms? Is he hedging for a reconstruction with slavery? If so, he is more shortsighted and more unprincipled than I believed. I never fancied, indeed, that he had principles, and I thought he had learned enough not to confess such bad ones. . . .

¹ Henry J. Raymond, Editor of the *New York Times*.

HOME, *September 6, 1864.*

MY DEAREST GEORGE: — I have just read your paper on Hawthorne, and am greatly pleased with it. Your analysis of his mental and moral character, and of its intellectual results seems to me eminently subtle, delicate, and tender. I regret only that it is so short, — for there is much suggested in what you have written that might well be developed, and there are some traits of Hawthorne's genius which scarcely have justice done them in the brevity of your essay. The one point which I should like to have had more fully brought out is the opposition that existed between his heart and his intellect. His genius continually, as it seems to me, overmastered himself, and the depth and fulness of his feelings were forced into channels of expression in which they were confined and against which they struggled in vain. He was always hurting himself, till he became a strange compound of callousness and sensitiveness. — But I do not mean to analyze. Your paper is a delightful one and I am very glad to have it.

And now let us rejoice together over the great good news. It lifts the cloud, and the prospect clears. We really see now the beginning of the end. The party that went for peace at Chicago² has gone to pieces at Atlanta. — The want of practical good sense in our own ranks pains me. The real question at issue is so simple, and the importance of solving it correctly so immense, that I am surprised alike at the confusion of mind and the failure of appreciation of the stake among those who are most deeply interested in the result. Even if Mr. Lincoln were not, as you and I believe, the best candidate, he is now the only possible one for the Union party, and surely, such being the case, per-

² The Democratic National Convention, which nominated McClellan for the Presidency. It met at Chicago, August 29.

sonal preferences should be sunk in consideration of the unspeakable evil to which their indulgence may lead. I have little patience with Wade, and Sumner, and Chase, letting their silly vexation at not having a chance for the Presidency thus cloud their patriotism and weaken the strength of the party. . . .

Sunday evening, September 25, 1864.

MY DEAREST GEORGE: — . . . We had a pleasant Club dinner yesterday. . . . Sumner has toned down greatly since it seems certain that Lincoln is to be reëlected. His opinion of Lincoln 'is at least not higher than it was three years ago.' An officer just from Atlanta came in and told us some good stories of Sherman, — and of the transportation department of the army. There has been a corps of six thousand men detailed to keep the railroad from Nashville to Atlanta in order. The bridge across the Chattahoochie — a railroad bridge seven hundred and eight feet long, and ninety-three feet high — was built in four days. The army has been well supplied, in great measure with canned food. — 'Yes,' said Sherman, 'I am perfectly satisfied with the transportation service, — it has given us abundance of *desecrated* vegetables and *consecrated* milk.'

This as a pendant to his recent letters. — What a week this last has been

for good letters! Two from Lincoln, that are worthy of the best letter-writer of the time, — so simple, manly, and direct; one from Grant, not less simple and straightforward, clearing the air with its plain frankness from rumors and innuendoes, and affording a most striking contrast to the letters which Mr. Lincoln was in the habit of receiving from a former Commander-in-Chief; and two from Sherman, masterpieces of strong sense in strong words. How his wrath swells and grows till it bursts in 'Tell that to the Marines,' and with what indignant common-sense does he reject the canting appeal to God and humanity of the Southern slave-drivers! He writes as well as he fights. . . .

In the existing letters from Norton to Curtis there are only four, beyond this last, that fall within the period of the war; and they are unimportant. One could wish for some record of the impressions made by the closing scenes of the great drama. But that which we have yields its contribution to a fuller knowledge of the period, and at the same time reveals Norton as one whose confidence in the national life of which he was a part stood firmly and deeply rooted.

[Letters of Mr. Norton to Mr. Lowell will appear in the December issue. — THE EDITORS.]

A MADONNA OF TINKLE TICKLE

BY NORMAN DUNCAN

IT was at Soap-an'-Water Harbor, with the trader Quick as Wink in from the sudsy seas of those parts, that Tumm, the old clerk, told the singular tale of the Madonna of Tinkle Tickle.

'I'm no hand for sixpenny novels,' says he, with a wry glance at the skipper's dog-eared romance. 'Nurse-maids an' noblemen? I'm chary. I've no love, anyhow, for the things o' mere fancy. But I'm a great reader,' he protested, with quick warmth, 'o' the tales that are lived under the two eyes in my head. I'm forever in my lib'ry, too. Jus' now,' he added, his eye on a dismayed little man from Chain Harbor, 'I'm readin' the book o' the cook. An' I'm lookin' for a sad endin', ecod, if he keeps on scorchin' the water!'

The squat little Newfoundland schooner was snug in the lee of False Frenchman and down for the night. A wet time abroad: a black wind in the rigging, and the swish and patter of rain on the deck. But the forecastle bogey was roaring, and the forecastle lamp was bright; and the crew—at ease and dry—sprawled content in the forecastle glow.

'Lyin' here at Soap-an'-Water Harbor, with Tinkle Tickle hard-by,' the clerk drawled on, 'I been thumbin' over the queer yarn o' Mary Mull. An' I been enjoyin' it, too. An old tale—lived long ago. 'T is a tale t' my taste. It touches the heart of a woman. An' so, lads—'t is a mystery.'

Then the tale that was lived page by page under the two eyes in Tumm's head:—

'Tim Mull was fair dogged by the children o' Tinkle Tickle in his bachelor days,' the tale ran on. 'There was that about un, somehow, in eyes or voice, t' win the love o' kids, dogs, an' grandmothers. "Leave the kids have their way," says he. "I likes t' have un t' come t' me. They're no bother at all. Why, damme," says he, "they up-lift the soul of a bachelor man like me! I loves un."

"You'll be havin' a crew o' your own, some day," says Tom Blot, "an' you'll not be so fond o' the company."

"I'll ship all the Lord sends."

"Ah-ha, b'y!" chuckles Tom, "He 've a wonderful store o' little souls up aloft."

"Then," says Tim, "I'll thank Un t' be lavish."

'Tom Blot was an old, old man, long past his labor, creakin' over the roads o' Harbor with a staff t' help his dry legs, an' much give t' broodin' on the things he'd found out in this life. "'T is rare that He's mean with such gifts," says he. "But 't is queer the way He bestows un. Ecod!" says he, in a temper, "I've never been able t' fathom his ways, old as I is!"

"I wants a big crew o' lads an' little maids, Tom," says Tim Mull. "Can't be too many for me if I'm to enjoy my cruise in this world."

"They've wide mouths, lad."

"Hut!" says Tim. "What's a man for? I'll stuff their little crops. You mark me, b'y!"

'So it went with Tim Mull in his

bachelor days: he'd forever a maid on his shoulder or a lad by the hand. He loved un. 'T was knowed that he loved un. There was n't a man or maid at Tinkle Tickle that did n't know. 'T was a thing that was called t' mind whenever the name o' Tim Mull come up. "Can't be too many kids about for Tim Mull!" An' they loved *him*. They'd wait for un t' come in from the sea at dusk o' fine days; an' on fine Sunday afternoons — sun out an' a blue wind blowin' — they'd troop at his heels over the roads an' hills o' the Tickle. They'd have no festival without un. On the eve o' Guy Fawkes, in the fall o' the year, with the Gunpowder Plot t' celebrate, when 't was

Remember, remember,
The Fifth o' November!

't was Tim Mull that must wind the fire-balls, an' sot the bonfires, an' put saleratus on the blisters. An' at Christmastide, when the kids o' Harbor come carolin' up the hill, all in mummers' dress, pipin', —

God rest you merry, gentlemen;
Let nothin' you dismay!

't was Tim Mull, in his cottage by Fo'c's'le Head, that had a big blaze, an' a cake, an' a tale, an' a tune on the concertina, for the rowdy crew.

"I love un!" says he. "Can't be too many for *me*!"

'An' everybody knowed it; an' everybody wondered, too, how Tim Mull would skipper his own little crew when he'd shipped un.

'Tim Mull fell in love, by-an'-by, with a dark maid o' the Tickle. By this time his mother was dead, an' he lived all alone in the cottage by Fo'c's'le Head. He had full measure o' the looks an' ways that win women. 'T was the fashion t' fish for un. An' 't was a thing that was shameless as fashion. Most o' the maids o' Harbor had cast hooks. Polly Twitter, for one,

an' in desperation: a pink an' blue wee parcel o' fluff — an' a trim little craft, withal. But Tim Mull knowed nothin' o' this, at all; he was too stupid, maybe, — an' too decent, — t' read the glances an' blushes an' laughter they flung out for bait.

'T was Mary Low — who'd cast no eyes his way — that overcome un. She loved Tim Mull. No doubt, in the way o' maids, she had cherished her hope; an' it may be she had grieved t' see big Tim Mull, entangled in ribbons an' curls an' the sparkle o' blue eyes, indulge the flirtatious ways o' pretty little Polly Twitter. A tall maid, this Mary — soft an' brown. She'd brown eyes, with black lashes to hide un, an' brown hair, growin' low an' curly; an' her round cheeks was brown, too, flushed with red. She was a maid with sweet ways an' a tender pride; she was slow t' speak an' not much give t' laughter; an' she had the sad habit o' broodin' overmuch in the dusk. But she'd eyes for love, never fear, an' her lips was warm; an' there come a night in spring weather — broad moonlight an' a still world — when Tim Mull give way to his courage.

"Tumm," says he, when he come in from his courtin', that night, "there'll be guns poppin' at Tinkle Tickle come Friday."

"A weddin'?" says I.

"Me an' Mary Low, Tumm. I been overcome at last. 'T was the moon."

"She's ever the friend o' maids," says I.

"An' the tinkle of a goat's bell on Lookout. It fell down from the slope t' the shadows where the alders arch over the road by Needle Rock. Jus' when me an' Mary was passin' through, Tumm! You'd never believe such an accident. There's no resistin' brown eyes in spring weather. She's a wonderful woman, lad."

"That's queer!" says I.

"A wonderful woman," says he. "No shallow water there. She's deep. I can't *tell* you how wonderful she is. Sure, I'd have t' play it on the concertina."

"I'll lead the chivari," says I, "an' you grants me a favor."

"Done!" says he.

"Well, Tim," says I, "I'm a born godfather."

"Ecod!" says he. An' he slapped his knee an' chuckled. "Does you mean it? Tobias Tumm Mull! 'T will be a very good name for the first o' my little crew. Haw, haw! The thing's as good as managed."

'So they was wed, hard an' fast; an' the women o' Tinkle Tickle laughed on the sly at pretty Polly Twitter an' condemned her shameless ways.'

'In the fall o' that year I went down Barbadoes way in a fish-craft from St. John's. An' from Barbadoes, with youth upon me t' urge adventure, I shipped of a sudden for Spanish ports. 'T was a matter o' four years afore I clapped eyes on the hills o' Tinkle Tickle again. An' I mind well that when the schooner hauled down ol' Fo'c's'le Head, that day, I was in a fret t' see the godson that Tim Mull had promised me. But there was n't no godson t' see. There was n't no child at all.

"Well, no, Tumm," says Tim Mull, "we has n't been favored in that particular line. But *I'm* content. All the children o' Harbor is mine," says he, "jus' as they used t' be, an' there's no sign o' the supply givin' out. Sure, *I've* no complaint o' my fortune in life."

'Nor did Mary Mull complain. She thrived, as ever: she was soft an' brown an' flushed with the color o' flowers, as when she was a maid; an' she rippled with smiles, as then, in the best of her moods, like the sea on a sunlit afternoon.

"I've Tim," says she, "an' with Tim I'm content. Your godson, Tumm, had he deigned to sail in, would have been no match for my Tim in goodness."

'An' still the children o' Tinkle Tickle trooped after Tim Mull; an' still he'd forever a maid on his shoulder or a wee lad by the hand.

"Fair winds, Tumm!" says Tim Mull. "Me an' Mary is wonderful happy t'gether."

"Is n't a thing we could ask for," says she.

"Well, well!" says I. "Now, that's good, Mary!"

'There come that summer t' Tinkle Tickle she that was once Polly Twitter. An' trouble clung to her skirts. Little vixen, she was! No tellin' how deep a wee woman can bite when she've the mind t' put her teeth in. Nobody at Tinkle Tickle but knowed that the maid had loved Tim Mull too well for her peace o' mind. Mary Mull knowed it well enough. Not Tim, maybe. But none better than Mary. 'T was no secret, at all: for Polly Twitter had carried on like the bereft when Tim Mull was wed — had cried an' drooped an' gone white an' thin, boastin', all the while, t' draw friendly notice, that her heart was broke for good an' all. 'T was a year an' more afore she flung up her pretty little head an' married a good man o' Skeleton Bight. An' now here she was, come back again, plump an' dimpled an' roguish as ever she'd been in her life. On a bit of a cruise, says she; but 't was not on a cruise she'd come — 't was t' flaunt her new baby on the roads o' Tinkle Tickle.

'A wonderful baby, ecod! You'd think it t' hear the women cackle o' the quality o' that child. An' none more than Mary Mull. She kissed Polly Twitter, an' she kissed the baby; an' she vowed — with the sparkle o' joyous truth in her wet brown eyes —

that the most bewitchin' baby on the coast, the stoutest baby, the cleverest baby, the sweetest baby, had come straight t' Polly Twitter, as though it wanted the very prettiest mother in all the world, an' knowed jus' what it was about.

'An' Polly kissed Mary. "You is so kind, Mary!" says she. "'T is jus' sweet o' you! How can you!"

"Sweet?" says Mary, puzzled. "Why, no, Polly. I'm — glad."

"Is you, Mary? 'T is so odd! Is you really — glad?"

"Why not?"

"I don't know, Mary," says Polly. "But I — I — I 'lowed, somehow — that you would n't be — so *very* glad. An' I'm not sure that I'm grateful — enough."

'An' the women o' Tinkle Tickle wondered, too, that Mary Mull could kiss Polly Twitter's baby. Polly Twitter with a rosy baby, — a lusty young nipper, — an' a lad, t' boot! An' poor Mary Mull with no child, at all, t' bless Tim Mull's house with! An' Tim Mull a lover o' children, as everybody knowed! The men chuckled a little, an' cast winks about, when Polly Twitter appeared on the roads with the baby; for 't was a comical thing t' see her air an' her strut an' the flash o' pride in her eyes. But the women kep' their eyes an' ears open — an' waited for what might happen. They was all sure, ecod, that there was a gale comin' down; an' they was women, — an' they knowed the hearts o' women, — an' they was wise, if not kind, in their expectation.

'As for Mary Mull, she give never a sign o' trouble, but kep' right on kissin' Polly Twitter's baby, whenever she met it, which Polly contrived t' be often; an' I doubt that she knowed — until she could n't help knowin' — that there was pity abroad at Tinkle Tickle for Tim Mull.

'T was at the Methodist treat on Bide-a-Bit Point that Polly Twitter managed her mischief. 'T was a time well-chosen, too. Trust the little minx for that! She was swift t' bite — an' clever t' fix her white little fangs. There was a flock o' women, Mary Mull among un, in gossip by the baskets. An' Polly Twitter was there, too, — an' the baby. Sun under a black sea; then the cold breath o' dusk, with fog in the wind, comin' over the hills.

"Tim Mull," says Polly, "hold the baby."

"Me?" says he. "I'm a butter-fingers, Polly."

"Come!" says she.

"No, no, Polly! I'm timid."

She laughed at that. "I'd like t' see you *once*," says she, "with a wee baby in your arms, as if 't was your *own*. You'd look well, I'm thinkin'. Come, take un, Tim!"

"Pass un over," says he.

She gave un the child. "Well!" says she, throwin' up her little hands. "You looks *perfectly* natural. Do he not, Mary? It might be his *own* for all one could tell. Why, Tim, you was *made* for the like o' that. Do it feel nice?"

"Ay," says poor Tim, from his heart. "It do."

"Well, well!" says Polly. "I 'low you're wishin', Tim, for one o' your own."

"I is."

Polly kissed the baby, then, an' rubbed it cheek t' cheek, so that her fluffy little head was close t' Tim. She looked up in his eyes. "'T is a pity!" says she. An' she sighed.

"Pity?" says he. "Why, no!"

"Poor lad!" says she. "Poor lad!"

"What's this?" says Tim. "I've no cause for grief."

'There was tears in little Polly's blue eyes as she took back the child. "'T is a shame," says she, "that you've no child o' your own! An' you so wonder-

ful fond o' children! I grieves for you, lad. It fair breaks my heart."

"Some of the women laughed. An' this — somehow — moved Mary Mull t' vanish from that place.

"Well, now, Polly Twitter had worked her mischief. Mary Mull was never the same after that. She took t' the house. No church no more — no walkin' the roads. She was never seed abroad. An' she took t' tears an' broodin'. No ripple o' smiles no more — no song in the kitchen. She went downcast about the work o' the house, an' she sot overmuch alone in the twilight — an' she sighed too often — an' she looked too much at t' sea — an' she kep' silent too long — an' she cried too much in the night. She'd have nothin' t' do with children no more; nor would she let Tim Mull so much as lay a hand on the head of a youngster. Afore this, she'd never fretted for a child at all; she'd gone her way content in the world. But now — with Polly Twitter's vaunt forever in her ears — an' haunted by Tim Mull's wish for a child of his own — an' with the laughter o' the old women t' blister her pride — she was like t' lose her reason. An' the more it went on, the worse it got: for the folk o' the Tickle knowed well enough that she'd give way t' envy an' anger, grievin' for what she could n't have; an' she knowed that they knowed an' that they gossiped — an' this was like oil on a fire.

"Tim," says she, one night, that winter, "will you listen t' me? Think-in' things over, dear, I've chanced on a clever thing t' do. 'Tis queer, though."

"I'll not mind how queer, Mary."

"She snuggled close to un, then, an' smiled. "I wants t' go 'way from Tinkle Tickle," says she.

"Away from Tinkle Tickle?"

"Don't say you'll not!"

"Why, Mary, I was *born* here!"

"I got t' go 'way."

"Wherefore?" says he. "'T is good fishin' an' a friendly harbor."

"Oh, oh!" says she. "I can't *stand* it no more."

"Mary, dear," says he, "there's no value in grievin' so sore over what can't be helped. Give it over, dear, an' be happy again, like you used t' be, won't you? Ah, now, Mary, won't you jus' try?"

"I'm ashamed!"

"Ashamed?" says he. "You, Mary? Why, what's all this? There never was a woman so dear an' true as you."

"A childless woman! They mock me."

"'T is not true," says he. "They —"

"Ay, 't is true. They laugh. They whispers when I pass. I've heard un."

"'T is not true, at all," says he. "They loves you here at Tinkle Tickle."

"Oh, no, Tim! No, no! The women scoff. An' I'm ashamed. Oh, I'm ashamed t' be seen! I can't stand it no more. I got t' go 'way. Won't you take me, Tim?"

Tim Mull looked, then, in her eyes. "Ay," says he, "I'll take you, dear."

"Not for long," says she. "Jus' for a year or two. T' some place where there's nobody about. I'll not want t' stay — so very long."

"So long as you likes," says he. "I'm wantin' only t' see you well an' happy again. 'T is a small thing t' leave Tinkle Tickle if we're t' bring about that. We'll move down the Labrador in the spring o' the year."

"In the spring o' the year I helped Tim Mull load his goods aboard a Labradorman an' close his cottage by Fo'c's'le Head.

"Spring weather, Tumm," says he,

"is the time for adventure. I'm glad I'm goin'. Why," says he, "Mary is easin' off already."

'Foreign for me, then. Spring weather; time for adventure. Genoa, this cruise, on a Twillingate schooner, with the first shore-fish. A Barbadoes cruise again. Then a v'y'ge out China way. Queer how the flea-bite o' travel will itch! An' so long as it itched I kep' on scratchin'. 'T was over two years afore I got a good long breath o' the fogs o' these parts again. An' by this time a miracle had happened on the Labrador. The good Lord had surprised Mary Mull at Come-By-Guess Harbor. Ay, lads! At last Mary Mull had what she wanted. An' I had a godson. Tobias Tumm Mull had sot out on his cruise o' the seas o' this life. News o' all this cotched me when I landed at St. Johns. 'T was in a letter from Mary Mull herself.

"Ecod!" thinks I, as I read; "she'll never be content until she flaunts that child on the roads o' Tinkle Tickle."

'An' 't was true. 'T was said so in the letter. They was movin' back t' Tinkle Tickle, says she, in the fall o' the year, t' live for good an' all. An' as for Tim, says she, a man jus' would n't believe how tickled he was.

'Me, too, ecod! I was tickled. Deep down in my heart I blessed the fortune that had come t' Mary Mull. An' I was fair achin' t' knock the breath out o' Tim with a clap on the back. "Queer," thinks I, "how good luck may be delayed. An' the longer luck waits," thinks I, "the better it seems an' the more 't is welcome."

'T was an old letter, this, from Mary; 't was near a year old. They was already back at Tinkle Tickle. An' so I laid in a silver spoon an' a silver mug, marked 'Toby' in fine fashion, against the time I might land at the Tickle. But I went clerk on the Call Again out o' Chain Harbor, that

spring; an' 't was not until midsummer that I got the chance t' drop in t' see how my godson was thrivin'. Lyin' here at Soap-an'-Water Harbor, one night, in stress o' weather, as now we lies here, I made up mind, come what might, that I'd run over t' Tinkle Tickle an' give the mug an' the spoon t' wee Toby when the gale should oblige us. "July!" thinks I. "Well, well! An' here it is the seventeenth o' the month. I'll drop in on the nineteenth an' help celebrate the first birthday o' that child. 'T will be a joyous occasion by Fo's's'le Head. An' I'll have the schooner decked out in her best, an' guns poppin'; an' I'll have Tim Mull aboard, when 't is over, for a small nip o' rum."

'But when Tim Mull come aboard at Tinkle Tickle t' greet me, I was fair aghast an' dismayed. Never afore had he looked so woe-begone an' wan. Red eyes peerin' out from two black caves; face all screwed with anxious thought. He made me think of a fish-thief, somehow, with a constable comin' down with the wind; an' it seemed, too, that maybe 't was my fish he'd stole. For he'd lost his ease; he was full o' sighs an' starts an' shifty glances. An' there was no health in his voice; 't was but a disconsolate whisper — slinkin' out into the light o' day. "Sin on his soul," thinks I. "He dwells in black weather."

"We spied you from the head," says he — an' sighed. "It gives me a turn, lad, t' see you so sudden. But I'm wonderful glad you've come."

"Glad?" says I. "Then look glad, ye crab!" An' I fetched un a chap on the back.

"Ouch!" says he. "Don't, Tumm!"

"I congratulate you," says I.

"Mm-m?" says he. "Oh, ay! Sure, lad." No smile, mark you. An' he looked off t' sea, as he spoke, an' then

down at his boots, like a man in shame. "Ay," says he, brows down, voice gone low an' timid. "Congratulate me, does you? Sure. That's proper — maybe."

"Nineteenth o' the month," says I.

"That's God's truth, Tumm."

"An' I'm come, ecod," says I, "t' celebrate the first birthday o' Tobias Tumm Mull!"

"First birthday," says he. "That's God's truth."

"Is n't there goin' t' be no celebration?"

"Oh, sure!" says he. "Oh, my, yes! Been gettin' ready for days. An' I've orders t' fetch you straightway t' the house. Supper's laid, Tumm. Four places at the board the night."

"I'll get my gifts," says I; "an' then —"

"He put a hand on my arm. "What gifts?" says he.

"Is you gone mad, Tim Mull?"

"For — the child?" says he. "Oh, sure! Mm-m!" He looked down at the deck. "I hopes, Tumm," says he, "that they was n't so very — expensive."

"I'll spend what I likes," says I, "on my own godson."

"Sure, you will!" says he. "But I wish that —"

"Then no more. He stuttered — an' gulped — an' give a sigh — an' went for'ard. An' so I fetched the spoon an' the mug from below, in a sweat o' wonder an' fear, an' we went ashore in Tim's punt, with Tim as glum as a rainy day in the fall o' the year."

"An' now you may think that Mary Mull was woe-begone, too. But she was not. Brown, plump, an' rosy! How she bloomed! She shone with health; she twinkled with good spirits. There was no sign o' shame upon her no more. Her big brown eyes was clean o' tears. Her voice was soft with content. A sweet woman, she was, ever, an' tender

with happiness, now, when she met us at the threshold. I marveled that a gift like Toby Mull could work such a change in a woman. 'T is queer how we thrives when we haves what we wants. She thanked me for the mug an' the spoon in a way that made me fair pity the joy that the little things give her.

"For Toby!" says she. "For wee Toby! Ah, Tumm, Tumm, — how wonderful thoughtful Toby's godfather is!"

She wiped her eyes, then; an' I wondered that she should shed tears upon such an' occasion — ay, wondered, an' could make nothin' of it at all.

"'T is a great thing," says she, "'t be the mother of a son. I lost my pride, Tumm, as you knows, afore we moved down the Labrador. But now, Tumm, — now, lad, — I'm jus' like other women. I'm jus' as much a woman, Tumm," says she, "as any woman o' Tinkle Tickle!"

With that she patted my shoulder an' smiled an' rippled with sweet laughter an' fled t' the kitchen t' spread Toby Mull's first birthday party.

"Tim," says I, "she've done well since Toby come."

"Mm-m?" says he. "Ay!" — an' smoked on.

"Ecod!" says I; "she's blithe as a maid o' sixteen."

"She's able t' hold her head up," says he. "Is n't afeared she'll be laughed at by the women no more. That's why. 'T is simple."

"You've lost heart yourself, Tim."

"Me? Oh, no!" says he. "I'm a bit off my feed. Nothin' more. An' I'm steadily improvin'. Steadily, Tumm, — improvin' steadily."

"You've trouble, Tim?"

"He gripped his pipe with his teeth an' puffed hard. "Ay," says he, after a bit. "I've trouble, Tumm. You got it right, lad."

'Jus' then Mary Mull called t' supper. There was no time t' learn more o' this trouble. But I was bound an' determined, believe me, t' have Tim Mull aboard my craft, that night, an' fathom his woe. 'T was a thousand pities that trouble should have un downcast when joy had come over the rim of his world like a new day.'

'Places for four, ecod! Tim Mull was right. 'T was a celebration. A place for Tim — an' a place for Mary — an' a place for me. An' there, too, was a place for Tobias Tumm Mull, a high chair, drawed close to his mother's side, with arms waitin' t' clutch an' hold the little nipper so soon as they fetched un in. I wished they'd not delay. 'T was a strain on the patience. I'd long wanted — an' I'd come far — t' see my godson. But bein' a bachelor-man I held my tongue for a bit: for, thinks I, they're washin' an' curlin' the child, an' they'll fetch un in when they're ready t' do so, all spick-an'-span an' polished like a door-knob, an' crowin', too, the little rooster! 'T was a fair sight t' see Mary Mull smilin' beyond the tea-pot. 'T was good t' see what she had provided. Cod's-tongues an' bacon — with new greens an' potatoes — an' capillaire-berry pie an' bake-apple jelly. 'T was pretty, too, t' see the way she had arrayed the table. There was flowers from the hills flung about on the cloth. An' in the midst of all — fair in the middle o' the blossoms an' leaves an' toothsome plenty — was a white cake with one wee white taper burnin' as bright an' bold as ever a candle twice the size could manage.

"Mary Mull," says I, "I've lost patience!"

'She laughed a little. "Poor Tumm!" says she. "I'm sorry your hunger had t' wait."

"'T is not my hunger."

'She looked at me with her brow wrinkled. "No?" says she.

"I wants t' see what I've come t' see."

"That's queer!" says she. "What you've come t' see?"

"Woman," cries I, "fetch in that baby!"

'Never a word. Never a sound. Mary Mull drawed back a step — an' stared at me with her eyes growin' wider an' wider. An' Tim Mull was lookin' out o' the window. An' I was much amazed by all this. An' then Mary Mull turned t' Tim. "Tim," says she, her voice slow an' low, "did you not write Tumm a letter?"

'Tim faced about. "No, Mary," says he. "I — I had n't no time — t' waste with writin'."

"That's queer, Tim."

"I — I — I forgot."

"I'm sorry — Tim."

"Oh, Mary, I did n't *want to!*" says Tim. "That's the truth of it, dear. I — I *hated* — t' do it."

"An' you said never a word comin' up the hill?"

"God's sake!" cries Tim, like a man beggin' mercy, "I *could n't* say a word like that!"

'Mary turned then t' me. "Tumm," says she, "little Toby — is dead."

"Dead, Mary!"

"We did n't get much more than — jus' one good look at the little fellow — afore he left us."

'When I took Tim Mull aboard the Call Again that night, the tale ran on, 't was all clear above. What fog had been hangin' about had gone off with a little wind from the warm inland places. The lights o' Harbor — warm lights — gleamed all round about Black hills: still water in the lee o' the rocks. The tinkle of a bell fell down from the slope o' Lookout; an' a maid's laugh — sweet as the bell itself —

come ripplin' from the shadows o' the road. Stars out; the little beggars kep' winkin' an' winkin' away at all the mystery here below jus' as if they knowed all about it an' was sure we'd be surprised when we come t' find out.

"Tumm, ol' shipmate," says Tim Mull, "I got a lie on my soul."

"'T is a poor place for a burden like that."

"I'm fair wore out with the weight of it."

"Will you never be rid of it, man?"

"Not an I keeps on bein' a man."

"So, Tim?"

"He put his hand on my shoulder.

"Is you a friend o' Mary's?" says he.

"'T is a thing you must know without tellin'."

"She's a woman, Tumm."

"An' a wife."

"Woman an' wife," says he, "an' I loves her well, God knows!" The tinkle o' the bell on the black slope o' Lookout caught his ear. He listened — until the tender little sound ceased an' sleep fell again on the hill. "Tumm," says he, then, all at once, "there never *was* no baby! She's deceivin' Tinkle Tickle t' save her pride!"

Tumm closed the book he had read page by page.

NEVADA

BY HARRISON S. MORRIS

FIRE was here, and havoc's hot excess;

Then æons on æons of quiet in the sun.

No footfall; not a voice. What was begun

In chaos, lay a bleaching wilderness.

Yon ashen peaks were crouching at the brim,

Bare, terrible as fabulous alarms;

And here the haunted cactus waved its arms;

And spectral night and dawn rose o'er the rim.

Nor has the noisy interlude of man

Won from these summits any answering sign.

But from the silence of the shattered plan

Men have caught courage, counsel half-divine;

And through the sun-touched crater's awful span

God's onward footsteps in his ruin shine.

HORACE HOWARD FURNESS

BY AGNES REPPLIER

'CONJECTURAL criticism,' observes Dr. Johnson, 'demands more than humanity possesses, and he that exercises it with most praise has very frequent need of indulgence. Let us now be told no more of the dull duty of an editor.'

With these words of soberness ringing in his ears, Dr. Furness began more than forty years ago the vast labor which has placed him at the head of Shakespearean scholars, and has made the student world his debtor. He brought to bear upon his task qualities essential to its completion: patience, balance, a wide acquaintance with Elizabethan literature and phraseology, the keenness of a greyhound on the track, an incorruptible sense of proportion, and an appreciation, equally just and generous, of his predecessors' work. Leisure and that rarest of fortune's gifts, the command of solitude, made possible the industry of his life. Above all, a noble enthusiasm sustained him through years of incredible drudgery. 'The dull duty of an editor'! Well may Dr. Johnson heap scorn upon the words. When one is fitted by nature to enjoy the pleasure which perfection in literary art can give, one does not find it dull to live face to face with vital conceptions of humanity, embalmed in imperishable verse.

The first volume of the new Variorum, *Romeo and Juliet*, was published in 1871. Dr. Furness confessed that he chose the play because he loved it, and because he thought it probable that he would never edit another, — an anticipation happily unfulfilled. As

he worked, he saw more and more clearly the imperative nature of his task; and, in his preface to *Romeo and Juliet*, while giving ample praise to Boswell's Variorum of 1821, he states simply and seriously the causes which make it inadequate to-day. Even the Cambridge edition of 1863, which Dr. Furness held to have created an era in Shakespearean literature, and to have put all students of Shakespearean text in debt to the learned and laborious editors, lacks one important detail. There is no word to note the adoption or rejection of contested readings by various students and commentators. This Dr. Furness considered a grave omission. 'In disputed passages,' he wrote, 'it is of great interest to see at a glance on which side lies the weight of authority.'

To read the fourteen prefaces which have enriched the fourteen plays included in the new Variorum, is to follow delicately and surely the intellectual life of a great scholar. There was an expansion of spirit as the work advanced. From being absolutely impersonal, an unseen editor, arranging and codifying the notes of others, sifting evidence and recording verdicts, Dr. Furness emerged gradually into the broad light of day. In the later volumes, every note dealing with a disputed point closes with a judgment, or dismisses the dispute as futile. A shrewd humor, held well in check, illuminates the dusty paths of learning. To distinction of style has been added the magnetic grace of personality. If

we cannot say of the *Preface*, 'With this key Dr. Furness unlocked his heart,' we can at least learn from it how much of his heart he gave smilingly away to a lady of such doubtful merit (what is the worth of merit in a bad world!) as Cleopatra.

For the five first plays, *Romeo and Juliet*, *Macbeth*, *Hamlet*, *King Lear*, and *Othello*, Dr. Furness formed his own text. The remaining nine were reprinted from the First Folio.

'Who am I,' observes the conservative editor, in justification of this change of plan, 'that I should thrust myself in between the student and the text, as though in me resided the power to restore Shakespeare's own words?' This instinct of conservatism strengthened in Dr. Furness with every year of work, until it became a guiding principle, making for vigilance and lucidity. 'Those who know the most,' he was wont to say, 'venture the least'; and his own ventures are so carefully considered as to lose all chance of hazard. Upon internal evidence, 'which is of imagination all compact,' he looked forever askance. Hypothetical allusions to historic personages and events (we like to think that there are half-a-dozen such crowded into a score of Oberon's lines), he dismissed as unworthy of critical consideration. Even when points of resemblance came as close as do the affectations of speech in *Love's Labour's Lost* to the weary euphuisms of Lyly, Dr. Furness stoutly refused to trace a dim connection. An undecipherable word or phrase never presented itself to his level judgment as a species of riddle, to be guessed at frantically until the end of time. If he did not know what the word or the phrase meant, he said so, and went on his way rejoicing. Who can forget his avowal of 'utter, invincible ignorance' as to the mysterious 'scamels' which Cali-

ban finds on the rock, and his determination to retain the word as it stands. 'From the very beginning of the Play,' he reminds us, 'we know that the scene lies in an enchanted island. Is this to be forgotten? Since the air is full of sweet sounds, why may not the rocks be inhabited by unknown birds of gay plumage, or by vague animals of a grateful and appetizing plumpness? Let the picture remain of the dashing rocks, the stealthy, freckled whelp, and, in the clutch of his long nails, a young and tender scamel.'

So, too, with Mark Antony's 'Arme-gaunt Steede,' which, since the publication of the First Folio, has supplied abundant matter for conjecture:

he nodded,

And soberly did mount an Arme-gaunt Steede. Dr. Furness prints conscientiously two solid pages of notes anent this mysterious epithet, giving us every suggestion that has been proffered and discarded concerning its possible significance; at the close of which exhaustive survey he adds serenely: 'In view of the formidable, not to say appalling combination of equine qualities and armourer's art which has been detected in this adjective, Antony would have been more than mortal had he not approached his steed with extreme caution, and mounted it "soberly."'

Far more remarkable is the incurious attitude preserved by Dr. Furness in regard to the chronology of Shakespeare's plays, his indifference to dates which have cost other commentators years of study and speculation. Many and stern were the reproaches hurled at him for this indifference, but he remained indifferent still. Indeed it was his most noteworthy characteristic that, while regarding his own work with a steadfast and sane humility, he was wholly unvexed and unmoved by criticism. Immaculately free from what Dr. Johnson terms 'the acrimony of

scholiasts,' he never assumed an editor's rôle to be an 'intellectual egg-dance' amid a host of sensitive interests. Nor did he begrudge, even to the youngest critic, the pleasure of flaunting some innocent rags of research — the mere swaddling clothes of learning — in the face of his profound and gentle scholarship. 'Great tranquillity of heart hath he who careth neither for praise nor blame,' said the wise à Kempis, who knew whereof he spoke; and I have many times heard Dr. Furness quote with approval those stern and splendid lines in which Dr. Johnson, confiding his dictionary to the public, expresses his frigid insensibility as to its reception.

Indifference to dates was but one feature of that serene unconcern with which Dr. Furness regarded the hidden personality of Shakespeare. He was not merely content, he seemed glad to know no more of the poet over whom he had spent his life; and because 'every assertion connected with Shakespeare is accompanied, as a ground-tone, by the refrain "it is not unlikely,"' he found such assertions to be little worth his while. 'We cannot tell whether Shakespeare was peevish or gentle,' he wrote, 'sedate or mercurial, generous or selfish, dignified or merry; whether he was a Protestant or a Catholic, whether he loved his home or liked to gad abroad, whether he was jocund or sombre, or whether he was all these things by turns, and nothing long.'

Even the Sonnets afforded to Dr. Furness's mind no key to the enigma. He held that Shakespeare followed the fashion of his day, a fashion borrowed from Italy, which made of the sonnet a personal thing (no Italian would have dreamed of writing a sonnet on Venice and the Rialto as Wordsworth wrote one on London and Westminster Bridge); and that the poet's essentially dramatic spirit gave to his own

sonnets a dramatic form. They seem spoken by one human being to another, spoken in accents of grief, of doubt, of ecstasy, of despair; but in this manner do all Shakespeare's characters speak. This is the impelling force of the dramatic spirit, peopling earth and sky; not the impelling force of the personal spirit, seeking to take the world into its confidence. Shakespeare may even be permitted to bewail his outcast state, without our beginning straightway to sniff a peccadillo.

That the dramatic spirit which baffles scrutiny should have made a powerful appeal to Dr. Furness was right and reasonable. It was the appeal of consanguinity. Like all his race, he had the actor's gifts: not only spirit and fire in declamation, not only the flexible voice and the appropriate gesture; but the power to lose himself past finding in every character he portrayed. Those who have heard him read, know what I mean. The clarion call of Henry the Fifth before the gates of Harfleur, his prayer upon the field of Agincourt, — these things were not mere elocution, however noble and effective; they were passionate appeals to man and God, breaking from the lips of one whose head was reeling with the joy of battle, whose heart was heavy with the awful burden of authority. It was as a boy of fourteen that Dr. Furness first heard Fanny Kemble (Mrs. Peirce Butler) read Shakespeare's plays, and his enthusiasm awoke, never to sleep again. It was as a listener, not as a student, that he received his most powerful and durable impressions. To this early influence was due, in large measure, the preservation of the dramatic feeling through a long life of patient and laborious research.

From Fanny Kemble, too, came the gift of Shakespeare's stage gloves, most precious and most honored of relics. Their history is a notable one. In 1746

they were presented by William Shakespeare, a poor glazier, 'whose father and our poet were brothers' children,' to John Ward, when that generous actor played *Othello* at Stratford-on-Avon, and devoted the night's receipts to repairing Shakespeare's monument in the church. John Ward, with a sense of fitness as pleasing as it is rare, gave these gloves in 1769 to David Garrick, who bequeathed them to his widow, who bequeathed them to Mrs. Siddons, who bequeathed them to her daughter, Cecilia, who gave them to Fanny Kemble, who gave them to Dr. Furness in 1874. It is not often, in these days of millionaire collectors, that the right things belong to the right people so consistently and persistently as have these worn gauntlets.

Dr. Furness's power of sustained labor seemed well-nigh miraculous to a generation which stands forever in need of rest and change of scene. For forty years he worked on an average ten hours out of the twenty-four and, under pressure, thought little of adding a few hours more. For twenty years he lived in his country-seat at Wallingford, remote from the importunities of the town. Here in the uninhabited seclusion of his noble library he sat, resolute and absorbed, while the long quiet days merged into the quiet nights.

With the inspired sagacity of the scholar, he admitted to this solitude only the scholar's natural friend and ally, the cat. Generations of cats sat blinking at him with affectionate contempt as volume after volume of the *Variorum* drew to its appointed close. Companionable cats accompanied him on his daily walks through sunny garden and shaded avenue, marching before him with tail erect, rubbing themselves condescendingly against his legs, or pausing, with plaintive paw upraised, to intimate that the stroll had lasted long enough. Warrior cats, to

whom was granted the boon of an early and honorable death, drank delight of battle with their peers on many a moonlight night, and returned in the morning to show their scars to a master who revered valor. Siamese cats, their pale-blue eyes shadowed by desires that no one understood, brought their lonely, troubled little hearts to his feet for solace. And all these wise beasts knew that silence reigned in the long working hours. They lent the grace of their undisturbed presence to the scholar who loved to lift his head, ponder for a moment over the soul-satisfying nature of their idleness, and return to his books again.

'To those who think, life is a comedy; to those who feel, a tragedy.' Dr. Furness, thinking profoundly, feeling intensely, with a sad heart and a gay temper (that most charming and lovable combination!) replaced illusions with philosophy. His rare powers of conversation, his marvelous memory, his information, which, unlike the information of Macaulay, was never 'more than the occasion required,' his unfailing humor, his beautiful vocabulary, rich yet precise, his swift light sentences, conveying important conclusions, all made him the most engaging of companions. There was no talk like his, — so full of substance, so innocent of pedantry, so perfect in form, so sweetened by courtesy. Well might it have been said of him, as Johnson said of Burke: 'If a stranger were to go by chance at the same time with him under a shed to shun a shower, he would think, "This is an extraordinary man."'

The serenity with which Dr. Furness submitted to encroachments on his time and strength equaled the serenity of Sir Walter Scott. The hospitality of Lindenshade, like the hospitality of Abbotsford, was boundless. The kindness of its master was invincible. Poets

sent him their verses, dramatists their plays, and novelists their stories. Authors who meditated writing essays on Shakespeare's dogs, or oaths, or fire-arms, and who seemed unaware of the existence of a concordance, sought from him counsel and assistance. People who were good enough to believe that Shakespeare really wrote the plays attributed to him by his contemporaries, were anxious that Dr. Furness should be made aware of the liberal nature of their views. To one and all the great scholar lent a weary and patient ear. To one and all he gave more than their utmost dues.

A man of exquisite charity, speaking evil of none; a man of indestructible courtesy, whose home was open to his friends, whose scant leisure was placed at their disposal, whose kindness enveloped them like sunshine; yet none the less a man whose reserves — unsuspected by many — were proof against all; a past master of the art of hiding his soul, 'addicted to silent pleasures, accessible to silent pains.' It is not the portentous gravity of the Sphinx which defies the probe, but the smiling gayety which seems so free from guile. One had to know Dr. Furness long and intimately, to understand that his dominant note was dramatic, not personal, and that his facile speech betrayed nothing it was made to hide.

That the task upon which his life had been spent, and which his death left uncompleted, should be taken up by his son, was to Dr. Furness a source of measureless content. In the preface to *The Tempest*, published in 1892, he recorded his indebtedness to his father, to 'the hand whose cunning

ninety years have not abated.' In the preface to the revised edition of *Macbeth*, published in 1903, he recorded his indebtedness to his son, to the younger hand which had been intrusted with the work, and had accomplished it so deftly. When Dr. Furness died in August, his last volume, *Cymbeline*, was fast approaching completion. It will be published in mid-winter, just as he left it, the fifteenth play of his editing; and with it will appear *Julius Cæsar*, the third play edited by Mr. Horace Howard Furness, Jr. A monument of scholarship, a verdict, final for many years to come, a rich mine for possible successors.

For Dr. Furness always maintained that he would have many followers in the field of Shakespearean research, that, in the future, other students would do his work over again, and do it differently. He was content to be a step of the ladder, and he knew better than most men that 'the labour we delight in physics pain.' The beauty of his surroundings, the magnitude and perfection of his library, the honors done him by English and American universities, the close companionship of his third son, Dr. William Henry Furness, intrepid traveler and explorer, — these things lent dignity and relish to his life. He lived it bravely and mirthfully; he stood ready to lay it down without regret.

Six weeks before his death, being then in perfect health, he wrote to me: 'My grave yawns at my feet. I look down into it, and very snug and comfortable it seems.' In the gallant acceptance of life and death lies all that gives worth to man.

THE TORYISM OF TRAVELERS

BY SAMUEL McCHORD CROTHERS

I

WHEN we think of a thorough-going conservative we are likely to picture him as a stay-at-home person, a barnacle fastened to one spot. We take for granted that aversion to locomotion and aversion to change are the same thing.

But in thinking thus we leave out of account the inherent instability of human nature. Everybody likes a little change now and then. If a person cannot get it in one way, he gets it in another. The stay-at-home gratifies his wandering fancy by making little alterations in his too-familiar surroundings. Even the Vicar of Wakefield in the days of his placid prosperity would occasionally migrate from the blue bed to the brown. A life that had such vicissitudes could not be called uneventful.

When you read the weekly newspaper published in the quietest hill-town in Vermont, you become aware that a great deal is going on. Deacon Pratt shingled his barn last week. Miss Maria Jones had new shutters put on her house, and it is a great improvement. These revolutions in Goshen-ville are matters of keen interest to those concerned. They furnish inexhaustible material for conversation.

The true enemy to innovation is the traveler who sets out to see historic lands. His natural love of change is satiated by rapid change of locality. But his natural conservatism asserts itself in his insistence that the places

which he visits shall be true to their own reputations. Having journeyed, at considerable expense, to a celebrated spot, he wants to see the thing it was celebrated for, and he will accept no substitute. From his point of view his present inhabitants are merely caretakers who should not be allowed to disturb the remains intrusted to their custody. Everything must be kept as it used to be.

The moment any one packs his trunk and puts money in his purse to visit lands old in story he becomes a hopeless reactionary. He is sallying forth to see things not as they are, but as they were 'once upon a time.' He is attracted to certain localities by something which happened long ago. A great many things may have happened since, but these must be put out of the way. One period of time must be preserved to satisfy his romantic imagination. He loves the good old ways, and he has a curiosity to see the bad old ways that may still be preserved. It is only the modern that offends him.

The American who, in his own country, is in feverish haste to improve conditions, when he sets foot in Europe becomes the fanatical foe to progress. The Old World, in his judgment, ought to look old. He longs to hear the clatter of wooden shoes. If he had his way he would have laws enacted forbidding peasant folk to change their ancient costumes. He would preserve every relic of feudalism. He bitterly laments the division of great estates. A noble-

man's park with its beautiful idle acres, its deer, its pheasants, and its scurrying rabbits, is so much more pleasant to look at than a succession of market-gardens. Poachers, game-keepers, and squires, are alike interesting, if only they would dress so that he could know them apart. He is enchanted with thatched cottages which look damp and picturesque. He detests the model dwellings which are built with a too obvious regard for sanitation. He seeks narrow and ill-smelling streets where the houses nod at each other, as if in the last stages of senility, muttering mysterious reminiscences of old tragedies. He frequents scenes of ancient murders, and places where bandits once did congregate. He leaves the railway carriage, to cross a heath where romantic highwaymen used to ask the traveler to stand and deliver. He is indignant to find electric lights and policemen. A heath ought to be lonely, and fens ought to be preserved from drainage.

He seeks dungeons and instruments of torture. The dungeons must be underground, and only a single ray of light must penetrate. He is much troubled to find that the dungeon in the Castle of Chillon is much more cheerful than he had supposed it was. The Bridge of Sighs in Venice disappoints him in the same way. Indeed, there are few places mentioned by Lord Byron that are as gloomy as they are in the poetical description.

The traveler is very insistent in his plea for the preservation of battlefields. Now, Europe is very rich in battlefields, many of the most fertile sections having been fought over many times. But the ravages of agriculture are everywhere seen. There is no such leveler as the ploughman. Often when one has come to refresh his mind with the events of one terrible day, he finds that there is nothing whatever to re-

mind him of what happened. For centuries there has been ploughing and harvesting. Nature takes so kindly to these peaceful pursuits that one is tempted to think of the battle as merely an episode.

Commerce is almost as destructive. Cities that have been noted for their sieges often turn out to be surprisingly prosperous. The old walls are torn down to give way to parks and boulevards. Massacres which in their day were noted leave no trace behind. One can get more of an idea of the Massacre of St. Bartholemew's Eve by reading a book by one's fireside than by going to Paris. For all one can see there, there might have been no such accident.

Moral considerations have little place in the traveler's mind. The progressive ameliorations that have taken place tend to obscure our sense of the old conflicts. A reform once accomplished becomes a part of our ordinary consciousness. We take it for granted, and find it hard to understand what the reformer was so excited about.

As a consequence, the chief object of an historical pilgrimage is to discover some place where the old conditions have not been improved away. The religious pilgrim does not expect to find the old prophets, but he has a pious hope of finding the abuses which the prophets denounced.

I have in mind a clergyman who, in his own home, is progressive to a fault. He is impatient of any delay. He is all the time seeking out the very latest inventions in social and economic reforms. But several years ago he made a journey to the Holy Land, and when he came back he delivered a lecture on his experiences. A more reactionary attitude could not be imagined. Not a word did he say about the progress of education or civil-service reform in Palestine. There was not a sympathetic reference to sanitation or good

roads. The rights of women were not mentioned. Representative government seemed to be an abomination to him. All his enthusiasm was for the other side. He was for oriental conservatism in all its forms. He was for preserving every survival of ancient custom. He told of the delight with which he watched the laborious efforts of the peasants ploughing with a forked stick. He believed that there had not been a single improvement in agriculture since the days of Abraham.

The economic condition of the people had not changed for the better since patriarchal times, and one could still have a good idea of a famine such as sent the brothers of Joseph down into Egypt. Turkish misgovernment furnished him with a much clearer idea of the publicans, and the hatred they aroused in the minds of the people, than he had ever hoped to obtain. In fact, one could hardly appreciate the term 'publicans and sinners' without seeing the oriental tax-gatherers. He was very fortunate in being able to visit several villages which had been impoverished by their exactions. The rate of wages throws much light on the Sunday-school lessons. A penny a day does not seem such an insufficient minimum wage to a traveler, as it does to a stay-at-home person. On going down from Jerusalem to Jericho he fell among thieves, or at least among a group of thievish-looking Bedouins who gave him a new appreciation of the parable of the Samaritan. It was a wonderful experience. And he found that the animosity between the Jews and the Samaritans had not abated. To be sure, there are very few Samaritans left, and those few are thoroughly despised.

The good-roads movement has not yet invaded Palestine, and we can still experience all the discomforts of the earlier times. Many a time when he

took his life in his hands and wandered across the Judæan hills, my friend repeated to himself the text, 'In the days of Shamgar the son of Anath, in the days of Jael, the highways were unoccupied, and the people walked through by-ways.'

To most people Shamgar is a mere name. But after you have walked for hours over those rocky by-ways, never knowing at what moment you may be attacked by a treacherous robber, you know how Shamgar felt. He becomes a real person. You are carried back into the days when 'there was no king in Israel, but every man did that which was right in his own eyes.'

The railway between Joppa and Jerusalem is to be regretted, but fortunately it is a small affair. There are rumors of commercial enterprises which, if successful, would change the appearance of many of the towns. Fortunately they are not likely to be successful, at least in our day. The brooding spirit of the East can be trusted to defend itself against the innovating West. For the present, at least, Palestine is a fascinating country to travel in.

A traveler in Ceylon and India writes to a religious paper of his journey. He says, 'Colombo has little to interest the tourist, yet it is a fine city.' One who reads between the lines understands that the fact that it is a fine city is the cause of its uninterestingness. His impression of Madura was more satisfactory. There one can see the Juggernaut car drawn through the streets by a thousand men, though it is reluctantly admitted that the self-immolation of fanatics under the wheels is no longer allowed. 'The Shiva temple at Madura is the more interesting as its towers are ornamented with six thousand idols.'

The writer who rejoiced at the sight of six thousand idols in Madura, would have been shocked at the exhibition of

a single crucifix in his meeting-house at home.

I confess that I have not been able to overcome the Tory prejudice in favor of vested interests in historical places. If one has traveled to see 'the old paths which wicked men have trodden,' it is a disappointment to find that they are not there. I had such an experience in Capri. We had wandered through the vineyards and up the steep, rocky way to the Villa of Tiberius. On the top of the cliff are the ruins of the pleasure-house which the Emperor in his wicked old age built for himself. Was there ever a greater contrast between an earthly paradise and abounding sinfulness? Here, indeed, was 'spiritual wickedness in high places.' The marvelously blue sea, and all the glories of the Bay of Naples, ought to have made Tiberius a better man; but apparently they did n't. We were prepared for the thrilling moment when we were led to the edge of the cliff, and told to look down. Here was the very place where Tiberius amused himself by throwing his slaves into the sea to feed the fishes. Cruel old monster! But it was a long time ago. Time had marvelously softened the atrocity of the act, and heightened its picturesque character. If Tiberius must exhibit his colossal inhumanity, could he have anywhere in all the world chosen a better spot? Just think of his coming to this island and, on this high cliff above the azure sea, building this palace! And then to think of him on a night when the moon was full, and the nightingales were singing, coming out and hurling a shuddering slave into the abyss!

When we returned to the hotel, our friend the Professor, who had made a study of the subject, informed us that it was all a mistake. The stories of the wicked doings of Tiberius in Capri were malicious slanders. The Emperor was an elderly invalid living in dignified

retirement. As for the slaves, we might set our minds at rest in regard to them. If any of them fell over the cliff it was pure accident. We must give up the idea that the invalid Emperor pushed them off.

All this was reassuring to my better nature, and yet I cherished a grudge against the Professor. For it was a stiff climb to the Villa of Tiberius, and I wanted something to show for it. It was difficult to adjust one's mind to the fact that nothing had happened there which might not have happened in any well-conducted country house.

I like to contrast this with our experience in Algiers. We knew beforehand what Algiers was like in the days of its prime. It had been the nest of as desperate pirates as ever infested the seas. For generations innocent Christians had been carried hither to pine in doleful captivity. But the French, we understood, had built a miniature Paris in the vicinity and were practicing liberty, fraternity, and equality on the spot dedicated to gloomily romantic memories. We feared the effect of this civilization. We had our misgivings. Perhaps Algiers might be no longer worth visiting.

Luckily our steamer was delayed till sunset. We were carefully shepherded, so that we hardly noticed the French city. We were hurried through the darkness into old Algiers. Everything was full of sinister suggestion. The streets were as narrow and perilous as any which Haroun-al-Rashid explored on his more perilous nights. Here one could believe the worst of his fellow men. Suspicion and revenge were in the air. We were not taking a stroll, we were escaping from something. Mysterious muffled figures glided by and disappeared through slits in the walls. There were dark corners so suggestive of homicide that one could hardly think that any one with an oriental disposi-

tion could resist the temptation. In crypt-like recesses we could see assassins sharpening their daggers or, perhaps, executioners putting the finishing touches on their scimitars. There were cavernous rooms where conspirators were crouched round a tiny charcoal fire. Groups of truculent young Arabs followed us, shouting objurgations and accepting small coins as ransom. We had glimpses of a mosque, the outside of a prison, and the inside of what once was a harem. On returning to the steamer one gentleman fell overboard and, swimming to the shore, was rescued by a swarthy ruffian who robbed him of his watch and disappeared in the darkness. When the victim of Algerian piracy stood on the deck, dripping and indignant, and told his tale of woe, we were delighted. Algiers would always be something to remember. It was one of the places that had not been spoiled.

I am afraid that the sunlight might have brought disillusion. Some of the stealthy figures which gave rise to such thrilling suspicions may have turned out to be excellent fathers and husbands returning from business. As it is, thanks to the darkness, Algiers remains a city of vague atrocities. It does not belong to the commonplace world; it is of such stuff as dreams, including nightmares, are made of.

It is not without some compunction of conscience that I recall two historical pilgrimages, one to Assisi, the other to Geneva. Assisi I found altogether rewarding, while in Geneva I was disappointed. In each case my object was purely selfish, and had nothing in common with the welfare of the present inhabitants. I wanted to see the city of St. Francis and the city of John Calvin.

In Assisi one may read again the Franciscan legends in their proper settings. I should like to think that my pleasure in Assisi arose from the fact

that I saw some one there who reminded me of St. Francis. But I was not so fortunate. If one is anxious to come in contact with the spirit of St. Francis, freed from its mediæval limitations, a visit to Hull House, Chicago, would be more rewarding.

But it was not the spirit of St. Francis, but his limitations, that we were after. Assisi has preserved them all. We see the gray old town on the hillside, the narrow streets, the old walls. We are beset by swarms of beggars. They are not like the half-starved creatures one may see in the slums of northern cities. They are very likable. They are natural worshipers of my Lady Poverty. They have not been spoiled by commonplace industrialism or scientific philanthropy. One is taken back into the days when there was a natural affinity between saints and beggars. The saints would joyously give away all that they had, and the beggars would as joyously accept it. The community, you say, would be none the better. Perhaps not. But the moment you begin to talk about the community you introduce ideas that are modern and disturbing. One thing is certain, and that is that if Assisi were more thrifty, it would be less illuminating historically.

St. Francis might come back to Assisi and take up his work as he left it. But I sought in vain for John Calvin in Geneva. The city was too prosperous and gay. The cheerful houses, the streets with their cosmopolitan crowds, the parks, the schools, the university, the little boats skimming over the lake, all bore witness to the well-being of to-day. But what of yesterday? The citizens were celebrating the anniversary of Jean Jacques Rousseau. I realized that it was not yesterday but the day before yesterday that I was seeking. Where was the stern little city which Calvin taught and ruled? The

place that knew him knows him no more.

Disappointed in my search for Calvin, I sought compensation in Servetus. I found the stone placed by modern Calvinists to mark the spot where the Spanish heretic was burned. On it they had carved an inscription expressing their regret for the act of intolerance on the part of the reformer, and attributing the blame to the age in which he lived. But even this did not satisfy modern Geneva. The inscription had been chipped away in order to give place to something more historically accurate.

But whether Calvin was to blame, or the sixteenth century, did not seem to matter. The spot was so beautiful that it seemed impossible that anything tragical could ever have happened here. A youth and maiden were sitting by the stone, engaged in a most absorbing conversation. Of one thing I was certain, that the theological differences between Calvin and Servetus were nothing to them. They had something more important to think about — at least for them.

II

After a time one comes to have a certain modesty of expectation. Time and space are different elements, and each has its own laws. At the price of a steamship ticket one may be transported to another country, but safe passage to another age is not guaranteed. It is enough if some slight suggestion is given to the imagination. A walk through a pleasant neighborhood is all the pleasanter if one knows that something memorable has happened there. If one is wise he will not attempt to realize it to the exclusion of the present scene. It is enough to have a slight flavor of historicity.

It was this pleasure which I enjoyed

in a ramble with a friend through the New Forest. The day was fine, and it would have been a joy to be under the greenwood trees if no one had been before us. But the New Forest had a human interest; for on such a day as this, William Rufus rode into it to hunt the red deer, and was found with an arrow through his body. And to this day no man knows who killed William Rufus, or why.

Many other things may have happened in the New Forest in the centuries that have passed, but they have never been brought vividly to my attention. So far as I was concerned there were no confusing incidents. The Muse of History told one tragic tale and then was silent.

On the other side of the Forest was the Rufus Stone, which marks the spot where the Red King's body was found. At Brockenhurst we inquired the way, which we carefully avoided. The road itself was an innovation, and was infested with motor-cars, machines unknown to the Normans. The Red King had plunged into the Forest and quickly lost himself; so would we. There were great oaks and wide-spreading beeches and green glades such as one finds only in England. It was pleasant to feel that it all belonged to the Crown. I could not imagine a county council allowing this great stretch of country to remain in its beauty through these centuries.

We took our frugal lunch under a tree that had looked down on many generations. Then we wandered on through a green wilderness. We saw no one but some women gathering fagots. I was glad to see that they were exercising their ancestral rights in the royal domain. They looked contented, though I should have preferred to have their dress more antique.

All day we followed William Rufus through the Forest. I began to feel that

I had a real acquaintance with him, having passed through much the same experience. The forest glades have been little changed since the day when he hunted the red deer. Nature is the true conservative, and repeats herself incessantly.

Toward evening my friend pointed out the hill at the foot of which was the Rufus Stone. It was still some two miles away. Should we push on to it?

What should we see when we got there? The Stone was not much. There was a railing round it as a protection against relic-hunters. And there was an inscription which, of course, was comparatively modern. That settled it. We would not go to the Stone with its modern inscription. The ancient trees brought us much nearer to William Rufus. Besides, there was just time, if we walked briskly, to catch the train at Brockenhurst.

III

But, after all, there is a limit to the pursuit of antiquity. A relic may be too old to be effective. Instead of gently stimulating the imagination, it may paralyze it. What we desire is not merely the ancient but the familiar. The relic must bring with it the sense of *auld lang syne*. The Tory squire likes to preserve what has been a long time in his family. The traveler has the same feeling for the possessions of the family of humanity.

The family feeling does not go back of a certain point. I draw the line at the legendary period when the heroes have names, and more or less coherent stories are told of their exploits. People who had a local habitation, but not a name, seem to belong to Geology only. For all their flint arrow-heads, or bronze instruments, I cannot think of them as fellow men.

It was with this feeling that I visited

one of the most ancient places of worship in Ireland, the tumulus at Newgrange. It was on a day filled with historic sight-seeing. We started from Drogheda, the great stronghold of the Pale in the Middle Ages, and the scene of Cromwell's terrible vengeance in 1649. Three miles up the river is the site of the Battle of the Boyne. It was one of the great indecisive battles of the world, it being necessary to fight it over again every year. The Boyne had overflowed its banks, and in the fields forlorn hay-cocks stood like so many little islands. We stopped at the monument and read its inscription, which was scorned by our honest driver. We could form some idea of how the field appeared on the eventful day when King William and King James confronted each other across the narrow stream. Then the scene changed and we found ourselves in Mellefont Abbey, the first Cistercian monastery in Ireland, founded by St. Malachy, the friend of St. Bernard of Clairvaux. King William and King James were at once relegated to their proper places among the moderns, while we went back to the ages of faith.

Four miles farther we came to Monasterboice, where stood two great Celtic crosses. There are two ruined churches and a round tower. Here was an early religious establishment which existed before the times of St. Columba.

This would be enough for one day's reminiscence, but my heart leaped up at the sight of a long green ridge. 'There is the hill of Tara!'

Having traversed the period from King William to the dwellers in the Halls of Tara, what more natural than to take a further plunge into the past?

We drive into an open field and alight near a rock-strewn hill. Candles are given us and we grope our way through narrow passages till we come to the centre of the hill. Here is a chamber

some twenty feet in height. On the great stones which support the roof are mystic emblems. On the floor is a large stone hollowed out in the shape of a bowl. It suggests human sacrifices. A gloomier chamber for weird rites could not be imagined.

Who were the worshipers? Druid or pre-Druid? The archæologists tell us that they belonged to the Early Bronze period. Now Early Bronze is a good enough term for articles in a museum, but it does not suggest a human being. We cannot get on terms of spiritual intimacy with the Early Bronze people. We may know what they did, but there is no intimation of 'the moving why they did it.' What spurred them on to their feats of prodigious industry? Was it fear or love? First they built their chapel of great stones and then piled a huge hill on top of it. Were they still under the influence of the Glacial period and attempting to imitate the wild doings of Nature? The passage of the ages does not make these men seem venerable, because their deeds are no longer intelligible. Mellefont Abbey is in ruins but we can easily restore it in imagination. We can picture the great buildings as they were before Henry VIII destroyed them. The prehistoric place of worship in the middle of the hill is practically unchanged. But the clue to its meaning is lost.

I could not make the ancient builders and worshipers seem real. It was a relief to come up into the sunshine

where people of our own kind had walked, the Kings of Tara and their harpers, and St. Patrick and St. Malachy and Oliver Cromwell and William III. After the unintelligible symbols on the rocks, how familiar and homelike seemed the sculptures on the Celtic crosses. They were mostly about people, and people whom we had known from earliest childhood. There were Adam and Eve, and Cain slaying Abel, and the Magi. They were members of one family.

But between us and the builders of the underground chapel there was a great gulf. There was no means of spiritual communication across the abyss. A scrap of writing, a bit of poetry, a name handed down by tradition, would have been worth all the relics discovered by archæologists.

There is justification for the traveler's preference for the things he has read about, for these are the things which resist the changes of time. Only he must remember that they are better preserved in the book than in the places where they happened. The impression which any generation makes on the surface of the earth is very slight. It cannot give the true story of the brief occupancy. That requires some more direct interpretation.

The magic carpet which carries us into any age not our own is woven by the poets and historians. Without their aid we may travel through space, but not through Time.

CONFEDERATE PORTRAITS

I

JOSEPH E. JOHNSTON

BY GAMALIEL BRADFORD, JR.

OPINIONS differ as to the quality of Johnston's generalship. Let us have the bare, indisputable facts first. After distinguished service with the United States Army, notably in Mexico, he was the highest officer in rank to join the Confederacy, although he was given only the fourth position among the five Confederate generals. His first command was at Harper's Ferry and in the Shenandoah Valley. Here he outmaneuvered Patterson and appeared at Bull Run in time to assume control during that battle. He himself admits that he was opposed to following up the Confederate victory with a march on Washington. In the spring of 1862 Johnston led the Army of Northern Virginia, and fought the battles of Williamsburg and Fair Oaks. After this, a severe wound kept him inactive through the summer and Lee took his place.

During the first half of 1863 Johnston held a somewhat vague control over the western armies of the Confederacy. Davis hoped that he would defeat Grant and save Vicksburg; but he did neither. After Bragg had been worsted, and had become so unpopular that Davis could no longer support him, Johnston was given the command of the Army of Tennessee, and commissioned to resist Sherman's advance

through Georgia. This he did in slow and careful retreat, disputing every disputable point, inflicting greater losses than he received, and wonderfully preserving the discipline, courage, and energy of his army. The government was not satisfied, however, and preferred to substitute Hood and his disastrous offensive. Early in 1865, when Lee became commander-in-chief, he restored Johnston, who conducted a skillful, if hopeless, campaign in the Carolinas, and finally surrendered to Sherman on favorable terms.

Admirable in retreat and defense, a wide reader and thinker and a profound military student, Johnston was no offensive fighter, say his critics. Among Northern writers Cox, who admired him greatly, remarks, 'His abilities are undoubted, and when once committed to an offensive campaign, he conducted it with vigor and skill. The bent of his mind, however, was plainly in favor of the course which he steadily urged — to await his adversary's advance, and watch for errors which would give him a manifest opportunity to ruin him.' And on the Southern side Alexander's summary is that 'Johnston never fought but one aggressive battle, the battle of Seven Pines, which was phenomenally mismanaged.'

Equally competent authorities are

more enthusiastic. Longstreet speaks of Johnston as 'the foremost soldier of the South,' and Pollard as 'the greatest military man in the Confederacy.' The English observer and critic, Chesney, says, 'What he might have ventured had a rasher or less wary commander been before him, is as impossible to say as it would be to declare what would have been the result to Lee had Sherman taken the place of Grant in Virginia. As things were actually disposed, it is not too much to declare that Johnston's doing what he did with the limited means at his command is a feat that should leave his name in the annals of defensive war at least as high as that of Fabius or Turenne or Moreau.'

Among Johnston's enemies, Grant said to Bishop Lay, 'When I heard your government had removed Johnston from command, I was as happy as if I had reinforced Sherman with a large army corps'; and to Young, 'I have had nearly all of the Southern generals in high command in front of me, and Joe Johnston gave me more anxiety than any of the others. I was never half so anxious about Lee.' Sherman, who should have known, declares that 'Johnston is one of the most enterprising of all their generals.' And Ropes, writing in dispassionate study, says that 'Johnston had as good a military mind as any general on either side.'

Yet, I confess, I wish the man had achieved something. The skill, the prudence mixed with daring, which held every position before Sherman till the last possible moment and then slipped away, without loss, without disaster, cannot be enough commended. Perhaps Stonewall Jackson would have done no more. But I cannot help thinking that Stonewall Jackson would have tried.

No one understands a man better than his wife. Mrs. Johnston adored her husband. He was her knight, her

chevalier, her hero, as he deserved to be. But once he was scolding a girl who was attacked by a turkey-gobbler, and neither ran nor resisted. 'If she will not fight, sir,' he said, 'is not the best thing for her to do to run away, sir?' Whereupon Mrs. Johnston commented, with a burst of her hearty laughter, 'That used to be your plan always, I know, sir.'

In short, too much of Johnston's career consists of the things he would have done, if circumstances had only been different.

And here it is urged, and justly urged, that fortune was against him. All his life he seems to have been the victim of ill-luck. Lee was wounded, I think, only once. Johnston was getting wounded perpetually. He himself told Fremantle that he had been wounded ten times. General Scott said of him before the war that he 'had an unfortunate knack of getting himself shot in every engagement.' A shell struck him down at Fair Oaks, just as it seemed that he might have beaten McClellan and saved Richmond.

Nor was it wounds only. Johnston had a vigorous frame, yet bodily illness would sometimes hamper him just at a crisis. On the voyage to Mexico Lee was enjoying himself, keenly alive to everything that went on about him. 'I have a nice stateroom on board this ship,' he writes; 'Joe Johnston and myself occupy it, but my poor Joe is so sick all the time I can do nothing with him.'

And external circumstance was no kinder than the clayey habitation. 'It seemed Johnston's fate to be always placed on posts of duty where extended efforts were necessarily devoted to organizing armies,' writes his biographer. He was always in time for toil, for discipline, for sacrifice. For achievement he was apt to be too late. It is surprising how often the phrase recurs in his

correspondence. 'It is very unfortunate to be placed in such a command after the enemy has had time to prepare his attack.' 'I arrived this evening, finding the enemy in full force between the place and General Pemberton, cutting off the communications. I am too late.' 'It is too late to expect me to concentrate troops capable of driving back Sherman.' At the greatest crisis of all, after retreating a hundred miles to draw his enemy on, he at last made his preparations with cunning skill for a decisive stand which should turn retreat into triumph — too late. For the order arrived, removing him from the command and robbing him once more of the gifts of Fortune.

It was from Davis that this blow came, and Davis, or so Johnston thought, was Johnston's ill-luck personified. Certainly, nothing could be more unfortunate for a general than to have the head of his government prejudiced against him from the first. It was for this reason, in Johnston's opinion, that commands were given him when it was too late to accomplish anything, and taken away when he was on the brink of achieving something great. It was for this reason that necessary support was denied, and necessary supplies were given grudgingly; for this reason that his powers were limited, his plans criticized, his intentions mistrusted. In the list of Destiny's unkindnesses, as summed up by one of the General's admirers, the ill-will and ill-treatment of Davis, and Davis's favorites, figure so prominently that other accidental elements seem of minor account. 'If there is such a thing as ill-fortune, he had more than his share of it. He never had the chance that Lee had. If he had not been wounded at Seven Pines, a great victory would have crowned his arms with substantial results. If he had not been betrayed at Jackson, he would have joined

Pemberton and captured Grant's army. If he had not been removed at Atlanta, he would almost certainly have defeated Sherman.'

When I survey this portentous concatenation of *ifs*, I ask myself whether, after all, Fortune deserved the full blame in the matter. You and I know scores of men who would have been rich and great and prosperous, if — if — if — And then a little reflection shows us that the *if* lies latent, or even patent, in the character or conduct of the men themselves. It would be unjust and cruel to deny that many cross accidents thwarted Johnston's career, that inevitable and undeserved misfortunes fell between him and glory. Yet a careful, thoughtful study of that career forces me to admit that the man was in some respects his own ill-fortune, and injured himself.

Take even the mere mechanical matter of wounds. Johnston may have got more than his share of blindly billeted projectiles. But every one agrees that his splendid recklessness took him often into unnecessary danger. One of his aides told Mrs. Chesnut that he had never seen a battle. 'No man exposes himself more recklessly to danger than General Johnston, and no one strives harder to keep others out of it.' This is surely a noble quality, but it is apt to mean ill-luck in the matter of damages.

Some of Johnston's other qualities were less noble and, I think, bred ill-luck with no adequate compensation. In the original cause of the quarrel with Davis, Johnston probably had right on his side. The Confederate generals were to have ranked according to their position in the United States Army. In that Army Johnston stood highest. But Davis placed him below Cooper, A. S. Johnston, and Lee. Davis had, as always, ingenious arguments to support this procedure. Johnston thought the

real argument was personal preference, and he was probably right. At any rate, he did not like it, and said so.

Further, there was a radical difference between President and General as to military policy, throughout the war. Johnston believed that the true course was concentration, to let outlying regions go, mass forces, beat the enemy, and then more than recover what had been given up. Davis felt that the demoralization consequent upon such a course would more than outweigh the military advantages.

Neither was a man to give up his own opinion. Neither was a man to compromise. Neither was a man who could abandon his own view to work out honestly, heartily, successfully, the view of another. 'They were too much alike to get along,' says Johnston's biographer; 'they were each high-tempered, impetuous, jealous of honor, of the love of their friends, and they could brook no rival. They required absolute devotion, without question.'

You see, we begin to get a little more insight into Johnston's ill-luck. Not that Davis was free from blame. To appreciate both sides, we must look more closely into the written words and comments of each. It is a painful, pitiable study, but absolutely necessary for understanding the character of Johnston.

Davis, then, was inclined to interfere when he should not. He had his own ideas of military policy and was anxious to have them carried out. Johnston was not at all inclined to carry out the President's ideas, and having urged his own at first with little profit, became reluctant to communicate them, and perhaps even a little to conceive them. Davis's eager temperament is annoyed, frets, appeals. 'Painfully anxious as to the result in Vicksburg, I have remained without information from you as to any plans proposed or

attempts to raise the siege. Equally uninformed as to your plans in relation to Port Hudson, I have to request such information in relation thereto as the Government has a right to expect from one of its commanding generals in the field.' Again, 'I wish to hear from you as to the present situation, and your plan of operations, so specifically as will enable me to anticipate events.'

When Johnston's replies are evasive or non-committal, Davis's attitude becomes crisply imperative. 'The President instructs me to reply,' he writes through Cooper, 'that he adheres to his order and desires you to execute it.' No tact here, no attempt at conciliation or persuasion. Sometimes the tone is injured, hurt, resentful: 'While some have expressed surprise that my orders to you were not observed, I have at least hoped that you would recognize the desire to aid and sustain you, and that it would produce the corresponding action on your part.' Sometimes it is brusque to roughness: 'I do not perceive why a junction was not attempted, which would have made our force nearly equal in number to the estimated strength of the enemy, and might have resulted in his total defeat under circumstances which rendered retreat or reinforcement for him scarcely practicable.'

The President rates his second in command as if he were a refractory school-boy. 'The original mistakes in your telegram of 12th June would gladly have been overlooked as accidental, if acknowledged when pointed out. The perseverance with which they have been insisted on has not permitted me to pass them by as mere oversights.' 'It is needless to say that you are not considered capable of giving countenance to such efforts at laudation of yourself and detraction of others.' 'The language of your letter is, as you say, unusual, its insinuations unfound-

ed, and its arguments utterly unbecoming from a general in the field to his superior.'

As I read this sort of thing, I cannot help being reminded of Captain Mac-Turk's joyous comment, 'Oh, crimini, if these sweetmeats be passing between them, it is only the twa ends of a handkercher that can serve the turn — Cot tamm!'

And now, how much reason and excuse did Johnston give for such treatment? Abundant. Really, when I remember Davis's keen and fiery disposition, I am less surprised at the things he did say than at those he did not. It is not so much any one word or speech in Johnston's case as the constant tone of criticism, of disapproval, of fault-finding, of actual sullenness and ill-temper.

To begin with, Johnston was jealous, even of Lee; and it is a psychological curiosity that such jealousy should have coexisted with a profound and lasting affection. 'I might [accomplish something] if I had Lee's chances with the Army of Northern Virginia.' 'After his operations in the Wilderness, General Lee adopted as thorough a defensive as mine, and added by it to his great fame. The only other difference between our operations was due to Grant's bull-headedness and Sherman's extreme caution, which carried the army in Virginia to Petersburg in less than half the time in which Sherman reached Atlanta.' And the feeling is even more marked in regard to Jackson. 'General Johnston said that although this extraordinary man did not possess any great qualities as a strategist, and was perhaps unfit for the independent command of a large army, yet he was gifted with wonderful courage and determination. He was much indebted to General Ewell in the Valley Campaign.'

It was not unnatural for Johnston to

think these things. It would have been better if he had not said them.

When it comes to Davis's friends and favorites, the jealousy and irritability are more marked still. Thus Johnston writes to Secretary Randolph, whom he really admired: 'Your order was positive and unconditional. I had no option but to obey it. If injustice has been done, it was not by me. If an improper order was given, it was not mine. Mine, therefore, permit me to say, is not the one to be recalled or modified.'

He writes to Benjamin, whom he did not admire at all: 'Let me suggest that, having broken up the dispositions of the military commander, you give whatever other orders may be necessary.' As for Pemberton, who disobeyed him, and Hood, who supplanted him, he has no belief in their capacity, or patience with their blunders. When notified that Hood was to supersede him, he lost his dignity with the lamentable sentence in an official despatch: 'Confident language by a military commander is not usually regarded as evidence of competency.' And shortly after he again became Hood's superior he notified him as follows: 'After reading your report as submitted, I informed General Cooper by telegram that I shall prefer charges against you as soon as I have leisure to do so.'

When it comes to Davis himself, the tone is no more amiable or conciliatory. The long, vigorous, and eloquent letter, written in regard to the question of rank which originated the trouble, deserves to be studied in every line. This was one of those which Davis considered insubordinate. It is insubordinate, in spite of its logic and its nobility; and its significance is increased by Johnston's own confession that he waited for a night's reflection, before sending it. 'If the action against which I have protested is legal, it is not for

me to question the expediency of degrading one who has served laboriously from the commencement of the war on this frontier, and borne a prominent part in the only great event of that war, for the benefit of persons [Lee and A. S. Johnston] neither of whom has yet struck a blow for the Confederacy.' The spirit is wrong, not such as becomes a man ready to give more than his life, his own self-will, for a great cause.

The same spirit continues and intensifies to the very end. Davis may have provoked it. He did not create it. And who can wonder that it harassed him past bearing? No quotation of a line here and there can give the full effect of the wasp-stings which Johnston's school-boy petulance — I can call it nothing else — was constantly inflicting. 'I request, therefore, to be relieved of a merely nominal geographical command.' 'Let me ask, for the sake of discipline, that you have this rule enforced. It will save much time and trouble, and create the belief in the army that I am its commander.' 'If the Department will give me timely notice when it intends to exercise my command, I shall be able to avoid such interference with its orders.'

Doubtless also, Johnston's attitude reacted upon the officers about him. He was an outspoken man, and those who loved him were not very likely to love the President. An exceedingly interesting letter of Mackall's, printed in the *Official Records*, gives some insight into the condition of things I refer to. 'Pemberton is everything with Davis, the devout,' writes Mackall, 'his intelligence is only equalled by his self-sacrificing regard for others.' And again: 'The people won't stand this nonsense much longer. Mr. Davis's game now is to pretend that he don't think you a great general. He don't tell the truth, and if he did, as all the

military men in the country differ with him, he will be forced to yield.'

Any commander who tolerates this sort of thing from a subordinate, tacitly, more than tacitly, admits that he shares the subordinate's opinion.

The sum of the matter is that Johnston had allowed himself to fall into the fatal frame of mind of supposing that Davis's action was constantly dictated by personal animosity toward himself. Such a belief, whether well-founded or not, was sure to breed a corresponding animosity and to paralyze both the General's genius and his usefulness. Nothing shows this better than Johnston's remark to S. D. Lee (recorded by Captain Colston), when Lee congratulated him on his restoration to command in 1865 and on Davis's promise of support: 'He will not do it. He has never done it. It is too late now, and he has only put me in command to disgrace me.'

While the war was actually going on, this mutual hostility of President and General was controlled to some extent by the necessary conventions and civilities of official intercourse. It is both curious and pitiable to see the restraints of decency covering such obvious distrust, dissatisfaction, and dislike. Davis was always the more diplomatic. Further, I think he shows a deeper sense of the immense interests involved, and the necessity of making sacrifices for them, than Johnston does. Indeed, for a long time he was ready to meet Johnston half-way, if Johnston would have gone his half. Even after their preliminary squabble about rank, so late as June, 1862, at the time of Johnston's wound, the President writes, 'General J. E. Johnston is steadily improving. I wish he were able to take the field. Despite the critics, who know military affairs by instinct, he is a good soldier, never brags of what he did do, and could at

this time render most valuable service.' Much later still, real, almost pathetic kindness is mingled with reproof and recrimination: 'I assure you that nothing shall be wanting on the part of the government to aid you in your effort to regain possession of the territory from which we have been driven. . . . It is my desire that you should communicate fully and freely with me concerning your plan of action, that all the assistance and coöperation may be most advantageously afforded that it is in the power of the government to render.'

As for Johnston, he is the military subordinate of this personal enemy of his. He knows his duty. He will be submissive, he will be obedient, he will be respectful, if it costs his own ruin and his country's. The study of his efforts is painfully interesting. Before the rupture had become chronic, they were successful, and his tone rises to real nobility: 'Your Excellency's known sense of justice will not hold me to that responsibility while the corresponding control is not in my hands. Let me assure your Excellency that I am prompted in this matter by no love of privilege, of position, or of personal rights as such, but by a firm belief that under the circumstances what I propose is necessary to the safety of our troops and cause.' Later, I imagine him clenching his fist as he writes words in themselves as submissive and respectful as could be desired. 'I need not say, however, that your wishes shall be promptly executed.' 'That suggestion [of mine] was injudicious. It is necessary of course that those should be promoted whom you consider best qualified.' 'I will obey any orders of the President zealously and execute any plan of campaign of his to the best of my ability.' 'I beg leave to suggest — most respectfully — that there is but one way by which the government

can without injury to discipline, give the orders, — the mode prescribed by itself, — through the officers commanding armies or departments.'

Then the war came to a disastrous end, and everybody was free to abuse everybody else. Davis and Johnston both wrote books and said what they thought with lamentable outspokenness. Yet even here, after a careful weighing of both sides, I feel that Davis appears better, I mean as regards tone and spirit, leaving aside all judgment on the merits of the case. True, he can be savagely bitter, with all the energy of his flowing rhetoric, as in his book: 'Very little experience, or a fair amount of modesty without any experience, would serve to prevent one from announcing the conclusion that troops could be withdrawn from a place or places without knowing how many were there.' And still more aptly, in the very able paper which he prepared for the last session of the Confederate Congress: 'My confidence in General Johnston's fitness for separate command was now destroyed. The proof was too complete to admit longer of doubt that he was deficient in enterprise, tardy in movement, defective in preparation, and singularly neglectful of the duty of preserving our means of supply and transportation, although experience should have taught him their value and the difficulty of procuring them.'

This is harsh; inexcusably, most foolishly so. But at least, even in harshness, Davis preserves his dignity, betrays no conscious personal spite, and gives the impression of aiming only at the general welfare, however he may misjudge and misunderstand.

With Johnston these things are less clear. Not that he is ever anything but nobly patriotic in intention, but he broods so much over his injuries, is so ready to distort circumstance and

accident into malevolence, that sorrow for his country's woes seems sometimes lost sight of in satisfaction at his enemy's discomfiture. I have re-read and re-read his book, and every reading deepens the impression of pity for splendid gifts so blighted, for great opportunities, not so much military as moral, thrown away. One or two or five quotations can not go far to justify this impression. It springs quite as much from what is unsaid as from what is said. Yet some quotation we must have.*

To begin with, Johnston writes admirably: a clear, vigorous, logical style, which makes every point tell; bites, stings, lashes, if necessary. His vigor and brevity give the impression of absolute truth, and no one can suspect him of ever intending anything else. Indeed, his biographer declares that in all his statements he is singularly scrupulous and accurate. More careful critics have denied this. Thus his deduction of Sherman's losses from the burials in Marietta Cemetery has been shown to be altogether wrong, because many of those burials were of soldiers who never belonged to Sherman's army at all. Again, General Palfrey, usually so impartial, declares, 'The more I study Johnston's writings, the more cause I find to mistrust them. I like to believe in him; but I cannot do so absolutely, for I find that he permits himself great freedom in asserting what he does not know to be true.'

The freedom and looseness of statement spring from Johnston's dogmatic temper, from his energy and decision, his practical incapacity for seeing more than his own side and point of view; and the dogmatism and the energy lend double bitterness to the slurs which he is constantly flinging at the man who had been his leader, for better and for worse, and who — at least, so

it seems to me — should have been respected for the sake of a great cause and a vanished ideal.

'Under such circumstances his accusation is, to say the least, very discreditable.' 'It is not easy to reconcile the increase of my command by the President, with his very disparaging notices of me.' 'Such an occurrence [explosion of buried shells] must have been known to the whole army, but it was not; so it must have been a dream of the writer.' 'These are fancies. He arrived upon the field after the last armed enemy had left it, when none were within cannon-shot, or south of Bull Run, when the victory was "complete" as well as "assured," and no opportunity left for the influence of "his name and bearing."' 'As good-natured weakness was never attributed to Mr. Davis as a fault, it is not easy to reconcile the assertions and tone of this letter with his official course toward me.' 'I was unable then, as now, to imagine any military object for which this letter could have been written, especially by one whose time was supposed to be devoted to the most important concerns of the government. . . . As I had much better means of information on the subjects of this paper than its author, it could not have been written for my instruction.'

Oh, the pity of it, the pity of it, Iago! 'Had Johnston been less sensitive to an affront to his personal dignity,' says Mr. Rhodes, 'had he been in temper like Lee, and had Davis shown such abnegation of self as did Lincoln in his dealings with his generals, blame and recrimination would not have been written on every page of Southern history.'

'No man was ever written down except by himself,' said Dr. Johnson. Johnston wrote his book to clear his fame, and behold, it condemns him. One sentence of large forgiveness in face

of calamity, one word of recognition that Davis and Seddon, however misguided, however erring, had done their best to serve the same great cause that he was serving, would have accomplished more for his lasting glory than all his five hundred pages of bitter self-justification. The colossal element in Johnston's ill-luck was just simply Joseph E. Johnston.

And now comes the puzzle. It appears that in all ordinary intercourse this man was one of the most amiable, most companionable, most lovable of human beings. Undisputed evidence gives him a list of attractive qualities so long that few can equal it.

That he was brave goes without saying, with a delightful bravery that goes anywhere, and does anything, and makes no fuss. He was always ready to lead a charge or to cover a retreat. He had an enchanting, quiet courage, such as we timid spirits can lean upon, as upon a wall. Read the account of his behavior when he was so severely wounded at Fair Oaks. 'Reeling in his saddle, he said, "Quite extraordinary! It's nothing, gentlemen, I assure you; not worthy of comment. I think we ought to move up a little closer. If a surgeon is within call, and not too busy, — at his convenience, perfect convenience, — he might as well look me over." If some one of his staff had not caught him, the general would have fallen from his horse.'

Read also the playful confession with reference to kerosene lamps. Only perfect courage can so trifle with itself. 'Some kind of a patent kerosene lamp was sent me as a present, and the donor lit it, explaining to me the method of working it. Such was my nervousness, I never knew he was talking to me. Later, after somebody had extinguished the lamp, I tried to reason out to myself what a poltroon I was. We get hardened in time; but I assure you,

nothing would ever induce me to light or extinguish a kerosene lamp. I really envy you, madam, as possessing heroic traits, when you tell me you feel no alarm when in the presence of a kerosene lamp. But I am, by nature, an arrant coward. An enemy, armed with kerosene lamps, would drive me off the field. I should be panic personified.'

And Johnston was absolutely frank, outspoken, straightforward, too much so for his own good, but charmingly so. He gave his opinion of things and people so that you knew where to find him whether you agreed with him or not. How neatly does Colonel Anderson portray him with a touch. "'I think the Scotch the best," the General quickly rejoined, with the slight toss of the head with which he sometimes emphasized the expression of an opinion he was ready to do battle for.' There was no cant about him, no rhetoric. I would not say, or imply, that the abundance of religious language in Southern reports and orders is ever insincere. But I sometimes tire of it. Johnston is very sparing in this regard. What he does say is evidently solemn and heartfelt.

The General's honesty and uprightness are delightful also. He was no politician, but his political convictions were as lofty and constant as they were simple. He followed Virginia. That was enough. 'Nothing earthly could afford me greater satisfaction than the fulfillment of his [Davis's] good wishes by this army striking a blow for the freedom and independence of Virginia.' 'I drew it [his father's sword] in the war not for rank or fame, but to defend the sacred soil, the homes and hearths, the women and children, aye, and the men of my mother, Virginia, — my native South.'

After the war, when he was a candidate for Congress, his standpoint was as elementary — and as honorable.

Some of his followers had tried to explain away his tariff attitude, for the sake of winning votes. 'Gentlemen,' he said, 'this is a matter about which I do not propose to ask your advice, because it involves my conscience and personal honor. I spoke yesterday, at Louisa Court House, under a free-trade flag. I have never ridden "both sides of the sapling," and I don't propose to begin at this late day. That banner in Clay Ward comes down to-day, or I retire from this canvass by published card to-morrow.'

Perhaps the finest tribute to his moral elevation comes from a generous enemy. 'I recorded at the time,' says Cox, writing of the surrender, 'my own feeling that I had rarely met a man who was personally more attractive to me than General Johnston. His mode of viewing things was a large one, his thoughts and his expression of them were refined, his conscientious anxiety to do exactly what was right in the circumstances was apparent in every word and act, his ability and his natural gift of leadership showed in his whole bearing and conduct.' And in illustration of his scrupulous conscientiousness Cox adds that, when the General learned that one of his staff had retained a little cavalry guidon of silk in the form of a Confederate flag, he sent for it at once and passed it over to the Union officers, as the colors were supposed to be surrendered.

Johnston was as simple, too, as he was upright and honest, cared nothing for display, parade, or show, lived with his men and shared their fare and their hardships. 'There was only one fork (one prong deficient) between himself and staff, and this was handed to me ceremoniously as the guest,' says Fremantle. 'While on his journey to Atlanta to assume command of the second army of the Confederacy, he excited universal remark by having an

ordinary box-car assigned to himself and staff, instead of imitating the brigadiers of the time and taking possession of a passenger-coach,' says Hughes.

Even as regards Johnston's jealousy, his sensitiveness to personal slights, and to the advancement of others, it is curious to note that this does not seem to have been owing to any inordinate ambition. He himself says that he did not draw his sword for rank or fame; and General Gordon tells us that he was not ambitious. This is doubtless exaggerated. All soldiers, all normal human beings, are ambitious, and like rank and fame, when they can get them honestly. But I find no shadow of evidence that Johnston was devoured by Jackson's ardent fever, or ever dreamed long dreams of shadowy glory and success. His attitude in this connection recalls what Clarendon says of the Earl of Essex: 'His pride supplied his want of ambition, and he was angry to see any man more respected than himself because he thought he deserved it more.' I believe that he was even capable of the highest, noblest, self-sacrifice, so long as it was not enforced, but voluntary; and that he was always ready to act upon his own fine saying, 'The great energy exhibited by the Government of the United States, the danger in which our very existence as an independent people lies, requires sacrifice from us all who have been educated as soldiers.'

What is most winning about Johnston, however, in fact, quite irresistible, is his warmth of nature, his affection, his feminine tenderness, doubly charming in a man as strenuously virile as ever lived. His letters, even official, have a vivacity and personal quality wholly different from Lee's. He loved his men, watched over them, cared for them, praised them. 'I can find no record of more effective fighting in modern battles than that of this army

in December, evincing skill in the commanders and courage in the troops.' He has the most kindly words for the achievements of his officers. Of Stuart he writes, 'He is a rare man, wonderfully endowed by nature with the qualities necessary for an officer of light cavalry. Calm, firm, acute, active, and enterprising, I know no one more competent than he to estimate the occurrences before him at their true value.' And to Stuart: 'How can I eat or sleep without you upon the outpost?' Of Longstreet: 'I rode upon the field, but found myself compelled to be a mere spectator, for General Longstreet's clear head and brave heart left me no apology for interference.'

With his equals in other commands he was amply generous, where they did not represent Davis. Thus he writes of Bragg: 'I am very glad that your confidence in General Bragg is unshaken. My own is confirmed by his recent operations, which, in my opinion, evince great skill and vigor. It would be very unfortunate to remove him at this juncture, when he has just earned, if not won, the gratitude of the country.'

The man is even more attractive in his private friendships. 'One of the purest and strongest men I ever knew,' says Stiles, 'and perhaps the most affectionate.' Few more touching letters were ever written than the one he addressed to Mrs. Lee after her husband's death. Characteristic of his friendship was its singular demonstrativeness. He embraced and kissed his male friends as tenderly as if they were women. 'I have said he was the most affectionate of men,' writes Stiles. 'It will surprise many, who saw only the iron bearing of the soldier, to hear that we never met or parted, for any length of time, that he did not, if we were alone, throw his arms about me and kiss me, and that such was his habit in parting from

or greeting his male relatives and most cherished friends.'

In his domestic relations there was the same tenderness, the same devotion. He adored his wife, and their love was a life-long idyl, diversified, as idyls should be, by sunny mocking and sweet merriment. He had no children; but his nephews and nieces were as near to him as children. When he was told, in Mexico, of one nephew's death, 'the shock was so great that he fell prostrate upon the works. . . . Up to the day of his death, forty-four years later, Johnston kept a likeness of his nephew in his room and never failed to look at it immediately after rising.'

With all this, is it any wonder that men loved him and resent bitterly to-day the inevitable conclusions drawn from his own written words? Bragg wrote, in answer to one of Johnston's kind letters: 'That spontaneous offer from a brother soldier and fellow citizen, so honored and esteemed, will be treasured as a source of happiness and a reward which neither time nor circumstances can impair.' Kirby Smith wrote: 'I would willingly be back under your command at any personal sacrifice.' Longstreet wrote: 'General Johnston was skilled in the art and science of war, gifted in his quick, penetrating mind and soldierly bearing, genial and affectionate in nature, honorable and winning in person, and confiding in his love. He drew the hearts of those about him so close that his comrades felt that they could die for him.'

The country trusted him. 'I discover from my correspondence you possess the confidence of the whole country as you do mine,' writes a civilian in December, 1863.

The soldiers trusted him. After weeks of falling back, yielding point after point to an encroaching enemy, the evidence is overwhelming that

Johnston's troops were cheerful, eager, zealous, had unbounded belief that he was doing the best that could be done, unbounded regret when they heard that he had been removed. His disciplinary faculty, his grip upon the hearts of men, his power of inspiration, were immense and undisputed. He had the greatest gift a leader can have, magnetism. 'There was a magnetic power about him no man could resist, and exact discipline followed at once upon his assuming any command.' What the general feeling in his army was is nowhere better shown than in the fine letter written to him by Brigadier General Stevens, after Johnston had been replaced by Hood. 'We have ever felt that the best was being done that could be, and have looked confidently forward to the day of triumph, when with you as our leader we should surely march to a glorious victory. This confidence and implicit trust has been in no way impaired, and we are to-day ready, as we have ever been, to obey your orders, whether they be to retire before a largely out-numbering foe, or to spend our last drop of blood in the fiercest conflict. We feel that in parting with you our loss is irreparable . . .

and you carry with you the love, respect, esteem, and confidence, of the officers and men of this brigade.'

Yet a man so honored, admired, and beloved could write the *Narrative of Military Operations*! What a tangle human nature is!

If I wished to sum up Johnston's character briefly, I should quote two passages, both, as it happens, left us by women. Mrs. Chesnut writes, toward the close of the war: 'Afterwards, when Isabella and I were taking a walk, General Joseph E. Johnston joined us. He explained to us all of Lee's and Stonewall Jackson's mistakes. We had nothing to say — how could we say anything?' When one reads this, remembering what Lee's position in the Confederacy was, what Johnston's was, and that he was talking to what must have been one of the liveliest tongues in the Southern States, one appreciates why Johnston did not succeed. When one turns to the remark of an officer to Mrs. Pickett, — 'Lee was a great general and a good man, but I never wanted to put my arms round his neck as I used to want to to Joe Johnston,' — one is overcome with pity to think that Johnston should have failed.

THE QUESTION OF PHILIPPINE NEUTRALITY

BY CYRUS F. WICKER

IN the House of Representatives, on May 1, last, the Committee on Insular Affairs reported favorably a joint resolution of the House and Senate authorizing the President to open negotiations with such foreign governments as in his judgment should be parties to the compact, 'whereby the neutralization of the Philippine Islands shall be guaranteed and their independence recognized through international agreement,' and suggesting that the year 1918 be selected for the awarding of independence and perpetual neutrality to our island possessions.

Nearly all Americans are aware that the Philippine Islands have entailed enormous expense upon our people. They represent an outlay impossible ever to estimate with certainty, involving as it does the cost of a regular army more than doubled, the protection of a distant coast-line, and the prosecution of a long-continued campaign against ignorance and disease. It has already reached an amount before the computation of which officials and statisticians have either failed or kept suggestive silence. A half billion of dollars is not too large a sum to place upon our fourteen years of sovereignty in the Islands, including their subjugation and defense. The late Senator Hoar declared ten years ago that the American Government had expended upon them over \$600,000,000, and his statement has never been successfully challenged. Computing even to-day that the Government pays \$1500 annually for each soldier in the foreign service, the cost

under the head of military expenses alone amounts to \$26,000,000 a year, not to speak of the sums expended in the construction and equipment of defensive fortifications.

Yet, for all this, the average American is not ten cents richer for their possession. The value of American exports to the Islands in 1911, exclusive of those for the army, navy, and administrative services, was \$15,000,000, with imports amounting to under \$17,000,000; and if every dollar of both combined had been clear profit instead of merely the value of the products exchanged, the whole amount would scarcely have paid the expenses of the same year's military establishment.

Furthermore, the American government has placed a tariff on the principal articles of export from the Islands to the United States, sugar, rice, and tobacco, so that the Islands, so far as any special advantage is given to American trade, might just as well not belong to us at all. Is not this the time, therefore, and might it not now be wise to consider a cessation in the expenditure of those vast sums which Congress votes annually for the fortification and military occupation of the Islands?

In their report of the same date the Committee on Insular Affairs states that, in its opinion, there does not exist to-day any considerable sentiment in the United States favorable to the permanent retention of the Philippines, basing this assertion on the ground that the Democratic party has, in three

successive national platforms, proposed the recognition of Philippine independence; while the leaders of the Republicans, including both the President and the ex-President, have repeatedly declared that the policy of their party was but to prepare the people of the Islands for independence in the future. In view of such statements, the question seems to be one merely of time and of the proper method to be employed.

It is not independence that is of supreme importance, but neutralization. A study of the subject will show that independence is not only unnecessary, if permanent neutrality is awarded, but also more difficult of imposition and maintenance, and much more doubtful as to its results. Neutralization is a European, not an American, institution. It is little known in this country, and, until two years ago, no treatise had been written in English on the subject. It is certain to have a different development on this hemisphere and in the Far East from that which it has had in Europe, where the need of buffer states is more apparent. But this at least is of value, that, although four entire countries have been neutralized, three of them independent states of Europe and one a union of dependent states in Africa, together with two colonies and a canal, we are assured by examples that it is not requisite, in granting permanent neutrality, to confer independence as well.

Savoy was neutralized while belonging both at the time and thereafter to the Kingdom of Sardinia. It is now, although neutralized, one of the departments of France. The Ionian Islands continued to belong to Greece after their neutralization, and the neutralized Basin of the Congo is apportioned among and owned to-day by four different powers. The Philippines are our property and we may

neutralize them, with the coöperation of the Great Powers of the world, while retaining exclusive sovereignty over them. We may build their schools, keep order, inculcate ideals of American citizenship, influence in all legitimate ways the trade of the Islands to come to America, just as England is doing in India, with the added advantage that we shall benefit equally with all other nations in their trade, which, under our tariff provisions, is not altogether the case now.

Philippine independence, moreover, without being an essential factor in the neutralization of the Islands, might, if conferred at this present time, result unwisely for the United States. Supposing that we should grant independence to the Philippines, we should then have no assurance that they would not, in the future, following some political change not uncommon in new republics, erect a tariff wall against ourselves — a ludicrous and mortifying situation, but not impossible to the ingratitude of republics. It is certain that at the present moment they are not capable of self-government and the maintenance of stable foreign relations. Commercially interested nations, which now include the whole world, would hardly agree to our withdrawing guidance and protection and responsibility, and then failing to provide some authority to take our place.

If we step out, some one will step in, if only to protect their commerce with the world; and although Europe could not prevent our withdrawal, she could certainly refuse to neutralize the Islands under these conditions, leaving them rather to the first Power strong and determined enough to seize them and at the same time to satisfy Europe in the matter of equal participation in their trade. Until we have convinced not only ourselves, but also the world, of the ability of independent Philip-

pine Islands to maintain foreign relations and stable self-government, it is useless to expect to receive the help of Europe in neutralizing them after withdrawing from them ourselves.

Neutralization, however, is not incompatible with continued sovereignty over the Islands, and we have only to consider what changes in our relations might occur if they were placed in permanent neutrality. We know that we may not levy soldiers there, nor cede a portion of territory, nor receive articles of a contraband nature from the Islands in time of war. But we may build fortifications to protect their perpetual neutrality, and keep an adequate force of troops there to preserve order, taxing the Islands, instead of ourselves, for the cost of their erection, equipment, and maintenance. We have precedents in the cases of Switzerland and Belgium, where fortresses have been retained, and new ones erected, solely to insure the complete neutrality of the respective States. Fortifications for the protection of neutralized lands and waterways are historically possible and, where the duty of protecting the neutrality of important harbors is concerned, assume the character of national obligations as well, falling, in the absence of agreement, upon the sovereign power.

The point of greatest objection and one where, if anywhere, the proposal for the neutralization of the Philippines would fail, is with the tariff. It would be necessary to establish free trade in the Islands, as there could be no exclusive tariff advantages between the United States and its neutralized possessions. We cannot neutralize the Philippine Islands and then expect to retain for ourselves the possibility of driving out all foreign trade and confining the commerce of the Islands to the United States. It is doubtful, indeed, whether we might do that with

the Islands to-day, in the present state of world-relationships, and not incur the hate or hostility of the civilized world. Yet, even under free trade in the Islands, we would be giving up nothing from which we are now deriving any appreciable benefit. On the contrary, we might profit by the changed conditions, having laid a tariff on many articles imported from the Philippines, including their principal exports, while other nations, notably England with her free-trade provisions, have not, retaining meanwhile our advantage in comparison with Europe in matters of proximity and freight charges.

That we should be the chief gainers, together with all the world, by such an act, is apparent when we consider that it would make the Pacific in truth a peaceful sea, while reducing our navy at once to its proper spheres of home protection and the assurance of the principles of the Monroe Doctrine in North and South America. It might not mean a reduction in the Navy, which is not the question at issue; but it would at least do away with that anomalous situation by which we maintain at great expense in far-away islands a garrison and a fleet which, we are perfectly aware, are inadequate to defend them, in order to retain territories which, as we are assured by our military authorities, we would not attempt to defend but would abandon in time of war. What effect does our military occupancy have, other than to bring us into a position to lose by capture or destruction some of our battleships and cruisers and a portion of our regular army?

Neutralization offers greater protection to the Philippine Islands than this nation alone can give; and with the expense of that protection shifted to the Islands, and its excess borne in common by all the guaranteeing Powers, we should have reached a most practical solution of our difficult question.

Again, if our exclusive possession of the Islands is doing us no visible good, but may serve later to irritate China by the presence of an armed Power in close geographical proximity to her own shores, why not deal with them some other way? Let us neutralize them and, cutting off an expense of nearly fifty millions a year, continue our relations with our possessions in commercial and educational ways. 'Instead of establishing,' as the report of the Committee says, 'a protectorate, which would make this country individually responsible for the defense of the islands, a responsibility which will entail very considerable burdens and the possibility of trouble with foreign powers, it seems wiser to accomplish the same result by treaty with the other powers, which would make the islands neutral territory and secure from foreign invasion.' We have done our duty toward the Islands and can now in no better way express the American purpose which we have always held toward them than by placing them, under our sovereignty, in permanent neutrality.

If we do this, granting free trade in the Islands, there is no nation that will object. On the contrary, it is probable that the Powers will meet advances in this direction with great cordiality.

They give up nothing, as the Islands are not now open to occupation, and, once neutralized, no one, in the face of the interests of the entire world, would dare to seize them. Under the guarantee of the suggested Powers, Great Britain, Germany, France, Russia, Japan, and Spain, there is little danger that the Philippines would fail to enjoy unmolested peace.

The question is greater than one of mere privilege. We have seen that permanent neutrality has developed from its origin as a doubtful favor, applied to individual states, into a valuable resource available, in the interests of peace and commerce, to the colony-holding nations of to-day. There is no loss of honor to a state in accepting neutralization, and no occasion for shame in granting it to colonial possessions. The report of the Committee on Insular Affairs is not unworthy of the people of these United States.

The Philippine Islands once neutralized, a way would be opened to friendly and more stable relationships with the Orient, which could not fail to act as an example to the Powers. This result, in the furtherance of international peace in the East, and also — where its effects would be closely watched — in South America, would be inestimable; it is also possible.

A HOLY MAN

HELPING TO GOVERN INDIA

BY CHARLES JOHNSTON

WE first saw Gopal Baba on an early April morning, while the grass and trees of Berhampore Square were still white with dew, sparkling in the yellow radiance of the dawn. Mem-Sahib and I were wending homeward toward our barrack bungalow, from a walk along the high embankment of the Bhagirathi, replenished now by the first melting of Himalayan snows. I have a fancy that, crowned with huge helmets of white sola pith, we looked like peripatetic mushrooms to the brown-skinned, pious Brahmans who, pressing the triple cord between their palms, stood waist-deep in the turbid water, praying their sins away in the sacred tide.

We had started before sunrise, walking down-stream past Ghora-bazaar and the dak-bungalow, under a wide-spreading silk-cotton tree now draped in bright green leaves, which we had admired in February, month of blossoms, splendidly decked with crimson flowers, like a blazing torch against the green. A little farther down the bund, we had a strange encounter that wonderfully expressed one of the hidden feelings of our hearts. From the boat which had arrived from Calcutta, and lay moored by the embankment, emerged a huge man, evidently no Bengali, nor of any Indian race we knew. Bronzed, with the face of an eagle, he wore a loose, exotic-looking jacket and very wide trousers, and his shaggy head was crowned with a red

fez. He swung along, majestic, masterful, with lordly disdain in every feature, every movement.

'I think he is a Turk,' said Mem-Sahib. 'I like Turks, they are such splendid men!'—a generous concession from a Russian whose kin had fought against them under Khars.

The big, masterful man swung on to meet us with long strides, and, some dozen paces off, seeing that we were watching his oncoming with sympathetic eyes, he stopped short, threw up his hands with magnificent disdain, and in a voice with fine reverberating undertone exclaimed, —

'My God! *What* a country!'

Then he paused a moment, and broke out again, —

'My God! *What* people!'

Be this your epitaph, O Bengalis!

We learned that the big Turk had got stranded in Howrah, and was now making his way up country in search of Sunni coreligionists. We contributed to his wants, and bade him go bravely on, in the name of Allah, merciful and compassionate.

Homeward wending, then, from this encounter, we had turned from the bund toward the square, and were passing the garden of the Collector Sahib's *kuti*, the only house in the square that rejoiced in an upper story. It was, I think, the general's quarters in the old days before the Mutiny of 1857, when Berhampore was a military

cantonment, with the square for a parade-ground. The generals of those days had made a garden, adorned with flowering shrubs and foliage-plants, where roses panted through the hot season and took heart again after the rains. There was a pyramid of scarlet-trumpeted hibiscus that flamed in the forehead of the morning.

As we skirted the Collector's garden, conscious of the growing heat, we saw Martha coming toward us, wheeling little Theo, the Collector Mem-Sahib's dear baby, in her perambulator. Martha was not, as might be supposed, a nursemaid; Martha was a huge, black-bearded Mahometan, one of the Collector Sahib's *chaprassis*, a dozen of whom, with red button-shaped turbans and big brass plaques of office on their breasts, stood about his throne to do his errands, — whom later I inherited, when the Collector Sahib went off on leave and left me in charge. I once asked the Collector Mem-Sahib why this big, black-whiskered Moslem, who could have led a charge of cavalry, should bear the gentle name of Martha. The lady replied, with her charming smile, —

'Oh, don't you see? Because he is careful and busied about many things!'

So Martha, having a big man's love of children, had been deputed, as often before, to wheel little Theo forth to enjoy the morning air while the grass was still white with pearls and festoons of gossamer hung from the date-palms.

Theo was beginning to feel the oncoming hot season. She was pale, a pathetic, tiny angel of a child, who should have been running barefoot in English meadows among cuckoo-flowers, gathering the sweet life of spring and the color of the daisy-tips in her cheeks. Martha, in deep-voiced Hindustani, was trying to cheer and entertain her, and Theo courteously tried to be receptive and to show herself enter-

tained, but her attention flagged, and the far-away eyes matched rather sadly the little pale cheeks.

So much we saw as we approached: Martha with deep concern in his dark, honest face; Theo rather limp, but winsome as ever. Then Gopal Baba came suddenly upon the scene. I think he had been in the Collector Sahib's garden, and came forth by a wicket-gate in the wall. One could see that he was a Brahman, fine-featured, cinnamon-skinned, wearing a white loin-cloth, and with a scarf of white muslin across his shoulders; barefoot and bare-headed, with long hair and a short, curly beard just touched with gray. He was wonderfully lithe, his step swift and springy, his whole bearing full of forceful grace. He walked beside Theo in her baby-carriage, smiling, with wonderfully gentle, luminous eyes, looked into her peaked little face, and laid his brown hand on her little white hand, which rested rather wearily on the wicker rim of the perambulator.

The first thing that struck me was that Martha did not show the least wish to interfere. As a Mahometan, he was suspicious of all Hindus; as an orderly, he had an official's high disdain for all lay folk; as a trusted minion of the Collector Sahib and, even more, of the Collector Mem-Sahib who, indeed, had conferred on him the honored name of the maiden of Bethany, he should have been, and on all occasions was, very alert to guard little Theo from alien approach, be it of man or woman, elephant or sunstroke. Yet he did not check Gopal Baba, or bid him begone for a Hindu vagabond, which, had he done it, would not have surprised me in the least. Indeed, I saw him smiling down at Gopal Baba, and he stopped the baby-carriage, so that the gray barbarian might, if so minded, talk at his ease with the Christian child.

It seemed, however, that Gopal Baba was not so minded. He had laid his brown hand on Theo's white little fingers, and he kept it there, bending down over her, smiling with bright serenity; with joy, not pity, in his eyes. Little Theo, when he first touched her hand, looked up, with a quick, questioning, intuitive, baby glance; and, as her eyes met his, she too began to smile, her little face growing more animated and a tinge of color coming into her cheeks. She looked like her old self of the cold season, and one could see answering reassurance and satisfaction kindling in Martha's eyes.

Gopal Baba, as I have said, had not spoken to the little girl, nor did he now; yet one could see that a very good understanding was established between them, and a sweet serenity filled the dear little baby face. She drew a long breath, sighed happily like a little child awaking from sleep, and then laughed a happy, gentle little laugh, as she looked up at Gopal Baba. With her other hand she began to pat that dark hand of his, which still lay on hers, and in her touch and in her eyes there were caresses.

The whole thing lasted but a moment, and then Gopal Baba raised his serene eyes from the child to the chaprassi; then, straightening himself up, he turned and walked away, with rapid, noiseless steps, like a gentle, benevolent panther.

When I was in *cutcherry* later in the day, in the huge barrack across the square, I had occasion to see the big and big-hearted Collector Sahib, and I told him of this early morning happening.

'Oh, yes!' he said, with that pleasant laugh of his, which remains one of my best memories of India, 'that was Gopal Baba: quite a crony of Theo's, you know!'

'Who is Gopal Baba?' I asked.

'Oh, a kind of crazy saint!' said the Collector Sahib, smiling. 'I don't quite know where he comes from. I suppose he has always been here; part of the station, you know. You ought to have seen him at work in my garden a week ago. You know the big *peepal*, the great rubber tree that overhangs the square? Some of the branches had grown too far over the house, and I was afraid of the damp in the rains, especially for Theo. I was talking to Martha about these branches, saying they ought to be cut, when Gopal Baba came up to us, debonair as always. He never seems to want anything. Gopal Baba listened, and heard Martha reply that it would be dangerous work; it would not be easy to get any one to undertake it.

'Gopal Baba smiled and went away; half an hour later he came to the house with a *hashua*, went quickly up to the roof without saying a word to any one, swung himself into the tree and began to lop off the overhanging branches. The way he skipped from one to another was the most fearless thing I ever saw; he was absolutely birdlike.'

Mem-Sahib and I were forth on another early morning walk, a few days later, this time up the river, and were looking down from the high bund at a quaint little weather-stained temple with twisted pillars, under a many-stemmed, shaggy banyan tree, when we descried Gopal Baba sitting on a stone bench before the temple, still as a statue, in happy contemplation. He looked up and smiled. It was, I think, his home.

Thereafter, in the multitudinous occupations of the Civil Station, — criminal trials, treasury work, land surveying, assessments, ryots and crops, amusements and festivities, — Gopal Baba faded wholly from my memory. It was well into the greater rains before we saw him again.

The Collector's Mem-Sahib and little Theo had been spirited away to Darjiling, to lift up their hearts toward the miraculous snows of Kinchinjunga, to breathe in new life and strength from the vivid mountain air.

Mem-Sahib and I remained in the plains, presently, on the departure of the Collector Sahib, to be left in charge of the District of Murshidabad with its million and a quarter of Bengali souls. The rains had come up like thunder, and had continued, once more like thunder, with smothering mists, multitudinous lightnings, reverberant boomings, and white sluicings of water that flushed the earth like an inundation. The Bhagirathi River daily rose in a brown, seething flood, upborne by the embankment until it was a dozen feet above the level of the square. The flat cement roof of our bungalow had been seamed and cracked, like a wrinkled face, by the blazing sun of the hot season, and, when the thunderclouds of the greater rains burst in cataracts over our devoted heads, there was nothing to keep the water from coming through the ceilings of our rooms. Accordingly it came. Once, in an hour of detached thirst for knowledge, I counted eleven separate streams descending upon our carpets, while the two Poonaswamis and their helpers rushed wildly about with pans and tubs to catch the drip; and did, indeed, catch a good deal of it, while the thunder boomed overhead. But the rooms were perpetually damp, full of the sour smell of rotting bamboo matting; and mildew broke out on all sides, over everything. The ants, more provident than ourselves, had made their way up the walls, carrying bag and baggage up well-defined little roads, and were now comparatively dry amid the big beams of the ceiling.

The water, soaking through the sandy soil from the high-embanked Bhagirathi, threatened to well up

through the floor. We had laid our troubles before the big Collector Sahib, and he had arranged for our transfer to the dry upper story of a huge empty barrack at the corner of the square, which once housed a regiment, before the Mutiny, and we were waiting for a comparatively dry day to transport our possessions. Meanwhile, Mem-Sahib was sick and sorrow-laden. We were both suffering from blood-poisoning, the sequel of rubbed mosquito-bites, and Mem-Sahib was quite lamed by swollen ankles, in spite of the Doctor Sahib's ministrations and zinc ointment.

The days were exasperating; the nights were oppressive; and a point of wretchedness was added by a winged sprite which Anglo-India fitly calls the 'brain-fever bird.' It pipes up, for the most part, in the smothering nights of the rains, a sort of demon nightingale, and its cry is a melancholy 'Oh-oh-oh!' descending by intervals of a fifth. It stops for a minute, until one has had time almost to forget it and sink into uneasy slumber, and then it repeats its lugubrious and heart-rending wail, 'Oh-oh-oh!' which goes through one's brain like a rusty fret-saw.

Taking it all together, we were pretty miserable, nervous, over-wrought, and wretched, in spite of the kindly sympathy of good Gilber Sahib.

One afternoon, in the midst of these detestable circumstances, — a hot, steamy, muggy afternoon it was, when a breath of cold air would have been paradise, — I was sitting under the punkah in a cane armchair in our big central room, and Mem-Sahib, utterly worn-out and dejected, sick and sore, was lying down in her bedroom. I was jaded and dispirited, out of conceit with life, ready to blaspheme Mother India and all the works of Brahma, composing to myself comminations against the Bengali brother, almost

lamenting that Clive had not been well licked at Plassey and the whole Anglo-Indian adventure knocked on the head. I had no wish even to read, and was gazing straight before me at the ants on the wall, in heart despondent, and in body tormented by the ceaseless stinging of prickly heat, my ankles sore and swollen with mosquito-bites.

I was half-conscious of a kind of stir among the servants who had been sitting on the front veranda looking out at the rain and, half-turning, I saw the elder Poonaswami, he of the red-and-gold turbans and pleading smile, hurrying toward me.

'A *sadhu* has come, a holy man!' he said, and backed away again to the veranda.

Looking up, I saw Gopal Baba standing near me, smiling as before, with happy, luminous eyes. One of the most singular things concerning him was the way one's servants and chaprassis and the whole host of official jackals deferred to him, falling back to let him pass, though always ready enough to browbeat and bully and bluster at humble and unprotected suppliants. But Gopal Baba could come and go like the sunshine, like the wind of the Spirit. The servants stood aside and gave him the free run of the house.

Gopal Baba met my look of inquiry with his winning smile, and, before I had time to rise, seated himself on my sofa without a word on my part or on his. Had he been a government official, or a pundit or zemindar, I should of course have risen and begged him to take a seat, and he, equally of course, would first have declined with a flourish of ceremonious hesitation, and then, on my pressing him, would have accepted. But Gopal Baba made all this very unnecessary; he waited for no invitation, and one felt that, with his high simplicity, none was needed.

He came like the sunshine, welcome, not formally greeted.

Yet there was little in the outer person of Gopal Baba to impose on Poonaswami of the gold-and-red turban, save those luminous, wonderful eyes. Gopal Baba was barefoot and bare-headed, wearing, as always, but a white loin-cloth and a white scarf across his shoulders. I noticed that his hands were well-formed and sensitive, his bearing lithe and elastic; and presently I found myself dwelling on those happy, benignant eyes of his, that lit his fine face and spoke of abounding inner joy.

His eyes were the eyes of a happy, happy child, brimming over with gentle gayety. There was in him nothing solemn, or portentous, not a shade of self-importance or self-consciousness, as who should say, 'I am Sir Oracle!' The singular thing was that he said nothing at all; with the lips, at least, for the shimmering sunshine in his eyes said all things. He sat there on my sofa, in the dim room, for the sky outside was heavy with pouring storm-clouds, a quiet, very serene figure, with hands decorously folded, with the gentle stillness and poise of the best Oriental manners. He sat, indeed, with the supreme unconsciousness of an angel, watching me with his gentle smile. Then, after a few minutes, during which no word was spoken, he rose, bade me farewell with his eyes, and was gone before I could rise, with that velvety, elastic step of his.

Realizing that my strange visitor was gone, I came at the same time to a realization of the strangeness of his coming, and of the wonderful atmosphere of serenity he had brought with him and, happily for me, had left behind him when he departed.

For I found a singular happiness in my heart. I looked out at the sluicing torrents of rain, the reeking mists, the water in plashing pools upon the grass,

and through it all I felt the benignant light, the hidden sunshine, the sky overhead, full of divinity, incomparably blue. The endless worries and pains that beset us seemed small things in the face of that large serenity; discords that made the music finer. Gopal Baba had found within his heart what the skylark finds when he pours forth his joyful melody through the upper air; what the roses know, when they breathe forth their perfume; what little children feel, when they smile happy-eyed at the angels.

I went to read to Mem-Sahib and cheer her up. That afternoon, an hour or two later, we were privileged to receive the visit of a youthful Babu, Kali Prasanna Chatterji by name, who held a position in the Court of Wards, and who came highly recommended as a Bengali gentleman and a philosopher. He entered with something of the air of a peacock, acridly escorted and announced by Poonaswami of the red-and-gold turban, who seemed not to approve of him. Kali Babu's beautiful name deserves to be translated. The first word denotes the god of the Iron Age, and also the one-spot on the dice. The second part means that he is altogether at peace. The third, the surname of one of the four lofty families of Kulin Brahmans, means that his emblem is the sacred umbrella. So, as far as names went, Kali Babu was a very wonderful person indeed. Yet Poonaswami plainly disapproved of him.

Kali Babu saw on a little side table draped with black-and-gold Madras cloth, a yellow-backed copy of *Tartarin de Tarascon*. He asked, with something of an air, what it might be. I told him, naming Alphonse Daudet.

'Oh! So you read French novels?' sniffed Kali Babu, as who should say, 'Do you make a practice of burglary?'

I admitted that I did. But I saw

that I was fallen in the eyes of Kali Babu, fallen, fallen from my high estate. I had lost caste, and was but an outlander and a barbarian.

I accepted it quietly, however, for the charm of my earlier visitor was still upon me. Therefore I said, —

'Kali Babu, perhaps you may have heard of Gopal Baba? Tell me something of him.'

Kali Prasanna Chatterji, Esquire, sniffed at the name of Gopal Baba, as he had at Daudet's masterpiece, and thus unburdened his high soul: —

'Oh, yes! I know him; indeed, very well. In fact, he used to teach us once; he was our *guru*, as we say. You know, I think, what that signifies? I will tell you. A guru is a spiritual preceptor, who stands to you *in loco parentis*.' I felt like adding, '*E pluribus unum*; *Erin go bragh!*' but held my peace. 'But,' continued Kali Prasanna Chatterji, Esquire, 'he has long ceased to hold that exalted position, except nominally. Of course we still show him respect, outwardly at least. But he does not teach us any more. We found him not intellectual enough; not metaphysical; he never rose to the heights of dialectics. So we had to let him drop. And besides,' went on our young sage, evidently casting about in his mind for something disagreeable to say, 'I have been told that he smokes opium.'

'Oh!' I replied, and we let the matter drop, turning, at the instance of Kali Babu, to a discussion of the limitations of the Western mind. He would not be tempted into philosophy. I have a lurking fear that he found me unintellectual.

In due time, Kali Prasanna Chatterji, Esquire, took ceremonious leave, and strutted forth, saying in his heart, 'O Vishnu, I thank thee I am not as other men; thou hast made me a Brahman, a little higher than the angels!'

Mem-Sahib, as I have said, is of the Russian persuasion. Yet she had, even in those days, some command of our Western tongue.

'What a young ass!' she said, while Kali Babu's fine back was still silhouetted against the sky, in the door of the veranda.

Such, then, was the second coming of Gopal Baba. It was only after he had gone, that I learned of the third.

It befell that, on the Mahometan festival of the Mohurram, Mem-Sahib, Gilber Sahib, and I, with others of the rainy-season exiles, were invited by His Highness the Nawab to watch the religious procession at Murshidabad. The whole land was flooded, as the result of the ill-judged enthusiasm of a young tiller of the soil, who had cut a little track across the embankment to get water for his *brinjal* patch. It was ever such a little track, yet within a few hours two million dark Bengalis were standing up to their waists in muddy water. Then the flood was checked at its source, and presently abated.

After the procession, I went on foot through recently inundated ground, to see some Moslem games. The sun, and, I suppose, the poisoning of my blood by mosquito-bites, laid me low, two days later, with a violent and prolonged attack of jungle fever. It begins with a deadly languor and weariness, which drives one to lie down; this passes into a miserable, icy chill which shivers through one's body and bones, and even heaps of blankets are helpless to combat it. And there is, withal, a weariness of mind and spirit that turns the whole world gray, leaving one without faith, hope, or grace, wisdom or understanding.

Then comes a change of miseries. One's heart, which has threatened to come altogether to a standstill, gradu-

ally quickens its beats, and is presently pounding away like those trip-hammers which Don Quixote and Sancho heard in the darkness of the forest. This pounding keeps up, in hot, dry misery, till one feels as though the heart would come bodily through one's ribs, and burst at the next stroke. Yet there are lulls of happy quietness, when one is filled with divine peace.

At last the furnace-heat in one's blood is tempered by profuse perspiration which leaves one a half-dead rag, faint and breathless, seeking only the unconsciousness of sleep. And this recurrent purgatory goes on for days together. One is never secure. It always lies in wait, hiding in one's veins, ready to break forth again.

During that first fever spell, in August and the beginning of September, I was completely bowled over for a week or ten days. At the end of it, when I began to pull together again, Mem-Sahib beguiled my convalescence by reading me Russian fairy tales. In the midst of one of them, about a wonderful golden bird, she suddenly broke off and said, —

'Oh, do you know that Gopal Baba was here a good many times while you were ill? He used to come in and sit on the sofa without saying anything. At first the servants thought he ought to be sent away. But he was so sweetly insistent that I told them to let him be.'

Looking backward across the years, I have a fancy that there was a hidden bond between his comings and those lulls of happy quietness, full of divine peace, that cooled the furnace of my fevered days; those serene hours that were like fair green islands in my dark, tempestuous sea. At least I know that there was in India one man who loved the Father with his whole heart, and found in that love immeasurable joy.

WHAT ENGLISH POETRY MAY STILL LEARN FROM GREEK

BY GILBERT MURRAY

I

MY first words must be an apology for the title of this paper. It may seem a rather arrogant theme for a professor of Greek to lay before modern readers. But the truth is that I do not for a moment mean to hold up Greek literature as a model for all others to follow. Every great literature has something to teach the others. If ever, in some different life, it were my privilege to address an audience of ancient Greeks, there is nothing I should like better than to suggest to them some qualities which Greek literature might learn from English. But for the present the other side of the question is more fruitful. For some cause or causes, the Greek poets produced extraordinarily successful poetry. I wish now to make a rough attempt to analyze some of those causes and see what we can learn from them.

Perhaps it is also rather a stale theme. Many generations of English critics have dealt with it, from Milton to Walter Pater. Matthew Arnold's *Lectures on Translating Homer* are, I see, now made into a school-book, with introduction and notes. Why, then, have I felt justified in treating the subject again? Because, I would say, though the Classics themselves remain fixed, our conception of them is continually moving. Since the time of, let us say, Matthew Arnold, our actual knowledge has vastly increased. The general

widening of our studies, even the process of turning our focus of attention away from the Classics to more concrete and vivid subjects, has benefited our classical scholarship. It has greatly increased our knowledge, and still more increased our power of imaginative understanding. If any one doubts that, I would ask him to think of three books, the first three that come into my mind: Dittenberger's *Sylloge Inscriptionum*, Miss Harrison's *Prolegomena to the Study of Greek Religion*, and Mr. Zimmern's *Greek Commonwealth*; to reflect on the vast field covered by those three books, and consider how little of it was known to Matthew Arnold's generation.

I take Matthew Arnold as a type, not out of disrespect, but out of respect. He is not merely a critic of the first rank, which would be one reason for choosing him, but he is also to an unusual degree fearless and lucid. One knows where to have him, and where to challenge him. I take him as the best type of a liberal, cultivated, and well-read generation, who applied to ancient poetry — and sometimes to modern: witness his treatment of Shelley — the somewhat blighting demands of unimpassioned common sense.

Let me begin by taking at length one small concrete instance, his attack on Ruskin about the meaning of the words *φυσίλοος αἶα*.

He warns us, in the *Lectures on Translating Homer*, that 'against modern

sentiment in its applications to Homer, the translator, if he would feel Homer truly, — and unless he feels him truly how can he render him truly? — cannot be too much on his guard.’ He then takes the famous lines (*Iliad* iii, 243) about Helen’s brothers: —

τοὺς δ’ ἦδη κάτεχεν φυσίζους αἶα.

‘So spake she; but they were already held by Earth the Life-giver, in Lacedæmon far away, in their dear native land.’ And he quotes for dispraise, Mr. Ruskin’s comment: —

“‘The poet,” says Mr. Ruskin, “has to speak of the earth in sadness; but he will not let that sadness affect or change his thought of it. No; though Castor and Pollux be dead, yet the earth is our mother still — fruitful, life-giving.” This is a just specimen of that sort of application of modern sentiment to the ancients, against which a student who wishes to feel the ancients truly cannot too resolutely defend himself. . . . The reader may feel moved as he reads it; but it is not the less an example of “le faux” in criticism; it is false.’

How does Matthew Arnold himself translate *φυσίζους*? He does not say; I greatly fear that if pressed he would have said it was ‘merely an ornamental epithet.’ As a matter-of-fact, I think we may safely say that it is an epithet steeped in primitive mysticism. Ruskin’s error was that, not having the clue, he did not go far enough. His feeling about the word was right; but he stopped short at sentiment, whereas the word really connoted religion. ‘The life-giving earth’ is that most ancient goddess who is the cause, not only of the quickening of seeds, but of the resurrection of man. We are familiar with the thought from St. Paul’s use of it as a metaphor. But the conception is far older than St. Paul, and lies in the very roots of Greek religion,

as may be seen in Dieterich’s *Muttererde*.

The detailed evidence would, of course, take us too long; but I may dwell on it thus much. The word *φυσίζους* occurs only five times in ancient Greek poetry; twice it is applied to Castor and Pollux, who shared, as we all know, an alternate resurrection (*Iliad* iii, *Odyssey* xi); once in an indignant speech of Achilles (*Iliad* xxi) it is used of a dead man who seems to have returned, ‘with twenty mortal murders in his crown,’ from the grasp of the *φυσίζους αἶα*; once in an oracle, quoted by Herodotus, of the dead yet ever-living Orestes, who holds the balance of victory between Sparta and her enemies. In the fifth instance (*Hymn to Aphrodite*, 125) this mystical reference is less clear, and I will not press it. The point may seem small, but it is of shades of meaning like these that the quality of language is formed. This is merely one of the cases in which greater knowledge has widened and deepened our whole conception of Greek poetry, and swept magnificently away some of those limitations which we were taught to regard as ‘Classic.’

Let us now take a few current judgments about Greek poetry and see what we can deduce from them. I will begin with some quotations from *Coleridge’s Literary Remains*, as edited in Dent’s Library by Mr. Mackail: —

‘The Greeks were polytheists; their religion was local; almost the only object of all their knowledge, art, and taste was their gods; and accordingly their productions were, if the expression may be allowed, statuesque, whilst those of the moderns are picturesque. The Greeks reared a structure which, in its parts and as a whole, filled the mind with the calm and elevated impression of perfect beauty and symmetrical proportion.’

'Almost the only object of their knowledge, art, and taste was their gods.' That is in a sense true, though very misleading; for we know now that there were at least two stages in Greek religion: first, something more like the religion of other primitive though gifted races, something deep, turbid, formless, and impassioned; and secondly, an anthropomorphic movement, clarifying, humanizing, and artistic in its spirit, which led to the formation of the beautiful but somewhat unreal family of Olympian gods. Coleridge himself expresses the truth a little later in the phrase, 'Bacchus, the *vinum mundi*.' A Greek *Theos* is much more adequately conceived as the 'wine of the world' than as an anthropomorphic statue. It is in that sense that we can understand such a line as that of Euripides,

We are slaves to Theoi, whatever the Theoi
may be.

Such Theoi are not anthropomorphic figures; they are wills or forces.

'Their productions were statuesque.' Coleridge explains what he means by this. 'They reared a structure which in its parts and as a whole' made an 'impression of perfect beauty and symmetrical proportion.'

This criticism seems to me profoundly true, although I should almost have thought that a better word for it was 'architectural.' It is borne out in the old contrast between the Gothic church with its profusion of detail, — always rich, always exciting, sometimes ugly, and constantly irrelevant, — and the Greek temple, in which every part is severely subordinated to the whole.

Another remark of Coleridge is rather curious to read at the present day: 'The Greeks, except perhaps Homer, seem to have had no way of making their women interesting but by unsexing them, as in the tragic

Medea, Electra, etc.' Here I think there is little doubt that we have simply moved beyond Coleridge, and thereby come nearer the Greeks. Yet his words are, perhaps, in their literal sense, true. The romantic heroines of Coleridge's day needed a good deal of 'unsexing' before they stood fairly on their feet as human beings, with real minds and real characters. The romantic fiction of a generation or two ago could never look at its heroines except through a roseate mist of emotion. Greek tragedy saw its women straight; or, at most, saw them through a mist of religion, not through a mist of gallantry or sentimental romance. When people are accustomed, as Coleridge was, to that atmosphere, it is pitiful to see how chill and raw they feel when they are taken out of it. As a matter-of-fact, Greek tragedy, as a whole, spends a great deal more study and sympathy upon its women than its men, and I should have thought that, in the ordinary sense of the word, it was hard to speak of Antigone and Deianira and Medea, hard to speak of Andromache and Hecuba in the Troades, or even of Clytemnestra and Electra, as 'unsexed' creatures.

I will refrain from making quotations from Matthew Arnold on the subject of Greek religion. However tolerant an American literary audience may be, there are limits to the disrespect it will allow toward its great critics. But I must protest, in passing, against his use of the *Mime of Theocritus* about Gorgo and Praxinoë as an instance of Greek feeling about religion. It is almost as if you took, as an instance of modern religion, one of Mr. Anstey's *Voces Populi* describing, say, a church parade.

The thing that troubles the ordinary English reader in Greek religion is that he is accustomed to a religion that is essentially moral and essentially dog-

matic. Greek religion, in the first place, is not preëminently concerned with morality; it is concerned with man's relation to world-forces. In the second place, there is no omnipotent dogma.

I will, however, venture to take a sentence or two of Pater's. In one passage he sums up a discussion by saying that Greek art and literature are characterized by 'breadth, centrality, blitheness, and repose.' Now I dare say this is true, if only we understand the words as Pater meant them. But, of course, each word is really a species of shorthand, which summed up for him various long chains of thought. The danger is that we may accept them as catch-words.

'Breadth.' The word always reminds me of an ancient occasion when I was rehearsing a Greek play, and the stage-manager came forward in a cheery manner to the caste and said, 'Now, ladies and gentlemen, remember this is classical. Breadth! Breadth! No particular attention to meanings!' But I do not suggest that he was interpreting Pater rightly.

'Centrality.' This seems true; at least the Greek poets have a clear normal tradition of style. They do not strike one as eccentric or cliquey. But we must remember that they are largely central just because other artists and poets have gathered round them. They stood where they happened to be, and it is the rest of us that have made a centre of them.

'Blitheness.' Well, their best work on the whole lies in tragedies and dirges. I have tried hard to understand what the critics mean by the 'blitheness' of the Greeks. It perhaps means what I think would be quite true, that the Greeks have, on the whole, an intense sense of life, of the beauty of things beautiful, of the joyousness of things joyous, as well as of the solemnity or

tragedy or horror of other things. Greek poetry in classical times is certainly hardly ever depressed or flat or flabby.

'Repose.' Yes; perfectly true, and undeniably characteristic. Every Greek tragedy, every great impassioned poem, ends upon a note of calm; and we all know the same quality in the paintings and statues.

Pater again makes great use of the word 'statuesque,' and it is a word that I can never feel quite happy about. Stone, of which statues are made, has certain obvious qualities: it is cold, hard, immovable. Speech, of which literature is made, has its qualities also, and they are remarkably unlike those of stone. Speech is warm, swift, vibrating, transitory. The 'statuesque' theory is derived, I believe, from Winckelmann, who was very intimate with the statues and knew little of the literature; consequently he interpreted everything through the statues. And every dilettante is under the temptation of following him, since a decent acquaintance with the statues is an easy thing to acquire, and any first-hand acquaintance with the literature a hard one. We should also remember that the statues which Winckelmann and the critics of his time knew, and used for the illustration of classical Greece, were almost without exception the work of the decadence, and to our present judgment markedly unlike the spirit of the great period.

II

Now, what result emerges from this rather rough summary? First, that Greek poetry is full of religion. This is true and important, though religion, as we noticed, is not exactly what we mean by the word: classical Greek poetry is somehow always in relation to great world-forces. Every great

vicissitude, every desire and emotion, seems to be referred to the mysterious action of tremendous and inscrutable laws or wills — something that a Greek would call Theos.

Secondly, it is full of this statuesque, or, as I prefer to call it, 'architectural' quality. Every work of Greek art is 'a structure, which, in its parts and as a whole, aims at an impression of beauty and symmetrical proportion.' This is a principle of which the Greeks themselves were eminently conscious. Aristotle lays down flatly the law that a poem or tragedy should be εἰσύνοπτον, 'capable of being seen as a whole'; and the writers on style, from Terpander and Gorgias down to the later rhetoricians, are never weary of telling us that a speech or poem must have 'a beginning, a middle, and an end.' We may perhaps think that we knew that before; but if we compare the *Iliad* or *Odyssey* with any of our English epics or long poems we can hardly help feeling an astonishing difference in this point of architecture. The *Iliad* and *Odyssey* are definitely 'constructed'; they have a beginning, a middle, and an end. They have a story working up, through a great series of climaxes and digressions, to a tremendous height of emotion just before the end, and in the actual end reaching a note of calm. Turn them into English prose, and they still make thoroughly good stories.

Now think of our epics, the *Faerie Queene*, the *Excursion*, the *Revolt of Islam*, *Endymion*: are they not to an amazing degree shapeless and lacking in this quality of the ordered whole? I cannot help thinking that this is the real cause of the failure of the long poem in English. A poet should always remember that poetry excels prose threefold and fourfold in sheer boring power; and yet our poets never seem to

have grasped the importance of making a long poem organic in its parts, as they would a prose story. Even *Paradise Lost* is not from this point of view well-constructed. It may be that the future here has something great in store for us. In this matter of construction we have learned our craft on the short story, and brought it to a degree of perfection perhaps never equaled in the world. It seems now as if we were able to grapple with the long prose story. After that, perhaps, will come the turn of the long poem. Of course it is not the same quality of construction that is wanted. The amount of sheer excitement and intellectual interest which is needed to float a long prose story would probably kill an epic poem, or distract the attention from its higher poetic qualities. But there is an organic construction for a poem, too; and that, I believe, is one of the obvious tasks that lie before us.

Religion, architecture; there is also, I think, a third quality, which critics have not noticed, or have treated as obvious. I mean the quality and precision of the texture out of which Greek poetry is woven. It is not merely that the actual words are finer in quality than English words, though I incline to think that this is true also. They build their palace of cedar, and we of rougher wood. But still more important is the actual precision of the building, the exact fitting of word into word with reference both to the emphasis and the rhythm. This depends greatly on the importance of quantity in Greek speech. To take one instance: it is in the essence of Greek poetry that a long unstressed syllable shall nevertheless be felt as long. That is a rock on which English verses make shipwreck by the thousand.

Perhaps some caution is necessary here. I am assuming, it may be said,

a careful and studied pronunciation, which is really characteristic of Greek as a dead language spoken by scholars, just as it is of Latin for the same reason, but which probably never belonged to any language in the rough-and-tumble of common intercourse. Well, I cannot stop to debate the point at length, but I think that, first, the detailed rules of Greek metre and the laws which the poets followed, and, secondly, the definite statements of grammarians of the best period, show that, in poetry and public speech at any rate, the Greeks did demand, and intensely enjoy, a very clear and accurate articulation. In the time of Philostratus, people came in thousands to hear a sophist who could really pronounce the old poetry with full attention to quantity, to stress, and to that curious variety of musical tone which in post-classical times became important, and was denoted by accents. To turn the musical accent into a stress-accent, as is often done in America and Germany, is to my ear absolutely destructive of all poetic rhythm. It is better to attend only to quantity and neglect the pitch-accent altogether. But the question is highly technical, and I will not discuss it further.

Let us go to Matthew Arnold again. 'Homer,' he says, 'is rapid in movement, plain in style, simple in ideas, noble in manner.'

Yes; but what I think strikes me still more is the combined gorgeousness and precision of the texture.

ὥς ὅτ' ἐν οὐρανῷ ἀστρά φαεινὴν ἀμφὶ σελήνην.

hōs hot' en ouranō ástra faeinēn ámfī selēnēn.

Put it against the beginning of Pope:

Achilles' wrath, to Greece the direful spring
Of woes unnumbered, heavenly goddess, sing:
The wrath that hurled to Pluto's gloomy reign
The souls of mighty chiefs untimely slain.
Their limbs unburied on the naked shore
Devouring dogs and ravening vultures tore.

Yes, it is rapid, plain, dignified, and full of fire; but will it stand for a moment in point of texture and quality beside that

hōs hot' en ouranō ástra faeinēn ámfī selēnēn.

Try even Milton:—

Him the Almighty power
Hurled headlong flaming from the ethereal sky,
With hideous ruin and combustion down
To bottomless perdition, there to dwell
In adamantine chains and penal fire,
Who durst defy the Omnipotent to arms.

That is much nearer: it is gorgeous and it is precise, only it has not quite the simplicity; it has nothing near the musical swing. It cannot, for example, in that metre, give habitually, and as a matter of course, full value to the long unstressed syllables. It is only by training that we are able to do this in the Greek hexameter, to say ἀνδρῶν ἥρώων, *āndrōn hērōōn*, without letting some two of the five long syllables go short, or to pronounce Pallas Athénē rightly, and not as if it were 'Pallus Atheeny.'

Our poets, of course, have tried the hexameter, fascinated by that swing. I abstain from criticizing Longfellow, partly from prudence, partly from affection; but I take two passages that are selected for their merit in Ward's *English Poets*, and must ask my reader to read them carefully aloud, comparing them all the time with some one line of Homer.

Bút in the | interval | here the | böiling | pēnt-ūp |
water

Frees it | self by a | sudden descent, attaining a
basin

Tēn fēēt | wide ānd | ēightēēn | lōng, with | white-
ness and fury

Occupied partly but mostly pellucid, | pure, a |
mirror;

Beautiful there from the colour derived from the
green rocks under,

Beautiful | most ōf | all, where | beads ōf | foam
uprising

Mingle their clouds of white with the delicate
hue of the stillness.

(Clough, *Bothie*.)

All day long they rejoiced; but Athene still in her chamber

Bent herself over her loom, as the stars rang loud to her singing,

Chanting of order and right, and of foresight, warder of nations;

Chanting of labour and craft, and of wealth in the port and the garner;

Chanting of valour and fame and the man who falls with the foremost,

Fighting for children and wife, and the field which his father bequeathed him.

(Kingsley, *Andromeda*.)

Now, what is wrong with the first of these passages is pretty obvious. It is that, on any standard approaching that of the Greeks, the metre is beneath criticism. The stress on 'but,' the utterly lamentable and destructive use of trochees instead of spondees, so that 'most of' and 'boiling' have to count as two long syllables, while 'pure, a' is apparently a dactyl. The poet, in fact, is completely baffled by the most obvious technical difficulties of the metre he has chosen. This is not, of course, to deny the beauty of many lines and passages, and the interesting character of the poem as a whole.

The passage from Kingsley is metrically ever so much better. The chief flaw is monotony, mainly at the beginning and end. The difficulty of starting on a stressed syllable drives the poet to monotonous construction — witness the four lines running beginning with a present participle — and there is almost as much monotony in the constant dissyllabic endings. There is no approach to that perfect control of the instrument which enables Homer — and Virgil even more — to vary their rhythms and pauses without ever spoiling the metrical structure.

The stressed syllable at the start and the dissyllabic ending; those are two great difficulties of the hexameter in English; and it is by avoiding them, as well by his wonderful skill in other respects, that Swinburne has contrived

to build up in English a trisyllabic metre that will really stand alongside the Greek.

I have lived long enough, having seen one thing,
that love hath an end;

Goddess and maiden and queen, be with me now
and befriend.

Thou art more than the day or the morrow, the
seasons that laugh or that weep,

For these give joy or sorrow, but thou, Proserpina, sleep.

Yea, is not even Apollo, with hair and harpstring
of gold,

A bitter god to follow, a beautiful god to behold?'

'Thou art more than the gods that number the
days of our temporal breath,

For these give labour and slumber, but thou,
Proserpina, death.'

ὥς δ' ἔν οὐρανῷ ἀστρά φαεινὴν ἀμφὶ σελήνην . . .
οὐτ' ἔμε γ' ἐν μεγάροιςιν εὐσκόπος λοχέαιρα

The English will bear the comparison. The great difficulty is that such texture of language in English is somehow exotic; it has to choose its language and diction with special exclusiveness. It hardly ever, even in Mr. Swinburne's sea-poems, seems really to belong to the wind and the open air. The strong direct life of the Homeric hexameter comes out more in *Sigurd the Volsung*:

There Gudrun stood o'er the turmoil, there stood
the Niblung child:

As the battle-horn is dreadful, as the winter wind
is wild,

So dread and shrill was her crying, and the cry
none heeded or heard,

As she shook the sword in the Eastland and
spake the hidden word:

'The brand for the flesh of the people, and the
sword for the King of the World.'

Then adown the hall and the smoke-cloud the
half-slaked torch she hurled,

And strode to the chamber of Atli, white-fluttering
'mid the smoke;

And their eyes met in the doorway and he knew
the hand and the stroke,

And shrank aback before her, and no hand might
he upraise;

There was naught in his heart but anguish in
that end of Atli's days.

But she towered aloft before him, and cried in
Atli's home:

'Lo, lo, the daylight, Atli, and the last foe over-
come.'

It is fine poetry, strong and beautiful. I hardly like to say anything against it; but taken as mere metrical workmanship, it remains rough. The texture of the language is sometimes cheap, sometimes a little affected; the long unstressed syllable, on which everything depends, is little considered. The texture of *Sigurd* seems to me sometimes to be founded not upon Homer but, as it were, upon something earlier and cruder than Homer. Keeping the sound of it in your ears, think first of Swinburne, then of the words spoken to the dead Achilles in *Odyssey* xxiv, how all day long down to even-fall the bravest of Achæans and Trojans met their death, —

μαρνάμενοι περὶ σέω· σὺ δ' ἐν στροφάλιγγι κοίτης
κείσο μέγας μεγαλωστί, λελασμένος ἵπποσυνάων.

The Swinburne had one quality of great poetry, and the Morris another, but has not this, almost to the limit of perfection, both? It is so smooth and splendid, and at the same time so simple and strong!

III

In illustrating this question of poetic texture, I find I have been speaking chiefly of epic. Is there any future for this form of poem in English? Most people will say that they do not see any clear hope; but we must remember that such negative evidence is not of much value. As soon as somebody can see the thing he will do it. As we said before, it is chiefly architecture that is wanted. The texture, indeed, may need generations of craftsmen to build it up, but we must remember that Milton practically did make such a texture once, single-handed. The other great quality, religion, is wanted, too. Probably a great epic should be based on some traditional story with characters and incidents that already mean something in the national mind. At

any rate it must be somehow related to life as a whole, or to the main issues and interests that men feel in their lives. It is something of this sort that makes much of the greatness of Mr. Hardy's *Dynasts*. If one could only get some day a combination of the sustained sweep of Frank Norris with the high quality of William Vaughn Moody!

About drama I will say nothing at present, or almost nothing. The three qualities we have noticed, religion, architecture, and beauty of texture, are notably present in Greek tragedy; the religion most obviously so. As to architecture, whatever may have happened to the supposed classical unities, it is the rarest thing in the world to get a Greek drama which does not aim essentially at unity of effect and unity of atmosphere. I think that one of the reasons why comparatively few scholars enjoy Greek tragedy as much as they enjoy Homer, say, or Theocritus, is that drama so seldom condescends to burst out into specially beautiful scenes or passages. Every character and every scene is subordinate. Each is doing work for the whole. It is largely the same quality, I think, which in modern times leads to the comparative unpopularity of Ibsen with lovers of literature. Of course I do not compare him with the Greeks in his actual attainment of beauty; but in his resolute disregard for the beauty of the part, and his concentration on the value of the whole, he works exactly in their spirit.

But how, you may say, does this comparative disregard of beautiful or eloquent language fit with my doctrine of texture? It does so in quite an interesting way. Let us spend a moment in considering it.

The diction of a poetical play in any language has, I conceive, two tasks,

among others, laid upon it. It must be able to move up and down a certain scale of tension, the lower end tending toward ordinary conversation (or the illusion of ordinary conversation), the upper end toward sheer lyrical poetry. And secondly, it must somehow preserve always a certain poetical quality of atmosphere — something ideal, or high, or remote, however one may define it.

Now you will find that the ordinary English poetical play tries to solve this problem by (1) rather slack and formless metre; and (2) ornate, involved, and ultra-poetical diction. The first enables the poet to slide into prose when asking for his boots; the second, almost unassisted, has to keep up the poetical quality of the atmosphere. It does so, of course, at the expense of directness, and often with the ruinous result that where you have Drama you have killed Poetry, and where you have Poetry you have killed Drama.

Greek tragedy tried quite a different method. It has (1) a clear ringing and formal metre, based indeed on the rhythm of ordinary conversation, but perfectly strict in its rules and unmistakable to the ear. Comedy and Tragedy both write their dialogue in iambic trimeters, but the critics tell us that if in comic dialogue any line occurs which observes the metrical rules of tragedy, that line is a parody. So clear is the tragic rhythm. (2) This metrical system, aided by a corresponding convention in vocabulary, so maintains the poetic atmosphere, that the language can afford to be extraordinarily direct and simple, though, of course, it can also rise to great heights of imaginative or emotional expression.

I may mention that these two points constitute part of the reason why, after many experiments in blank verse, I came to the conclusion that the tragic trimeter was best represented in Eng-

lish by rhyme. Rhyme gives to the verses the formal and ringing quality, remote from prose, which seems to my ear to be needed; it enables one to move swiftly, like the Greek, and to write often in couplets and antitheses, like the Greek. I also found that, while in neither case would English convention tolerate for long the perfect simplicity of language that is natural in Greek, it was possible in rhyme to write far more directly and simply than in blank verse. Blank verse, having very little metrical ornament, has to rely for its effect on rich and elaborate language. Rhyme often enables you to write lines as plain and direct as prose without violating the poetical atmosphere.

That is a digression, and my judgment may, of course, be wrong. But I believe you will find that one reward which Greek tragedy reaps from its severe metrical rules is that, the ear being satisfied and unconsciously thrilled by the metre, the language can at will cast away all ornament, and go straight for drama. In the greater part of the *Œdipus Rex* you will find scarcely any deliberate eloquence, and scarcely any poetical ornament. What you do find in every speech and every line is dramatic relevancy. There is beauty, of course, but not as it were a beauty that is deliberately sought and imposed upon the material. It is the beauty that necessarily results from clean well-balanced proportion, psychological truth, and intensity of feeling.

It is in lyric poetry that the difference between Greek and English, and, I will venture to say, the great technical superiority of Greek, comes out most strongly. I am considering, of course, so far as the two can be separated, technique, and not inspiration. I am not for the moment concerned to deny that for sheer poetic beauty some quite simple English song, with no elabora-

tion or subtlety about it, may stand as high as the choruses of the *Agamemnon*. I merely urge that in point of technique there is hardly any comparison. It is only in the last century that English poetry has begun to learn its business in the writing of lyrics, under the lead first of Shelley, and then of Swinburne. Some admirers of Elizabethan lyrics will, perhaps, here rise in indignation against me, but I must still maintain that in the matter of lyrical skill in the Greek sense Elizabethan song is absolutely rudimentary. I will base that statement on three grounds:—

1. Elizabethan song cannot handle the trisyllabic foot. No English poet succeeded in doing so till the generation of Shelley.

2. No Elizabethan song can handle what the Greeks called syncope—that is, the omission of a short unstressed syllable, so that the long syllable that is left becomes over-long (as in ‘Break, break, break.’)

3. No Elizabethan song can make anything of the unstressed long syllable.

4. These are three purely metrical points, but I would add another of wider range. The whole essence of lyric is rhythm. It is the weaving of words into a song-pattern, so that the mere arrangement of the syllables produces a kind of dancing joy. Now, the older English lyric seems to associate this kind of marked rhythm with triviality. It has no feeling for the sublimity of song as such. Even at the present day our clearest lyrical measures are almost confined to the music-halls. Many people still feel sublimity or even seriousness to be incompatible with good lyric rhythm. Now Greek lyric is derived directly from the religious dance; that is, not merely the pattering of the feet, but the yearning movement of the whole body, the ulti-

mate expression of emotion that cannot be pressed into articulate speech, compact of intense rhythm and intense feeling. The two are not in Greek incompatible; on the contrary, they are intimately and essentially connected.

This rhythmical movement of the body accompanying the lyric leads naturally to an extreme precision in metrical values, a full valuing of each word. The long unstressed syllable comes by its due; trisyllabic and even quadrasyllabic feet like the *Ionic a Maiore* (‘ $\sim \sim \sim$ ’, ‘morituri’; ‘in a palm tree’) are easily managed; and syncope, which we find so difficult, is almost a central and necessary feature. It is curious to think how difficult it is for us to work words together into one of the commonest of Greek song-metres.

Παρθενίη, παρθενίη, ποῦ με λιποῦσ’ ἀποιχέε.

Seldom again, seldom again, streaming across the twilight.

What we do is to help ourselves out by rhyme, that is, by a very clear stress on the last syllable of some member of the song, to make up for the rather blurred values in other places.

Again, in lyric also we find the architectural quality. A good Greek lyric always builds up to the rhythm of its final lines. To quote instances would take us too long, as each one would have to be proved in detail. But let any one read the last two or three lines of each verse of the Fourth Pythian, and see how the rhythm is deliberately at certain chosen places entangled and checked, in order to run loose at the end in smooth trochees, with just the thrill of one resolved arsis. Almost any of the more serious lyrics of Euripides will show the same process. Let me illustrate this point of architecture in English. Take a good Elizabethan song,—I tremble here at what I am going to say, but my convictions will out,—an Elizabethan song, in

which a short line is purposely mixed with long lines:—

Come unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands.
Curtsied when you have, and kiss'd,
The wild waves whist . . .

Here there is no architecture. There is no lyric value in the shortness of that line. The ear has not been led up by a series of rhythms to demand that particular short line, and to feel a special rest and refreshment when it comes. You will tell me that it was meant to be accompanied by music, and that by working the music right you can make the two-beat line seem as if it had four beats. Quite true, but no defence: admit modern music, and all thoughts of metre and poetic rhythm go to the wall. Modern music would justify the first column of the *New York Sun* as a lyric.

Now take a poem that is architectural:—

Wrap thy form in a mantle grey,
Star-inwrought,
Blind with thine hair the eyes of Day,
Kiss her until she be wearied out;
Then wander o'er city and sea and land,
Touching all with thine opiate wand;
Come, long sought!

Thy brother Death came and cried:
'Wouldst thou me?'
Thy sweet child Sleep, the filmy-eyed,
Murmured like a noon-tide bee:
'Shall I nestle near thy side,
Wouldst thou me?' And I replied:
'No, not thee!'

If you read this carefully, a little dreamily, letting your speech move somewhat in the direction of song, you will find that the short lines, especially at the end, are deliberately built up to. That is what makes them serve their rhythmical purpose. They give just the rhythm that the ear has been made to hunger for.

I could write at great length upon this subject, but I have perhaps already indicated the main point, and I would

like now to call attention to one particular misunderstanding.

Professed imitations of Greek rhythm in English poetry seem to me to have gone practically always on quite wrong lines. They ought to have been more intensely rhythmical than the average; as a matter of fact, they think they are being Greek when they lose lyrical rhythm altogether. Swinburne, as usual, so far as metre is concerned, gets triumphantly to the heart of the matter:

She is cold and her habit is lowly,
Her temple of branches and sods;
Most fruitful and virginal, holy,
A mother of gods.

That has a strong clear rhythm, full of majesty and sweetness, and it happens to be practically a Greek metre:—

Μελισσοτρόφου Σαλαμίνος
ὦ βασιλεῦ Τελάμων,
νήσου περικύμονος οἰκή-
σας ἔδραν.

But if you take, let us say, the most admired lyrics in *Samson Agonistes*:—

God of our fathers, what is man?
That thou towards him with a hand so various,
Or might I say contrarious,
Temper'st thy providence through his short
course,

Not evenly, as thou rul'st
The angelic orders and inferior creatures, mute,
Irrational, and brute;

or,

This, this is he: softly awhile;
Let us not break in upon him . . .
Or do my eyes misrepresent? Can this be he,
That heroic, that renowned,
Irresistible Samson, whom unarmed
No strength of man or fiercest wild beast could
withstand?

Who tore the lion as the lion tears the kid . . .

This may be poetry of the highest order; I can quite imagine that those who know it by heart even enjoy the rhythm of it. But surely it is clear that the rhythm is exceedingly obscure, and utterly unlyrical in quality? There is far more swing, far more approach to song, in Milton's average blank verse.

The beginning of the second passage is, I believe, meant to represent choriambics: —

This, this is hé; sóftly awhile;
Lét us not bréak ín upon him;

but they cannot be considered successful choriambics. All writers of lyrics in English must face a disagreeable fact. When there is a perfectly clear and simple metre to give guidance, their readers will very likely, though not certainly, pronounce the words right; but the words themselves, however carefully chosen, will hardly ever guide the average reader through a difficult or original metre. It is a habit of our pronunciation to make the word-accent yield constantly to the sentence-accent: and if you try in lyric to impose on the reader some rhythm to which he is not accustomed; if you try to produce some rhythm that you think rare and beautiful, or particularly expressive of some phase of feeling, you must prepare for disappointment. Unless you write in words of quite unmistakable rhythm (I recommend ‘mulligatawny’ and ‘hullabaloo’), you will find yourself disappointed. The readers will twist your line away toward some rhythm with which they are thoroughly familiar. This is one reason among many why these unrhymed quasi-Greek metres are so certain to fail of their purpose.

Take another case, from Matthew Arnold's *Merope*: —

Much is there which the sea
Conceals from man, who cannot plumb its depths.

Air to his unwinged form denies a way
And keeps its liquid solitudes unscaled.
Even earth, whereon he treads,
So feeble is his march, so slow,
Holds countless tracts untrod.

But more than all unplumbed,
Unscaled, untrodden is the heart of man;
More than all secrets hid the way it keeps:
Nor any of our organs so obtuse,
Inaccurate, and frail,

As those wherewith we try to test
Feelings and motives there.

Now I do not say that the thought of these verses is unpoetic or dull, or that the expression is particularly bad; but I must say that the verses seem to me, as lyrics, to have absolutely no value at all. Put them for a moment beside the ‘Forsaken Merman,’ or ‘Strew on her roses, roses,’ and see how, not only are there no metrical refinements, no polysyllabic feet, no syncope, no unstressed long syllables, but there is no trace of the first necessity of lyric — the rudimentary swing that urges you in the direction of singing. Let us turn from that song to what I conjecture to have been its original model, a chorus in the *Choephoroi*: —

πολλὰ μὲν γὰρ τρέφει
δαινὰ δειμάτων ἀχρη—

Pólla mén | gâ trefei | déina deímatôn achê. |

Read this with its full metrical values, not being afraid, and realize that it was accompanied and its rhythm intensified by some kind of movement or stress of the body; then notice how all through the stanza your voice starts and is checked and is checked again, and then floods out in a ringing line. You will see that this solemn poem has a rhythm so marked that in modern England we should only think it fit for a music-hall; and secondly, that it is full of metrical architecture. What a feeling of peace comes to the ear at the recurrence of the metrical phrase of the last line!

ἀλγίδων φράσαι κότον.
algidôn frasai kotón.

In general, I believe that in the last generation or two we have been gradually getting to understand Greek metres, — though, of course, we do not understand them fully yet, — and, at the same time, English poetry, especially that of Shelley and Swinburne and their followers, has been developing its own lyrical genius. We are now, for

instance, able to handle four-syllable feet as well as three-syllable. Compare

When you've 'eard the East a-callin' you won't
never 'eed naught else —

No, you won't 'eed nothink else —

But them spicy garlic smells,

And the palm-trees and the sunshine and the
tinkly temple bells,

On the road to Mandalay;

and

σὺ δέ μ', ὦ μάκαιρα Δίρκα,
στεφανηφόρους ἀπωθῇ
θιάσους ἔχουσιν ἐν σοί.
τί μ' ἀνάλνῃ; τί με φεύγεις.

And the palm-trees and | the sunshine | —

τί μ' ἀνάλνῃ; τί με φεύγεις.

We are learning to manage syncope, from 'Break, break, break,' onward through various beautiful Christy Minstrel songs like

Gra-asshopper sittin' on de swee-eet 'tater vine;
and so getting back to lines like

'Ιδαῖά τ', 'Ιδαῖα, κισσοφόρα νάπη,

the clue to which is that the 'I of the second 'Ιδαῖα is equal to -- or - ˘:—

And Ida, da-ark Ida, where the wi-ild ivy
grows . . .

Also several writers of lyric since Swinburne have observed their unstressed long syllables. Just at the moment, it may be, we are in the midst of a reaction against metrical accuracy, and many of our best writers pursue an effect like that which the Greeks found in the *scazon* and similar freaks of verse, a deliberate disappointment to the ear, producing some feeling of pathos or frailty. Personally, I think it is overdone, but the fact that good writers do it probably shows that they have at least an ear for accurate rhythm, and could produce it if they were not, for the moment, tired of it.

IV

I have spoken much about texture and much about architecture; I have said little of the other of my three

points — the constant connexion of Greek poetry with religion. I feel that to some any emphasis laid on this point may seem almost paradoxical. To them, perhaps, Greek religion is a thing of anthropomorphism and lucidity; a thing essentially without mystery, and almost without earnestness. I would ask them to remember the background; to remember the evidence of anthropology and even of Greek religious inscriptions, and to realize that older religion which vibrates at the root of Greek poetry. The lucidity of the fifth and fourth centuries was imposed on a primitive tangle of desires and terrors, on a constant sense of the impending presence of inscrutable world-forces. Greek poetry is never far removed from the primitive religious dance. Some particular lyric may stand, perhaps, half-way between an original magic dance meant to bring rain and fill the water-springs, and a mere artistic dance meant to show its own gracefulness. But, at any rate, there is always about it some trace of the first, and through the beautiful words and graceful movements of the chorus one feels the crying of a parched land for water.

'All thoughts, all passions, all desires . . .' In our art it is true, doubtless, that they are 'the ministers of love'; in Greek they are as a whole the ministers of this religion, and this is what in a curious degree makes Greek poetry matter, makes it all relevant. There is a sense in each song of a relation to the whole of things, and it was apt to be expressed with the whole body, or, one may say, the whole being.

It sometimes seems as if, for poetry, we have become too much differentiated. Poetry needs intellect, of course, and rots without it. But poetry also needs the whole self in one piece: every thought in it needs the support of a sub-conscious and instinctive emotion.

With us, when inspiration comes, the ruling powers of the brain are apt to dance their Bacchic dances alone; in classic Greek one feels that the underground inarticulate impulses moved more along with them, as they did with Euripides' Bacchanals, when

all the mountain felt
And worshipped with them; and the wild things
 knelt
And ramped and gloried, and the wilderness
Was filled with moving voices and dim stress.

It may or may not be possible for men to arrive again at this oneness; it may be that it depends on the actual quality of the daily life we live, and that to the Greeks of the Great Age, not for long, but for a few glorious generations, the daily stuff of life was really a thing of splendor. If so, our task in the matter of poetry is wider, and perhaps harder, than we thought; but it is a task to which voices on every side are calling us.

THE FATIGUE OF DEAFNESS

BY CLARENCE JOHN BLAKE

UNDER normal conditions, in a well-balanced and duly coördinated human machine, the usual, and multiform, processes of daily life are conducted under the control of an habitually sub-conscious directorate which duly apportions the adequate expenditure of motive power, of nervous energy; when the balance is impaired, or the coördination becomes imperfect, an additional sum of energy is required, for purposes of substitution, or of compensation.

So long as the extent of the requirement falls within the limit of the amount at sub-conscious disposal, the substitution may be made by the increase of some forms of expenditure at the expense of others less immediately important, or by the limitation of all and the creation of a contingent reserve. Beyond the limit thus provided for the unusual expenditure of energy, expenditure can be made only under direction of the will, as a con-

scious effort; though this, if long continued as a deliberate demand met by a contribution from the reserve, may become a habit, a procedure wholly or partly under conscious direction, but none the less a draft upon the daily income of vital force beyond that for which economic provision had originally been made, and one which is surely, remonstrantly, to be recorded under some form of expression of the physical conscience.

The illustrations of this balance-adjustment of accounts where it concerns the functions of organic life, those complicated laboratory processes by means of which we live and move and have our physical being, are less apt to fix our attention than those which concern the peripheral, the intra- and trans-mural activities of our city of residence.

The experience of an ill-fitting shoe, of a maimed digit, brings at once to our consciousness the necessity for substi-

tution and for compensation, together with the recognition of an unusual expenditure of nervous energy; while the temporary lessening of tactile sense in the finger-tips on a cold morning in the country may be a wholesome lesson in gratitude for the bounties we possess but learn to disregard because they grow familiar to our daily use. The lame, the halt, and the blind appeal without words to our sympathy and to our appreciation of their sorry case, and we readily accord them such helpful expenditure of energy, on our part, as shall supplement their own compensatory effort, but there are other less evident disabilities quite as needy when once their wants come to be understood.

Among these is the impairment of function of a sense-organ so completely developed at birth as to make it immediately operable as a channel for the reception and transmission to the brain of external stimuli, and of such range, both in limit and in acuteness of perception, as to make its sense-provision a striking example of the bounty of nature.

That impairment of the hearing power should be an inconvenience is readily understandable; that it may make so large a demand upon the nervous energy as to be a source of fatigue, needs personal experience, or observation, for its full appreciation.

Changes of tension in the normal sound-transmitting apparatus of the middle ear, or other interferences with the passage to the perceptive apparatus of sound-waves in their accustomed form and volume, as a result of disease, may so alter or decrease the sounds perceived as to make them unfamiliar and needing explanation by a mental process; and the total, or even partial, abolition of the hearing power of one ear, the other remaining intact, may so far interfere with the ability to

appreciate the direction of a sound-source, which is one of the habits of normal binaural audition, as to be not only a cause of embarrassment, but to constitute a serious demand upon the nervous energy as well.

To the individual possessed of a reasonably perfect bodily machine, the working limitations incident to possible imperfections in that machine are with difficulty appreciable by any figurative construction, and it is therefore only by the sufferers themselves, or those whose business it is to study imperfections, effect repairs, and suggest compensations, that the full cost, in expenditure of nervous energy, required to overcome an obstacle to perception, can be adequately understood.

With the abolition, or limitation, of receptivity through one or another of the channels of communication by means of which the human machine is kept in touch with its environment, a portion of the nervous energy constantly seeking peripheral expression must be expended in the adjustment to the new condition and the utilization, in a compensatory way, of other channels of communication.

Given, therefore, a limitation of sight, of hearing, or of tactile sense, an expenditure of energy, in what may be termed conversion of force, is required, evidencing itself in the individual as that complex of symptoms to which we give the name of fatigue; and the purpose of this communication is to direct attention to that type of the mechanism of force-conversion which is evidenced by what may be called the fatigue of deafness.

In view of the fact that the normal ear has very nearly double the amount of hearing power necessary for the ordinary uses of every-day life, it is comprehensible that one half of the binaural power may be lost without serious inconvenience to the individual; beyond

that point of defect, however, a distinctly appreciable effort must be made to hear, and, in default of this, a still further effort to gather, through other sensory channels, such information as may serve to supplement the defective hearing.

The channel especially available for this supplementary purpose is that of sight, because through it there may be brought to knowledge the character of the particular mechanical process originating the mode of motion to our appreciation of which we give the name of sound; and the most important illustration of this visual aid to defective hearing is found in the effort to appreciate the sounds of the voice at their true formative value. While the vowel sounds are the threads upon which the parts of speech are strung, the consonant sounds are checks or alterations of tone, of differing form and force; and those which nearly resemble each other, in both force and musical value, are produced by the coördinating operation of very nearly the same sets of muscles, and hence are accompanied by very nearly the same facial expression.

Given, therefore, an average case of marked impairment of hearing, the result of a slowly progressive middle-ear disease, for instance, the patient will hear most readily the consonant sounds which require most muscular force in their production, including the four explodents, — *t*, *d*, *p*, *b*, — very nearly resembling each other in force and tone-value, and all formed in the front of the mouth, *p* and *b* being distinctly labial, and *t* and *d* as distinctly due to the contact of the tip of the tongue with the upper incisors. In the event of a thickening of the drum-head, or other lessening of the mobility of the sound-transmitting apparatus of the middle ear, an obstacle is presented to the passage of sound-waves

inward; excluding especially such short sound-waves of moderate intensity as those constituting the upper partials of the consonant checks.

Much as these four explodents differ in projectile and in pneumatic value, the differences in the pitch, and in the relative disposition, of their qualitative over-tones is slight; a moderate degree of obstruction serves to level the differences, and these consonants, which are markedly distinctive in meaning, sound very much alike.

This was interestingly illustrated in the early telephone experiments, when a thick iron plate was used as the sound-receiving armature of the magneto-transmitter, instead of the thin ferro-type disk which came later into use. The thick iron plate, by its comparative immobility, presented so great an obstacle to the moderate impulse of the short sound-waves of the qualitative over-tones, as to make each *t*, *p*, *b*, and *d*, in a spoken sentence sound only as a dull thud to the listening ear.

From the position and formation of these consonants, and the necessity for distinguishing accurately between them, it usually ensues that their differentiation makes the first step in that instinctive study of lip-reading which, to the appreciably deaf person, becomes eventually more or less habitual, and offers another channel for the expenditure of nervous energy, in the effort to see, as well as to hear, the spoken word.

The other consonant sounds having the greatest logographic, or force-value, *k* and *g*, for example, are formed in the back of the mouth, and are accompanied by a lesser degree of recognizable facial expression than the front consonants, while the consonants having the least force-value, *f*, *l*, *m*, *n*, very nearly resemble, in the mechanism of their construction, the harder con-

sonant sounds of nearly the same musical value.

It thus comes about that the deaf person will, when a soft consonant occurs in a sentence, substitute for it, mentally, the hard consonant sound most nearly resembling it, the consonant which would probably have been heard had it been used. In any given sentence, therefore, there are, to the very deaf, though seeing, persons, certain consonant sounds which are distinctly heard, others which are imperfectly heard, others which are detected by sight, and still others which are merely inferred.

In the higher grades of imperfection of hearing, therefore, both the effort to hear and the effort to see, combined, are inadequate to the presentation to the mind of the complete spoken sentence, since there remain gaps in the array of consonant sounds which must be filled in from the context; the completion of the sentence thus presented meaning the solution of a puzzle, and being therefore a third demand upon the nervous energy, in addition to those required through the medium of hearing and of sight.

In other words, the exercise of the ordinary communication with his fellow men demands of the person of imperfect hearing the operation of three distinct brain-processes to achieve that which is normally accomplished without conscious effort; and the resultant fatigue may be justly estimated as a possibly important factor in many cases of nervous over-strain.

But there are still other demands in the way of compensatory expenditure of nervous energy which make even a very little impairment of hearing a serious handicap in the race of life, among these being the difficulty in determination not only of the direction of a sound-source, but of the qualitative value of the sound as well, and a

distortion of the central sound-picture resulting from imperfection in hearing in one ear, the other ear being normal in function.

Since the head casts a sound-shadow, as it does a light-shadow, if one ear hears normally and the other ear but one half as much, there will be a marked difference in the sound-perception of a spoken sentence, according to the direction from which the sound proceeds; or, if there be, in the imperfect ear, an alteration of tension of its sound-transmitting apparatus, with corresponding accentuation of certain tones, the central adjustment of the distorted to the normal sound-picture requires a constant expenditure of energy to keep the concept true.

Still another demand upon the strength and endurance of the person with imperfect hearing is incident to the fact that an obstruction which hinders the passage of sound in one direction will equally hinder its passage in the opposite direction. If the cause of the deafness be an obstruction to the passage of sound through the middle ear from without inward, this obstruction will interfere with the normal passage outward of those sounds consequent upon the activity of the human machine: sounds made by the contraction of muscles, sounds incident to the movement of joints, and, more especially, the friction sounds made by the blood flowing through the blood-vessels, large and small, tones of low pitch for the former, and of high pitch for the latter.

Whether constant or intermittent, monotonous or variable, these circulation sounds have to be reckoned with in the adjustment of the compounded tone-picture to the uses of the day; and in their turn make a demand on the energy, expressed in judgment and self-control, of one who would keep the even tenor of his way.

Of all the external sounds which the human ear is capable of receiving and translating, that of the human voice is the most pregnant with meaning, and often the most difficult to interpret; and when that which, to the hard-of-hearing, is a distorted sentence is still further disfigured by imperfect or uneven utterance, the burden imposed by misfortune is made still more heavy by the carelessness of those who might help to lift it.

To the person, who, through imperfect hearing, has distinctly limited relationship with his fellow men, to the aged and the otherwise infirm, in whom the progressive contraction of the accommodative muscles within the drum-head has, by limiting the movement of the sound-transmitting apparatus, decreased the transmission of short sound-waves, and therefore the ability to hear truly the qualitative over-tones distinguishing the consonant sounds, there are two classes of speakers to be regarded with dread: those who articulate imperfectly, who may be said to be slovenly in speech; and those uneven speakers who, in a single sentence, rise to the fullness of their vocal capacity, and then sink to a whisper. The slovenly speaker demands of his hearer an acute attention and liberal translation, while the effort to follow the bilowy lecturer may be compared to that of a lame man who is trying to keep his footing in a rocking boat.

One of the most effective helps which we can render those fellow travelers who find the fatigue of their deafness a daily load, is gentle speech, well-chosen, well-modulated, of an even

tenor and, above all, articulate. When it is necessary to increase the voice volume, this should be done with due regard to the evenness of tone and the distinctness of articulation; to those who can receive only that which is ministeringly brought to them, to whom the once-accustomed volume of the sound of life has become pitiaibly diminished, let us bring in gentle mien, carefully, patiently, the best that we have to offer.

The majority of the human handicaps are more evident, and better understood, than is the impairment of hearing, which, without outward sign of disability, may first become of public knowledge as an obstacle to the conduct of the ordinary affairs of life and therefore as something to be condemned; a condemnation reflected often upon its unfortunate possessor, who finds himself thrust aside because he is apparently too slow to comprehend, or because the obstacle to be overcome in getting into touch with him, demands too great an effort in its surmounting.

Daily experiences of this sort, coupled often with the disappointment in the effort to live usefully and self-sustainingly, bring about a sense of isolation and of imprisonment, adding much to the fatigue and incident depression of the pitiaibly deaf; and while there are no apparent wounds to bind, there are gashes in the spirit and inroads upon the strength of our fellows who hear imperfectly, which make it incumbent upon us to halt a little in the hurry of the highway and give aid.

THE WAY

BY GEORGE E. WOODBERRY

By wisdom that cometh at night and by stealth
The soul of a man is made free;
It is not in the giving of learning or wealth, —
The divine gift, liberty;
But these things shall bind on him chain on chain
Of inward slavery;
He shall lay earthly things on an earthen altar,
And go out from all gods, nor turn back, nor falter,
And he shall follow me.

He shall do the deeds of the great life-will
That is manifest under the sun;
He shall not repine though he doeth ill
It repenteth him to have done;
Behold, he is brother to thousands
Who before was brother to none;
And because all his deeds are done in the spirit,
Great is the love that he shall inherit,
And all other gain shall he shun.

He shall not take note what another hath,
Or what to himself is due;
He shall not give heed what another saith,
Or to doctrines false or true;
He shall lead the life, he shall follow the path,
And all things shall come to him new;
And he shall pluck from the life in his bosom,
Flower by flower, the eternal blossom,
Rose, rosemary, and rue.

He shall not make narrow his heart with truth,
Nor wall for another the way;
He shall not give a bond in the days of his youth
Against his manhood's day;

And he shall go out from all aloof,
And alone in his heart shall he pray;
And to him in the fullness of time shall be given
To have no master on earth or in heaven,
But he shall be master alway.

He shall do the will that is stronger than his;
He shall act in the infinite;
He shall not draw back from sorrow or bliss, —
He shall bear the embrace of it;
So shall he create all things anew, —
Not parcel the old, bit by bit;
And to him shall be known that the glory of living
Is to love, be it receiving or giving,
And his heart with the whole shall knit.

In the dark of the dawn we are waifs blown forth,
Above great oceans to roll,
Of powers that never measured the worth
Of bird, or beast, or soul;
And bridals of contingency
The fires of our youth control;
But whether we soar, or swoop, or hover,
Only the lover all the world over
Hath the freedom of the whole.

For I wandered forth without a mate
My bread with the poor to find;
The learned, the rich, the good, the great,
I left in their niches behind;
I had only a lover's heart in my breast,
And a world's dead lies in my mind;
In the life of the poor I escaped my prison,
Like a soul from the grave had my free soul arisen
To live in the unconfined.

SOME RECENT FICTION

BY MARGARET SHERWOOD

FROM the mazes of discussion in the modern novel it is sometimes most refreshing to go back to that earliest and purest form of narrative, the ballad, and to lose one's self in the delight of story as story. It is not that we are ungrateful for the complexities and the subtleties of our latter-day fiction, but that it is always wise in any study to turn back now and then to sources, and that in this case the effort takes one from troubled waters back to a clear and limpid stream.

They spared us their interpretations of human fate, for the most part, these forgotten ballad-makers, and sang simply of human lives, telling directly, objectively, that which happened, event and people growing real as the tale unfolded. They had power, perhaps lost now forever, of stirring the listener's feeling to the very depths, the appeal being made, not to one special faculty, but to the whole man, touching old chords of thought and of emotion, bringing dim memories to life, so that he who heard was made one with the story that was sung or told.

Always, in reading a good ballad, I stop for a moment, if only for a moment, to wonder why any other type of literature was ever devised, so satisfying is it in its haunting singleness of suggestion in regard to place, character, and incident. As much by what is left unsaid as by what is said, the imagination is set stirring. Like fair Janet, one

Fain would be at Carterhaugh
Amang the leaves sae green,

because of its compelling mystery, all

that we know of the place being suggested in the words quoted, and in those that tell of the red, red roses growing there. Could any study of individual character, could any arraignment of a hypocritical and fair-spoken type, be more complete than the bequest of Edward to his mother of his curse, for the evil counsels that have led him to crime? A whole drama is unfolded in those two lines, with total shock of surprise to the reader, and a whole unwritten romance is told in the last two lines of the "Wife of Usher's Well," as the youngest son says, at the close of that ghostly midnight visit between death and cock-crowing, —

And fare ye well, the bonny lass
That kindles my mother's fire.

One does not wish to reduce our elaborate and sophisticated modern novel to anything so primitive, but contact with this fresh and early form makes one realize in how many ways, sometimes admirably, sometimes atrociously, we depart from pure story, and many of the great achievements, as well as many of the shortcomings, of our fiction become apparent.

In facing the lengthy and complicated works before me, my first impression is of the astounding amount of information some of them contain. Here is a story, which, the announcements say, is the first one ever written about the fire-insurance business;¹ a surprising plea, by the way, if one stops to recall the supposed nature of fiction.

¹ *White Ashes*. By SIDNEY R. KENNEDY and ALDEN C. NOBLE. The Macmillan Co.

And it is about the fire-insurance business, whose working methods are clearly and exhaustively treated; but why should not all these details be given in essay form? Of imaginative appeal, of artistic unity, the book has almost none, and the characters concerned are of far less importance than the exposition of ways and methods of insuring.

There is cause for marvel, in dealing with many of these tales, in seeing how much mere detail the narrative can carry, of background, of furnishings, or of concrete examples proving a theory. The little steam-tug, wearily, or with spirit, tugging a line of canal-boats up a river, comes to mind now and then as one follows the puffing and groaning movement of a plot overlaid with stuff. What an opportunity the author of the old ballad, the "Heir of Lynne," neglected, in failing to give a complete account of the hero's wardrobe from head to heel, both before and after he became a prodigal; also, a complete inventory of those possessions that he gambled away, instead of telling of his weariness of heart as he comes back and stands at the lost gates of his father's home! Speaking of gambling, that garish melodrama, the *Guests of Hercules*,¹ whose quality would forbid its being mentioned in these pages save that it illustrates the point all too well, gives, in its descriptions of Monte Carlo and the methods there employed, a liberal education in gambling, at once so comprehensive and so minute that one almost feels that, given a roulette-wheel and a gold-braided uniform, one could start a gambling establishment in the front yard.

In most of these stories of the inventory type, far more observation than thought is apparent, but both are

shown in *The Department Store*,² which treats, with Teutonic thoroughness, the clash between old and new business methods. It carries the study of shopkeeping all the way from the small, individual enterprise, through the department store of the present to the department store of the millennium, located in Berlin, at once tasteful and gorgeous in its exterior, and righteous in its inner workings; a shop in which all women employees are housed and mothered under the mammoth roof, and are paid incredible wages. The book is an interesting one, and, from the study of business methods, the characters emerge with an air of reality.

The most striking defect in this kind of work is its lack of true imaginative quality. I do not mean the gay and fanciful invention of things that are not, of unrealities, but imagination in the deepest sense of the word: that power of penetration to the eternal, underlying significance of things, and that power of imaging the inner vision in concrete, tangible form, so that, for instance, a tale that is told comes before us as something actually witnessed and shared. It is the highest intellectual faculty of man, Ruskin claims, 'and tastes into the very rock heart, no matter what the subject submitted to it, substance or spirit, all is alike divided asunder . . . whatever utmost truth, life, principle, it has, laid bare.' It creates, as it divines reality. 'No stone, leaf, or shadow, nor anything so small' used by the artist that it does not win through him 'meaning and oracular voice.'

This penetrating insight to the soul of things conceives a thing at once, and as a whole, as Coleridge, perhaps better than any one else, has demonstrated, so that all details, all circumstances, are fused and welded together

¹ *The Guests of Hercules*. By C. and N. WILIAMSON. Doubleday, Page, & Co.

² *The Department Store*. By MARGARETTE BÖHME. D. Appleton & Co.

as one. The unity, the singleness of purpose, of the great works of the imagination hardly needs to be cited; there is not a minute, concrete touch in *King Lear* that does not body forth the imaginative vision of that awful suffering. It is naturally a long stride from the masterpieces of sixteenth-century drama to our modern novel, even at its best, but surely, fiction also, in the light of its origin, should make the imaginative appeal. It sometimes seems as if we no longer see or know imaginative unity, so satisfied are we with externals, so athirst for information on all subjects, so cursed by the mania for statistics. No imaginative power could unify all of the details presented in some of these novels; no unity of the deeper kind belonging to art could come from methodical presentation of answers to all the questions that could be asked about a subject.

The historical novel vies with the modern realistic novel in introducing more matter than can be fused into a perfect whole, and we all know how these accounts of the past are, beyond the fashion of old garrets, packed and crammed with ancient stuffs. There is, therefore, cause for surprise and rather unusual pleasure in reading *The Friar of Wittenberg*,¹ a vigorous and spirited historical novel, presenting, imaginatively and sympathetically, Martin Luther at the crisis of his career. Despite an evidently extensive knowledge of the period, the author has shunned the temptation to overload his narrative with mere information, and with great skill has selected, both in his presentation of the gay charm of Rome under the southern sun and of the gray northern stronghold which is the hero's home, that which is genuinely significant. The study of Luther from the point of view of a young nobleman,

half-German, half-Italian, is both original in conception and fortunate in execution, and the decisive influence of the great reformer upon the youth who is wavering at the cross-roads of his temperament brings the theologian before us in very human guise.

Beyond the Law,² is a historical novel, far inferior in quality to the one just discussed. It deals with the times of William of Orange, and is full of stirring and swashbuckling adventure. It takes sides against the taciturn hero, and has the fault of seeing only good in the one party in the contest, only wrong in the other. Possibly this is a reproach which could be made, though less strongly, in the case of the *Friar of Wittenberg*.

The Lone Adventure,³ by Halliwell Sutcliffe, a Jacobite tale dealing with an uprising for Prince Charlie, is perhaps a trifle overweighted with local color. It has, however, an interesting motive, the making of a man out of a scholar-dreamer, and the story of the inner and the outer struggle gives good opportunity for character development. It is of finer quality than *Beyond the Law*, and has an air of genuineness and reality, although the author repeats too often and in too many ways the point he is making in regard to his hero.

It is not only with information that our stories are overweighted; many and many a one is too heavily clogged with sentiment, which is introduced for its own sake, and dwelt upon with minute particularity, as if here, too, the author must expound and explain. It is easier, perhaps, to give information about successive stages of grief or joy, to analyze at length, than to give the quick, instinctive thrust which wakens

² *Beyond the Law*. By MIRIAM ALEXANDER. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

³ *The Lone Adventure*. By HALLIWELL SUTCLIFFE.

¹ *The Friar of Wittenberg*. By WILLIAM STEARNS DAVIS. The Macmillan Co.

the imagination and stirs unfathomed depths of feeling. Here again primitive story, in its reserve and its objectivity, may help us detect the lack of balance, of measure, of sanity in many a modern work. Among the tales that sin in this respect, Florence Barclay's *Through the Postern Gate*¹ naturally bears the palm. Surely even the admirers of this author will see in this, the latest and worst of her novels, the sickly quality of the sentimentality offered to the public in the guise of art. Nor do the sugared blasphemies of reference and quotation add dignity or worth. 'And the evening and the morning were the first day';—it would seem that some instinct would keep an author, of whatever creed or faith, from transferring the solemn words of the magnificent chapter in Genesis which records the brooding of primitive thought at the dim edge of things from the creation, to the love passages between the spinster and the dapper youngster with the flower in his buttonhole.

The Man in Lonely Land,² *The Lovers of Sanna*,³ are two romances perhaps overweighted with sentiment, though the former brings the relief of a welcome humanitarian feeling, and the latter both humor and a spice of adventure.

One finds in *Alexander's Bridge*⁴ a welcome contrast to the over-emotional tales. In this study of passion, involving the lives of two women and the test of a man's faith, there is a steady and harmonious development of plot and of character, a dignity and reticence in the treatment of the dra-

matic scenes. The author's workmanship is deft and skillful, and the swift, clean stroke tells on every page.

Among the stories making strong appeal to the emotion must be mentioned *The Old Nest*,⁵ which presents the sorrow of parents forsaken, if not forgotten, by their children. The outpouring of sentiment is more legitimate here than in some of the other cases, for it deals with the lives of those who are old and hurt in the running, not of those who are still actors in the drama of life. Moreover, there is throughout a certain delicacy and restraint in the treatment of the theme.

The most interesting instance of the novel of overwhelming sentiment comes in *The Citadel*,⁶ a story of political reform. From the first unpremeditated outburst of feeling on the part of the young hero in his speech to Congress, on through the eloquent oratory of his career, the appeal is primarily from emotion to emotion, producing an effect almost of hysteria upon the waiting crowd. It is full of the froth and fume of betterment and change, and we are swept breathlessly along by a tide which promises to do away with things wrong and old, to change human nature in the twinkling of an eye, to banish competition; and which delivers the young over forever to the Sidis and the Montessori methods of education. The frank ignoring of human obligation on the part of the hero, in the swiftness wherewith he is off with the old love; on the part of the heroine in her treatment of her aged aunt in that unnecessary elopement, might well rouse the question as to whether those who have been faithless in little will be faithful in much. However, the story is an entertaining story, and a deeply

¹ *Through the Postern Gate*. By FLORENCE BARCLAY. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

² *The Man in Lonely Land*. By KATE LANGLEY BOSHER. Harper & Bros.

³ *The Lovers of Sanna*. By MARY STEWART CUTTING. McBride, Nast, & Co.

⁴ *Alexander's Bridge*. By WILLA S. CATHER. Houghton Mifflin Co.

⁵ *The Old Nest*. By RUPERT HUGHES. The Century Co.

⁶ *The Citadel*. By SAMUEL MERWIN. The Century Co.

significant one in its testimony to the growing emotionalism and volatility of our character as a nation, our greater and greater readiness to succumb to the sound of words. Many of the reforms outlined seem wholly desirable, but surely statesmanship should rest on a more solid basis of thought.

If much of our modern work stands rebuked in the presence even of the most primitive and naïve literary art, in regard to the use of endless, unassimilated detail, in regard to the outpouring of unbridled sentiment, there is still another point of comparison on which we might well meditate. A tale like *The White Waterfall*,¹ providing on every page sensation the most extreme, so that every moment seems the climax, bears witness to another phase of our lack of taste, our inadequate sense of measure. Those wistful old ballads, which dealt with peril not for the sake of prolonging the harrowing effect, but for the sake of following human footsteps wherever they must go, betray the crudeness of work which constantly harps on the one point of physical danger in response to the demand of readers who clamor for unalleviated extremity of agony. Are we then more barbarous than our far-off barbarous forbears?

One turns from the sensation-monger to more serious types of fiction and is at once aware of another phase of our modernity, which expresses itself in abstract inquiry or in dogmatic statement, and which, from its very nature, must stop short of creation. It used to be said that there were only three plots in existence, and that these, with variations, had served as the basis for the world's supply of plays and of novels. Surely now, with our thirst for information always keen, and our desire for progressive reforms alert,

there are as many novel-plots as there are new enterprises, kinds of business, new causes to espouse, new evils to expose, and new countries to explore, whose geography is provocative of curiosity. The abstract themes engaging the attention are endless, and many a pleasant hour may be spent in thinking how one's neighbor's transgressions, or some phase of civic or national wrong, could be worked up into a plot. This series of incidents, runs the more or less mechanical thought, could lead up to the climax where the greatest enormity is to be exposed; characters must fit themselves to the abstract idea, or vanish; the world shall read and learn its lesson.

General topics have become far more interesting to us than human story; with the growth of the power of analysis, comes, of course, the lessening of the synthetic sense, of the power of imagination. The old way of art, of making a universal appeal through a profoundly conceived story of human fate, is no longer ours; we get our universal appeal through generalized statements based on statistics. The economists have undone us! From an ethical point of view, perhaps, no theme is better worth treating, and certainly none is more frequently treated in fiction, than the sufferings of the poor. They rouse the conscience, they satisfy the intellect, these carefully systematized tales of misery, yet many of them betray the wholly worthy motive of making these things known, rather than the anguish of suffering with the characters delineated, and the power to embody that suffering in the lasting form of art. How much nearer human nature, and the actual pangs of joy and of woe, are the 'old, forgotten, far-off things' that come in snatches of song, than the carefully compiled figures, the generalized observation, the composite pictures of nowadays, springing

¹ *The White Waterfall*. By JAMES FRANCIS DWYER. Doubleday, Page & Co.

less from the sympathetic imagination than from the note-book!

One wonders in looking at much of our fiction, why the attempt at art form persists. When the didactic purpose is the all-important thing, why is not the proper form, exposition in essay, employed? The retort may come that, in many a case, the old ballad which we are using as a touch-stone taught its lesson also. That is true, but it knew how to teach by artistic suggestion, not by rubbing in the theme. And it must always be remembered that the ballad died, in the eighteenth century, of excess of moral conviction.

*Cap'n Martha Mary*¹ does not generalize, does not present statistics, but pictures, with utmost realism of detail, the piteousness of childhood which must fend for itself, and the heroic little central figure is one to be long remembered. Though it is a story of special plea, it is quick and vital with human sympathy, and full of something deeper than the mere desire to prove a point. *Buttered Side Down*² contains a series of vigorous tales of rather harrowing reality. There is originality of perception, as well as genuineness of feeling in these stories told in the vernacular; and in some cases the roughness of workmanship adds to the effectiveness of presentation.

*Blinds Down*³ contains much good work, in its study of a peculiarly English environment, and of types of character that have been largely determined by the old-fashioned setting and old-fashioned ways. The book is an interesting example of the loss of the power of suggestion in much of our

modern work, for the theme, which is the folly of sheltering human souls from knowing the harsh facts of human life, is reiterated in comment and in incident in most unnecessary fashion. Surely it is patent enough in the facts of the story, which has its interesting and dramatic moments.

*Fate Knocks at the Door*⁴ is a story of interesting theme and of refreshing idealism, somewhat marred by the treatment, which is blurred and indistinct. This surprising combination of very ordinary melodrama with a mysticism which has its profundities is sometimes difficult to interpret. There are fragments, glimpses, suggesting many complexities of modern character study, yet the people do not emerge clearly, are not fully created, but are seen dimly through a floating mist of thought and of feeling, and seem not so much imaginatively created as imaginary. There are far echoes of Meredith at times in both thought and style, yet the characters do not reach definiteness, as do Meredith's, but float in a limbo between nothingness and creation.

The Sins of the Fathers,⁵ is a sensational story, done with a sweeping stroke, dealing with the causes and the consequences of wrong relations between white folk and black in the South. There is local color enough and to spare; some of the historical background puts a strain upon one's credulity; and the tale betrays, perhaps, too much of our love of continued climax of effect.

*In Cotton Wool*⁶ is an exceedingly clever study of character degeneration, wherein a veiled selfishness, reinforced

¹ *Cap'n Martha Mary*. By AVERY ABBOTT. The Century Co.

² *Buttered Side Down*. By EDNA FERBER. The Frederick A. Stokes Co.

³ *Blinds Down*. By HORACE ANNESLEY BOCHELL. The George H. Doran Co.

⁴ *Fate Knocks at the Door*. By WILL LEVINGTON COMFORT. J. B. Lippincott Co.

⁵ *The Sins of the Fathers*. By THOMAS DIXON. D. Appleton & Co.

⁶ *In Cotton Wool*. By W. B. MAXWELL. D. Appleton & Co.

by our modern passion for physical comfort which has become a science, leads the hero, step by step, to insanity. This book has the rare merit of being at once entertaining and instructive, and may be impartially recommended to all and sundry as a wholesome tonic.

*The Price She Paid*¹ presents the life of a woman who develops her voice for the operatic stage, the stimulus being poverty. Her difficulties and discouragements, until she wins something of the necessary heroism of the successful artist, are vividly and realistically presented. The story, however, wanders in plot and in motive. What becomes of the villain husband who is so minutely described, in person and in surroundings, far beyond the requirements of the tale, and whose threats play so portentous a part in the plot, only to vanish into nothingness? In spite of the *non sequitur*, the book is better than any other one of Mr. Phillips's works that I have read, yet it has something of his querulousness of voice, a thinness of quality which suggests that he did not go far enough into the vital sources of human life. There is, for instance, in this whole study, no touch of recognition of the artist's joy in his work, or delight in work for work's sake.

Stover at Yale,² gives some admirably spirited stories of a young collegian, more than fulfilling the promise of the Lawrenceville volumes. In most of these brief narratives there is an effect of reality in character-representation and in background, and the vigor of young manhood is felt throughout the book. It contains, moreover, valuable and well-justified criticism of American college life.

¹ *The Price She Paid*. By DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS. D. Appleton & Co.

² *Stover at Yale*. By OWEN JOHNSON. The Frederick A. Stokes Co.

No American stories of school and of college, however, make one aware, as do the English, of the shaping and controlling forces back of the play of boy's life. Whether it is because, with us, those forces are less real, or because it is taken for granted that here readers would not be interested in the grave phases of academic existence, it is hard to say. Mr. Hornung's *Fathers of Men*,³ in very quiet fashion, presents life at an English public school from a new point of view, that of the son of a hostler who had run away with his employer's daughter. It is very realistic, and very real in effect, showing the slow and somewhat dogged response of the Yorkshire lad to the finer influences that come through master and friend to reinforce the native strength and sincerity of his character.

In *The Charioteers*,⁴ by Mary Tappan Wright, appears a sombre tale, finely wrought to an ethical issue, concerning a high-minded New England woman, who took the great false step and suffered the consequences, slowly growing wise. There is a dignity, a reserve in the treatment; there is no ready display of lavish sentimentality, but a quiet record of slow character-change and growth. To the American academic background, glimpses of the hillsides and the sky of Greece bring welcome contrast and relief, and these suggestions of outer beauty are reinforced by the inner beauty of idealism showing in the initial quotation of Plato.

It is difficult to draw the line sometimes between the novels which have some special plea to present, and those which try to deal simply, dramatically, with human experience. *Carnival*,⁵ is

³ *Fathers of Men*. By E. W. HORNUNG. Charles Scribner's Sons.

⁴ *The Charioteers*. By MARY TAPPAN WRIGHT. D. Appleton & Co.

⁵ *Carnival*. By COMPTON MACKENZIE. D. Appleton & Co.

a study of the life of an unimportant young actress, and it takes us from the glamour of the footlights to the dreary realities behind the scenes. It is sad, and increasingly so, throughout. The author has the power of graphic presentation of scene and of incident, and both London with its theatres and streets, and the lonely Cornwall farm to which her unhappy marriage takes Columbine, become almost too real. Genuine dramatic power is shown in the ending.

*The Greater Fellowship*¹ is an excellent love story, with an unusually interesting setting, Persian life, from the point of view of the foreign resident. The local color has the charm of far-off days, and of nature beauty full of the fascination of strangeness; moreover, it is not spoiled by being overdone, though the temptation to heap up detail must have been strong. The title hints an underlying theme which carries the tale into regions deeper than those of mere romance.

There is something over-plausible in the character-interpretations in *The Street Called Straight*,² where one man's wrong-doing calls two others to the rescue, and the young American hero and the young English hero vie with each other in chivalry. The story moves smoothly, too smoothly on; the people concerned do all that could be asked, but in a fashion which suggests rather perfectly adjusted machinery than struggling human nature, and which results in a certain finished commonplaceness.

Eve Triumphant,³ by Pierre de Coulevain, is a story of large scope, dealing with the lives of two American women

who lose the coldness of temperament supposed to belong to the type, drink deep of passion, and, after suffering, reach happiness. The types as presented are amusingly remote from the American, or any other race, and one wonders why the story received the honor bestowed upon it by the French Academy, as it seems to have neither the closeness of observation nor the depth of thought that go to the making of genuine interpretation of experience.

*Over the Pass*⁴ is a refreshingly real story, and, full as it is of a sense of companionship with cloud and with mountain, with man and with beast, it represents something vitally and lastingly true. It has much of the spice of adventure, more than a touch of poetry, and something of genuine philosophy. One is grateful for the good taste shown in the ending; unlike most of the idyllic stories of nowadays it does not restore to the hero on the last page the millions that he has renounced, but leaves him leading a genuinely simple life close to the heart of nature.

*The Labyrinth of Life*⁵ has, both in the setting and in the character-study, a cosmopolitan quality. It represents, against a Parisian background, the struggle of a young man of poetic temperament with the hard realities of life. There comes a crash which means apparent failure, but at the end the broken pieces are picked up and put together, with a touch of fine philosophy on the part of both author and hero. The book is full of promise, the earlier part especially showing a certain brilliancy of workmanship.

Sharrow,⁶ though a melancholy tale, without, perhaps, adequate cause for

¹ *The Greater Fellowship*. By RACHEL CRAVEN SCHAUFFLER. The Macmillan Co.

² *The Street Called Straight*. By the author of *The Inner Shrine*. Harper & Bros.

³ *Eve Triumphant*. By PIERRE DE COULEVAIN. Trans. by ALYS HALLARD. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

⁴ *Over the Pass*. By FREDERICK PALMER. Charles Scribner's Sons.

⁵ *The Labyrinth of Life*. By E. A. VALENTINE. E. P. Dutton & Co.

⁶ *Sharrow*. By BETTINA VON HUTTEN. D. Appleton & Co.

the melancholy, has much that is appealing in its rendering of enduring passion on the part of a child of an ancient race for the ancestral home. The mellow beauty of the spot which had for centuries been the abiding-place of the family, is interpreted with full poetic sense of the charm that may come to places long associated with human lives. Possibly, in future days, antiquarians may turn to the book to study a type of English lord and his environment when both have become obsolete through swiftly-changing social conditions.

*The Matador of the Five Towns*¹ is made up of stories and sketches, somewhat heavily freighted with relevant and irrelevant detail, making one wonder if Mr. Bennett did not pack away in these tales all the stuff which was left over and would not go into the novels, as one packs into the last boxes in moving the miscellaneous accumulations of a life-time. The inanities of 'The Baby's Bath,' the imitative insincerities of 'The Death of Simon Fuge,' are relieved by more genuine studies of life, as in the story which gives its name to the volume, yet one closes the book wondering whether it may not be possible, in time, to get tired of the Five Towns.

One seldom encounters in a novel closer and more significant treatment of local conditions than one finds in *The Mountain Girl*.² The beauty of the spot, the quaintness and picturesqueness of the life are vividly rendered, with many an imaginative touch in its study of reality, and the lives and the passions of the people are inwrought in the very fibre of the spot. The last part of the book, however, is so different that it might have been written by

another author, and the devices borrowed from the paper-covered type of fiction regarding the identity of the English lord, and the journey of the young wife to the ancestral castle with the heir in her arms, are hackneyed and commonplace.

*Greyfriars Bobby*³ retells with art as simple as it is true to life a beautiful bit of Scotch history. This long watch of fourteen years of the little skye-terrier above his master's grave is one of the great love stories of all time, and it is hard to see how it could be more sympathetically recorded. Not even Dr. John Brown could penetrate further into the heart of a dog than this author has done; and with the interpretation of the dog comes, in the concrete and vivid sketch of background and of minor characters, fine interpretation of the soul of things Scotch. There is constant stirring incident; one follows with increasing interest the fortunes of the heroic little central personage of the tale, which, as a friend of mine recently remarked, is the only one among recent novels that has a real hero. One cannot help wishing that the book might go to all homes where there are children, and all libraries from which children draw books, for it will have untold influence in quickening imaginative sympathy with suffering animals, — and we all know that it is the mere lack of power to understand which is the cause of the greater part of the cruelty to dumb and gentle beasts.

*The Judgments of the Sea*⁴ contains vigorous and stirring tales, regarding vigorous people, and they are as refreshing to encounter as the sting of salt sea air. They show a wholesome touch of that idealization for which any

¹ *The Matador of the Five Towns*. By ARNOLD BENNETT. The George H. Doran Co.

² *The Mountain Girl*. By PAYNE ERSKINE. Little, Brown & Co.

³ *Greyfriars Bobby*. By ELEANOR ATKINSON. Harper & Bros.

⁴ *The Judgments of the Sea*. By RALPH D. PAINE. Sturgis & Walton.

human type is the better, abundant humor, and a good eye for droll character contrasts. Strength, rather than delicacy of workmanship, characterizes their execution.

*Ensign Russell*¹ is full of crisp and brisk adventures, wherein we follow, with interest and with amusement, character in the making. The initial story, and 'The Paths of Judgment' may be especially recommended.

*A Local Colorist*² contains a few stories, which are told in the quietest possible fashion; yet they are so full of close and subtle observation that they make many of the earlier studies of rustic life seem obvious and superficial. The ironic humor, and the sympathetic keenness shown here, make one wish that the little volume contained twice as many tales.

Her Little Young Ladyship,³ by Myra Kelly is full of the humor and of the keen insight into human nature which mark all the work of this author. The book is most entertaining, but it lacks something of the distinction of the stories which were close studies of differing humble types of human nature, for the plot involving the English lord and his villain brother keeps reminding one that it has been used before, and that, I think, is something that never occurred in reading about the *Little Citizens*.

An unabridged translation from the Russian of *The Brothers Karamazov*,⁴ by Fyodor Dostoevsky, the first of a series including his more important work, — with the exception of *Poor Folk*, — dwarfs, in weight and in signi-

ficance, the seventy volumes of original contribution to American and English fiction before me. It is difficult to suggest all the reasons for the spell which draws one again and again from lighter and more entertaining pieces of fiction back to this unwieldy book. Huge as it is, it is but a fragment of the work originally projected, being one of the five parts planned. M. Waliszewski, in his *History of Russian Literature*, expresses the opinion that this, though a book touching almost every chord of the human soul, and a most invaluable treasury of information concerning Russian life, may, perhaps, never be accessible to the average European reader, because of its lack of form, of measure, and of proportion. It is difficult, however, to think that sins against rhetorical rule could keep any intelligent reader and thinker from becoming acquainted with work so great and so remarkable. We seem to be in the presence of some awful reality of life, beyond the power of the mere literary artist to produce, in this story of the debauched nobleman and his sons, of parricide and wrong suspicion. Against this cloudy background the face of Alexey Karamazov, the youngest of the sons, who resembles his innocent and persecuted mother, shines out like a star. Not only the main personages of the book, but minor characters, the monk Zossima, made holy by hard trial, the disgraced officer, the village idiot, seem to live their lives before us, as do the persecuted child and tortured animals.

Dostoevsky, in his better work, achieves the great feat of telling his deepest thought, his profoundest feeling, in the simple forms of the life that he knows, telling it concretely, and so close to every-day happenings that we are compelled to see and hear. Mystic, visionary, he is also a realist, and the difference between his work and that

¹ *Ensign Russell*. By DAVID GRAY. The Century Co.

² *A Local Colorist*. By ANNIE TRUMBULL SLOSSON. Charles Scribner's Sons.

³ *Her Little Young Ladyship*. By MYRA KELLY. Charles Scribner's Sons.

⁴ *The Brothers Karamazov*. By FYODOR DOSTOEVSKY. Trans. by CONSTANCE GARNETT. The Macmillan Co.

of the mere observers may be seen in the depth of significance wherewith mere details are invested, as, for instance, in *Poor Folk*, the button which poor Makar Djevuschkin finds hanging by a thread from his coat, when he is summoned before his Excellency, and which he nervously fingers until it rolls across the floor, carrying with it the weight of a whole drama of poverty and of devotion. This genius for making commonplace details instinct with deep meaning was as apparent in Dostoevsky's first story as in the later work, but his power grew greater because experience and suffering brought deeper understanding for him to express.

If this colossal narrative seems somewhat shapeless, it is yet so full of insight into eternal truth, so pervaded by a great personality, that it seems unified, however episodic, however many trails of human experience it follows. Less of an artist than either of his great countrymen, Tourgenieff or Tolstoï, he is, in a certain sense, more profound even than the latter, for the depth and the cruelty of his experience carried him further toward the heart of the meaning of life. The tragedy of poverty he reveals, not as one who watches, studies, sympathizes, and tries to share, but as one who is a part of its inner agony. Poverty, however, was the least of his sufferings. Nature had inflicted him with epilepsy; his country, for his radical views, had imposed upon him punishment cruel beyond conception, in leading him out to execution, then, at the last moment, commuting the sentence to four years' exile in Siberia. Both nature and his country he forgave, because of the deeper insight won through pain and the opportunity to share more fully the lot of his suffering fellows. If

his mind sometimes trails away into strange regions, and there is now and then, as in *Crime and Punishment*, something of morbid psychology in his themes, it is but natural. This, too, he seems to say, is a part of human experience for me to share; there is nothing alien or beyond the touch of my sympathy.

If his work, then, reflects much of the trouble of earthly things, it has, too, something of direct vision into the infinite, and perhaps none of his novels show this more clearly than does *The Brothers Karamazov*. His eyes look out from Calvary. The youth, Alexey, seeing, but not sharing, the evil; the Idiot, in the book of that name, whose mind nature has closed upon all ordinary passions, the love of gain and kindred lusts, to open them upon things eternal, best represent, perhaps, a certain detachment in Dostoevsky. One is ever and again reminded of Browning's Lazarus, in "Karshish," whose sojourn in the grave had carried him beyond the reach of human things, so that ever after, all mere affairs of every day seemed dwarfed and unimportant in the light of understanding of that which is beyond fluctuation and change.

Dostoevsky represents, not so much struggle, tragedy, as the moment beyond, of vision and forgiveness, for he won his way through full understanding of evil to the great peace of not condemning, the pity born of suffering. When we find him saying, 'Father and teachers, I ponder, What is hell? I maintain that it is the suffering of being unable to love,' we feel a searching activity of sympathy which makes the Tolstoï doctrine of non-resistance seem passive and non-effective, in the presence of this active outpouring of love to all fellow creatures.

THE VANISHING AMERICAN WAGE-EARNER

BY W. JETT LAUCK

I

THE native American wage-earner is rapidly disappearing. Along with him have also gone his working companions of former years, the English, Irish, Scotch, Swedes, Norwegians, and Germans. In their places have appeared the representatives of almost two score alien races from the south and east of Europe, and the Orient. Only one fifth of the workers in our mines and manufacturing plants to-day are native Americans. About one tenth of our wage-earners are the native-born children of parents from Great Britain and Ireland, Germany, and the Scandinavian countries. More than three fifths of our great body of industrial workers are southern or eastern Europeans.

There is scarcely a city or town of any industrial importance east of the Mississippi, and north of the Ohio and Potomac rivers, which has not its immigrant colony, composed of members of the Italian, Magyar, and Slavic races. Practically the same situation exists in the mining states of the West. The Pacific coast, in addition to its Chinese, Japanese, and Hindoos, has also received its contingent of southern and eastern Europeans. Wherever there has been any industrial development — in the coal mines of Kansas and Oklahoma, the iron-ore mines of the Mesabi and Vermilion ranges of Minnesota, the furnaces and mills at Pueblo, Colorado, and Birmingham, Alabama, the packing-houses in Kansas City, South Omaha, and Fort Worth,

the copper mines of Tennessee, the coal mines of Virginia, as well as in the mines and mills of the East — the Slav, the Hungarian, and the Italian have found a lodgment in the operating forces. As a rule, the extent of their employment decreases as industry moves westward, but even in the West these races are rapidly becoming predominant among the industrial workers. Their status is also not confined to the substratum of unskilled workmen, but they are found in all grades of the industrial scale, — with the exception of the executive and the technical positions, — from the highest to the lowest occupations. A brief review of several basic industries will forcibly disclose the real significance of the recent racial substitutions in our mines and manufacturing establishments.

II

Only one fourth of the iron and steel workers of to-day are native Americans, and only one eighth are the descendants of the older skilled immigrant employees, who received their training in the mills and furnaces of Great Britain and Germany. Practically all of these are in the more responsible executive and technical occupations. The superintendents of our iron and steel manufacturing plants are unable to persuade the native Americans to enter the industry, and are wondering whom they will get to take the places of the foreman and skilled workers of the present generation. Three fifths of

the employees of our furnaces and steel mills are of foreign birth. Two thirds of these immigrant workmen are southern and eastern Europeans of recent arrival in the United States. Polish, Magyar, and Slovak iron and steel workers, combined, equal in number the native Americans in the industry; and the North and South Italians, Lithuanians, Russians, and Croatians together outnumber the English, Irish, Scotch, and Germans. The operating forces of the industry until twenty years ago were exclusively composed of native Americans and older immigrants from Great Britain and Northern Europe. In the decade 1890-1900, southern and eastern Europeans found employment in the mills and furnaces, and the pressure of their competition has gradually driven out the members of races at first employed.

The displacement of the native American miner has been even more sudden and widespread than that of the iron and steel worker. Only one fifth of our bituminous coal miners are native Americans, and less than one tenth are of native birth and foreign parentage, the children, that is to say, of British and northern European immigrants. More than sixty per cent are foreign born. Three fourths of the immigrant employees are from the south and east of Europe, and among these the Italians, Poles, Slovaks, Croatians, and Lithuanians are numerically predominant.

The low-paid and unskilled southern and eastern European immigrants were first employed in the western Pennsylvania mines. With their advent, native workers and northern and western European employees were gradually displaced. Some went to the mining localities in the Middle West and Southwest, and some left the industry entirely to engage in other occupations. The native American and older

immigrants, who remained in the Pennsylvania mines, were those who held or were advanced to more responsible positions, and the few who were left in the unskilled occupations were usually the inert and the unprogressive. The recent immigrants, after inundating western Pennsylvania, moved on to the Middle West, and the American miners and those of British extraction in Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois, are being steadily displaced by them. As in the case of the Pennsylvania mines, the older immigrants are leaving the industry or moving to the coal fields of Kansas, Oklahoma, and Colorado, where the competition of the southern and eastern European is less keenly felt.

Practically the same conditions with the same results have been brought about by the entrance of the southern and eastern European into the anthracite mines. The American and older immigrants, originally employed, have left the industry, or have migrated to the western coal and metalliferous mining fields, and those who remain are chiefly in the supervisory and responsible positions.

The recent immigrant industrial invasion has also extended to the iron-ore and copper mines. The great majority of iron-ore workers in the Birmingham district in Alabama are Negroes, the tide of recent immigration to the Southern States thus far having been very small. On the iron-ore ranges of Michigan and Minnesota, however, only about one eighth of the employees are native Americans. Three fourths are of foreign birth, the principal races represented being the Croatians, Finns, North and South Italians, Poles, Slovaks, Slovenians,¹ and Swedes. In the

¹ A people of south-western Hungary, related to the Croatians as the Slovaks are to the Bohemians. In the rate of immigration the Slovaks lead; next come the Hebrews, while the Slovenians rank third. — THE EDITORS.

copper mines of Michigan and Tennessee the same preponderance of foreign-born employees exists. About one fifth of the workers in the copper mines are native Americans, and about one eighth were born in America; but their parents were born abroad. The great majority are Croatians, Finns, Poles, North Italians, Slovenians, and English. The Finns and the English were the original copper-mine workers, but they have been, and are gradually being, displaced by the southern and eastern Europeans.

With the exception of a few Italians in the mills in New Orleans, there are no foreign-born textile operatives in the Southern States. The immense labor force called into existence by the demand for labor growing out of the extraordinary development of cotton-goods manufacturing in the South has been recruited from the native-born agricultural classes and mountaineers of that section. In New England, however, the situation is entirely different. There is scarcely a race from the south and east of Europe or the Orient which does not have its representatives among the employees of cotton, woolen, worsted, silk, hosiery, and knit-goods mills.

When the cotton mills were first started in New England, the looms and spindles were tended by the sons and daughters of the farmers who lived in the surrounding country. As the industry expanded, skilled and experienced operatives were attracted from England, Scotland, and Ireland. After 1850 the French-Canadians came in large numbers in response to the growing demand for operatives. These sources of labor-supply continued until 1890, when southern and eastern Europeans began to find employment in the mills. As their employment became more extensive, the immigration of English, Irish, Scotch, and French-

Canadians declined, and during the past decade has practically ceased. Not only has this class of work-people stopped entering the mills, but those already employed have sought work elsewhere, and the southern and eastern European employees are now predominant.

The same condition of affairs prevails in the other branches of the textile industries, — woolen, worsted, silk, carpet, hosiery, and knit-goods manufacturing, — as in the cotton mills. The native Americans and older immigrant employees have been superseded by foreign-born operatives of recent arrival in the United States.

At the present time, the native Americans in the New England cotton mills scarcely make up one tenth of the total number of operatives employed. The proportion of native Americans in other branches of textile manufacturing, as compared with cotton goods, is slightly larger, but even then is exceedingly small. Only one seventh of the employees of our woolen and worsted mills and silk-dyeing establishments, and only one fifth of those in our silk mills and carpet factories, are of native birth, and of native fathers. About one operative out of each three workers in hosiery and knit-goods establishments is a native American. Three out of every five operatives of cotton, woolen, worsted, and carpet mills are of foreign birth, and two out of three of these foreign-born wage-earners are of recent arrival from southern and eastern Europe and the Orient. Three out of every four operatives of dyeing establishments for silk goods are aliens.

The Poles, Greeks, Italians, Portuguese, and Lithuanians are the predominant races of recent immigration employed in our cotton, woolen, and worsted mills. In the spinning, weaving, and dyeing of silk goods and carpets, and in the manufacture of hosiery

and underwear, the North and South Italians, Magyars, and Poles are the leading races of recent arrival in the United States among the employees. Among the immigrants in all of these industries are also to be found considerable numbers of skilled operatives from England, Scotland, and Ireland, and from Germany. The French-Canadians form an important proportion, especially among the cotton and woolen mill operatives.

Such are the racial elements in the operating forces of our basic industries. Furthermore, this situation is typical of all the less important divisions of industry. The United States Immigration Commission included within the scope of its exhaustive investigations in all parts of the country more than forty of the leading branches of mining and manufacturing. Everywhere — in the manufacture of agricultural implements, cigars and tobacco, boots and shoes, clothing, furniture, glass, gloves, leather, petroleum, collars and cuffs, electrical supplies, machinery, locomotives, and a score of other industries — the same condition of affairs was found to exist. The native American occupied numerically a subordinate position among the wage-earners and, along with the representatives of older immigrant races from Great Britain, was being rapidly displaced by southern and eastern European employees, who had been securing employment in all kinds of mines and manufacturing establishments.

III

The southern and eastern European immigrant who has so extensively found employment in our mines and factories has had no industrial training abroad. He has also brought with him a low standard of living, and has been tractable and subservient. As a result,

his competition has exposed the native American and older immigrant employees to unsafe or unsanitary working conditions, and has led to or continued the imposition of conditions of employments which the Americans and older immigrants have considered unsatisfactory and, in many cases, unbearable. Where the older employees have found unsafe or unsanitary working conditions prevailing, and have protested, the recent immigrant wage-earners, usually through ignorance of mining or other working methods, have manifested a willingness to accept the alleged unsatisfactory working conditions.

The southern and eastern European also, because of his tractability, necessitous condition, and low standards, has been inclined, as a rule, to acquiesce in the demand on the part of the employers for extra work or longer hours. The industrial workers have also accepted without protest the system of so-called company stores and houses, which prevails extensively in bituminous and anthracite coal, iron-ore, and copper mining, and other industrial localities.

The presence of the recent immigrant industrial worker has also brought about living conditions or a standard of life with which the native American and older immigrant employees have been unwilling, or have found it extremely difficult, to compete. The southern and eastern European wage-earner is usually single, or, if married, has left his wife and children abroad. He has no permanent interest in the community in which he lives or the industry in which he is employed. His main purpose is to live as cheaply as possible, and to save as much as he can. Consequently, he has adopted a group method of living known as the 'boarding-boss' system. Under this plan, from eight to twenty

men usually crowd together in a small apartment or house in order to reduce the per capita outlay for rent, and buy their own food and do their own cooking. The total cost of living ranges from eight to fifteen dollars per month for each member of the group. The impossibility of competition by the native American with such standards of living needs no discussion.

In addition to these conditions, brought about by the influx of southern and eastern European industrial workers, another factor, mainly psychological in its nature, but no less powerful in its effect, has been operative in the displacement of native Americans and older immigrant employees. In all industries, and in all industrial communities, a certain reproach has come to be associated with native American or older immigrant workmen who are engaged in the same occupations as the southern and eastern Europeans. This feeling on the part of the older employees is mainly due to the habits of life and conduct of recent immigrants, and to their ready acceptance of conditions; but it is also largely attributable to the conscious or unconscious antipathy, often arising from ignorance or prejudice, toward races of alien customs, institutions, and manner of thought.

The same psychological effect was produced upon the native Americans in all branches of industrial enterprise who first came into working contact with the older immigrants from Great Britain and northern Europe. In the decade 1840-1850, when the Irish immigrant girls were first employed in the New England cotton mills, the native women who had previously been the textile operatives protested; twenty years later the Irish girls, after they had become firmly fixed in the industry, rebelled because of the employment of

French-Canadian girls in the spinning rooms, just as the French-Canadian women refuse to be brought into close working relations with the Polish and Italian women who are entering the cotton mills at the present time. Whatever may be the cause of this aversion of older employees to working by the side of the newer arrivals, the existence of the feeling has become one of the most potent causes of racial substitution in manufacturing and mining occupations.

IV

It is obvious that the advent within recent years of the southern and eastern European into American industrial life has been a matter of most serious consequence to the American workman, and the present-day competition of the same racial elements is of the greatest significance to the native-born and older immigrant wage-earners. The labor unions of the original employees, which should have been among the greatest factors in assimilating industrially the recent immigrant, and in educating him to American standards, in some industries—as for example bituminous coal mining in western Pennsylvania, or the cotton mills of New England—have been completely inundated, and wholly or partially destroyed by the sudden and overwhelming influx of southern and eastern Europeans. In other industries, where the competition of the immigrant of recent years has not been so directly felt, as in the glass industry, where skilled workmen were formerly necessary, the labor organizations are being weakened and undermined indirectly in other ways.

Everywhere improved machinery and mechanical processes are eliminating the element of skill formerly required of employees, and are making

it possible for the unskilled foreign-born workman to enter occupations which have hitherto been beyond his qualifications, because they required previous training or an extended apprenticeship. Formerly, in order to be a pick- or hand-miner a number of years of training was necessary. Now a machine does the work and unskilled workmen attend it. By means of the automatic loom and ring-spinning-frame an unskilled immigrant from the south or east of Europe may now become a proficient weaver or spinner within a few months. The former highly skilled work of blowing glass bottles, as well as window and plate glass, may now be done by machinery manned by foreign-born employees who have been in the United States less than three months and who, before their employment, had never seen a glass factory.

In all industries, the immigrant wage-earner, through the elimination

of the requirements of skill and experience, is being brought directly into contact and working competition with the native American and older British or northern European wage-earner. Unless the latter can do something to elevate the standards of the recent immigrants, their competition in the higher occupations will be followed by as serious results as have already attended their invasion of the lower grades of the industrial scale.

Much has been written in the past decade relative to the social and political effects of recent immigration. The recent exhaustive investigation of the Federal Commission, however, has revealed the fact that these phases of the problem are comparatively of little import. The actual problem is found in the industrial effects of the recent alien influx. Existing legislation cannot settle this problem. Its solution is dependent upon a change in our present immigration policy.

PERJURED

BY EDITH RONALD MIRRIELES

A lie well stuck to —

It began with no more than a word, such as a man might speak and forget he had spoken. At the time of speaking, Robbins Nelson was standing with a group of other youths — lads in their late 'teens and early twenties — on the Sutro Station platform. All their eyes were on the approaching train, and all their tongues were busy with a single topic.

Robbins was the youngest member

of the group, — barely turned sixteen. Usually he hung somewhat unregarded on its edge, but to-day, bold in the possession of first-hand knowledge, he thrust himself into the heart of the talk.

'I looked right down on him, close as I am to you. I was walking along over that cut where the train comes through. Gee, his head looked three-cornered! I yelled, but the engineer did n't know what I meant. Anyhow,

they would n't have stopped — nothing but a hobo.'

'No good if they had,' an older speaker took up the words. 'He was done for. Did n't speak but once after they got him off. "Don't hit me," he says. I s'pose when they run into the tunnel and whatever it was jammed into him —'

'He did n't get hurt in any tunnel,' Robbins asserted. The color flared into his face with the intensity of his conviction. The horrid memory of the man set him to blinking. 'He could n't get hurt if he was lying down, could he? And if he was standing up, it'd knock him off, would n't it? It was n't any tunnel —'

He broke off, aware suddenly of the smiling ridicule in the faces round him. Grotend, brother-in-law to the coroner who had held the inquest, laughed good-temperedly.

'Go it, William J. Burns, Junior! I s'pose some fancy murderer crawled up on top between stations. Or he got jolted down out of an air-ship. It'd take something like that —'

Grotend was popular with the group. Their ready laughter rewarded the attack. And the younger boy's crimson misery was an invitation to further teasing.

'You had n't ought to be stingy with bright ideas like that, Nelse. He sent you an anonymous letter, did n't he? Or maybe you saw a man in a black mask beating him up —'

'No, I did n't!' said Robbins loudly. He cast about desperately in his mind for a means of escape. 'I did n't see anybody beating him up, but I saw Jim Whiting coming down off the end of the car.'

A hush followed his statement — a tribute to the weight of it. Grotend, his lips parted for a fresh jibe, drew in his breath sharply as though in the shock of a cold douche. Then, —

'You saw Jim Whiting?' he reiterated.

Jim Whiting was brakeman on the local freight, a figure familiar enough to all of them.

'Getting deaf, are n't you?' Robbins retorted.

He turned his back upon his tormentors and walked away across the platform.

He was not much impressed with the importance of his lie. Chiefly, he was elated that there had come to him a lie suitable to turn the tables. Half-way home his elation lasted, to be crowded out only by the recurring memory of the injured tramp. The boy had never before seen violent death. The picture of the man as he sped past, bloody and misshapen, on the swaying car-top; the later picture of him borne up the street on the improvised stretcher, came back upon him hideously. That for such destruction, that for such wanton suffering, there should be no punishable agent, seemed intolerable. And the idea once presented, who so likely as Whiting —

He heard the beat of footsteps behind him, and Grotend, breathing quickly, swung into pace at his side.

'I been trying to catch up with you,' he explained unnecessarily. 'Say, when Jim come out on the platform, I spoke to him. I says, "One of the fellows says he saw you up on top that day the tramp got hurt." And you'd ought to seen him. I guess he knew —'

'What'd he say?' Robbins interrupted.

'All he says was, "You tell that fellow he's a liar"; but if you'd seen the look on him —'

'Don't you tell him I said it,' the younger boy cautioned. 'I don't want him down on me.' A belated stir of conscience set him to hedging. 'Anyhow, I did n't say I saw him up on

the car. All I saw was when he was just there on those iron steps on the side. I don't know if he was going up or down.'

They stood at the Nelson gate for a little, talking. It was full dark when Robbins went up the shrub-lined path to the porch. In the lighted dining-room his mother and the younger children were already at supper.

'Late, Robbins,' Mrs. Nelson admonished as he slid into his place. Then, catching sight of his face, 'Tired out? If it's that accident that's worrying you —'

'It's not,' the boy denied. He felt his cheeks grow hot with a sudden flush of annoyance. 'I don't see what I'd worry about that for. Only, Charlie Grotend told Mr. Whiting I saw him on the car that day, and it made Whiting mad. I was wishing he had n't.'

'You did n't say anything more than that — that he could have helped it, or anything like that? Well, then!' She put the discussion aside with a gesture. 'Merle Williams telephoned to see if you'd come over there to-night. You might as well. There's no use brooding —'

'I'm *not*!' Robbins flung back angrily.

His spirits lightened somewhat in the process of dressing for his outing. They lightened still more when, on his way to the place of entertainment, he came up with three or four of his mates similarly bound, and went on with them, easily the hero of the little group. Sutro, though a county-seat, was a place of few excitements. The finding of the injured tramp, his death, the inquest, which had been held that day, were topics of surpassing interest, and Robbins, by virtue of his momentary contact, found his importance measurably enhanced. Before the evening was over, he had told his story a half-dozen times, — each time with less

repulsion, with a keener sense of its dramatic value.

'I was walking along the cut — you know, there where the train goes under you — and I saw him and yelled at the engineer to stop. I thought he was dead already — he looked like it. I don't know what I yelled for, only I thought he'd roll off. No, I did n't say I saw Whiting up on top, —' He adhered scrupulously to the form of his first telling, — 'I saw him on those steps on the side. I'd called to him, too, if I'd seen him in time, but I did n't.'

'I bet he'd have understood,' suggested one of the listeners.

There was something cynical, something appalling, in the fashion in which their untempered youth seized upon the idea of guilt as the concomitant of injury. Robbins, tramping home a half-hour after midnight, felt all round him the concurrence of his mates — a warm supporting wave. He was committed beyond retreat now to his theory. Almost he was self-deceived. Visualizing the scene, he could scarcely have said whether, actually, he saw Whiting's big body flattened against the side of the car, or whether he himself had superimposed the detail.

He slept late next morning, and emerging, discovered his mother, red-eyed, moving restlessly between kitchen and dining-room. She called to him as he came out, but it was not until he was seated before his oven-dried breakfast that, with a long breath, as though she braced herself, —

'Mrs. Cartwright was here this morning,' she observed.

The words were indifferent, but the tone was so full of significance that instinctively the boy stopped eating to listen.

'She'd been sitting up last night with Mrs. Morgan. Robbins, that boy — that poor boy — was n't a tramp at

all. He was Charlie Morgan, trying to beat his way back home.'

'How'd they know?' Robbins asked.

'Something about the body. There was some mark. It's dreadful for his mother. And it's worse because she thinks — Mrs. Cartwright says a good many people think — it was n't an accident at all. The wound don't look like it. And then your seeing Mr. Whiting —'

'What'd you tell her that for?' Robbins muttered.

He pushed back his chair, his hunger vanished as though from feasting.

'I did n't. She told me. She says that man who has the truck-garden — Emerson, is n't it? — is saying he saw Mr. Whiting on the car-roof and recognized him. But, of course, a man like that —'

Her tone disposed effectually of the second witness. She got to her feet and began to gather up the dishes from the table.

'Mrs. Cartwright says Mr. Cartwright's looking into the thing. In his position, he'd have to. I told her you'd go up to his office —' She was passing behind Robbins's chair as she spoke. To his amazement, she stooped and laid her cheek for an instant against his shoulder. 'Don't you let him worry you, Robbie. You just stick to your story,' she counseled.

'I'm not going near him,' Robbins declared defiantly.

More than the hush of appreciation at his first statement, more than the news of Whiting's anger, his mother's unexpected caress impressed upon him the seriousness of his position.

When he left the house, breakfast ended, he was fixed in his determination neither to get within reach of Cartwright, who was county attorney, nor to repeat his story. But once upon the street he found to his consternation that the story no longer needed his re-

petition. It traveled on every tongue, growing as it went. Nor was there lacking other evidence to support it. The examining physician shook his head over the shape and nature of the fatal wound; the helpers who had carried the man were swift to recollect his dying words. From somewhere there sprang the rumor of long-standing feud between Whiting and Charlie Morgan. Then it was no more a rumor but an established fact — time, place, and enhancing circumstances all known and repeated.

'Enough to hang anybody,' Grotend summed up the evidence, following with his coterie the trend of gossip. 'Only thing is, it's funny the sort of people that do all the hearing and seeing.' He put his arm round Robbins's shoulders. 'There's Nelse here and Doc. Simpson — they're all right; but look at the rest of 'em — If they said it was a nice day, I'd know it was raining. Take that Emerson fellow —'

'Well, if Nelse saw him on the side, I don't see why Emerson could n't see him up on top; he must 'a' been there,' a listener protested; and Robbins, his throat constricted, drew out of hearing.

For the most part, however, he found a lively satisfaction in the increase of rumor. In such a mass of testimony, he reasoned, his own bit of spurious evidence was wholly unimportant. When that day and a second and still a third had passed with no demand upon him, his oppression vanished. Even the news of Whiting's arrest did not greatly disturb him. There was now and then a minute of sick discomfort, — once when the truck-gardener attempted to hob-nob with him on the strength of their common information; once and more acutely when an overheard conversation warned him that the accused man was depending upon an alibi, — but for the most part he put

the danger of discovery resolutely out of his mind. Even should the alibi be forthcoming and his own story go thereby to the ground, 'They can't be sure about it,' he comforted himself. 'They can't know I did n't —' Even in his thought he left the phrase unfinished.

It was the fourth day after Whiting's arrest that, going toward home in the early evening, he heard his name spoken from behind, and turning saw the county attorney. His first barely inhibited impulse was toward flight, but it was already too late for that. The elder man's greeting detained him as by a hand upon his arm. He halted reluctantly, and they went on side by side.

The county attorney was a man in his early sixties—a tall stooping figure, gray-haired, with an habitual courtesy of manner which, more than irascibility, intimidated his younger neighbors. It was a part of his courtesy, now, to begin far-off from the subject at hand, in an effort, foredoomed to failure, to put his auditor at ease.

'I often watch you tall boys going past, and remind myself that I am getting old. I can remember most of you in your carriages. Indeed, with you, your father and I were law students together. And now you're in high school, your mother tells me.' And with hardly a shift of tone, 'She tells me, too,—or rather my wife does,—that you were unfortunate enough to see Mr. Whiting on the day of poor Morgan's death. I am sorry —'

'I—did n't see him do anything,' Robbins protested. His tongue was suddenly thick and furry, and the words came with difficulty. 'Nothing I could swear to. He was just—there.'

He was staring straight ahead; he could not see how shrewd were the kindly eyes which measured him.

'Timid,' the lawyer was labeling his

witness. 'Sensitive. Over-scrupulous. He'd scruple his testimony out of existence.'

Aloud he spoke with grave reassurance. 'Your merely seeing Mr. Whiting can do him no harm. Indeed, you may not be needed at all. The preliminary examination having been waived —' He paused for a moment before the Nelson gate, his thin-featured old face remote and serious. 'In any case, remember this, my boy. Nothing is ever required of you on the witness stand except to tell your story exactly as you have told it off the stand. In the end the truth will come out and no innocent man be harmed.'

He congratulated himself as he went on up the street that he had reassured the lad, put before him his irresponsibility in its true light. Had he looked back, he might have seen the reassured witness staring after him in a kind of horror of amazement. To Robbins it was as though, astoundingly, an outsider had voiced the thought of his own heart. That truth must prevail, that false witnessesses would be brought to confusion—it was a belief ingrained into the fibre of his being. He was sick with a premonition of disgrace.

'Only, they can't *know*,' he tried to hearten himself. 'I can stick to it I did.' He stood still a moment, the line of his sensitive chin grown suddenly hard. 'And I've got to stick to it,' he warned himself. 'I've got to stick it out as long as I live.'

It did not need the county attorney's advice to keep him away from the court-room during the opening days of the trial. With all the youthful masculinity of Sutro crowding the courthouse steps, Robbins sat at home in the hot, darkened parlor, reading from books pulled down at random, seeing always, no matter what he read, a room set thick with eyes, eyes scornful, eyes reproachful, eyes speculative.

When at last the ordeal came, it was so much less dreadful than his anticipation of it that he was conscious of an immediate relief. There was, indeed, a minute of blind confusion as he made his way toward the stand — voices singing in his ears, a blue mist before his eyes. Then, somehow, he was sworn and seated, and all round him were the friendly faces of neighbors. He could see the judge nod encouragement to him over his desk; he could see the bracing kindness of the county attorney's glance. Whiting he could not see, the bowed shoulders of a reporter intervening.

He was scarcely nervous after the first moments. His story flowed from him without effort, almost without volition. 'I was walking along the track — I'd been fishing —' It seemed to him that he had said the words a million times.

There were interruptions now and then; objections; questions from a round-faced, deep-voiced youngster, who, Robbins divined presently, was Whiting's lawyer; but all of it — the narrative, the pauses, the replies — came with the regular, effortless movement of well-oiled machinery. He could have laughed at the puerile efforts of the defense to break down his story. — 'Was he sure that he knew James Whiting?' Was there a resident of Sutro who did not know him? 'Could he swear, — taking thought that he was under oath, — could he *swear* that the man on the side of the car was James Whiting and not some other man resembling him? If, on a moving train, another man resembling James Whiting, of about James Whiting's size —'

'He knows he can't touch me,' Robbins was thinking triumphantly. 'He knows it!'

The question of truth or falsehood was quite removed from him now. He came down from the stand finely elated,

and in the afternoon went back of his own accord to the court-room. Emerson, the truck-gardener, was under examination and faring badly. One by one, the damaging facts of his past came out against him — an arrest for theft, a jail sentence for vagrancy, a quarrel with the prisoner, proved threats. The victim emerged limp from the ordeal, and slunk his way from the room, wholly discredited.

'Serves him right, though,' Robbins quenched his momentary pity. 'I knew all the time he was lying.' He started suddenly, so violently that the listener seated next him turned in irritation. 'And,' it had flashed through his mind, 'and he knew I was!'

His eyes sought the prisoner — the man who also knew — where he sat hunched heavily forward in his chair, his arms upon the table. For an instant, pity, like some racking physical pain, shot through Robbins. To be caught in such a web! To be caught through no fault of his own! It was the first time the purely personal side had broken its way past his own selfish concern. It stifled him and, forcing his eyes from the man's brooding face, he got up and stumbled out of the room.

But he could not stay out. An indefinite dread dragged him back presently. An indefinite dread held him bound to his place during the examination of the witnesses who followed, during the days of argument, and the judge's inconclusive charge. He lay awake on the night following the jury's retirement, picturing over and over in his own mind the scene of their return — just what degree of astonishment his face should show in listening to their verdict, with just what proud reticence and conscious wrong he should make his way out from the crowd. He had never said that Whiting was guilty. — he reminded himself of that. All he

had ever said was that on one certain day, in one certain place — He rolled over on his face and, hands across his eyes, tried vainly to sleep.

Half of Sutro was loafing about the court-house lawn next morning, pushing its way into the corridors at every rumor, drifting back to the freer outer air. When at last the rumor proved a true one, Robbins found himself far in the back of the room, the wall behind him, on three sides a packed, jostling crowd. There was a blur of unintentional noise in the place — heavy breathing, the creaking of a door. Through the noise pierced at intervals the accustomed voice of the judge, and set between the intervals the mumble of the foreman's reply.

‘— Agreed, all of you? —’

‘Do you find the prisoner guilty or not guilty?’

The mumble dropped lower still. A stir swept over the front of the room, a wave of voiceless interest passing from front to back.

‘What — what —’ Robbins stammered, straining higher on tiptoe.

‘Guilty. Manslaughter,’ said the man beside him. He brought his hand down heavily on the boy's shoulder. ‘Suits you all right. Everybody knew —’ The gavel sounded and he broke off, bending forward to listen.

But Robbins did not listen. It was as though the foundations of his world crumbled round him. That truth should fail, that innocent men should suffer — He fumbled at the sleeve of the man on the other side.

‘I — did n't hear. They said —’

‘Sh-h!’ the man warned him, and then, behind his sheltering hand, ‘Guilty.’

The judge's voice dropped, and the speaker began moving with others toward the door. Robbins moved, too — dazedly, uncertain what he did. Some one stopped him in the outer passage.

He was conscious of congratulatory sentences. He heard his own voice speaking words which, seemingly, were not without meaning. And all the while the mind of him waited, awed, for the impending catastrophe.

Mercifully, the house was empty when he reached home. He tiptoed into his own room, and there, the door closed behind him, stood for a moment listening. Then, with an exclamation, he dropped to his knees beside the bed and buried his face against it.

For an hour he knelt there, bodily quiet, the mind of him beating, circling, thrusting desperately against its surrounding cage of falsehood. At first it was all fear — how the exposure would come, how best he might sustain himself against it. Then, imperceptibly, a deeper terror crept into his thinking. Suppose it should not come? Suppose — But that was unthinkable. For a lie to blast a man's whole life, for a lie to brand him. Stealthily, as if his very stirring might incense the devil-god of such a world, he slid down, sitting beside the bed, his distended, horror-fascinated eyes hard on the wall. In those minutes his young faith in God and justice fought to the death with the injustice before him — fought and won.

‘He'll be sentenced Friday,’ he found himself thinking, drawing on some half-heard scrap of conversation. ‘That's four days. There's time enough —’

He dragged himself up and lay down at full length. Something hot smarted upon his face; he put up his hand to find his cheeks wet with tears. They flowed quietly for a long time — soothingly. He fell asleep at last, his lashes still heavy with them.

He was very early at the court-house Friday morning. Cartwright, coming in at nine to his office, crossed the corridor to speak to him — cheerily.

‘Well, we got our man, Robbins.

You made a good witness — I meant to tell you so before; no confusing you. Look here, my boy, you're not fretting over this? If it had n't been you, it would have been some one else. There's no covering a crime like that.'

'Not — ever?' said Robbins thickly. His secret was upon his tongue's end. A glance of interrogation would have brought it spilling out. But there was no interrogation in his companion's eyes — only an abstracted kindness. He looked away from the lad toward the stragglers along the corridor.

'You came up to hear the sentence? Come in through my office and we'll find you a seat. The place will be packed.'

'There's nothing new?' Robbins asked unwillingly. 'No — new evidence?'

'Why, no! The case will be closed in another half-hour. And then I hope it will be a long time before you have any thing to do with a criminal charge again. Now if you want to come in —'

Robbins followed, silent. It did not trouble him to find himself placed conspicuously in the front row. His whole attention was set upon holding fast to the one strand of hope extended to him. In half an hour it would be over. In half an hour the hideous thing would be folded into the past. But it would *not*! The case against Whiting would be ended, the arraignment of God would be but just begun! To go on living in a world so guarded —

The judge entered and took his place; the lawyers on either side filed in to their stations about the long table; the prisoner was brought in in the custody of a deputy sheriff. There was a little bustle of curiosity to herald his coming. Then the packed room settled to attention.

Robbins leaned forward in his seat. He heard vaguely the opening interchanges of speech. He saw the prisoner

rise. The man was clay-colored; his teeth scraped back and forth continually on his dry lower lip. There was no resource in him, no help. And suddenly the watcher knew that help was nowhere. The voice of the judge reached him, low-pitched and solemn, as befitted the occasion.

'— having been found guilty — decree that you be confined —'

'No!' said Robbins suddenly almost in a scream.

All at once the thing was clear to him. It was not Whiting who was being sentenced, it was God who was on trial, it was truth, good faith, the right to hope. — The impulse of his cry had wrenched him from his chair. He stood flung forward against the rail.

'You can't! I never saw him! They were tormenting me and I said I did. He was n't there —'

Behind him the court-room rang with excitement. He was aware of startled exclamations. He was aware of Cartwright, tragic-eyed, beside him, half-sheltering him, calling to him.

'Robbins! What's wrong? He's not speaking under oath. He's been brooding —'

'It's *so*!' said the boy.

For a moment he held himself erect among them, high-headed, joyous, splendid with the exaltation of the martyr. Then, suddenly, his eyes met the eyes of the prisoner. He dropped back into his seat, his shaking hands before his face.

It had lasted a second, less than a second, that frank, involuntary revelation; but in that second, his guard beaten down by sheer amazement, the prisoner's guilt stood plain in his face. In that second, reading the craven record of it, Robbins saw the glory of martyrdom snatched from him forever — knew himself, now and now only, irrevocably perjured.

TUBERCULOSIS AND THE SCHOOLS

BY ARTHUR TRACY CABOT

PROPER measures for the prevention and control of tuberculosis among school-children should not only be addressed to the protection of children during their school-life, and to the cure of those who have active tuberculosis, but should also aim at the education of all children in the essential facts of hygiene and, so far as possible, in the cultivation of habits of living that will protect them in later life.

The present paper does not deal with the educational side of this work except so far as it is inseparably bound up with the care of children already ailing or actively tuberculous.

The consideration of the best methods of handling tuberculosis demands an appreciation of the habits and characteristics both of the disease and of the patients. At the outset we must remember that if every existent case of tuberculosis could be hunted up and put in quarantine the practical elimination of the disease could be confidently expected in the life-time of one generation. But such thoroughness is humanly impossible. The people would not put up with a quarantine of such dimensions, and it would never be possible to find the cases if the patients feared being shut up.

Many communities are, however, educated to the point of a partial understanding of the dangers of the disease and the need of reasonable precautions. They are ready to accept a separation of tuberculous school-children from well children, and I propose to consider various plans for bringing this about.

The situation is, briefly, that the state insists upon and enforces attendance at school during the growing years of the child, and in so doing tacitly assumes responsibility that the child does not suffer any harm by reason of this school-attendance. It is then the duty of the community to safeguard the health of school-children as far as lies in its power. This responsibility and this duty are reflected in legislation requiring public schools to conform to certain requirements in buildings and sanitary arrangements, and to provide proper inspection of their pupils to protect them from the needless spread of contagious diseases.

It is obvious that the responsibility thus already recognized requires that cities and towns should devise some way in which the tuberculous children may be kept from contact with the well.

In approaching this problem the school authorities find themselves confronted by two classes of children. First, children who are anæmic, run-down and under-nourished; in whom no signs of tuberculosis can be detected, but whose condition suggests latent tuberculosis. The disease appears so frequently in children of this class that they are frequently spoken of as in the pre-tubercular stage of the disease. Second, those who are actively tuberculous and in whom the disease can be positively diagnosed.

Children in the first of these classes are not dangerous to other children. They can associate intimately with the

well children, but they are liable at any time to become actively tuberculous, and therefore dangerous. Life in the open air has proved its usefulness in restoring to health both adults and children who are debilitated, and in many places this class of children has been provided with out-of-door schools and with open-air rooms.

The out-of-door treatment of these children is no longer an experiment; it has been fully tried in many places and has abundantly proved its usefulness. These trials have demonstrated that the condition of health is greatly bettered, and have shown that the mental capacity of the children and their ability to learn their lessons are quite surprisingly increased. It has been found that these children in the open air accomplish their tasks with less hours of study than children in like grades who are studying in closed rooms.

This experience ought to open the eyes of school authorities to their shortcomings in the matter of school ventilation, and the benefits of this discovery should be felt through the whole school system.

In addition to this provision of proper surroundings for these weakling children it has been not unusual for school committees to supply a lunch, and sometimes also to supply warm coverings to needy and scantily-clothed children during school hours in cold weather. These are both necessary adjuncts to the treatment of these under-nourished children, though the difficulty and expense of providing them has deterred many communities from establishing open-air schools. The food thus provided and the needed extra wraps should manifestly be paid for by well-to-do parents, who are able to pay for the medical and other care of their children's health. It is equally certain that they should be in some way

supplied to children whose parents are unable to pay for the medical aid they need, and who, for other forms of medical assistance, resort to dispensaries and public hospitals.

It has been objected that this is a forward step in socialism, and this is undoubtedly true; but is that a valid objection? Compulsory education was a forward step in the same direction, and has the world regretted that? This proposed advance in the care of the children whose education the state has assumed, is a measure for the protection of the community, for the improvement of its health, for the limitation of an insidious disease, and as such it is a proper measure for which to spend the public money.

The distribution of this help should, of course, be arranged in such a manner that there should be as little pauperizing effect as possible on the recipients of the community's bounty, but it would not be a startling innovation in a community supplying free school-books. To reduce the pauperizing effect to a minimum it might be well, whenever it could possibly be arranged, to have the parents pay a small sum for the lunches.

The children who were given this extra care in the schools would naturally be under the especially careful watch of the school nurses. The nurses would follow them to their homes and would thus have the opportunity to see the home conditions, and discover how these had contributed to bring on the debilitated condition, and to advise the parents and assist them to correct any hygienic mistakes.

The out-of-door school, then, in order to produce the best results, should be supplemented by a good system of inspection by nurses.

What is an out-of-door school, and how far does an open window or windows fulfill the necessary conditions?

We find many ventilating engineers who claim that by carefully adjusted apparatus, with forced draughts through apertures whose capacity has been arranged by close calculation, a better quality of air can be provided than by any system of open windows. These claims are based on the supposition that the prime requisite is to supply a calculated amount of unused and fresh air and to remove air that has been used. Their test of the quality of the air in a room is the proportion of CO₂.

Unfortunately very little is known as to those characteristics of air which make it wholesome and stimulating. We know that temperature, humidity, and motion have much effect in determining whether air is agreeable and healthful. We know, too, that the amount of CO₂ in air is not an unfailing guide as to its quality in these respects.

Out of the obscurity which clouds this subject one fact emerges with tolerable clearness, and that is that out-of-door air has a healthful quality which confined air never has, no matter how carefully compounded. A man who has been living out of doors notices a stuffiness in the air of a room with all the windows open. There is some quality of freshness and stimulation in the open that is lost in confined spaces. On a summer's evening, after a hot day, compare the air on an open piazza with that inside the house, and consider the length of time it takes for the cool evening air to penetrate and displace the hot stagnant air within a house with every window open.

By such a comparison as the above we shall be convinced that an out-of-door school has advantages over a room with all the windows open, and that we should aim at a thoroughly out-of-door arrangement, one which can be protected from violent wind and

rain, but the leeward sides of which shall at all times be fully open. When the best arrangement cannot be provided, rooms with all of the windows open should be used. Such rooms will be of little use, however, unless they are in charge of teachers who are intelligent advocates of open air, for otherwise the slightest severity of the weather brings a closing of the windows.

The open-air-school will act as a strong preventive measure against tuberculosis, and, by improving the health of the under-nourished, will check the development of many cases. It will thus cut down the numbers of the other class we have now to consider; namely the active, 'open,' contagious class.

It is quite clear that the children with open communicable tuberculosis should be separated from the healthy children, — for two reasons. First, because the community is responsible for the reasonable protection of the children whom it forces to attend school. With our present knowledge of tuberculosis it is almost criminal disregard of this responsibility to allow tuberculous cases to herd with well children in our school-rooms.

Secondly, these children should be segregated on their own account. They need an even more rigidly conducted open-air treatment than do the debilitated children. They need extra feeding. They need a careful regulation of their work and rest-hours under the guidance of a physician, and the constant care of trained nurses experienced in tuberculosis. They must be carefully taught the precautions needed to prevent their giving the disease to others. In short, they need hospital care and treatment, and their teaching and study must be regarded as of secondary importance.

How can this care and supervision

be most effectively and, at the same time, most economically provided?

Here we come to a point in our problem where the human element must be considered. It is quite plain that if all of these children could be collected in hospitals this would give the best sort of isolation of the disease. Unhappily, however, the parents, as a rule, will not send their children away from home, and without their coöperation this kind of quarantine is impossible.

Facing a problem of this kind, the Boston Association for the Relief and Control of Tuberculosis established an outdoor camp, where the children pursued their studies, and at the same time were under the care of doctors and nurses. From this beginning was gradually evolved the Boston Hospital School, which, through the help of the Park Commission, was comfortably housed in Franklin Park. The experiment proved so successful that (through the combined action of its School Committee and its Consumptives' Hospital Trustees) the City of Boston presently took the school under its charge and placed the responsibility for its management in the hands of the Consumptives' Hospital Trustees, thus recognizing that this institution was a hospital rather than a school.

I do not purpose here to consider the details of treatment at this hospital school. It was practically a day-camp, at which the children were occupied with study only so far as was thought good for their health. Many parents approved the plan and sent their children, so that, although the school was situated on the outskirts of the city, the attendance was satisfactory. The children did well. The nurses, trained in tuberculosis work, followed them to their homes, and were able in this way to exert some influence upon their home surroundings, obtaining for them better care and diminishing as far as

possible the infection of those around them.¹

On the 31st of January, 1911, the Boston Consumptives' Hospital Trustees closed the school, thus putting an end to this pioneer work which had met with the approval of competent persons in all parts of the country, and which had taken a large number of tuberculous patients out of the public schools and had cared for them under conditions which reduced the risk of infection in the community to a minimum.

The chairman of the board, who cast the deciding vote which closed the school, when asked how these patients were to be cared for after the closure of the school, said, 'At day-camps and hospitals,' and declared that it was the intention of his trustees so to provide for them. Under these circumstances it is interesting to know what became of these patients after they were turned out of the Hospital School. Drs. Locke and Murphy made an investigation and were able to trace one hundred and fifty-six out of the one hundred and seventy-four cases treated at the school during the year previous to its closure. Of these cases just nineteen, or 10.91 per cent, went to day-camps or hospitals; ninety-one, or 58.33 per cent, went back into the public schools; four, or 2.56 per cent, had died; and the remaining forty-two patients, or 26.92 per cent, had gone back into the community.

These figures give a striking illustration of the far greater usefulness to the community of a hospital school

¹ An excellent account of the work in this School is contained in the paper by Dr. James J. Minot and Miss Hyams, published in the Fifth Annual Report of the American Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis. Later, in the *Boston Medical and Surgical Journal*, August, 1911, Dr. Edwin A. Locke and Dr. Timothy J. Murphy published a very careful study of the work and its results.

then of a day-camp or hospital. Only a little more than 10 per cent of the children whose parents are willing to have them attend a hospital school are willing to let them go to day-camps and hospitals. The large proportion of these cases which went back into the public schools, at the risk of infecting well children, is sufficient basis for a serious indictment of the city government that subjects well children, put under its care, to such unnecessary risks. The results of this experience should convince any fair observer that the hospital school is the most efficient means as yet discovered for safely handling tuberculous school-children. In a large city several hospitals of this type should be supplied and so placed as to be accessible to the school population.

We have hitherto considered the means at our disposal of caring for the children threatened or affected with tuberculosis, after they have been discovered. Obviously, any plan to this end must have its foundation in a thoroughly satisfactory system of school inspection.

I cannot here discuss the details of school inspection, for these must vary according to local conditions. In large cities the task is a large one, and since a large proportion of the children belong to a class in the community who do not employ a family physician, school physicians must play a considerable part in any complete scheme. Even, however, in large places it has been found by increasing experience that more and more of the work can safely be delegated to nurses. So far as this work has to do with the early discovery of tuberculous children many experienced physicians, expert in this class of work, feel a greater reliance upon the school nurse than upon the school physician. While the final decision as

to the existence of tuberculosis must be made by a physician, it is the watchful nurse, constantly among the children, who usually first discovers that the child is out of health and needs attention, and so brings the case to the physician for thorough examination. Many of the cases which come under the head of anæmic, debilitated children show no signs of definite disease, and the close watchfulness of the nurse is more likely to discover children in this class than the cursory observation of a school physician passing his eye rapidly over many children.

In conclusion, then, it appears that a safe system of care for tuberculous children in the schools is a duty that the public assumed when it made school attendance compulsory. That duty the school authorities cannot evade. They should face it squarely.

Any proper plan for handling tuberculosis must rest on a thorough and efficient system of school inspection. Every school should have provision for out-of-door study for all of its debilitated children. These children should have extra feeding. This is a medical necessity of the case. Whether this food should be supplied by the parents, by some outside charitable source, or by the town, is a question which must be settled according to the circumstances of each case, but the settlement should not be shirked.

Children having active tuberculosis should be separated from the other children, and should be cared for as sick children.

The most efficient plan for accomplishing this last-named object in cities of considerable size is the hospital school, and in a large city such schools should be provided in different sections of the city so that the children shall not have far to go from their homes.

THE ORDER OF MORNING PRAYER

BY EMILY CARTER WIGHT

It was eleven o'clock when Mother and Thomas and Sister hurried up the steps and into the church. The bell was tolling, and the town-clock was striking. The two jangled together high above the quiet street. The organist was late. She walked up the aisle very quickly, on her little high-heeled shoes. She slipped her plump bare arms out of her coat and took her place at the organ, just as Mother knelt on the hassock in her pew and bowed her head.

Mother tried to recall what most needed her prayer. She shook off the details of her household, which had reached elastic arms and little hooked ends after her, and had kept pulling her up, all the way down the street. There was a child sick in the village. Heaven send angels to help him and help his mother. There was a prayer of thankfulness and humility that her children were well. She started to rise; but wait, there was another prayer. God send pain to all doctors. Let them suffer pain that they may truly know what it is. She rose from her knees.

Little Sister who had knelt in sweet imitation of Mother, now shot a glance out of the corner of her eye, and seeing that Mother had raised her head, proceeded to raise her own fat self from the hassock to the seat of the pew. It was uncushioned, and Sister was much occupied in finding herself a comfortable position. The organ pealed out the hymn, and Thomas found the place in the beautiful new prayer-book his god-mother had given him. They were all standing, and Sister stepped up on the

hassock, slipped off it, and her little feet made a clatter. She giggled out loud. Thomas frowned and looked at his mother. Mother smiled at Thomas and smiled at Sister. Their pew was the very last one in the church, and they were behind everybody else.

Two girls came in and went into the second seat in front. They had hurried and had been blown about in the wind. One of them was soft and plump, and her hair had been curled with a curling-iron. The wind had blown out a few straight locks which mixed oddly with the fluffy ones. They lay round her ears in little tails.

At the opposite end of their pew sat Mrs. Hammond. Mother did not know her, but knew she came from Dummer. She wore a hat with a big bunch of cherries on it, and a veil that had got caught on the stem of a cherry and did not lie quite straight. Her coat had two fat wrinkles over the shoulders, and the skirts to it were crumpled. She had come to church squeezed into a buggy beside her sun-browned son. Mother looked at the cherries and could see the hills of Dummer. A white farmhouse standing back from the road, in a prosperous lawn; another farm-house near, on another hill — like Rome, Dummer was built on seven hills. All round the hamlet was the June embroidery of incredibly thick foliage, and grass and daisies and late buttercups; and among the orchards were trees crimson with cherries. The air was keen from the hill-winds and sweet with hayfields.

The rector's voice began, 'Let the words of my mouth and the meditation of my heart be always acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my strength and my redeemer.' Mother glanced quickly at the altar. There was no display of Communion silver or linen. The Order for Daily Morning Prayer was so much more simple for Thomas, who was just learning to find the places in his prayer-book. Communion Sunday was always such a bewilderment to him. But Mother could not remember to tell him, before they came to church, about the Sentences of Scripture, and whenever she tried to show him, the rector read so fast that Thomas could not follow, with his deliberate little mind. But with 'Dearly Beloved Brethren' the frown on the forehead of Thomas disappeared. From that point it was plain sailing.

While the choir was singing the *Te Deum* a young man and woman and a little boy came into the next pew. They were good Episcopalians. They uttered the responses in the tones of people to whom the responses had become a habit. All but the little boy: he sat leaning against his mother's arm; and he kept his head turned to gaze at Sister. Sister gazed back. The little boy's mother kept trying to turn his head to look at the rector. She had a face with no softness in it. Her cheeks were straight instead of round, and her mouth was a straight line. She looked young and healthy, and very energetic. She gave up trying to turn the little boy's head. She lifted him and placed him on her other side, so that she could, with herself, shut off his view of Sister's rosy face in its frame of lace and ribbons. The little boy's father reached out an arm and snuggled the little boy up to him. He was a very tall thin man. His hair was getting gray at the temples. His mouth was very clear-cut and smiling, and he

smiled down at the little boy, and his long fingers patted the little white blouse ever so softly. He had several horizontal lines on his forehead. The boy was thin, and he breathed with his mouth open. His eyes were too big. They were brown and had thick curling lashes. Mother looked away, up to the stained-glass window. She was thinking, 'I wish they would make him eat more bread and butter, and let him eat more sugar.'

Nearer the chancel sat a woman who wore a large white hat. She sat up very straight and the light, from the window near her, fell on her lovely gray hair — gray hair whitening at the ends, and shading in the shadows to the darkest gray. Here it blended into the facing of her hat which was dark velvet, curving up and away from her head, and her pretty little sea-shell ears. Along the front and side lay folds of white satin, also catching the light, creased and crumpled into the right size and shape to turn the head and hat into a delightful composition of light and shade. Except for that one, the church was full of freak hats. Right in front of Mother was one on a tall girl. It was black, and its crown was completely round like a man's derby. It was pushed down flat on the girl's head, and there was not a spear of decoration, nor anything in front to turn it into a composition. At the back a bunch of aigrettes was perched on it like a feather-duster. The brim lay on the girl's shoulders. You could not see her hair. She looked shapeless and like a scarecrow.

'Finally we commend to thy fatherly goodness all those who are any ways afflicted or distressed in mind, body, or estate.' Mother's thoughts flew guiltily away from hats and out over the world. She looked down at the little boy. She did not like to think of their taking him to the hospital, to be

hurt and frightened and, perhaps, not helped after all; and she did not like to think of their not taking him if he needed to go, if his little life was one long struggle for air, just the plain gratuitous air that we breathe without a thought.

The organ burst forth into *Ancient of Days*. It drove sleep from the eyes of Sister, who sat upright, listening intently. Thomas found the place and they all stood, but did not sing; everybody listened to the choir. One girl, who usually sang in the choir, to-day sat down in the congregation. With her was a very young man. He was tall and his hair was very red. When he turned you could see his honest large-featured face. His cheeks were pink; so was his neck. The girl wore a ridiculous hat, and a close-fitting dress of oyster-white linen. 'She might just as well be in her night-gown,' said Mother to herself. 'In fact our night-gowns are much more modest than our dresses, nowadays.'

They sat down. The rector read his text. Thomas gave his mother a push, and held his book toward her. 'Where's this, mother?' he said in a loud whisper. 'This is the sermon, Thomas,' she answered, in another loud whisper. Thomas blushed, but nobody except Mother saw him. Mother put her attention on the sermon. The first sentence she heard was: 'If ever you are oppressed by the thought of the sin and suffering in the world' — 'Oh,' thought Mother, 'perhaps I am going to be helped.' She was always looking for help. But the rector went on and Mother's interest flagged. What he was saying was just what other clergymen had said, just what you were always coming across in the Bible. Mother had no key to it.

The elastic bands that she had caused to withdraw now placed their hooked ends in her consciousness. She almost

jumped as she remembered that she had meant to go into the kitchen and push in the oven damper. She had forgotten it. 'The chicken won't bake,' she thought. Then she went over the dinner. Mashed potatoes, roast chicken, creamed asparagus, radishes, and lettuce from the garden. It was head-lettuce, and she had sown the seed and watered it, and tended it, and transplanted it. Each little limpsy weakling plant she had nursed, giving it water by night, and covering it from the sun by day. And now it was ready to eat. It seemed incredible that the great cabbage-like plants could be the limp seedlings she had worked over for weeks. Then she thought an apology to the rector for her inattention, and resolved to listen to the rest of the sermon.

The rector had a strong, good face, with one weakness in it. Speaking to him face to face, it was not noticeable, but seen the length of the church, as one visualizes in painting, there was a perpendicular line on one side of his face, from his nose, across the end of his mouth, running into the side of his chin. It gave the odd appearance of a sneering grimace, as he looked out over his congregation. Presently he was saying, 'Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works and glorify your father which is in heaven.' Thomas extricated his ten-cent piece from between the covers of his prayer-book and hymn-book. Sister fidgeted for fear the plate would pass too quickly for her to get her penny in.

One of the wardens came down the aisle. He was strikingly handsome. It seemed as if heaven, giving him such physical perfection, might have added a few spiritual gifts. His presence could not but suggest the scandal that was associated with his name. He held the plate patiently for Sister, while she plumped in her penny and

looked up at him for approval. He smiled at her as tenderly and charmingly as an honest, clean-minded man might have done. Mother looked at the stained-glass windows, a pang at her heart for 'such long years' before her tiny girl. 'And I may not be here to take care of her.' Thomas looked at her quickly, as if his heart had heard her thought. 'Thomas will take care of her,' was her sudden comfort.

At last came: 'The Peace of God which passeth all understanding.' Mother had seen it in faces, and felt it on sweet summer mornings. If it were not true, how could that beautiful sentence have been perpetuated in the lit-

urgy, how could it have been said in the beginning? And so, when she knelt for her last prayer, she thanked God for every loving father and mother. She thanked God for doctors to help the children to breathe — 'but God send the doctors pain,' she added as an interlude. She thanked him for the beauty of the world, whether of hats or the hills of Dummer, and for head-lettuce, and for the Great Church, and for the rector's voice, speaking of the Peace of God. As to ugliness, whether of hats or faces; and unloving mothers, and bad men, they made her heart ache, but patience was also in her heart, and, at her elbow, as always, hope.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

IN THE MATTER OF 'FAITH'

READERS of the July *Atlantic* must have found excellent entertainment in Mr. Root's little essay on 'The Age of Faith.' His subject is one that we are always interested in — the question of the real resemblances between seemingly contrasted periods of human history. By a series of ingenious comparisons, he leaves us with the impression that in spite of superficial differences — of language, of manners, of interests — one age is not so very different from another. The 'Age of Reason' was not very reasonable after all, the French Revolution differed 'only in externals' from the Crusades of old, and the 'Ages of Faith,' far from being past, find their counterpart in the age to which we now belong. It is very ingenious, very amusing, and almost convincing.

Almost, but not quite. Perhaps,

where we have been so well amused, we ought not to ask to be convinced. Yet there is a serious aspect to this question — so serious that we cannot bring ourselves to set it aside. For the very essence of human history is here at issue, the essence of human life. And there are some of us, perhaps many, to whom Bergson comes as spokesman for all our deepest instincts when he insists that life is essentially change, that for conscious life, duration means unfolding, that each experience involves the total of preceding experience, and that therefore life, bearing along with it the cumulative values of its own past, can never, in any real sense, repeat itself.

It is this that makes us restive, even while we smile in genuine pleasure at Mr. Root's cleverness. There must, we feel, be something wrong with his argument.

If there is, it lies in his use of a few key-words — words like Faith, Evidence, and the Unseen.

We live, he says, as truly in an age of faith as did our ancestors of Mediæval Europe. Only, whereas their faith fastened itself upon God, and the angels, and the holy relics of the saints, ours concerns itself with other things equally unseen, in whose truth we believe, just as the truth of those was once believed in, on the authority of others, on the most incomplete evidence, or on no evidence at all. He instances our 'faith' in the doctrine of evolution, in the revolution of the earth upon its axis, and in the existence of specific bacteria of disease.

Now it is true that the word 'faith' may be used to denote men's belief in these things, and it is also true that the same word has been used to denote men's belief in God and the angels and the saints' relics. But is it true that 'faith' is really the same word in both sets of cases? To be sure, in both the word implies belief in something not immediately obvious to the senses; in both it implies a certain confidence in the authority of some one else. But at this point the parallel ends. Indeed, before this point. For the phrase 'confidence in authority' may be used to cover many different things, and in this case it is so used. The confidence that men once felt in the authority of their priests is still to some extent paralleled in the confidence which we now feel in our spiritual leaders, whether we call them priests or not; but the confidence which we feel in the testimony of men like Darwin is something different—neither more nor less valuable, it may be, neither more nor less sure, but resting on a different basis. That it is possible to speak of both things under one name is merely an instance of the inaccuracy of language. A word is not a bullet,

that will split a hair and leave the hair beside it untouched. It is more like a charge of fine shot, that hits scatteringly over the whole barn door.

Similarly, as he uses it, the word 'faith' covers many different states of feeling, which might be somewhat more particularly discriminated in the words certitude, faith, confidence, and credulity. Moreover, these states are not completely different. They are not marked off from one another by stiff fencing; they overlap, they merge into one another.

If then we agree to let 'faith' stand for all these mental states, we may very truly say that our own age, as well as other preceding ones, is an age of faith. But thus understood, this means very little. It goes without saying. For the real question is, what in different ages has been the relative importance, or prevalence, of these various states of mind. Can we check off our certitude against their certitude, our credulity against their credulity, and so on? If so, the two ages are so far really alike. Or will an uncanceled residue remain, on one side or the other? If so, the two ages differ in this respect by just so much.

Now, of course, no such canceling process can be really applied, though some rough appraisals might be made if one went to work in the right way. But still less can the canceling process be carried out between unlike states; we cannot check off faith against credulity, certitude against confidence. Yet this is exactly what Mr. Root does: for example, he parallels our belief in disease-germs with the mediæval belief in foul fiends. Yet the belief in fiends is clearly a case of credulity, the belief in disease-producing bacteria is, in spite of errors and exaggerations and all manner of mistakes in its details, well on the road toward certitude. The fact that the germs are, for most of us,

unseen, and the fiends were also unseen, is a mere accidental parallelism of phrasing.

The logical error here is plain enough. Dissimilars cannot be thus compared. But perhaps even similars are not really such. Perhaps our certitude is not their certitude, our doubt their doubt.

For example: it may be said, that to the mind of the Middle Ages nothing appeared impossible. The modern thinker, we sometimes hear it remarked, is beginning also to say, 'Nothing is impossible.' But does this mean that we have swung back to the earlier attitude? Not at all. To assume that the tolerance of the modern thinker for 'the impossible,' springing from knowledge, — even knowledge of his own vast ignorance, — is the same thing as the tolerance of the Middle Ages for the impossible, springing from sheer ignorance and poor method — to do this would be to confuse things as unlike as the 'sleep' of a spinning top and the stillness of a dead one.

And if our attitude toward the great realm of the uncertain and the unknown is a different thing from the state of mind in former times, though it may be described in similar terms, so also is our knowledge of the certain and the known a different thing from the knowledge of earlier men. The thirteenth-century man felt certain, because of the evidence of his senses, that the sun revolved round the earth. We feel certain, in spite of this evidence of the senses, but on account of other evidence, also coming to us ultimately through the senses, that the earth moves round the sun. But no one will seriously maintain that our certitude and his certitude are the same in quality. There have been, particularly since Bacon's time, changes in the manner of our thinking, both in basis and method, which are gradually changing the qual-

ity of belief of every kind. The attitude of mind which made it possible for really good thinkers to say, 'I doubt, therefore I believe,' is obsolescent, if not obsolete. And if faith is, perhaps, changing, religion is certainly changing still more. If there really is, as Mr. Root suggests, a 'religion of evolution,' — and the phrase seems a very doubtful one, — this means, not that religion is still the same only with its lingo altered, but that men are making for themselves a new religion to meet their new needs. Whether it does or does not meet these needs is beside the question.

As usual, it comes down to a question of the meaning of terms. All through Mr. Root's article he seems to be indulging in a kind of tournament of language, in which the game is to see how many different ideas you can spear with the same word. The word 'unseen' is a wonder in this sort of contest. Bacteria are unseen, angels are unseen, demons are unseen, phagocytes are unseen, the ice age is unseen, God is unseen. Therefore they are all of a piece, — bacteria, angels, demons, phagocytes, the ice age and God, — spitted on the same lance and brandished before our somewhat astonished eyes.

And his best lance of all is Faith. Thrusting to right and left, he impales upon its shaft all manner of things — faith in scientists, faith in God, faith in doctors and health officers, faith in witches, faith in priests and in astrologers and medicine-men, faith in astronomical laws.

Success to such tilting! It is fun to watch, and does no harm so long as we remember that it is only a game. But suppose we forgot this, suppose we began to think that these strange spear-mates of the tilting were really mates? That would, perhaps, be something of a pity, because it would mean the

throwing away of such precision of thinking as we have yet attained, which is little enough.

It is just this lack of precise thinking, — this habit of comfortable believing that things on the whole are pretty much as they have always been, and will continue pretty much the same forever, — that is at the root of a good many of our troubles. It is, for example, what helps some of us to believe that there is no church problem, and no marriage problem, — that in these realms no real changes have occurred, and therefore no new adjustments are required.

This is the only excuse for any protest against so delightful a bit of entertainment as is furnished us in the little article in question. Perhaps, however, we have a private and particular grievance, in the fact that the treatment of 'faith' seems to spoil the word for us. We have always thought of it as 'the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen.' And it has often appeared to us that 'faith' in this sense is growing stronger and keener because more fully aware of its own realm and its own power. We know, as never before, the difference between the things hoped for and the things possessed. We know, as never before, the difference between the things that are seen — whether with the mind's eye or the body's is immaterial — and the things that are not seen. For this reason, and not at all for those given by Mr. Root, we might be willing to call our own age an age of faith. But if faith must be allowed to mean belief in bacteria and in gravity and in evolution — very well. We must give up the word to these uses and find another to mean what we have thus far meant by faith — faith in the power of love, faith in all the things of the spirit.

And yet — St. Paul's English translators have held the field a long time.

Would it not be courteous to let them keep their word, and find another for bacteria and phagocytes?

CANNED LANGUAGE

A GREAT deal has been written concerning slang as a menace to the English language. The danger, they tell us, is that a slang expression, which may have been apt enough in its first application, comes in time to be used to cover a number of shades of meaning. Thus the user of slang narrows his vocabulary, loses or fails to develop a nice sense of the meanings of words, and is an agent in the impoverishment of his mother tongue.

But there is a tendency to-day toward a repetition of various words, phrases, and expressions, which — through constant use — have become almost meaningless and unutterably wearisome, a tendency which seems to constitute a far more real danger to the language.

Listen to the conversation of the people round you, the speeches made at the societies to which you may belong, the sermons or lectures you hear, and make a collection of those expressions which you hear more often, say, than three or four times a day. See whether a day passes without your hearing the verb 'appeal to' used half a dozen times. Everything either 'appeals to' us nowadays, or does not 'appeal to' us. Try to flee beyond ear-shot of 'uplift,' 'atmosphere,' 'inspiration,' and others of that vague but noble type. Note, for instance, how our good word 'ideal' has come to be used alike by the prophet and the glib advertiser of a brand of ready-made clothing. You will further observe that there are no houses nowadays: there are only homes. Your friend has a 'beautiful home' in the suburbs. The real-estate agent will sell you a like

'beautiful home' with hot-water heating and a garage in the rear. Ignorant people are wont to taunt the French with the fact that they have no equivalent for our word 'home.' Yet we debase the word by a thousand trivial uses.

Again, causes no longer produce or contribute toward a result; they 'make for' it. There is no longer a great difference between two things; there is always a 'far cry' between them, whatever that may be. There are two phrases used by alleged lovers of nature that make one long for the decent reserve of the classical treatment of that subject, — 'God's out-of-doors,' and 'getting near to Nature's heart,' — expressions likely at the thousandth repetition to arouse the hearer's worst passions.

Mark the next man or woman you hear discussing some one of high character. Unless the speaker be a person of more than ordinary strength of mind, he will no more be able to avoid closing with, 'It is a benediction to know him,' than you can help slipping on an icy side-walk. Yet it was once an excellent comment that probably conveyed some meaning during its early conversational career.

Cant is perhaps too severe a word to apply to some of these terms, but empty and paralyzing to conversation they indubitably are. Who is valiant enough to carry on the discussion beyond that 'benediction'? Your companion's well-meant remark that the sermon was one of great 'uplift' saps all vitality from the criticism. And what mere mortal can rise above the utter banality of those two words, so innocent in appearance, so diabolical in their combined action, 'beautiful thought.' Plato's *Republic* was a beautiful thought. Henry Van Dyke is all beautiful thoughts. Emerson and Edward Bok are rivals in their output of

beautiful thoughts. Carnegie has one every time he founds a library, and it is a beautiful thought to think that even the humblest of us sometimes has one.

The ancients provided for the relief of citizens exasperated by these vain repetitions. The man who was tired of hearing Aristides called 'the Just' could vote for his ostracism. But the law affords us no protection against the 'Eminent Publicist.' A student once confided to me that he would have continued his course in modern languages, had it not been for the 'Sturm and Drang' period. Of what the term applied to, he appeared to be in the most appalling ignorance; like Aristides's opponent, he was weary of the 'damnable iteration.'

Now there is a strict but unwritten etiquette which controls the use of slang. However it may have offended your ears and your prejudices to hear the sweet girl undergraduate remark that there was 'some class' to her English professor, at least you know that her mode of expression will have changed within a few weeks. Another no less objectionable phrase may take the place of the earlier one, but at any rate it will be new, and will convey her meaning in all probability with a high degree of precision. She will as little think of using this season's slang next spring as she will of wearing a peach-basket hat. Moreover, even the most inveterate user of slang realizes that it has its time and place. There are few who cannot free themselves from it under stress of great events and emotions. But not so with that other tyrant of language. It respects no sex, no time, no place. Your reedy-voiced, high-school valedictorian is a victim of the beautiful thought along with the hoary-headed philosopher.

The tendency seems to result from that effort to economize time and space

and thought which we like to attribute to the stress of modern life. (Another phrase!) We seek to get the equivalent of ten pounds of the best beef from a teaspoonful of Nutto-Vito. We want no early Victorian type of novel in three volumes; we have time only for a short story now and then — a story with an automobile in it to make it move quickly. We seek a philosophy of life so brief that it can be printed on a small card and inclosed within the chaste limits of a passe-partout frame, before which, as it hangs above our desk, our friends will pause and exclaim, 'What a beautiful thought!' We are too hurried or too indolent to clothe our ideas — or hide our lack of them — in a few plain words of our own choosing, and use instead these pitiful tatters of language worn threadbare by others.

Like many great reformers, the writer has no remedy for the evil, unless perhaps to suggest the occasional contemplation of the simple and noble diction of the multiplication-table. It does not state that it is a beautiful thought, calculated to appeal to the best in us, that human experience goes to prove that if the number two be linked or conjoined with its fellow, or increased by another two, four will be the resultant quantity. It says that twice two are four.

IT IS WELL TO BE OFF WITH THE
OLD HOUSE BEFORE YOU ARE
ON WITH THE NEW

IF the little old house had been more gracious when we came back to it from our months of wandering, this never would have happened. Perhaps it could not forgive us for going away. It would have nothing to do with us, was sulky, remote, inaccessible, a little house of frowning blinds and closed doors. When spring came, and the

apple trees about it put forth no green leaves, we realized, startled, that they had died. Had they perhaps missed us even more than we missed them? The neighbors hinted San José scales; we repudiated the suggestion with scorn. In all our coming and going, unpacking, settling, visiting old corners, the house feigned a lofty indifference, and would have sat down cat-wise if it could, with its back turned toward us, its tail curled rigidly round. We hoped that this was only a mood, but it proved lasting. When we spoke it would not listen; when we listened it would not speak, as of old; it would yield up no shade of its experience for us when we were puzzled, no ray of comfort when we were sad. Its inexorable coldness lasted so long that at last it drove us out, wondering that this ever could have seemed home, to seek a spot where we could build a house of our very own.

When, after long search, we had found it, and had shamefacedly concealed the secret for days in our hearts, hoping that the little house would not understand, it suddenly began again to exercise its old charm. It became irresistible, smiling on us under April showers, inviting to soft, homelike corners, summoning blue-bird and robin to sing to us. The rain on the roof brought a sense of loss; we should never again be so near the roof! Rooms that had seemed too small and cramped suddenly became spacious and beautiful, yet we resolutely followed our stern purpose.

Perhaps if our plot of land had been less difficult to win, we should not have pursued it with such zest. This was a minx of a bit of real estate, full of shifts and wiles, of swift advance and swifter withdrawals. It lay at the end of the village, where all beyond was meadow; we had wished it so. Groups of white birches gave it a delicate beauty, and

made it seem the very edge of created things, —

And at the gates of Paradise,
The birk grew fair enough.

Perhaps it was the breezes in those shivering birch-leaves that brought to us a sense of quest. Ultimate possession seemed as impossible as ultimate possession of the ideal, or of the human heart. Such an appealing, evasive bit of land never before existed, and Alexander in the history, Tamerlane in the play, got the earth more easily than we got this fifteen-thousand-square-foot plot of ground. For all its demure look of

Standing with reluctant feet
Where the brook and river meet,

it had wiles within wiles, toils within toils, for the confusion of humankind.

In the first place, its owner was in heaven; how could we read our title clear on earth without his signature? In the second place, the heirs were in the Philippines. Sometimes the little house seemed to chuckle softly to itself in the twilight as we recounted our difficulties, involving minor children, three unsettled estates, and lapsed guardianship coming from another death. The executor wished to sell; we wished to buy, but the tangle of the law was about us in tight meshes, and we were in a state of paralysis where, if it was sad to reflect what man has made of man, it was sadder to reflect what man has made of real estate. The little house developed into a gleeful and impish thing, entering gayly into the plot against us. Did we not miss the lawyer's call because the bell refused to ring? Did it not swallow up somewhere in its plentiful cracks and crevices the letter with the foreign postmark that might have ended our difficulties sooner? It wore in those days of uncertainty a look of amused skepticism, as of lifted eyebrows, about

those upper windows with their rounded frames.

Between coaxing wiles, bewitching as a kitten's, and threats about our state of mind if we should go away, it nearly won us back, recalling all those moments of insight, vision, dream, inevitably connected with itself, until it seemed as if the rare flashes of light on things could come only under this roof. The frost-bitten window-panes, the deep snow outside, the icicles at the corner of the dormer window,

When Dick the shepherd blows his nail;

those later days of open windows, with murmuring life in the air, the rose-touched apple-blossoms drifting across the threshold, — where should we find them again? It had a thousand ways of intimating that, though we might build a house larger, more airy, with wide porches, we should never build one that would be, like this, the very heart of home. *Have you not found, the little house kept asking, in all your traveling by land and by sea, that that which you seek cannot be overtaken by swift footsteps? For true content, the lagging feet, the nimble soul.* Here had come the sense that comes, perhaps, in but one spot in the wide universe, too delicate, too evanescent to be repeated, the subtle, indefinable sense of long-abiding.

To each of us, once in a lifetime, is granted a nook or a cranny where he may stand with back against the wall, facing the eternities and the immensities. It is a refuge from wide, empty, endless space, and from the threatened golden streets of heaven. It is consolation for the eternal shifting and changing of this inexplicable, swift, windy world, bringing — is it but a dream? — a sense of something fixed, enduring, permanent.

The little house said as much in its more eloquent moments, but it was our

turn to be cold and haughty, and to turn an alien face. When our uncertainties as to title were over, and our plans went on apace, it sat and listened while we talked of what our new home should have, garden, pergola, enchanting gables, but it said never a word. Yet there grew up in us from its dumb reproach a sense of the limitations of the new one. It would be ignorant of the basic facts of life, with no experiences, no traditions. Birth and death were secrets to it; it would be blind in the face of the morning sun, and of the evening star, with so much to learn, so much to learn! We, in the old one, had been comforted by its age, consoled by its brave way of holding out; had found it faithful as companionship grew rare, and death and distance robbed us of our own. This would have none of the gentleness of judgment that comes from having loved and suffered. We must start a tradition, and live up to it, must keep it unspotted, must share forever here the fierce, crude, white idealism of youth. Constantly with us, as we carried on the sad packing of our earthly all, was the sense that we had had, before finding this little hired house, of wandering through endless space in enduring homelessness.

There had been something fine and free in our relationship; did we like to stay just because we could go if we chose? Perhaps the heavy deed which legalized our possession of that other spot would destroy all delight, in its substitution of external hold for that which endures only while affection lasts. 'Until death us do part,' has a solemn sound, and, as we signed the last check completing our ownership, we knew that this was our ultimate venture.

The time came when we drove away with the last of our possessions, leaving the little house alone, gray in the gray twilight, as if it had often before been

abandoned, through death or perfidy, faithful still to its old trust of harboring human life. I thought of Theseus, and of Ariadne left lonely on the shore of Naxos; of Jason and Medea, — and here I hastily peered into the hamper containing the two cats, sole children of our home, — vengeance must not light on them! — of Æneas, who also went on his way to found a new house; and of Dido, — oh, I hoped this would not burn!

As we drove under the shadowy elms of the village street toward our new, untried threshold, I realized that I had nothing left to learn about the deserters of all time.

WEEDS

WITH flowers I have never had luck. From eagerness to plant I put them in too early, or from belated discovery that they should be in, I planted them too late. Or, as observing neighbors have testified, the soil was sour, or too cold, or too wet, or too dry, or insufficiently aerated. At any rate I have never been able to grow flowers.

With weeds it is different. Marveling at the spontaneity and ingenuity of weeds to come and spring up overnight, I asked a friend, who observes flowers and trees and weeds, what a weed is. 'A weed,' he said, 'differs from a flower in having no parasite. Bugs and such things don't attack weeds.' His reply made me thoughtful. I must know more about weeds. Burdock and plantain, plain plantain and the obdurate 'buck' plantain, I had studied and struggled with, and felt that I not only knew them, but that I was also prepared in a measure to conquer them. But each year strange aliens had come, some of them in a short vacation shooting up six, eight, and ten feet high, topped with smoke-colored little balls.

For general information even a student turns to the Encyclopædia. Under 'Weed' I learned that the etymology of the word is unknown. How very like, I thought, the origin of the thing itself. But the Encyclopædia had nothing about immunity of weeds from parasites and disease; it merely ventured the statement that weeds grow wild on cultivated soil. This is surely a half-statement. They grow wild everywhere, and only seem to grow wilder on cultivated soil by contrast, and because elsewhere no one cares.

The suggestive fact about weeds is that they are attacked by no parasite. It would seem that by cultivation we invite disease: when we give a plant culture we make it vulnerable, in some way, and it cannot get along very well by itself. The amazing similarity between plants and human beings in this respect will appear to any one who cares to spend his time in such moralizing. As an instructor of youth I have been often impressed with the invulnerability of boys who seem to come from nowhere, show no nurtured signs of cultivation, and whatever the environment,

just grow. They are hard to classify; when attractive they are so by reason of waywardness and unaccountable ideas. Punish them, or scorn them, or cajole them, and they show no change. They are never sick, they never get hurt, they can eat anything, they can go anywhere without mishap. Only annihilation could arrest their abundant faculty for growing in their own way.

From the point of view of the examiner, such human weeds are easily got rid of: they may be dropped. But they cannot be dropped from the state. Like the weed-plant, they will grow anywhere, even on cultivated soil. They grow by themselves, without training, and without care. The rankness of their growth, their spontaneity, their scorn of cultivated things, the unsavory pungency of their acts and ideas, their vitality, — these traits may be found in human as well as in plant-life. And I have a feeling that the dichotomy in the plants may reveal in weeds other characteristics significant for human nature, and for human institutions, including politics.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

DECEMBER, 1912

VAN CLEVE AND HIS FRIENDS

BY MARY S. WATTS

CHAPTER I

CONTAINS SOME SLIGHT MEMOIR OF
A RESPECTABLE FAMILY

SOME few years back, at about that date in our national history when Mr. Nast was drawing cartoons about the Tweed Ring; when every stray child was suspected of being Charley Ross; when Goldsmith Maid held the trotting record; when ladies wore pull-backs and waterfalls, and men made the landscape glad with the spectacle of flowing side-whiskers, low-necked waistcoats, and diamond shirt-studs — briefly, about the year 1872 or 1873, two very handsome weddings took place in the high circles of a certain Ohio city, to both of which the fashionable columns in all the local papers of the day refer in the richest terms. You may read therein that Miss Helen Van Cleve was united in marriage to Mr. Harrison Glaive Kendrick at Christ Episcopal Church, at six o'clock in the evening of June fourteenth, in the presence of a brilliant gathering of friends and relatives; there were six bridesmaids and six groomsmen; the bride was given away by her brother, Major Stanton Van Cleve; her dress was a magnificent creation of white grosgrain, with garniture of white velvet bows

VOL. 110 - NO. 6

and white silk fringe, and she carried a bouquet of roses, white carnations, and maidenhair fern in a filigree gold holder (the gift of the groom), etcetera.

In the autumn of the same year the Van Cleve household furnished another and similar social sensation. This time, Miss Myra Van Cleve was united in marriage to Mr. Richard Lucas, supported by an equal number of attendants, given away by the same military hero, dressed and decorated with identical elegance. There is a photograph yet in existence of the two pretty young women taken together in their wedding finery, the grosgrains made alike, with duplicate bouquets, monstrous, mathematically circular, the roses and carnations packed tight within frills of lace-paper; they smile from out their white illusion and orange-blossoms, happy and satisfied, and each one, without a doubt, serenely convinced of the excellence of her own choice, and wondering tolerantly in private at her sister's. The heart grows young again to see them.

The Van Cleve brides were twins, and ten or twelve years younger than their brother Stanton, all three being children of Joshua Van Cleve and his wife, who was one of the Zanes of Wheeling, a staunch old pioneer family. Joshua came to Ohio from Phila-

ATTLEBOROUGH
PUBLIC LIBRARY,
DEC 2 1912
ATTLEBOROUGH, MASS.

delphia or Germantown, somewhere about 1840, and went into the commission business, in which he amassed a considerable fortune; but he had been dead a good while at the time of these weddings.

Already, five years after his death, the property he left exhibited a woful shrinkage; it is to be feared the Van Cleve heirs were a rather impractical, helpless set. An elderly gentleman of my acquaintance (Judge A. B. Lewis, in fact: a known figure on our bench, whom most people will remember), long engaged in the legal profession and the management and winding-up of estates, who had had some experience with the family, delivered his opinion of them to me (on request) in pretty plain words. 'The Van Cleves? Oh, yes, I know who you mean — know them all well,' he said, stroking his chin, whereon he wore a pointed goatee of the classic American pattern; 'we used to attend to a piece of property on South High for the widow — collected the rents for a number of years. Van Cleve was a very solid sort of man — a hard worker — a man of force. It was a pity that fine property he'd got together was all dissipated so soon, although that's such a common occurrence people don't pay much attention to it. I think they've traveled about a good deal; every time they sold a piece of property they'd make a move — go to Europe or somewhere. That's the kind they are, you know.'

Mrs. Helen Kendrick died within a year of her marriage. She left a baby of two months, whom they had had baptized by her family name, and whom her mother and sister took into their own keeping after the poor young wife's death. They all lived together for a while under the same paternal Mansard, in the amiable delusion that the several families each saved money thereby; though Heaven knows what queer,

helter-skelter accounts they kept, or how heavily this economical arrangement bore on the widowed grandmother. Her husband's will left almost the entire property at her sole disposal, and she seems to have been a generous, open-handed sort of woman, the last person in the world to deny either herself or her children anything in reason — or out of it.

There they all lived, then, Mrs. Van Cleve and Major Stanton, and the remaining daughter and the two sons-in-law, the whole tribe of them, to whom, in no great while after Master Van Cleve Kendrick's appearance, there was added another baby, a girl this time, little Evelyn Lucas — Evelyn being the somewhat rococo name her parents bestowed on her.

Then Lucas died. He had a weak heart and died with dreadful suddenness of sunstroke in the hot summer of eighty-one. It would seem as if the Van Cleve house was one of mourning and tragedy and a pursuing Fate. Judge Lewis could speak only in a very vague way about the two men whom the girls married. Kendrick got the gold-mining fever, and went out West to the Black Hills, where he contracted a lung trouble from exposure and the roughness of the life, from which he never recovered. He came back home, lingered in a decline for some months, and finally died at Cresson Springs, Pennsylvania, where they had taken him on one of those futile and pathetic journeys that consumptives are forever making, up to the last moment of their lives, in the hope of a cure.

The boy Van Cleve was perhaps eight years old at the time of his Uncle Lucas's death. He remembered standing on a chair in the nursery where both the children had been incarcerated, peeping through a crack between the closed shutters, and seeing a great

concourse of carriages in the street and persons who were evidently attired as for Sunday entering the house — all of which reminding him of certain festivities which he had also witnessed from afar, he reported to the baby Evelyn that there was a 'die-party' in progress and remonstrated with the horrified nurse for not letting them both go.

It was not more than a year after this that Van — as in later life he could recall clearly enough, but without any sentiment whatever, for he was not a youth of easy emotions — found himself being gravely taken in to see a gaunt man with a flushed face and great glassy eyes, who lay in bed, and put out one fevered claw of a hand and held the little boy by the shoulder, and told him feebly to be a good boy — to be good to Grandma and Aunt Myra and little Evelyn, and take care of them — would he do that? Would he promise to do that?

'Yes, sir. All right. I meant to anyhow,' Van said in a cheerful and practical voice. 'When I'm big enough,' he added prudently.

'Do you know who I am?' the other asked.

'No,' said the boy, who was of an honest spirit.

'He was only four when you went West, Harry,' cried out his grandmother, anxiously; 'we've talked about you — we've told him about you — indeed we have. But the child's too little — he can't remember. It's Papa, Van, you know *Papa*, dearie?'

'Never mind. When I get well, I'll stay at home with you, and we'll get to knowing each other, sonny,' said the sick man.

Van Cleve wondered why the two women hustled him out of the room so quickly, and cried so over him in the hall, outside the closed door.

There followed upon this sad event a period of journeyings about and kaleid-

oscopic changes of scene which must have lasted ten years and upwards. Soon after Mr. Kendrick's death, the Van Cleve family sold a lot they owned on South High Street in the capital city, with a five-story building and some small stores on it, — it was that very piece, in fact, which the Lewis firm of attorneys used to look after, — and bought an orange grove down near Palatka, Florida, where they all emigrated, and lived for a matter of eighteen months. Little Van heard a great deal of glowing talk about soil and climate and the dignity and ease of rural life upon one's own 'broad acres beside some clear, sparkling mountain stream, or within view of the majestic ocean's proudly swelling tide,' to quote his Uncle Stanton, who was not particularly strong on geography — or not nearly so strong as he was on rhetoric, at any rate. 'Our golden orchards will yield us golden returns,' the Major observed poetically. Sad to relate, nothing of the kind happened; or, at least, prosperity such as Major Stanton indicated was too tardy in arriving to suit these speculators. They returned, denouncing the unfortunate State of Florida high and low.

To their surprise and consternation and great wrath, the Van Cleves found serious trouble in disposing of the Palatka grove — which caused the ladies, Mrs. Van Cleve and Mrs. Lucas, to go about crying out with even more vehemence against the folly of Florida investments! One can scarcely blame them; they recovered only a lamentably small proportion of the money they had put into this venture. The last of the land was sold for taxes ten years or so ago to a man who has since made a fortune off of it in string-beans, as I understand.

After this Mrs. Van Cleve sold the big old Mansard-roof home for twelve thousand dollars (a good deal less than

it had cost), and with this sum bought an untold number of shares in the Cincinnati, Paducah & Wheeling Steam-Packet Company, which had been a flourishing concern before and during the sixties when Joshua Van Cleve himself had, for a while, been interested in it; he sold out on observing the increasing activity of railroad traffic in this section of the country. The Ohio River had ceased to be that 'highway of commerce, of wealth, travel, and industry' which Stanton called it, by the time the widow came to invest in the C. P. & W. Packet Company, which, to tell the truth, was already on its last legs; and shortly thereafter it tottered over altogether: the steam-packets figuratively blew up, went to pieces, sank, carrying along with them poor Mrs. Joshua's twelve thousand. What with receiverships, injunctions, suits of one kind and another, the echoes of the disaster lingered in our courts for years.

Perhaps these two samples of the Van Cleve style of business management will serve to justify Judge Lewis's pronouncements on the family. He was wrong in one particular; they never did 'sell something and go to Europe'; the poor things were not knowingly extravagant or self-indulgent. But as long as there was anything left to buy with, Mrs. Van Cleve and her children were buying and scheming and failing and selling out at a heart-rending sacrifice. They tried oil lands in Texas, mica mines in Georgia, granite quarries in Maine, lots and 'corners' in half a dozen different cities, — there was nothing they did not try. Sometimes they went and lived in the locality of their wild-goose purchases; sometimes they tried to direct at a distance, — in either case with the same disastrous results. Circumstances contrived always to be so overwhelmingly wrong, after they had lived in one place for six months, that a

change was imperative, and it was amazing to see the confidence, the happy expectation, with which they looked forward to the next move. A few such experiences would have made pessimists of most of us.

Master Van Cleve Kendrick, therefore, began at an unusually early age to see the world, and acquired his education in an extensive variety of places and ways. They were in Florida when he learned his letters and read his first book, *Robinson Crusoe*. He had a year of school in Pittsburg (this must have been during the C. P. & W. episode), and after that a year in New Orleans, and another year divided between Boston and Bangor, carrying it off pretty well as a scholar, on the whole, in all these places; he was not a dull boy, and showed, moreover, an eminently plain, sane, reliable temperament. Once (when they were in Baltimore, when the boy was about eleven years old) Major Van Cleve, having given his nephew an odd penny or two, observed with a humorous curiosity that the young gentleman deposited these coins carefully in a little tin bank that somebody had presented to him, the key whereof he carried in a pocket of his small breeches, securing his property with a sedate air and complete absence of any sort of affectation.

'What's that you're doing, Van?' his uncle asked.

'Putting it away,' said Van, tranquilly, looking about for his cap and a certain new baseball bat with which he proposed to try conclusions in that day's game after school-hours.

'*Putting it away!* Don't you want to spend it?' said the Major, astounded at the novelty and originality of this conception.

'No, sir. I've got some money. I've got a dime. I don't need any more right now,' Van Cleve explained; and perhaps seeing doubt on the other's face,

he dug his sturdy little grimy fist down into the pocket again, and pulled out the coin, and showed it, still in his matter-of-fact style.

"Do you put all your money away?" his uncle inquired, winking over the boy's head at the grandmother and aunt sitting by with interested looks. And Mrs. Lucas signaled to little Evelyn, who was playing noisily with her dolls in the corner (she was a noisy and restless child), to keep quiet so that they could hear these revelations.

"No, sir," said Van again, unembarrassed. "I always put away some, though."

"How much have you got?"

Van Cleve considered, wrinkling his brows. "I don't know whether it's a dollar-forty-five, or a dollar-fifty-five," he announced at length; "I'd have to count it. But I guess it's only a dollar-forty-five, because it's always littler than you think it is. I mean to get a book and put it down, so I'll always know, without having to count every time."

"What are you going to do with it? Are n't you going to spend it some time?"

"I don't know — maybe. Maybe I'll just save it," said the youngster, beginning to fidget a little under the concentrated attention of his superiors.

The others exchanged a glance again. "You must n't be a miser, you know, Van Cleve," said his Aunt Myra in her clear and sweetly dictatorial voice; "misers are *horrid*!"

And, although the habit of saving some part of one's money does not of necessity lead to miserliness according to most persons' views, the family were all more or less relieved when, later on, Van expended almost his whole capital on an outfit of second-hand fishing-tackle, and presently had nothing left to show for it — like any normal, ordinary boy.

Yet, as young Kendrick grew up, among other alien and puzzling traits, the most pronounced, which he every now and then displayed anew, was this same unaccountable tendency to thrift. The lad did not, indeed, seem to possess much aptitude for earning money, he was as prone to absurd planning and dreaming, as lazy and industrious by turns, as enthusiastic and despondent in fits and starts, as the average boy.

"But Van Cleve is sure always to have *some* money. He's never clean out!" the Major used to remark with indulgent laughter; "and he never will let any of us keep it or take care of it for him. No, sir! Van's his own banker. He reminds me of an ancestor of ours, — an uncle of my father's, in fact, — who, being a man of known wealth, was advised by Benjamin Franklin (an intimate friend) to put his money in a bank, instead of keeping it in hogsheads of Spanish gold dollars in the cellar, which was the old fellow's habit. "Some day they'll murder thee for that money, Marcus," says Franklin; "thee should put it into a bank." "Well, when I'm dead, I shan't need it," says Uncle Mark; "and I'd as lief the murderers had it as the bank! There's small choice in rotten apples." — Ha, ha! Quaint old chap, was n't he?" Major Van Cleve would finish, looking around upon the company to whom he had retailed this anecdote in his usual pleasantly dramatic fashion.

Van Cleve used to hang his head, and wriggle on his seat, and fiddle with his big, overgrown, sunburned hands, while the stories were going forward. He had heard about Benjamin Franklin and the hogsheads of gold dollars many times — to say nothing of a score of other yarns the Major was accustomed to tell. Van thought they were not very funny, or very bright; he did not believe them; he did not see how

anybody could believe them. Between family loyalty and the dread of ridicule he writhed in the depths of his boyish soul, and wished the floor would open and let him through. Who of us that are human and have been young does not share that feeling? Verily I think I should rather make a fool of myself (a feat which I perform with facility and unconsciousness) than see my brother do it!

Van Cleve had reached sixteen when, during a summer spent at Put-in-Bay on Lake Erie, his family became acquainted with that of Professor Samuel Gilbert. Mr. Robert Gilbert was near Van Kendrick's own age, and they speedily contracted one of those heroic, splendidly unselfish, time-and-death-defying friendships into which young gentlemen at this stage sometimes enter. To the credit of mankind, those friendships do often endure, and there is nothing more amiable and comfortable in life than the spectacle.

It was after that long, lovely summer season of swimming and rowing and idling about; and reading *The Count of Monte Cristo*, and the adventures of Mr. Huckleberry Finn, and *The Luck of Roaring Camp*, and sundry other gallant classics; and dreaming glorious dreams, and spinning happy, impossible futures for both of them with his boy companion, that Van Cleve, upon returning home (they were living in St. Louis at the time), announced his desire to go to college. Everybody went to college; Bob was going to college — Van Cleve would go, too. He knew he could get ready — maybe he would be *conditioned*, as they called it, but he would get *in*, anyhow; he was way up in mathematics, and that was what counted most, Bob said, and he could make up the languages and the — the other things easily, oh, *easily*. Could n't we afford it? He wanted to go to Bob's college — that

was n't a very expensive place, you know.

The family agreed readily; Major Stanton commended his nephew's ambition; they were all very proud and fond of Van; and, moreover, by a neat coincidence, Mrs. Van Cleve was upon the point of selling that old farm up in Union County, that they had owned all these years and never got a cent out of, for forty-five hundred dollars, part of which money could not be better employed than upon her grandson's education. It was all delightfully settled round the reading-lamp in the library one evening; and the next day Mrs. Lucas hurried downtown to secure a set of book-shelves and a wicker lounge she had noticed in one of the shop windows, which would be just the thing for Van Cleve's college room.

Well-a-day, it must be told! All this pretty scheme came to naught. Van Cleve did not go to college that year, or any other year; he never lounged on the campus, or cut chapel of a winter's morning, or strummed on a banjo with the Glee Club, or shouted his young lungs out around the football field, or got his degree, *magna cum laude*, and marched down from the platform with the tassel of his mortar-board over the honorable ear, signifying graduation and the close of the academic career. Without any of these agreeable preliminaries, and with a sad suddenness, the young fellow came to the sign-post on his road marked, 'This way to LIFE'; and if he did not reach manhood in a night, at least he took a long step in that direction.

That wretched old Union County farm, which had always been a nuisance, now, at what you might call its final hour, when it was as good as sold, and everybody — in a figure of speech — had pen in hand to sign the deeds, all at once developed new powers of annoyance; it is not too much to say that

in the minds of Mrs. Van Cleve and her daughter it took on a malignant, a diabolic personality. For the first time in the history of the family sales, the lawyers on the other side raised some objection to the title. The *title*, of all things! 'It was good enough for my husband, and it ought to be good enough for these people,' said Mrs. Van Cleve in majestic indignation; 'Mr. Van Cleve was a very careful man — a remarkable man; he never would have bought a defective title. I have managed my property for twenty-two years, and I *think* I can lay claim to *some* knowledge of business, and I never had a title disputed before.'

But it appeared that the attorneys were casting no reflections on anybody's integrity or abilities, as they respectfully pointed out. They had wished to see Mr. Van Cleve's will — a not unusual request — and according to its terms they were inclined to the opinion that, etcetera, etcetera. Mrs. Helen Van Cleve Kendrick had died in February, 187—, they understood — yes? and Mr. Kendrick at such and such a date? The boy was still a minor, but, etcetera, etcetera. Their civil accuracy frightened the widow, domineering and self-reliant as she was; terrifying doubts of her own position for the first time in her life assailed her. Stanton looked profound, but, understanding absolutely nothing of what was said, for once kept silence. He had no stories that would fit the occasion. Mrs. Lucas, with not much clearer vision, was bewildered, and helplessly angry. They all three came back from the legal offices very much excited and perturbed, and all talking at once in their high-pitched, vehement way, which would have alarmed any one but Van Cleve, who was used to it.

'Pooh, they have n't got a case — they can't do anything! They have n't got a case, I tell you!' cried the Major,

stroking his side-whiskers with large contemptuous gestures, and looking very fierce and military; 'don't be alarmed, Mother. These fellows are mere shysters.'

'Oh, Stanton, it is n't a *case* — there is n't going to be any lawsuit — can't you *see*?' both of the women wailed in concert; 'they don't want to go to law about anything — it is n't *that*, at all! It's just that we did n't know all these years. How *could* we, when nobody told us? I don't see why they did n't find it out before — all the buying and selling we've done! Maybe it is n't true anyhow —' they questioned each other, in a frenzy of worry.

'What on earth's the matter? Can't you sell the old land? Don't they want to buy it after all?' asked the boy, aroused to curiosity at last; 'won't somebody else buy it? What on earth's up?'

'Oh, Van, my dear boy, I — I'm afraid we ought n't to have tried to sell it at all; I'm afraid we ought n't ever to have sold anything!' Mrs. Van Cleve began; and fairly burst out sobbing, to the youth's horror and distress, as she put her arms around his neck.

He was growing fast this last year, and had shot up to be a head above her; the thought that he was almost a man, in some indescribable way at once startled and consoled the grandmother. She tried to explain brokenly: —

'The lawyer — that Mr. Fogson, you know — wanted to read your grandfather's will, and he said something about it having v-virtually created a tr-trust for you — for your mother's share, you know, my dear — poor Nellie's share; and — and I *can't* understand it; I don't see why somebody did n't find it out before. But I'm af-fraid we've used your property — your money, Van; I'm afraid we've spent what you ought to have h-had!'

She looked into the boy's face, the

tears streaming down her own. Every one looked at him; and there was a silence in the room.

'My share? My mother's share, I mean?' said Van Cleve, perplexed, but not much upset otherwise; he had seen the family get into states of excitement such as this before, over matters no more weighty than dismissing the cook, or laying a new carpet, so was not disposed to take it very seriously.

'We did n't mean to, Van — we did n't know we had n't any right to it!' cried his aunt, hysterically.

'Well, how about Evelyn's?' Van inquired. 'Oh, I see,' he added quickly; 'Aunt Myra's being alive makes a difference, I suppose. Evelyn could n't inherit until her mother's dead, anyhow.'

'*Van Cleve!* How can you? How can you talk about my being dead that way?' Mrs. Lucas almost screamed. 'Don't you care if I die? Don't you care if I die?' She, too, broke into tears and sobs of sheer fright at the idea.

'I did n't say that!' said Van Cleve, helplessly; 'I only wanted to get the straight of it, Aunt Myra. I don't want you to die. Nobody wants you to die.'

'We did n't mean wrong to you, Van, my dear, darling boy. You know I love you like a mother, you *know* that, don't you?' his aunt gasped out between sobs; 'you've had just as much good out of the property as anybody else, anyhow. We've always shared with you, have n't we? Oh, say you forgive us, say you forgive us!' She cast herself on him with wild prayers.

'Well, but I don't know what's happened yet,' the boy began, not too patiently.

'Say you forgive us!' reiterated Mrs. Lucas with prodigious determination in the midst of her weeping.

'Don't get so excited, Myra,' Major Stanton remonstrated; 'you'll hurt

yourself. You know excitement's not good for you.'

'I'm *not* excited — I'm *not* excited,' retorted the other in a tearful impatience. She attacked her nephew anew, at once pleading and imperative. 'You do forgive us, Van, don't you?'

'All right. I forgive you!' said Van Cleve shortly, coloring at the words. Anything for peace, he thought in a species of resigned exasperation — and then wondered guiltily if there was not something wrong with him morally or mentally because his aunt's behavior seemed to him utterly foolish. He reminded himself with remorse that he had been warned repeatedly that Aunt Myra was very delicate and high-strung; and it was always perilous to contradict her. Everybody in the family was more or less delicate and high-strung, for that matter; Van had even heard himself so described, although he was uneasily conscious of being all the while in absolutely brutal health!

'I'd better go down and see those lawyers myself, had n't I?' he suggested, perceiving that it was useless to expect any more definite information from his elders, and judiciously selecting a moment when the scene had quieted down somewhat.

And everybody agreeing, with many expressions of wonder and satisfaction at the maturity of his judgment, young Kendrick did go down on the morrow and interviewed Messrs. Fogson and Dodd — not the true names, indeed, but they will serve, as this is the first and last appearance of that legal firm in this history, and Van never saw them again.

Both attorneys smiled a little when the young fellow recited the family fears that he had been done out of his inheritance. Mrs. Van Cleve, they said, had not precisely understood — they regretted exceedingly to have given her a false impression; of course

it would not have been possible for her to alienate her grandson's property — anything like real estate, that is. Nevertheless, after a careful study of Mr. Van Cleve's will, they thought it not unlikely that confusion might arise at some future time from — er — from the fact that his daughter's, Mrs. Kendrick's, interest, which was certainly implied, if not explicitly stated, had been apparently overlooked, and so on.

They had no trouble with the boy; the questions he asked were clear-headed enough; and he listened to their explanations with more understanding and self-control than they had met with in any of the older members of the family, Messrs. Fogson and Dodd remarked to each other, with some amusement, after Van had taken his leave. He himself came away not greatly cast down; he walked home slowly in a thoughtful mood, and as he went up the steps to the Van Cleve front door, and rang the bell, decided privately that he must have a latch-key.

His grandmother was alone in the sitting-room with a mass of documents spread out before her, and the little old wooden strong-box bound and fortified at its corners with brass, in which her husband had always kept his papers, with 'J. Van Cleve' outlined in brass nails on the lid, standing open alongside. She looked up at the lad, troubled and apprehensive.

'Well, Van?' she said; and her hands trembled slightly amongst the old deeds and receipts and letters. 'I — I think perhaps you ought to look these over. You — you're getting to an age when you ought really to know something about business — about your — our — affairs. I must begin and teach you.'

'Yes. I guess it's time I took hold,' said Van Cleve. He came and stood by her, smiling, as he looked down at the litter. 'I used to think all the money

came out of that box, when I was a boy,' he said.

When he was a boy! That was only yesterday, Mrs. Van Cleve thought with a strange mixture of fear and pride and pain. Well, and why should he not be grown — be a man? She was an old woman, she would be seventy her next birthday, and she had been only fifty-two when this grandson was born.

'What did those men tell you, Van Cleve?' she questioned him jealously; 'what have they been saying to you? You know we — I never meant to use any money of yours, whatever they say.'

'Oh, you could n't, anyhow,' said the young fellow, practically; 'that's safe enough.'

'But I *would* n't — why — why, I *would* n't!' his grandmother cried out, grieved and indignant; 'I would n't *do* such a thing —!' She broke off abruptly, aghast at the sound of her own voice raised in futile protestations — for that they were futile, she could read in the kind indifference of the other's young face. She recognized in a sort of terror the same feeling that had so often possessed her in her Joshua's company; she remembered Joshua's harsh tolerance, his half-answers, even that gesture of putting his hand in his pocket and that abstracted, 'Well, how much d'ye want?' which was many times the only notice her attempts at conversation got. It used to irritate her so! And now this youngster —!

Desperately she made an effort to regain their familiar footing. 'I suppose we'd — we'd better not talk any more about college, Van,' she said, with a tightening of the throat; in spite of her, the words came humbly. 'I hate to have you disappointed, but —'

He was not listening to her! But, at her second attempt, he roused himself.

'Hey? Oh, *college* — yes, I know,'

said Van Cleve, and patted her hand soothingly. 'That's all right, Grandma, don't worry — it's all right. I have n't got any time for college, anyhow. I'm going to work.'

CHAPTER II

SOME FURTHER RECOLLECTIONS

Latterly we have fallen into the habit of saying to one another that the city is getting so *big* with all its near and far suburbs, and the distances are so *impossible* (unless one has a motor), and there are so many *new* people, and everybody has so much to do, and one is *constantly meeting* at clubs and parties, *anyhow* — I say we have got into a way of telling ourselves that for all of these reasons the fashion of making calls is practically obsolete. But at the date when the Van Cleve family came to Cincinnati to live, this efficient catchword had not yet come into vogue; people called on them, and they began to be known and to go about in a surprisingly short time.

I think all the ladies had a quite unusual social gift, setting aside the fact that they were well introduced and very well connected, — the Zanes and Van Clevés, you know. Even Major Stanton, for all his unreliable reminiscences, was a man of distinguished presence, and good manners, — an agreeable enough addition to most companies. Young Kendrick was the only unornamental member of the family, and hardly anybody ever saw him; very likely he was grubbing down town in some grimy office all day and coming home at six o'clock in the evening, tired and hungry and short-tempered, hanging on a strap in the trolley-car along with the rest of the tired, the hungry, and the short-tempered. A shabby, overgrown, and, on the whole, rather sulky and silent, lout, was the

verdict passed upon Mr. Kendrick by most of the people — by all the women, in fact — who were privileged to meet him at this time. As to the gentleman's opinion of them, he probably never took the trouble to form one; during all this part of his career, Van's energies were strongly concentrated on his own affairs.

But the ladies! I remember the first time they appeared at Sunday morning service at All Saints' in our suburban parish of Elmhill, where they had taken a house somewhere on Summit or Riverview Avenue, so the Gilberts — with whom, it seemed, they were intimately acquainted — had told me. There was a tall, fine-looking old lady, Mrs. Van Cleve presumably, with an erect carriage, dark hair thickly laced with silver, brilliant dark eyes, and a beautifully fresh complexion almost like a girl's, to whom the Major carefully gave an arm up the aisle; to tell the truth, his mother looked much more capable of giving an arm to *him*, and, indeed, of generaling the whole congregation and church to the Reverend Mr. Babcock himself, for all her seventy-odd years!

After her, there came a couple of much younger women, — Mrs. and Miss Lucas, as it developed, — both of them slender, tall, black-haired, bright-colored, repeating in the strangest incisive way the older one's effect of personal distinction. They were quietly dressed, their entrance was as unostentatious as any lady's should be, and we ourselves were no staring, provincial-minded audience; but had they been preceded by a herald and trumpets, they could scarcely have been more impressive. I recognized Van Cleve awkwardly bringing up the rear; but nobody else noticed him, even when he stumbled over the hassocks in their pew, and sat down with undue violence, reddening round to the back

of his neck. He was figuratively nowhere by the side of the imposing Major and those three torch-like women.

It was after this that I bethought me, not without shame, of my own polite duties, and, in a day or so, posted over to the Gilberts' for Lorrie's company and countenance in a call upon the Van Cleve household. The Gilberts lived on Warwick Lane in a weather-beaten old house, — their means must have been very small; it was wonderful the way Lorrie and her mother managed, — and young Mr. Robert himself opened the door to my ring. Instead of bolting off incontinently, as heretofore, at sight of the petticoats, he grinned and said, 'Oh, how d'ye do?' in an affable and unconstrained manner; and ushered me into the big, battered parlor, explaining that Lorrie was out — she had just gone over to see one of the girls — and his mother busy with a seamstress upstairs, but if I'd wait a while, they'd both be here, he thought. And he hospitably pulled forward an arm-chair, and offered me some home-made peach-cordial out of the short, squat, cut-glass decanter that Mrs. Gilbert always kept — she was a Virginia woman — on the side table by the dining-room door. It was strong, high-flavored stuff, and doubtless there were members of All Saints' congregation who would have shaken their heads at the spectacle of the Professor's son drinking it, and at my countenancing him.

Bob displayed a refreshing willingness to talk, joke, chatter, tell everything he knew, in the obvious desire to be a civil and entertaining host, and being, moreover, by nature — as I judged him — open and talkative. The burden of his conversation was mostly *Van*, however — Van this and Van that; he told me all about their association at Put-in-Bay two or three sum-

mers before; how Van Cleve had wanted to go to college with him, and how something had happened, Bob did n't know what, — of course Van would n't say much, — but his friend suspected the funds gave out. Anyhow, Van went to work — got a job in a shoe factory over there in St. Louis at eight dollars a week. Did n't I think that was a fine thing to do? Did n't I think that was a *great* thing to do? Yet Bob was sure from little things he saw and heard when he was with them, you know, that Van's family had made the most awful fuss. 'A *shoe factory* — that's what got 'em! That's what they could n't stand. As if that made any difference! It's what a man *is* that counts, it's not what he *does*, is n't that so? I mean, as long as he does something honest, of course,' the young fellow added hastily, fearing I might misunderstand the above highly original statement. 'I think Van's pretty *big* — he's the *biggest* man I know!' declared Robert roundly, his own fair, good-looking face flushed with enthusiasm and a little with the peach-brandy, no doubt, and his voice shaken by a generous excitement and pride. 'Give me a chance, that's all! I'd show you how quick I'd do it!' he cried bravely. It was rather foolish and rather touching.

He went on without much prompting. 'Hey? Why, yes, I think they have some money — yes, Van as much as told me that himself. But it's not enough without him working — Major Van Cleve does n't do a thing, you know. Anyway, Van wants his *own* money — why, *any* man does. Van's not going to sit round and ask his grandmother for it — I would n't, either,' said Robert, loftily. 'Van Cleve just kept right on at the shoe factory, and let 'em fuss. He's awfully stern and — and *strong*, you know, when he wants to be.'

However, at about this time, it seemed they had moved to Lexington, and Van Cleve went right off and found another place — some kind of a place where he did some kind of office-work in one of the Government bonded warehouses or distilleries, or whatever they are, Bob was n't quite certain. They only stayed in Lexington a few months; and since they had been living here in Cincinnati Van Cleve had been working for a firm of brokers down on Third Street — Steinberger and Hirsch. Bob had another friend in the same office, Phil Cortwright — did n't I know him? He, too, by a curious coincidence, had recently come here to live. Van Cleve, it appeared, did n't like it at Steinberger and Hirsch's; he was going to leave them in September. No, Bob did not know what it was that Van disliked about the brokers' office or business — he would n't be likely to tell anybody, even Bob. 'He says I'm a regular sieve, anyhow!' Robert confessed with a laugh.

'Has he got something else to do?'

'Oh, yes! Van would n't throw up any job unless he was sure of another. He's going into the National Loan and Savings — Mr. Gebhardt's bank, you know. He'll have a pretty good thing there, he thinks,' Bob said with a large air. 'At least, he told me he meant to *stick* this time. He says he's chopped and changed around enough; he's tired of it, and he's getting too old. He's right, too, — he'll be twenty-one his next birthday. Funny thing about Van, he is n't the least bit swell-headed, you know, but he talks about sticking with the bank just as if nobody else had any say about it — just as if he was perfectly dead sure of making good. And he will, too, you see!' said his friend confidently.

I said quite truthfully that it had always seemed to me a formidable sort of undertaking to go and offer one's self

and one's services to anybody; that I wondered how any man could ever get up the courage to do it. Young Mr. Gilbert heard me with gravely smiling tolerance.

'Well, of course, a *woman*, you know —! Now, between *men*, it's so different.' He spoke with the wisdom of the ages. 'But Van Kendrick — why, applying for the bank job, or any other job, would n't worry *him* any. He went right to Mr. Gebhardt. Mr. Gebhardt knows his people, anyhow; he knows Major Van Cleve —'

Here Robert stopped short, struck, perhaps, by a certain idea of which he may have seen the reflection in my own face; for, our eyes meeting, he burst into a sudden guffaw of laughter. I am afraid I smiled, too. It was more than a little funny to think of Mr. Julius Gebhardt or any other hard-headed business man being favorably influenced by knowing Major Van Cleve.

'Has he been to see you yet?' the boy asked.

'Yes, but I was out. I'm going to call on the ladies to-day. I thought perhaps your sister might care to go with me.'

'I'm sure she'd like to very much,' said Robert, gallantly. 'Lorrie knows them pretty well; we were all summer up there at Put-in-Bay together, and she used to do fancy-work with them and the rest of the ladies on the porch of the hotel; Lorrie and Mother got to knowing the Van Cleves pretty well, lots better than I do — excepting Van, of course. Lorrie says he is n't a bit like the others. I don't believe he is, myself. Seems to me from the little I've seen of them (and Lorrie says so, too) that that old lady Van Cleve and Mrs. Lucas and Evelyn are all of them the kind that get up and run round in circles and scream if they don't get their own way, or things don't go to

suit them. Van's not at all like *that*. And the Major —' He checked himself again, eyeing me with a dubious smile that presently became another laugh. 'That's all *bunk*, you know, those stories he tells — you knew that, did n't you?' he said confidentially. 'Is n't he the prize hot-air-distributor, though?' He made a metaphorical gesture. 'Whoosh! And the blow almost killed father. Van knows it, of course. But nobody can say anything about his uncle before him — not much! He'd take your head off. It must be hard on him sometimes, though.'

Mrs. Gilbert's entrance, patting her hair and picking a stray thread or two from her dress, put a stop to these confidences. Robert, as often happens with young people, was struck into dumbness and awkwardness again by the parental presence; and sat quite silent and self-conscious until the end of the visit.

'Won't you have some peach-brandy? You know I'm one of those amusing creatures, an old-fashioned housekeeper, and I love to inflict my home-made stuff on people,' said Mrs. Gilbert, as we rose. 'Oh, the decanter's empty. Mercy, that's not at all like old-fashioned housekeeping!'

Summit Avenue, where the Van Cleves had established themselves, was in those days a quiet; plain street on the edge of one of our most fashionable and expensive suburbs, and quite popular, therefore, with small gentry. Number 8, although it was of precisely the same plan and architecture as its neighbors on either hand, still contrived to appear amongst them with a certain distinction, acquired, without doubt, from its present tenants, — or so I fancied. The whole row was, as a matter of fact, out of date and beginning to be wofully shabby-genteel, but neither of those terms could be applied to the

Van Cleves, and their home looked like them.

A nice-looking German maid-of-all-work let me into the long, dark, narrow hall whence a long, dark, narrow stairway ascended steeply to the floors above. In the parlor there were charming cretonne draperies, cushions, and so on; and chairs and tables which one might guess to be the solemn black walnut of a few years earlier, now rendered extraordinarily seemly and sprightly by a disguise of white enamel paint; there were ivory-tinted plaster casts; there were 'Copley Prints' and 'Braun Photographs' of all the best-known classics; there were smartly colored posters framed in passe-partout; and there were, besides, all over the delicate green walls, a glorious lot of water-color sketches, and chalk and crayon representations of woodland scenes, old mills, Italian-looking boys in costume, the Venus de Milo, Phidias's or Somebody's head of Jupiter, and other studies of antiquity; and, at my elbow, an easel with an oil-painting in a handsome frame of a brass kettle, a tumbler, a napkin with red fringe, and a plate with a banana on it — admirable portraits, all of them. These trophies recalled a rumor that one of the ladies was 'artistic,' the youngest, most probably; and this was presently confirmed by Mrs. Lucas and the grandmother who entered restlessly sparkling, with a kind of overpowering and devastating graciousness of welcome. It left you stunned, tense, with the sensation that something tremendous had happened, or was about to happen, during every moment of your stay in the house!

'Yes, Evelyn — my daughter Evelyn — is the artist, or, rather, the art-student. She is studying at your Paradise Park Academy,' Mrs. Lucas explained. 'Oh, *thank* you for saying that! Of course, *we* think she has tal-

ent. Evelyn is very *temperamental*, all her teachers have always said, and *temperament* is invaluable!' And in the middle of this, the young lady herself came in, from an outdoor sketching-class in the Park, in remarkably neat tramping attire, with a trig little folding camp-stool, portfolio, and artist's etceteras under her arm.

More superlatives, more graciousness, more excitement! They were, indeed, as I had been warned, as different as possible from the lank, sandy-haired, tongue-tied youth I had met in his uncle's company and seen going about with them, later. Young Kendrick did not seem at all vivacious or ready-witted; he was a little slow, if anything; whereas nobody could have been quicker, more unsparingly enthusiastic and emphatic, than these other Van Cleves. They were delighted with the city, the street, the house, the people. Everybody was so kind, so charming, so interesting, so clever! Was n't All Saints an attractive church? Was n't Mr. Babcock a *wonderfully* gifted man for the ministry — so true, so *eloquent*, so *sound*! Was n't Mrs. Gilbert a dear, sweet woman? Was n't Lorrie simply a *precious* girl —!

'Oh, you're sitting in a draught there; *do* take this chair! So careless of me, I did n't notice before!' cried Mrs. Lucas, interrupting herself with startling suddenness and energy in the midst of a cataract of exclamation points; '*do* take this chair! I *know* you're not comfortable!'

'Why, thank you — I'm all right — there is n't any draught, I think —'

'Oh, yes, I *know* there is! *Do* take this chair — you'll be *quite* safe *here*. And suppose you caught cold! I'd never forgive myself!' says Mrs. Lucas, tragedy in her voice.

All at once, terror quivered in the air about us: pneumonia — diphtheria — tuberculosis — all the forms of death

from taking cold menaced me; the Grim Reaper, as our newspapers love to call him, was flourishing his scythe for the blow, when I averted the calamity by moving to the other chair! Everybody breathed freely again (I trust), at least until the next crisis, which occurred when the maid brought in tea.

'You take sugar?' Mrs. Lucas said, — commanded would be the better word, — clamping me firmly with her bright, insistent eyes; 'you take sugar, of *course*!'

'No, thank you, I —'

'Oh, you *must* try sugar! This tea does n't taste nice without sugar, and I *do* so want you to have a *nice* cup of tea! Really, you'll take sugar, won't you? I *know* you won't like it without sugar — I *know* you won't! Have you ever *tried* sugar? You ought to, really — you can have no idea how it improves tea. *Do* let me put some in — now *do*! I *know* you'll like it with sugar!'

I took sugar; and tranquillity was restored. That is, Mrs. Lucas did not start from her chair and begin to 'run round and scream,' which at one moment had seemed imminent. After this the call progressed without any more sensational incidents, excepting, perhaps, a burst of alarm from Mrs. Lucas when it was discovered that Evelyn had gone out on the damp grass of the Park — it had rained twenty-four hours previously — without any over-shoes (!!!), and the departure of the young lady upstairs to *change her shoes and stockings immediately* (!!!). Miss Lucas did not go without some objections which she voiced in what I took to be the temperamental manner, that is, with considerable sharpness and stubbornness, but she yielded at last, for — 'Everybody always has to give in to Myra. She's a natural boss,' said the Major to me with an indulgent

laugh. He arrived on the scene while the amiable little contention was going on.

'Myra is really not at all strong — she's very high-strung and sensitive,' Mrs. Van Cleve also explained aside; 'and of course Evelyn is all she has in the world, and Evelyn is n't strong, either, so they're each one a constant anxiety to the other. It's nothing but affection and worry, you know, but it sounds so much like quarreling, I sometimes wonder what strangers think of it.'

'Oh, I hear what you're saying, Mother,' said Mrs. Lucas from behind her tea-things, looking up with a roguish smile that was very attractive and disarming, somehow. She addressed me. 'What they really think is that Evelyn has been terribly spoiled, whenever she is rebellious, and I have to insist with her. But you know how it is with young people, they don't know what's best for them. I tell Evelyn and Van Cleve that they will both live to thank me for making them mind. You've met Van Cleve? Is n't he the *dearest, noblest* boy?'

'That is, of course *we* think so,' put in the grandmother. Suddenly her eyes filled. She had to take a quick gulp of her tea to keep down her emotion.

'Van Cleve's a splendid fellow,' said the Major, emphatically, setting his cup on the table; 'an unusual young fellow, madam. Mr. Gebhardt, whom I've no doubt you know, — I mean Mr. Julius Gebhardt the banker, your most prominent citizen, I should judge,' — it is impossible to give any idea in writing of the lusciousness which Major Van Cleve managed to impart to this description, — 'paid Van what *we* consider the very high compliment of inviting him to accept a position in the National Loan and Savings, of which he is the president, as you know, of course. "Your nephew is a striking ex-

ample of an old head on young shoulders, Major!" Mr. Gebhardt remarked to me the other day. Gebhardt is himself a very original and brilliant man, a man of enormous character.'

'That's what makes us sure Van Cleve is going to like it at the bank — Mr. Gebhardt and he will be so congenial,' said Mrs. Lucas, with so much innocent pride, one could not find it in one's heart to laugh.

It was a chorus of absurdly and pathetically extravagant praise. Did they repeat these things to Van Cleve's face? It set one upon the thought: what kind of an atmosphere was this for a young man to live and grow up in? The Kendrick boy looked sensible, and all that I had heard about him so far sounded sensible; but it would need a deal of intrinsic force in any character to weather through these alternate gusts of hysterical devotion and hysterical tyranny, and keep its integrity to the end.

It so fell out that, on coming away, about a square from the house, I encountered Van Cleve himself, striding along home in the late afternoon, and whistling sturdily. He gallantly turned back to escort me to the car; and, on the way, Bob Gilbert's name having come up, I said that I had already understood from him that Mr. Kendrick was about to make a change of business.

'Yes,' said Van Cleve, briefly. He was not nearly so much of a talker as the other boy. Van, on his side, had no idea of launching into talk or praise of his friend, it was plain; and, as to betraying any sort of opinion about Steinberger and Hirsch, or brokers in general and their offices, that would be the last thing in the world to enter young Mr. Kendrick's head.

As we waited for the car, there came, walking on the other side of the street, Miss Lorrie Gilbert, in pretty, fresh, white piqué skirts, crisp and cool on

this warm day, with a straw hat with roses on her brown head, and a white embroidered parasol (they had been put down to one-ninety-eight, and I had seen her in the shop the other day gleefully buying one of these bargains out of her little, lean, careful purse) whirling and twirling over her shoulder. Miss Gilbert came walking with some other girl, and they both nodded and waved to us pleasantly. The other girl I saw was that newcomer here, that Miss Jameson, who could be recognized from afar by her bright auburn hair, and who (as the young people reported) was forever attaching herself to Lorrie, anyhow. Van Cleve looked after them with an interest showing through the odd, unyouthful reserve of his face which I fear I had not excited — alas! His light, cool, slate-gray eyes brightened indefinitely.

'Miss Jameson's a very pretty girl, is n't she?' said I, obligingly.

He started faintly. '*Miss Jameson?* Oh, yes, she's awfully pretty!' he said with almost unnecessary heartiness. And the car reaching our corner at that moment, he hustled me on to it, and scurried off after the young ladies, quite like the boy he really was, in spite of his uncannily mature airs. He could be seen to join them, out of breath and smiling, and jabbering fast enough now, no doubt!

CHAPTER III

CONCERNING THE GILBERTS AND SOME OTHERS

Professor Samuel Gilbert's name bore after it on the rolls of the University teaching-staff a handsome train of capital letters and abbreviations signifying all sorts of honors achieved at, or conferred by, a number of similar institutions of learning, and forming a set of decorations to which the Professor

himself was never by any chance known to refer. He was a plain man. He occupied the chair of Dead Languages, and might be seen any morning, even the rawest, windiest, and iciest, trudging off in the direction of that piece of furniture, to his class-rooms in the University; ploughing along with his large, square, tired, placidly-humorous face set toward the heights, and his large, square frame clad in a loose, ill-fitting, shabby style not at all in accordance with the dignity of his position and titles.

But who ever heard of a dapper or dressy professor? Chairs — of Dead Languages or what-not — in the colleges of this land of wealth and freedom are not notoriously the best-paid of offices; educators as well as education ought to come cheap from our splendidly democratic point of view. And it is possible that Samuel Gilbert, with his head full of hard-won Greek, Latin, and Sanskrit, with his capital letters and his scholastic eminence, walked through rain and shine to economize on carfare, and slaved away the long, hot days of summer school to pay last winter's coal-bill, and wore his dingy old overcoat and those monstrous, clumsy brogans which furnished his classes so much amusement, because he could not very often afford to change them. For the matter of that, few of his brother professors were in much better case. There was Weimer (Metaphysics) who kept his wife and two children in Düsseldorf, over in Germany, on half of what it would have cost him here, and who hoped, by saving up most of the other half, to be able to visit them, in two or three years. There were Burdette (Political Science) and Stoller (Mathematics), lucky bachelors who roomed together, thereby reducing expenses incredibly. There was Livingstone (Chemistry), engaged for the last twelve years, and

waiting till he should get up to a salary of two thousand for the wedding. No, Professor Gilbert was by no means an isolated instance.

The Gilberts, of course, had to live very simply and unfashionably in the little old house on Warwick Lane; but this fact did not appreciably interfere with their being invited everywhere, and knowing everybody. The winter Lorrie was nineteen, for instance, the first winter she was 'out,' there could be no question of a *débutante* ball or tea or dinner-dance, such as the other girls in her set were treated to, as an introduction to society. Nevertheless, Lorrie went 'out'; she poured at the receptions, she danced at all the Germans, she went to the Charity Ball for the Training-school for Nurses; she was seen constantly in her little, cheap frocks — one white embroidered net, worn over a pink or blue China-silk slip, turn about — among all the gauze and lace and satin plumage, apparently having as good a time as anybody, with her pretty, waving brown hair, and her bright eyes and cheeks. Sometimes it was Mrs. Gilbert chaperoning her daughter, in her old black grenadine with the jet *passementerie* down the front; sometimes the Professor himself might be noticed waiting patiently about in corners, with a vague, resigned look, absently polite, as if he might be inwardly conjugating a Semitic verb while he answered your remark about the weather. His dress-coat was the same he had worn at the commencement ball when he graduated from Dartborough Institute, Virginia, — Samuel Gilbert, '68. By what his wife regarded as a special dispensation of Providence, Samuel never outgrew that coat; in middle life he retained the spare, angular, and bony figure of his youth.

There were only the two children — Lorrie, who was the elder by a year and

a half, and Robert. Perhaps their mother, in her secret heart, considered the smallness of the family another dispensation. Mrs. Gilbert was a devout Episcopalian, and would have taken uncomplainingly whatever it pleased her God to send; but He Himself knew that their income had always been a tight fit, and was getting tighter as the cost of living advanced, and the children grew up. Lorrie, indeed, for all her spirits and girlish delight in society, and that spice of coquetry from which, sad to relate, more than one young man had already suffered — Lorrie was, after all, a generous, right-minded sort of young woman, and had wanted very much at one time to study shorthand and go into an office, by way of lightening the family burdens. It was a sane and practical idea; but the Virginia-born father and mother could not bring themselves to accept it favorably — to accept it at all. Their particular generation did not easily emancipate itself from the traditions of their particular state. Even when the point came up of sending Bob to college, which, plan as economically as they might, would strain them to the last notch, Professor Gilbert would not listen to his daughter's proposal.

'Robert must have his education. But better let him go without than sacrifice one child to the other,' said the father. And then he added, unconsciously betraying a much stronger feeling, 'It's a poor apology for a man who can't take enough care of the women of his family to keep them out of *offices*, I have always thought.'

'Father, you're hopelessly archaic, and antediluvian, and behind the times and out-of-date!' said Lorrie; and laughed and kissed him between her adjectives. 'You're primeval, and probably arboreal —'

'Father's just *right*!' cried Bob, stoutly. 'It would be just the same as

my taking your money that you'd worked hard for, and going off to have a good time with it, Lorrie. I think I see myself!

'You're not going to college just for a good time, Robert; remember that!' said the Professor, a little anxiously.

But Bob, who was always prone to sanguine and brilliant dreaming, had already begun to explain eagerly what he meant to do.

'As soon as I'm through — it's only four years, anyhow — I'm going to get out and *hustle*, you'll see! I mean to make money — I mean to take care of you all. I won't have Father and Lorrie and you, Mums, working round and scratching and saving the way you do now. You just wait!' he declaimed, striding up and down, with sweeping gestures, his hair tumbled, his young face aglow. Mrs. Gilbert watched him, infinitely proud and tender. Of course he was very young and self-confident and boastful, but his ideals were high — they were clean, they were true, thought the mother. If your young men have not the vision, the country perisheth; but her Robert had it, she was sure.

Professor Gilbert, on the other hand, lacking the maternal insight, had had his moments of doubt and perplexity, and angrily-hushed misgivings, about his son, before this; and they crowded thickly upon him now.

The truth is, that to Samuel, the breath of whose nostrils was study, labor, the conquest of difficulties, Robert offered a painful and disheartening enigma; with all his experience of youth, the Professor found himself unable to solve it. Bob was not a dull boy, or a bad boy, or a lazy boy; he was simply and incurably *boy*. He could have yawned his head off over the Dead Languages; all the poetry of both ancient and modern worlds left him cold; he cared no more to read history than to read his

mother's cook-book; he kicked his feet and stared out of window in the class in mathematics.

With all this, Robert, to the slightly bewildered relief of his parents, made no such poor appearance in their world, being not in the least uncouth, nor, on the surface, at any rate, ignorant. The young fellow was ready enough in talk, gay, mannerly, and agreeable; nobody ever took a joke better, or was more amiably amused at his own blunders.

'I can't understand it!' Professor Gilbert would complain to his wife in their worried private moments: 'Bob looks and talks like a gentleman's son — I never caught him in a lie in my life — yet he does n't seem to have the faintest idea of personal responsibility. And he can't add, and spells "judgment" with an *e*!'

By what despairing labors, or what shrinking use of his own name and influence, the elder Gilbert got his son through the entrance examinations at Eureka College, one can only guess; possibly the standards of that institution were not mercilessly high. Robert went off in fine feather; ere long letters came back brimful of zest for the new life. Such fun! He had been initiated into the B. K. E. Everybody belonged to a fraternity, you know — you *had* to belong to a fraternity; why, if you did n't, you were n't in anything, and could n't have any good times at all. He would have felt awfully if he had n't been invited to join; but two or three different frats had come after him. It sounded big-headed for him to say that; but you could n't help being glad the fellows liked you, you know. He liked them all; they were splendid fellows, every one of them. He was learning to box; pretty nearly everybody boxed or did some kind of athletic stunt; he was going to save up and buy a pair of boxing-gloves. He could get on the Glee

or Mandolin Club, too, lots of the fellows had told him; only he did n't like to be borrowing some other fellow's banjo all the time, so he could n't get very much practice, but he meant to save up and buy one for himself.

'It would be great if I could go on tour with the club during the holidays, would n't it?' he wrote excitedly. 'They have the time of their lives. Every town they go to there are always either some Eureka men, or some belonging to the same frats, and they can't do enough for you. It looks just now as if the expense would kind of oversize me, but I think maybe I can make it yet, by saving here and there. You watch little Robbie, the Wonder of Eureka College, in his Peerless Performance of Piling up the Seads! . . . There's a man in the Glee Club that's a special friend of mine, though he's a good deal older, about twenty-four, I think, and I'm such a kid. That's what they all call me, you know, Kid Gilbert. I think I told you about him before; it's Phil Cortwright, the same fellow that was so nice about telling me about rooms, and the right sort of fellows to know and all that, when I first got here. He was the one that got me into the B. K. E. He comes from Paris, Kentucky, and I believe his people are in the whiskey business, or race-horses, but you know they don't think anything of that down there — I mean they think it's all right and perfectly gentlemanly. Anyhow, Phil's a crack-erjack fellow, and if the Glee Club comes to Cinti, I want to make it pleasant for him. I'd like to have him stay at the house if we can. It won't be any trouble, you know, because we'll be out all the time. Tell Lorrie to stir up the girls, so he'll be invited places. I bet they'll all like him; Cort's a good deal of a fusser, and an awfully clean-cut, good-looking fellow, and dances like a dream, all the girls here say. . . .'

And the letter ended with, dear old Dad and Mums, he was n't doing any great things in class, just sort of tailing along with the rest, but don't worry, he'd make it up before the end of the year.

Perhaps Robert had laid out his plans on too large a scale, or had not had leisure enough for even a single one of the things he meant to accomplish; at any rate, when he came home for the holidays at the mid-year, he was not yet a member of any of the organizations for which he had proposed to qualify, and was still occupying the not at all exalted position in class which he had described. After all, however, — as the young fellow argued good-naturedly, — there was plenty of time; Dad knew that he was n't any high-brow, Dad did n't expect him to *shine*; he would come out about even with the run of 'em in the end; he was as good as the average. So why be a grind?

Why, indeed? The town was full of young college men; you saw the fresh faces, you heard the rough music of the boys' voices at every turn — goodly sights and sounds. It was not a moment for sermonizing; everybody wanted them to have a good time, everybody was bent on giving them a good time. In the middle of the festivities, the Eureka Mandolin and Glee Club arrived on their 'tour.' — 'Rah, 'rah, 'RAH! U-ree-KAH! etc.

Bob rushed down to the train and bore the much-heralded Cortwright home in triumph; not home at once, to be sure, for they had to stop at the Mecca to have a high-ball, and stop at Smith's to pick out some neckties, and stop at Andy's for a game of pool, and attend to a dozen-and-one matters of like importance before finally taking the Elmhill car. It was a cold and sunny winter day, at about that hour of the afternoon when any number of

carriages were hurrying to and from luncheons, matinée parties, receptions, and what-not. They sped by with clouds of picture-hats, furs, and white gloves, extraordinarily warm-looking and radiant. And no doubt it secretly pleased Mr. Robert Gilbert not a little, as the two young men strode along, to be constantly taking off his hat in response to smiling salutes from all these rich and dainty cargoes. Rob was no snob, but hang it, a man can't help taking a pride in his own people, you know, and he liked to show them off to Corty!

The latter young gentleman preserved a kind of appreciative immobility; he was twenty-four and a man of the world, who had seen something of life, and — ahem! — of women. Nevertheless, he was not above glancing into a mirror in the drug-store window as they passed and noting anxiously that his overcoat set without a wrinkle. He was tall, slim, straight, and straight-featured, a satisfying example — according to his own ideas — of the type that a certain eminent artist in black-and-white was just then busily bringing into vogue.

'Hello, there's Lorrie now!' said Bob, suddenly. Another carriage had gone by. Bob looked after it. 'Somebody's taking her somewhere,' he said explanatorily; 'Lorrie's generally on the dead jump.'

They resumed their walk.

'The one with the auburn hair — is that your sister?'

'No — that was n't Lorrie; her hair's brown, and she's always got it kind of loose and wavy. Lorrie has beautiful hair. No, that red-headed one is a Miss Jameson. I don't know whether she's come here to live, or only visiting one of the girls. You'll meet 'em all at this dinner of the Gebhardts to-night, and the other places, you know.'

'Gebhardt? That's a kind of Ger-

man-sounding name. You have lots of Germans here, have n't you?' Cortwright said fastidiously.

'Yes. The Gebhardts are American-born, though; they're just as American as you or I; Mr. Gebhardt's at the head of a bank here. They've got a beautiful place out on Adams Road.'

'Money to burn, I suppose?'

'Yes, I guess so — oh, of course they must have,' said Bob, vaguely. It had never occurred to him to notice; he was not interested in the Gebhardts' financial status, nor, in fact, in anybody's.

Young Cortwright was of a much more practical turn; he viewed with a more or less appraising eye the carriages and girls Bob pointed out to him, and the handsome, sober, rather old-style residences which, at that date, decorated our hill-top suburbs. 'You know I'm expecting to go into business here or in Chicago — wherever there's the best opening, of course,' he confided sagely to his junior; 'but wherever it is, I'm going to know the moneyed crowd, you bet. It's the only way to get along.'

'Well, that lets *me* out, if you ever settle down here. You won't know *me*!' said Bob, with his ready laugh.

And the other, after an instant of confusion, laughed too, and clapped him a staggering blow on the back. 'You *are* a kid, Gil,' he said.

This last conversation took place in Bob's bedroom (the one at the back over the kitchen, a shabby and homely little room like all the rest of the shabby, homely, dignified house) while they were dressing for the dinner; and as Cortwright, having finished first, went downstairs, he repeated to himself that Gilbert *was* a kid, but a good sort for all that, and a regular little Who's-Who-in-Society. Anybody could see the family were n't just what you'd call rolling in coin, but that did n't

count so much after all, outside of New York; the old Professor was a nice old mossback; and Bob's mother reminded Philip of his own who had died when he was a little fellow — the young man, for all his ingrained worldliness, thought of her with a momentary flush of sentiment that did him credit. He had not yet met the sister that the Kid was always bragging about; — and upon this, Mr. Cortwright, straightening his fine, square shoulders, and feeling for the final time to see that his white tie was accurately in place, passed into the living-room whence he had already heard certain girlish sounds.

A young lady, dressed, or, one might say, over-dressed, in a delicately elaborate evening toilet of Nile-green chiffon, covered with beaded embroidery, fairy-like lace festoons and knots of ribbons, who had been sitting in the low chair by the hearth, jumped up with a faint scream at sight of him. Never was fright more overwhelming — considering the very slight occasion for it — or more prettily displayed. She clasped her slim hands together, and gazed at him with wide eyes of the most beautiful deep and clear violet-blue ever seen.

'Startled fawn style!' said Philip to himself, knowingly; he had not gained that reputation of being an expert and successful 'fusser' without practice. 'What stunning red hair! But I thought Bob said the red-headed one was n't his sister,' went through his mind as he delivered a glance nicely compounded of admiration and apology, and began, 'Miss Gilbert —?'

'Oh, no, *indeed*, I'm not Lorrie,' interrupted the fawn, still in a charming flutter; she dropped her eyes before the young man's, which, to tell the truth, were sufficiently bold, and fidgeted with her frills and laces. 'I'm — it's — I'm Miss Jameson — I came over

to go with Lorrie to-night, you know — I did n't expect to see any strangers —'

'You did n't, hey? *Come off!*' thought the experienced Philip skeptically, though the lovely shell-pink of her cheeks had not altered, and the blue eyes were quite childishly candid and open as she faced him with this statement. 'I startled you bolting in this way? I'm awfully sorry,' he said, and once more allowed his gaze to wander appreciatively over her — a gaze which Miss Jameson apparently did not in the least resent, although she could scarcely fail to be conscious of it. 'I'll have to introduce myself, if you don't mind. I'm Bob's friend, Cortwright — you may have heard him —'

'Oh, Mr. Cortwright! — oh, of course! Why, I did n't know you were here yet! They were n't expecting you *to-day*, were they? When did your train get in?' And with these guileless inquiries, Miss Jameson reseated herself, turning her head so that her profile, exact and finished as a cameo, was exhibited to him in full relief against the dark and dingy old iron mantel-piece.

Cortwright, who himself possessed a good figure and no small talent for posing, forgot all his own tactics to stare at her unrestrained; he had never seen so completely pretty a woman. No wonder she liked to show herself off, he thought; she was pretty all over; the calculated grace of her attitude brought out sweet, exquisite curves and outlines of a yielding suggestion that set the young man's senses tingling. He did not rebuke himself, not being, perhaps, particularly conscientious on that score, and feeling, moreover, a cynical suspicion that she was fully aware of this powerful feminine appeal — counted confidently on it — wielded it as a familiar tool. He knew something about women, and he had met her sort before! Their eyes met. Cortwright, with a spectacular haste, lowered his to

her foot — an enticing foot in a high-heeled satin slipper and all but transparent Nile-green stocking.

‘Why, we got in in the afternoon — a little late on account of the snow in the mountains, you know,’ he said, answering her last remark elaborately.

‘Oh.’

There was another silence; then another interchange of glances. Cortwright began to feel uneasily that the scene ran some risk of becoming ridiculous. She could n’t expect him to start holding hands, or teasing for a kiss right off? That would be a bit *too* strong, although, to be sure, there *are* girls — but not in a house like this — among this kind of people —

‘It’s awfully cold, is n’t it?’ said Miss Jameson.

‘Yes, but I like it, don’t you? So bracing!’

‘Yes, it *is* bracing.’

Again the conversation halted. The young lady appeared to have an exceedingly shallow run of small talk; yet she was anything but bashful. She wore her unusually low-necked ball-gown, and languidly uncovered her round, tapering ankles, with an air of complete self-possession. Cortwright looked and looked with a kind of luxuriance.

‘I like summer better than winter,’ said Miss Jameson, playing with an elegant trifle of a fan she carried on a slender chain threaded with pearls that hung and swung below her knees. ‘It’s so much warmer.’

‘Gets almost too hot, though, in this locality sometimes.’

‘Yes, it *does*, does n’t it?’ She looked at him under and through her long, thick lashes this time; and this time Mr. Philip gazed back at her ardently, not thinking it worth the trouble to go through his former pantomime. This was what she was after; and he had always found it worked

well to meet them halfway, he said to himself. She was as softly accommodating as a cushion; and it sufficed for her that he was male. But in another moment this most promising flirtation was all off — in Philip’s own phrase — because Bob came breezing down-stairs into the parlor; and after him Miss Gilbert, who turned out to be no such beauty as the other girl, though she was nice-looking enough, and who gave him a firm little hand, and looked at him out of a pair of straight and steady brown eyes, with a frankness and simplicity which were on the whole rather refreshing.

‘We’re so glad to have you here, Mr. Cortwright. It’s so nice to know Bob’s friends,’ Lorrie said sincerely. ‘We drove past you and Bob this afternoon — did you see us? There was n’t time to stop and speak,’ she added innocently.

And Cortwright, glancing swiftly into Miss Jameson’s face, experienced a not unnatural glow of conceit, as he knelt down to put on the latter’s furry party-boots. Well, he *was* a fine-looking fellow; she was n’t the first woman that had found it out, and made an opportunity to meet him!

Then they all bundled off to the Gebhardts’ dinner-dance, and the ensuing ‘whirl of gayety,’ as the “Society Jottings” column in the *Sunday supplement* described it. There were so many girls and such pretty ones, and so much good eating and drinking, and so fine a dancing floor, that Cortwright lost sight of Miss Jameson after the first two-step. He hardly had time for any one girl in particular. At this party and at others, to Bob’s immense pride and delight (he was so unreservedly proud and delighted, in fact, that the older man was at times a little annoyed and almost made ashamed by it), Corty made a highly successful impression in their society. He was undeniably hand-

some, he dressed well, he could talk, he could dance, he could rattle off any amount of rag-time on the piano, and whistle and sing all the latest 'coon-songs' and airs from the popular operas. The men liked him; he spent freely, and was an all-round good fellow, they voted. It was with a real reluctance that the young people saw him go when his time was up; and his last act on the day of his departure, after the Wattersons' breakfast at the Country Club, was to entertain a dozen or so of his youthful hosts and hostesses at the vaudeville performance they were having that winter down at the old Pickrell Opera House.

I grieve to state that the party, under Mr. Cortwright's leadership, behaved with regrettable indecorum, notably when Mlle. Patrice came on for her serpentine dance and the calcium-light machine in the gallery threw an illuminated picture of the United States flag accompanied by the legend '*La Libertad de Cuba*' all over her and her gauze draperies as she serpentine about the stage, a spectacle they singled out to welcome with applause fit to raise the roof. The '*Libertad*' of this island was something everybody was hearing a good deal about in those days.

Miss Jameson was not one of the guests on this occasion; as it happened, Cortwright had seen her only once or twice after that initial party. He divined that, for some reason, she was not always welcome everywhere in Lorrie's set, but was far too wise to ask why. For all that, Philip did not forget her, and therefore pricked his ears one day at a fragment of talk concerning the young lady between Bob and his sister.

'Say, Lorrie, who is this new skirt, anyhow?' the brother demanded inelegantly; 'I don't remember ever to have met her before, and yet they say she lives here, and she talks as if she al-

ways had. You know who I mean — Miss Jameson — your friend Paula. She said she would n't mind if I called her that — floored me for a minute. I had n't asked to, you know.'

'Why, yes, you do know her, too, Bob. We all went to kindergarten together to Miss Banning when we were little — don't you remember? You ought to know Paula Jameson perfectly well.'

'Well, I don't — hold on! I believe I do, too. She must have been the little girl with the flossy sort of clothes that always had whole boxes of chewing-gum in her desk — oh, yes, I know *now*. But where's she been all the while in between? Nobody seems to know her nowadays. When I asked some of the girls the other day, they all rather sniffed, and said she was hanging on to *you*, and trying to *get in*.'

'Oh, don't talk like that, Bob,' said Lorrie, a little troubled. 'There's nothing the matter with Paula, only — well, her mother has never gone out here and does n't know many people, and that makes it hard for Paula, you see. And then living in hotels and boarding-houses all the time must be horrid; *nobody* lives in a hotel, here — *nobody*. I think poor Paula has a pretty hard time.'

'Why, she dresses out of sight, does n't she? That's what all the girls say. I guess she's too pretty — that's what's the matter,' said Robert, shaking his head profoundly.

'You know better, Bob Gilbert — you're just teasing —'

'Is Miss Jameson so pretty?' said Cortwright, in a tone of slight surprise. He thought it diplomatic never to express admiration for one girl to another girl. 'It seemed to me she lacked animation a little. Did n't talk much, you know.'

'She does n't need to talk — she can just *look*,' said Bob. 'Why, yes, Cort,

she's a stunning beauty. Funny you have n't noticed it. Don't I tell you that's the reason all the girls are so down on her? *Wow*, look out for Lorrie!

He riotously dodged an imaginary thunderbolt; and Mrs. Gilbert came mildly in to see what all the noise was about.

The visit, the holidays, came to an end; all the young people vanished in a twinkling, Cinderella-fashion, when the tocsin sounded; no more tearing-off from luncheon to card-party, from card-party to dinner, from dinner to cotillion, no more coming in at four o'clock in the morning, and yawning down to breakfast at noon. Bob's father and mother felt, with a formless disquiet, that they had scarcely seen the boy at all; there had been no time for the long, intimate, kind talks they had planned, not one quiet evening, not one meal in private. Perhaps a tear or two fell and damaged Robert's shirts as Mrs. Gilbert folded them into the trunk; it had all been so hurried and noisy and hilarious — *too* hilarious that night while that young Mr. Cortwright was here, and the boys had come home at dawn, and the cabman came up the steps with them, and Samuel himself had to go down and let them in. The mother thought of that night with shrinking. Young men must be young men, of course, but — She got up suddenly from the midst of the clothes strewn all about, and went and took from her desk a tintype of Robert when he was four years old, in his first funny little breeches, with a top in his hand, and stood looking at it a long while. He had been her little boy then — all hers. Mrs. Gilbert put the picture down with a sigh, and went back to her packing.

Bob did actually get through his Freshman year and pass the examinations without serious mishap, some-

how or other; and returned to Eureka the next fall, a Sophomore, as exuberantly sanguine and care-free as ever. His letters, which were not so regular as they had been, and very much briefer, now began to be filled with a disconcerting variety of schemes and dreams relating to his career upon leaving college — vast fortunes he would acquire by manœuvres based upon all sorts of airy possibilities. His friend Cortwright, it seemed, had already finished, and was now entering upon brokerage and insurance in his home town. Robert did n't believe Phil would stay in Paris long; he was already talking of moving to some bigger place and maybe would come to Cin. Would n't that be bully?

There was more in the same strain, over which the parents exchanged worried glances. It was different from all that wholesome chatter about frats and athletics; the boy talked too much about money; what was all this jargon of 'fliers' and 'sure things'? And as for classes —! Professor Gilbert girded himself up, and wrote a letter, sternly reminding Robert of his age, his duties, the value of his time and education; and suffered tortures of anxiety and self-reproach during the weeks that went by before any answer came. 'Have I hopelessly antagonized him?' thought poor Samuel, wretchedly; 'why did n't I let him alone? But I said nothing but what I've said over and over again, and Bob never got hurt, or angry, or sulky at it. Something else must have happened. I *know* Bob's all right — but you can't tell anything about boys.'

In the end, Lorrie, who had a certain affectionate understanding of her brother's character, though her own was so different, was visited by an intuition on which she acted in her usual prompt and direct fashion. 'Dearest Bobs, I'm afraid you are bothered about your allowance,' she wrote. 'I don't see how

you get along on it, because you must *have* to do certain things, you can't get out of doing them; and you have n't got much to do with. I should think even with the greatest care, you'd get behind sometimes; and then it's always so hard to get straight again —' And so on without a word about duty and ambition and self-sacrifice, which, indeed, were subjects Lorrie would have considered altogether too lofty for *her*.

She got a reply by return post full of bad spelling and contrition and confession and promises of amendment in Bob's big, loose scrawl, the pages decorated with one or two blobs and smears which looked as if Master Robert, in spite of his sex and his twenty years, had had to wipe his eyes at times over this composition. The lad was really honest, really loving. Yes, he acknowledged, he had 'got in bad'; he *could n't* tell Dad; Dad never could see things *his* way. But it was like her to guess it. She always *understood*, somehow; there was n't anybody like her — no fellow ever had such a sister. Would she tell Dad and Mums for him now? He hoped he could get through without asking them for any more money; they were so good, and scraped and pinched and stinted themselves to give him what they did, and his allowance would have been plenty for anybody but a fool, and he was n't worth what they did for him. His friend Cortwright was going to fix up some kind of

a loan for him (Phil was in that business, you know), get him some money so he could pay the fellows and the other people he owed, that is; and afterwards Bob could pay the loan off by degrees, and he guessed it would be all right. Cortwright was an awfully good fellow. But Bob could n't make the exams this year — he was way behind — Would Lorrie tell Father that, too? And he was going to take a brace from this minute *right on* — he was n't going to have anything like this happen again — just give him a chance, and he'd *prove* it — he was going to get even, *you see!*

It is a sorry task to write or read of these years of Robert's — a sorry and a wearisome one to rehearse the schedule of failure and disappointment and folly; let us leave it! In the middle of his third term (by which time Professor Gilbert was perceptibly grayer and more stooped, and his wife looked ten years older) the young man came home. One of the first persons he fell in with was Van Cleve Kendrick, who must have been scrubbing along in the shoe factory, the distillery, Heaven knows where, all this while, and acquiring experience of a very different order from Robert's. Cortwright was here, too, with Steinberger and Hirsch down on Third Street.

And I suppose all these events must have taken place about the year '92 — or was it '93? How time flies!

(*To be continued.*)

THE DRIFT TOWARD GOVERNMENT OWNERSHIP OF RAILWAYS

BY B. L. WINCHELL

I

THERE is an unmistakable drift toward government ownership of railways in the United States. This tendency is probably most apparent to those closely identified with railway affairs; but it is also evident to many who are interested in the railway business chiefly, or only, as observers and students of economic, industrial, and political problems.

In the first place, there has been for some years a rather unsteady but certain increase in the number of socialists in the country; and those who thus favor public ownership and management of all of the means of both production and distribution must be counted in with those others who favor public acquisition of the principal means of distribution. There has also been an increase in the number of those who advocate public ownership of all public utilities, of which steam railways are the largest. Finally, there has been a mighty growth in the number who favor very stringent regulation of railways, and who have succeeded in getting this policy adopted. The last-named class, which is much the largest, may finally turn the scale for public ownership. For its members now expect much from regulation—lower rates, better service, smaller railway dividends, complete elimination of traffic discriminations, shorter hours and higher wages for

labor, higher railway taxes, fewer accidents, and all the rest.

There is, however, a limit to the amount along these lines that any railway policy, whether that of unregulated private management, regulated private management, or public management, can accomplish. It is to be feared that public regulation, however submissive to it the railways may be, will accomplish less than many expect; and that, disappointed, these will join the ranks of those who believe in government ownership.

Furthermore, the opposition to public ownership from the men who, in past years, have had the strongest incentive to oppose it, namely, the officers and stockholders of railways, may decrease—nay, is decreasing—just when the tendency toward it becomes strongest. Whether rightly or wrongly, many railway officers and stockholders feel that unless present tendencies of regulation are checked, the time will soon come when, regardless of what their attitude as citizens may or should be, they will have no good reason, as railway officers and stockholders, for opposing public ownership.

The main thing about any employment that makes it attractive to strong men is the opportunity, under conditions affording much freedom of action, to exercise their best initiative, put forth their best energy, and thereby achieve the best results of which they

are capable; and many railway officers feel that the ever-increasing restrictions that regulation is putting on railway management are depriving them of this opportunity. The public has small conception how the hundreds of federal and state laws regulating railways, passed in recent years, and the innumerable orders that are constantly being issued by the Interstate Commerce Commission and the forty-two state commissions, tie the hands of railway officers. Doubtless much of the regulation is needed; perhaps all of it is well intended: but the public has unfortunately tried to adopt a policy of regulation that will prevent railway officers from doing anything that they ought not to do, and has overlooked the fact that to hedge men about with restrictions of this sort may, at the same time, so narrow their freedom of action as to make it impossible for them to do many things that they ought to do.

Those who have bought railway stock — as distinguished from those who have really loaned their money to the roads by buying their bonds — have done so in order that, while incurring the risk of business loss if the venture did not pay, they might get a business profit if it did pay; and the tendency of regulation to limit and reduce railway profits is making many investors wonder if they would not be better off financially if government ownership should be adopted. With an outstanding capitalization of less than \$63,000 a mile, or lower than that of the railways of any other first-rate country in the world, the railways of the United States have never been able in any year to pay as much as 4 per cent on both their bonds and their stock. In 1910 their average interest was 3.79 per cent and their average dividends 3.64 per cent. It is in the face of this fact that the state and

national governments are pursuing a policy under which net earnings are declining instead of increasing. In the calendar year 1907, net earnings per mile were \$3,359; in 1908, following the panic of 1907, they were \$2,869; in 1909, \$3,441; in 1910, \$3,344; in 1911, \$3,152. Now, railway stockholders know that no government has ever, in acquiring railways, paid an improperly low price for them; they feel confident that the government of the United States will not be the first to set the example of railway confiscation; and if they could get their money out of railways they could invest it elsewhere with more chance of large profits.

In these circumstances, the time may soon come when the only persons who will oppose public ownership will be those who will do so solely from a disinterested belief that it would be a bad thing for the republic, and we all know that disinterested zeal is seldom active, strenuous, and effective.

A change to government ownership in the United States, whether the results were bad or good, would be a revolution of stupendous proportions. The mileage of the railways of this country, amounting to more than 240,000 miles, is greater than the combined mileages of all the railways now owned by governments in the world. The net capitalization of our railways is about fourteen and a half billions of dollars; they certainly could not be acquired for less than this; the purchase price, very likely, would be nearer twenty billions; and all this immense sum would be added to the national debt. The 1,700,000 employees would all become government employees, with what political consequences no one can foretell. We should arouse ourselves to a clear recognition of present tendencies, cease drifting, and determine by investigation, thought, and discussion whether government ownership

will or will not be the best policy for us as a people; and then, having decided this, we should deliberately and carefully either prepare for the change, or work out and adopt a railway policy that will steer us clear of it.

II

The first question to be squarely faced and settled is: Is government ownership desirable or not? To discuss that question adequately within the limits of a magazine article would be impossible. Some of the most important points may, however, be touched upon.

The largest state-owned railway system in the world is that of Germany, and its results are those most frequently cited by advocates of government ownership as arguments for that policy. It is said that the German state system yields large profits to the government, that its rates are reasonable and non-discriminatory, and that its service is good. There is no question that, on the whole, the German state lines are quite well-managed. But there is one vital difference between Germany and the United States that must be taken into account. Germany is a monarchy; the United States is a democracy; and Charles Francis Adams, long chairman of the Railroad Commission of Massachusetts, thirty years ago forcibly expressed the reasons why the results gained by public management of railways under one form of government cannot, without much qualification and many reservations, be used as an argument for the adoption of the same policy in a country having a different form of government.

'In applying results drawn from the experience of one country to problems which present themselves in another,' said Mr. Adams, 'the difference of social and political habit and educa-

tion should ever be borne in mind. Because in the countries of continental Europe the state can and does hold close relations, amounting even to ownership, with the railroads, it does not follow that the same course could be successfully pursued in England or in America. The former nations are by political habit administrative, the latter are parliamentary. In other words, France and Germany are essentially executive in their governmental systems, while England and America are legislative. Now, the executive may design, construct, or operate a railroad; the legislative never can. A country, therefore, with a weak or unstable executive, or a crude and imperfect civil service, should accept with caution results achieved under a government of bureaus.'

As W. M. Acworth, the English railway economist, has said, 'Prussia is Prussia, with a government in effect autocratic, with a civil service with a strong *esprit de corps*, and permeated with old traditions, leading them to regard themselves as servants of the king, rather than as candidates for popular favor. I am inclined to think,' Mr. Acworth adds, 'that the effect of the evidence is that the further a government departs from autocracy and develops in the direction of democracy the less successful it is likely to be in the direct management of railroads.'

Most of the employees of the German lines are ex-soldiers who not only have the soldier's training and traditions, but might at any time be called into military service. Suppose that they should strike. They might at once be ordered into the army and then detailed, as soldiers, to return to their posts on the railways; and if they refused they might be tried by court-martial and shot. The employees of the German state lines are not allowed to organize labor-unions such as the

employees of the privately-owned railways of Great Britain and the United States have. They may form local associations to carry on discussion and formulate complaints and petitions as to wages and conditions of employment; but a superior officer is always present at these meetings. They can present their complaints or demands to Parliament only through their officers, and political activity on their part to secure anything the railway administration does not want to grant, is unknown, and would not be tolerated.

These facts illustrate the differences between the conditions under which government management is carried on in such a country as Germany, with a monarchical government, and those under which it would be carried on under a democratic government such as ours. Can any one believe that if government ownership were adopted here the powerful railway brotherhoods would be abolished, and political activity by employees to secure such wages and conditions of employment as they wanted would be prohibited? If we could expect this to be done, it would be, to the minds of railway employees, a powerful argument against government ownership; and if it were not done, experience indicates that the result would be the bidding, by our politicians, for the votes of the great army of railway employees, by means which would be ruinous to the railway service, and bad for government, for the public, and in the long run for the employees. No American citizen doubts that democratic government is the best form of government for protecting the personal and property rights of the citizen; but one may be a very patriotic citizen and yet be sure that democratic government is a very bad form for managing large industrial concerns.

However, while all must concede

that, in many ways, the German lines are well managed, this is far from conceding that they are managed better, from the standpoint of the interests of the public, than are those of the United States under private ownership. It is true that their net earnings, amounting in 1910 to \$229,368,256, are paid into the government treasury; but after deducting from this amount interest at $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent on the cost of construction there is left only \$86,607,000. Professor H. G. Moulton, of the University of Chicago, in his recent book, *Waterways versus Railways*, places the clear profit from the Prussian railways at only about \$57,000,000. But these figures are *less than the annual taxes paid by the railways of the United States*, amounting in 1911 to about \$110,000,000; and, of course, the clear profits, after interest, earned by state railways are no less and no more a contribution to the support of the government than are the taxes paid by privately-owned railways.

Furthermore, if the charges to operating expenses for maintenance on the German railways were as generous in proportion as are the similar charges of American railways, their *apparent* net earnings would be less. It is a general practice of state railways, of which those of Germany have not been innocent, to present as good a showing as possible by making inadequate charges to maintenance, and then to charge to capital account new equipment really acquired to maintain the property, thereby swelling the capital account and the amount of interest that has to be paid on it. While this makes an apparently good showing for the management, it is the opposite of good for the public in the long run, and was largely responsible for an increase of \$14,000 per mile in the capital cost of the German lines between 1900 and 1910.

The freight rates charged by the German railways in order to make as good a financial showing as they do, are higher than those of the railways of the United States, averaging 14 mills per ton per mile, as compared with 7.5 mills in this country. Their average passenger rate is lower, being only 9 mills, as compared with 19.3 mills in the United States, but the lower average in Germany is due to the fact that a large proportion of passengers there take the poor and low-priced third-class service. For the first- and second-class services, which are comparable with the service in this country, the rates are, first-class, 3.45 cents per mile; second-class, 2.55 cents. It must also be remembered that these rates are charged on railways in a country where the wages of labor, which determine both the cost of labor to the railways, and the amount that the people who work for wages can afford to pay for transportation, are much less than in the United States. For example, the average annual wage of railway employees in the United States is \$673, while in Germany it is but \$388. Therefore, on the average, a day's labor will buy almost as much passenger transportation in the United States as it will in Germany—although the density of passenger traffic is about four times as great there as it is here—and it will buy three-and-a-half times as much freight transportation here as in Germany. This is probably the best test of whether the railway rates of a country are high or low, for in the long run the wage-earner, as consumer, pays freight as well as passenger rates, and it shows that the rates of the German lines are relatively much higher than those of the railways of the United States.

To summarize, then: the privately-owned railways of the United States, while paying their interest and very moderate dividends, pay wages to their

employees much higher than those of the German lines, charge rates much lower, and at the same time turn into the public treasury in the way of taxes an annual sum greatly exceeding the profit derived by the German public from its railways.

III

Hardly of less interest than the railways of Germany to the student of state management are the railways of Australia. In Australia government is as near pure democracy as anywhere in the world; and here the troubles that characterize public management of industry under democratic government were long experienced. The location of new lines was often determined by log-rolling in the provincial parliaments rather than by consideration of the public needs. The wages of employees were determined rather by the relative importance of the men as voters than according to economic considerations. In consequence of these things most of the lines were long unprofitable.

In 1903 the labor situation came to an extraordinary crisis in Victoria. Parliament at last refusing to yield to their demands, the employees struck. The government won. The question of completely disfranchising the railway employees was considered. There was at last passed a law forbidding employees of the state, including those on railways, under heavy penalties, from taking any part whatever in politics except to vote for members of Parliament. Their unions were practically broken up. To free the railway management from political interference, legislation also has been passed in all the provinces placing the control of operation completely in the hands of permanent non-political railway commissioners, instead of political ministers.

There is still a good deal of politics in the railways, however. For example, the lower house of the New South Wales parliament recently, just after the chief commissioner had started on a long inspection trip, suddenly passed a bill to create a special board to supervise the work of double-tracking some of the main lines. The chief commissioner, as soon as he heard of this, entered vigorous protest against it on the ground that it violated the principle of independent management. As a result of the adoption of the system of independent management, — which, however, is temporary, because it is in constant danger of political attack, — the financial results of the railways have been better in recent years than formerly, when they commonly did not earn enough net money to pay the interest on the investment. In all Australia the net profit, after the payment of interest, averaged during the last six years \$244 per mile per year; while the railways of the United States during the same period have paid \$386 per mile per year in taxes, or almost 60 per cent more. In 1911, the most prosperous year in the history of the Australian lines, their net profits, after payment of interest, — in other words, the net money which actually could be used for the public benefit, — amounted to the unprecedented sum of \$7,000,000. This was \$446 per mile, which, by an odd coincidence, is exactly the amount per mile which the railways of the United States paid in taxes in the same year.

In other words, the governments and public of the United States derived just as much direct financial benefit per mile from the railways of this country under private ownership, as did the Australian public from its railways, under public ownership, in the most prosperous year in the Australian railways' history.

What, now, of the result to shippers, travelers and wage-earners? In New South Wales, which, next to Queensland, has the largest mileage in Australia, and where very full figures regarding rates and wages are published, the average rate per passenger per mile in 1911 was 1.17 cents, as compared with 1.93 cents in the United States, and the average rate per ton per mile was 18.2 mills, as compared with 7.53 mills in the United States. The average railway wages per year paid in New South Wales were \$558, as compared with \$673 in the United States. In other words, on the average, a day's railway wages in the United States will buy three fourths as much passenger transportation, and three times as much freight transportation, as a day's railway wages in New South Wales.

IV

The French government for thirty-five years has owned and operated a railway having 1860 miles of line. A few years ago it acquired also the Western Railway, having about 3700 miles of line, one of the large systems that had been operated by private companies. The results are remarkable and instructive. In the last year of operation by the company (1908) the gross earnings of the Western were \$43,520,000, and its operating expenses \$29,700,000, its net earnings being \$13,820,000, and the ratio of its operating expenses to its gross earnings 68 per cent. After two years of public management its gross earnings had increased (in 1910) to \$45,920,000, and its operating expenses to \$41,180,000 — a rise of 38 per cent in the latter; its net earnings had decreased to \$4,740,000 — a decline of almost 66 per cent — and its operating ratio had risen to 89 per cent. Complete figures for 1911 are not available at this writ-

ing, but it is expected that, when they are made up, they will show a still further heavy increase in expenses, increase in the operating ratio, and reduction of net earnings.

The reduction in the net earnings and increase in the operating ratio were in no degree due to changes in the freight and passenger rates charged. The government made no reduction in them. Some of the defenders of the government's management have sought to show that the lines were in bad shape when turned over to it by the company, and that the enormous increase in operating expenses has been caused by expenditures to put the lines in suitable condition. M. Colson, director of roads and bridges in France, — a government officer, — who knows more about railway transportation in France than any other man, has shown in an article in the *Bulletin of the International Railway Congress* that this contention is fictitious. Nor is the change due to improvements in the service. No additions to the number of trains have been made, irregularities in their running have increased, and the government has in many cases lengthened their schedules. There has been an increase in the number of bad accidents, and a very large advance in the claims for damages presented and paid.

The main causes of the heavy augmentation of expenses have been that the government dismissed the experienced officers who had been employed by the company and filled their places with men both less experienced and less capable; that, following a severe strike, it raised the wages of the employees without, however, getting any more loyal and efficient work from them; and that it has also largely increased the number of employees. The last-named has been the principal influence. The increase in the number of employees has added three times as much to

expenses as has the increase in their wages. Under the management of the company there were, for example, only 1526 employees at the central administration and at the central motive power and traffic departments. This number has been increased by the government to 2587. There have been large additions not only to the number of employees, but also to the personnel of the official class.

However, the causes of the increases in expenses mentioned are secondary. They are all themselves effects of a single primary cause, and that cause is the influence of politics. France, formerly a monarchical and administrative country, has now become a legislative country; and the government, in the management of the Western Railway, has been influenced less by a desire to get good results on the railway than by a desire to get support in the Chamber of Deputies and at the polls. Meantime, the net earnings are insufficient to meet the interest on the capital cost of the railway, and the taxpayers of France must make good the deficit which is growing greater every year.

If things go on as they have been going, the Western Railway will soon be in the same plight as another good-sized railway which is owned and operated by the government of a virtually democratic country. The Intercolonial, owned by the Dominion of Canada, seldom earns enough to pay its operating expenses, to say nothing of interest on the large investment in it. In 1909 its expenses exceeded its earnings by \$449,535. Interest on the total investment at $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent was \$3,080,244, which, added to the deficit from operation, made a total loss of \$3,529,779, which the tax-payers had to make good. In 1910 it earned \$281,877 more than its operating expenses, but as interest at $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent on its capital cost was

\$3,252,814, it really incurred a net loss of \$2,970,937, which the taxpayers suffered.

Each political party, when it is out of office, charges that these poor results are largely due to the use of the railway for political purposes by the party in office; and the charge, whether made against one party or the other, seems to be true. It has been repeatedly alleged that the administration, whether of one political complexion or the other, usually largely increases the number on the pay-roll when an election is approaching. While the state-owned railways of France and of Canada have been getting such poor results the privately-managed railways of both countries — while confronted, like the railways of all other countries of the world, with increasing wages and costs of materials — have been keeping their expenses within reasonable bounds and fairly maintaining their net earnings.

V

It may be hardly fair to cite the railways of Italy as an example of the results of government ownership, for they have been an operating and financial failure under both private and public management. Certainly, however, the most enthusiastic advocate of government ownership would not cite their results as an argument for his cause. Within three years after the government in 1905 assumed the operation of the Italian lines the number of employees was increased from 97,000 to 137,000, and this was not accompanied by any increase in efficiency. The opposite seemed to be the case.

Under government management in Switzerland, rates have been reduced, wages have been increased, and the service given has been more or less good. It is a disputed point, however, whether financially the roads have

been profitable, and the rates charged are still much higher, and the wages paid still much lower, than those on the railways of the United States. However, results gained in a compact country having only 3034 miles of railway, can hardly yield any very strong arguments either for or against the adoption of government ownership in the United States.

In Austria, where the state operates about 8500 miles of line, the wages paid are somewhat lower, and the rates charged somewhat higher, than in Germany, while the government has to make good from taxes a deficit of about \$25,000,000 a year. Before the government a few years ago took it over, the Northern Railway of Austria was paying 6 per cent dividends. M. Pattai, president of the Austrian Chamber of Deputies, and a friend of government ownership, in a public address, said in the summer of 1910: —

‘We are still in favor of the principle, but it does seem to us that our government has performed a remarkable feat when it has succeeded in creating a deficit on the Northern Railway. The government has enlisted an army of new employees. They have gone much too far in the reduction of hours of labor. Instead of commercial management, they have appointed lawyers to posts that required business men or experts. They have established an entirely impracticable bureaucracy.’

VI

We can get some data regarding the results of public ownership and operation without going abroad. The government of the United States about six years ago acquired the Panama Railroad and the steamship line owned by it, and has since operated them. During the last ten years of private ownership the ratio of the operating

expenses to the gross earnings of the company was never more than 66 per cent, and during the last year of private management, 1904, it was less than 63 per cent; I include the figures for the steamship lines as well as for the railway. Immediately after government acquisition the operating ratio began to increase. In 1905 it was 77.4; in 1906, 79.54; in 1908, 74.49; in 1910, 71.4; and in 1911, 71 per cent. If this bad showing had been made when gross earnings were declining, it would have been understandable, but, while the gross earnings meantime had increased from \$3,267,859 to \$6,009,555, or 84 per cent, operating expenses increased from \$2,024, 181 to \$4,257,038, or 110 per cent.

The gross earnings of the Panama Railroad under government management were, in 1911, over \$80,000 per mile, while the gross earnings of the railways of the United States were but \$11,553 per mile. The operating expenses of the Panama Railroad were almost \$50,000 per mile while those of the railways of the United States were less than \$7700. In other words, the earnings and operating expenses per mile of the Panama Railroad under government management were each about seven times as much as those of the railways of the United States under private management, although the freight traffic handled by the Panama Railroad per mile was only slightly greater than that handled per mile by the railways of the United States. Its passenger traffic, however, was about four times as great per mile as was that of the railways of the United States. Its net earnings were almost \$31,000 a mile, while the net earnings of the railways of the United States in the fiscal year 1910 were less than \$3900 a mile.

The explanation of the large gross and net earnings of the Panama Rail-

road is to be found in the high freight rates that it charges. Its average rate per ton per mile on commercial freight is seven cents, or nearly ten times the average ton-mile rate that the railways of the United States are permitted to charge; while the rate it charges the Isthmian Canal Commission is only about two cents per ton per mile. Its average rate on all freight is 4.14 cents, or about five and one half times as much as the average rate of 7.53 mills on the railways of the United States. Despite these facts, the Panama Railroad actually made some advances in its freight rates in the autumn of 1911.

The government has been reconstructing the Panama Railroad, and it is interesting to compare the cost of this work with some things that have been said about the cost of construction and the capitalization of the railways of the United States. Very recently a prominent business man made the statement in a magazine article that the upset cost of railway construction under modern conditions is \$50,000 per mile, denounced the capitalization of the railways of the United States (amounting to less than \$63,000 a mile) as exorbitant, and advocated government ownership as a remedy for alleged evils growing out of over-capitalization. Now, the official figures introduced at hearings on the Canal Zone in December, 1911, before the committee of the House of Representatives on Interstate and Foreign Commerce, show that up to that time the cost of reconstructing the government-owned Panama Railroad had been \$167,000 per mile, and it was officially estimated that the total cost of reconstruction of this line would amount to \$226,190 per mile. It is true that the work was done under peculiar conditions which necessarily made it very expensive, but, on the other hand, the figures given include no outlay for right of

way, which is often one of the largest items in the cost of railways in the United States, and nothing for large terminals in great cities, for land for which the railways of the United States sometimes have to pay as much as \$1,000,000 per acre.

VII

The adoption of public ownership would be a political and economic change of the greatest magnitude and importance, and the burden of demonstrating, by a clear preponderance of the evidence and convincing logic, that the result would be of public benefit rests on those who favor the new policy. They have not shown this, nor do I believe they can. They claim that under government ownership wages would be higher, rates would be lower, service would be better, and the profits from the railways could be applied in mitigation of public taxation, but the evidence shows that under private ownership the wages paid by the railways of the United States are the highest in the world, that the rates charged by them are the lowest in the world, that the service rendered by them is as good as any rendered in the world, and that the taxes paid by them into the public treasury exceed the net profits, after interest, paid into the public treasury by any state-owned railway system in the world. This combination of facts seems to demonstrate that our railways, under private ownership, are the most efficiently managed, *in the interest of the public*, in the world. What good reason is there for believing that public management here would be more efficient than private management, when the latter is, in this country, more efficient from a public standpoint than public management is anywhere in the world?

I am aware that a very plausible

theoretical argument can be made to show that considerable economies could be effected under government management; but the inherent and apparently, to a large extent, incurable shortcomings of public management cause actual wastes, wherever government ownership obtains, that greatly exceed these theoretical economies, and it is chiefly due to this that most state-owned railway systems, instead of yielding a profit to the public, usually earn less than the interest on the investment in them, and the difference has to be paid from taxes, — public ownership thus increasing instead of diminishing the burden of taxation.

One argument advanced is that the rates fixed under private ownership are unfairly discriminatory, and that we must change to public ownership to correct this evil. But there are now stringent laws in the United States forbidding unfair discriminations, and the Interstate Commerce Commission is so enforcing these laws as to correct these discriminations as fast as they could be corrected under government ownership.

Again, it is said that the government ought to require the railways to remove the influence now exerted on political and governmental affairs by railway corporations. The fact is, however, that developments of recent years have practically annihilated the political influence of railways in this country, while under government ownership the efforts of political parties to win votes often cause them to make and to carry out promises for the fixing of rates, the building of extensions, and, especially, for the increase of the wages and of the numbers of railway employees, in practical disregard of the interests of the general public, which alone should have any weight in the administration of state railways. The country where the influence of politics on state rail-

way management seems to be the smallest is Germany, and the reasons for this have already been shown. Nevertheless, Professor Hugo R. Meyer, in his book entitled *Government Regulation of Railway Rates*, published some years ago, demonstrated with the greatest copiousness of illustration that while partisan politics does not affect railway management in Germany, the adjustments of rates are largely determined by sectional struggles and, as a result, are ill-adapted to commercial and industrial needs.

On the whole, it seems to me — looking at the matter as an American citizen rather than as an American railway man — that the argument against government ownership of railways in this country is overwhelmingly conclusive. The evidence that I have cited (and much more of the same kind could be introduced) indicates that public ownership would tend to increase rather than to reduce the cost of operation; that it would tend to make rates more inelastic and thereby injure commerce; that it would lead to efforts by the political parties to use the railways and their employees for political purposes, which would result in the railways and politics mutually corrupting each other.

But I realize that political action is often not determined by the statement and analysis of facts, and that our future railway policy may not be so determined. It is unfortunately true that the managements of our railways, by various mistakes of both omission and commission, have lost the confidence of the public; that many leaders of public thought, from motives sometimes good and sometimes otherwise, have fanned the popular feeling against them; that in consequence a system of regulation which unduly interferes with management and limits profits has been adopted; and that this

combination of circumstances may hurry us into government ownership unless some alternative plan be adopted to prevent it.

Some acute observers who have detected the drift of things have advocated different plans to secure satisfactory results under private ownership for both stockholders and public, and at the same time save us from government ownership. One scheme that has been suggested is that the railways be allowed so to adjust their rates that each can earn a fair return, say 6 or 7 per cent, on a fair valuation, and that all earnings in excess of this be divided between the railway company and the public, the public's share being paid into the government treasuries as taxes.

This plan has marked advantages over that of limiting all railways to the same maximum return. If every railway, whether well or ill managed, were restricted to the same return, there would be no incentive to good management, while allowing the better conducted roads to earn and pay dividends substantially exceeding the average would give an incentive to good management of all railways. The adoption of this scheme might tend to keep up rates, because each reduction in them would reduce the public's, as well as the railway's, share of the net earnings, but I cannot agree that shippers and travelers are entitled to receive in the form of reductions in rates all the benefit of increases in the efficiency of railway operation.

Another plan that has been outlined and advocated with ability by W. W. Cook, the eminent authority on the law of corporations, is that there shall be organized by the federal government a great holding company, on whose stock the government would guarantee a return of three per cent, and which would acquire a controlling

part, or all, of the securities of all the railways. The first board of directors would be appointed by the President and confirmed by the Senate of the United States, and its members would appoint their own successors. Mr. Cook contends that this scheme would have many advantages over either the present policy of private ownership and government regulation, or government ownership. It would, he says, remove the railways from the influence of Wall Street without subjecting them to such political influences as probably would dominate them under government ownership. He assumes that the directors of the holding company would retain the present officers of the various lines, who have been chosen because of their experience and skill in railway affairs, and that, therefore, the roads would be as efficiently managed as they are now, and would be more efficiently managed than if government ownership were adopted and they were turned over to political appointees.

It seems probable that the first, and almost certain that the succeeding, directors of the proposed holding company would be chosen for political reasons, and that they would be influenced by like considerations in appointing the officers of the railways. Furthermore, the concentration of the control of all of the railways in the United States in the hands of a single holding company would cause a concentration upon it of the demands of all interests and sections for readjustments of passenger rates, freight rates, and wages, and for the provision of additional facilities and the construction of new lines, which the holding company would be unable to meet; and the resulting public dissatisfaction probably would soon lead to the substitution of government ownership.

A short time ago I suggested that it might be desirable for the government

to acquire from twenty-five to forty per cent of the stock of the railways, with proper representation on each board of directors, so that it would become the partner of the present owners, sharing in their profits, and also in their losses, if any. This plan would have the advantage of causing government officials to look at the railway business from the standpoint of the owner as well as from that of the traveler, the shipper, and the wage-earner.

Under present conditions there is a strong tendency for public officials to regard themselves as the champions of all other classes, against the owners; and therefore, in spite of all the railway managers can do, wages and the other expenses of operation increase faster than gross earnings; net earnings are so small as to offer insufficient attraction to investors; the new facilities provided in recent years have been inadequate; and it is certain that any large and sudden increase of traffic will find the railways unable to cope with it. If the government were a stockholder and had representatives on the boards of directors, whatever affected net earnings would affect the stock of the government as well as that of private individuals, and the public, and public authorities, would be better able to appreciate the railways' financial needs than they are now.

Undoubtedly the best course will be to leave the ownership of the railways entirely in private hands and follow a policy of firm but *wise* regulation. We have not succeeded yet in working out and adopting such a policy. Most of the legislation for the regulation of railways has been conceived in prejudice, or drafted in ignorance. It used to be contended that certain forms of government regulation must be adopted as alternatives to government ownership. It is to be

feared that they may prove to be precursors and causes of, rather than alternatives to, government ownership. But if the public and public men will but give the subject the intelligent, fair, serious consideration it demands, the fatal plunge into public ownership may be avoided.

Fair and intelligent consideration would result in the concentration of authority over the railways in the hands of the Interstate Commerce Commission and the abolition or subordination to the Interstate Commission of the numerous state commissions, with their multitudinous, conflicting, vexatious, and costly requirements. It would result in the appointment of well-paid experts and scientists, both to membership on the commissions, and to the various important and responsible positions under them. It would result in public authorities ceasing to try to substitute themselves for the managers of the railways, and becoming content to perform their proper duty of holding the managers responsible for the effects of their management on the public interests. It would result in no diminution of the efforts, growing every day more successful, to suppress all forms of unfair dis-

crimination by railways; but it would result in a diminution of the incessant and successful efforts to hold down railway profits — efforts which are repelling capital from the railway business, and, by preventing adequate increases of facilities, imperiling the welfare of every manufacturer, every merchant, every farmer, every wage-earner, in the country. One thing is certain, and that is that we cannot long continue to muddle along as we are doing now. W. M. Acworth, the eminent English authority on railway affairs, after a visit to this country, said in an article published last autumn in the *Bulletin of the International Railway Congress*: —

‘If I have an individual belief it is that the United States will get much nearer to the brink of nationalization than they have come at present, and will then start back on the edge of the precipice, and escape by some road not yet discernible.’

The best road by which we may escape is a conservative, wise, just policy of regulation; and the most vital question of our time is whether the people of the United States will be just, wise, and conservative enough to take that road.

LETTERS OF CHARLES ELIOT NORTON TO JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

EDITED BY SARA NORTON AND M. A. DE WOLFE HOWE

'If you see to the inscription over my grave,' Norton once wrote to Lowell, 'you need only say, "He had good friends, whom he loved."' At an earlier day Lowell had written to Norton: 'It is almost my happiest thought that with all the drawbacks of temperament (of which no one is more conscious than myself) I have never lost a friend. For I would rather be loved than anything else in this world.'

The touches of sentiment through the long and abundant correspondence between Lowell and Norton are highly characteristic of the two men, and reveal an affectionate relation maintained without an interruption through a close friendship of more than forty years. Inheriting many things in common from their New England forbears of that straitest sect from which the frank expression of warm feeling is not usually expected, they found themselves similarly possessed of this somewhat exotic gift, endearing them to many friends — and to each other.

But there were many other bonds of intimate association — a Cambridge boyhood with the same background of learning and simple dignity that dwelt in such places as Elmwood and Shady Hill; a love of letters naturally born of such surroundings; an enthusiasm for the forward movements in political, social, and intellectual life; a joint participation in editorial labors — first on the new *Atlantic*, with Lowell as editor and Norton as one of the earliest con-

tributors, then as fellow editors of the older *North American Review*. In later years a parallel experience as professors at Harvard, an enduring sympathy of aim, bound them together when Lowell went out into the larger world as a public servant, and Norton remained at Cambridge, a confidant and counsellor in all that concerned the truest service of their country and the finer civilization which both the friends held dearly at heart.

Norton, the younger of the two, led, moreover, so essentially domestic a life from beginning to end that his friends were almost inevitably the friends of his family; and in no instance was this more strikingly exemplified than in the friendship with Lowell, the friend of three generations at Shady Hill. It is, therefore, natural that in any record of Norton's life his letters to Lowell should bear an uncommon significance. The passages drawn here from letters covering a wide range of years illustrate many points in their community of interests.

The letters begin in the fifties, when the Nortons were spending the summer in a house they had recently built at Newport, where Lowell often visited them. In the first of the letters that have been preserved, there is a detailed account of an expedition to Narragansett by Norton and three friends, and of the hospitality of that quaint character 'Joe' Hazard, at his strange tower near the Pier. The letter, too long

for reproduction, has a pleasant flavor of Rhode Island in its pages. To the summers spent in Newport the Nortons owed their close friendship with a branch of the Middleton family of South Carolina. The following letter was written while Mr. Norton was paying a visit, with one of his sisters, to these friends on their island plantation of Edisto, near Charleston.

MIDWAY, EDISTO ISLAND

Good Friday Night, *April 6, 1855.*

MY DEAR LOWELL: — It is almost midnight, but I do not feel like going to bed, on the contrary I feel like writing to you. . . . Here it is perfect summer. I am writing by an open door that leads onto a piazza, below which is a garden, while beyond the garden at the foot of a steep bank flows a beautiful little river from whose opposite side stretches a wide spread of marshes, bordered far off by tall pine woods whose outline is here and there broken by cultivated fields. The air is close and damp with low-lying clouds, and in the south now and then comes a bright gleam of lightning. There is scarcely a sound but the whistling of the frogs, — and as I write these words I hear the pattering of a soft rain.

This place is Mr. Middleton's cotton plantation, and the island on which it is produces the finest cotton in the world, the long, silky Sea Island cotton which is used for only the most delicate stuffs. We are some thirty miles south of Charleston, and to the softness of the Southern climate is added the luxury of sea air. One might fancy it the genuine, original Lotus island, for it woos one to voluptuous ease and indolence, and makes day-dreaming the natural condition of life.

Think of being woke up in the morning as I was yesterday and shall be to-morrow by the singing of mocking-birds on a tree that grows near my win-

dow. Such a flood of song as they pour out would drown the music of all the nightingales that ever sang on the Brenta. Their song is the true essence of all sweet summer sounds, so rich in melody, so various, so soft and delicate, and then so loud and joyful that nothing more exquisite was ever heard even in the enchanted gardens of romance.

We are seeing plantation life to great advantage, — for this has the reputation of being one of the best managed plantations, and Mr. Middleton is a man of such kindness and liberality of heart that few better masters of slaves are to be found. But slavery in its mildest form is yet very sad, and it is on such a plantation, where the slaves are all contented, and well cared for so far as their physical condition is concerned, where they are treated with the consideration due to human beings, so far as their relations to each other and to their master extend, that one feels most bitterly the inherent evils of the system, and recognizes most distinctly the perplexities that it involves, and the responsibilities that it enforces. I have had much talk with all sorts of persons since being here, in regard to this subject. I have used the greatest freedom in expressing my own opinions, and it has been very pleasant to find that men were willing to discuss the subject fully and freely, and, however you might differ from them, without impatience or ill-feeling. It seems generally to be taken for granted that a great difference of opinion must exist, and that such difference is no ground for vexation. I confess that the result of these talks has been only to deepen the conviction that one of the worst effects of slavery is to deaden the moral feelings and to obscure the intellects of the masters. There are those, indeed, who escape this influence, but they are few.

It is a very strange thing to hear men of character and cultivation . . . expressing their belief in open fallacies and monstrous principles, and convincing themselves with utmost honesty of feeling that they really and truly do believe in these things. It seems to me sometimes as if only the women here read the New Testament, and as if the men regarded Christianity rather as a gentlemanly accomplishment than as anything more serious, — as if they felt confident that they had secured seats in the coupé of the diligence that runs to the next world, and had their passports properly viséd for St. Peter. It is very different with the women, — there are many who are as clear-sighted in regard to the wrong, and as devoted to the fulfillment of their duty in respect to it, as truly Christian women should be; — but they are bewildered often, and their efforts are limited by weakness, inexperience and opposition. Their eyes fill with tears when you talk with them about it, while the men often look at you with a certain scornful pity for having yielded to the prevailing sentimentality of the day so far as to believe slavery anything but a blessing.

For my part I see no remedy but the gradual and slow progress of the true spirit of Christianity, bringing together black and white, quickening common sympathies, and by degrees elevating both classes, the one from the ignorance and brutality in which it is now sunk, the other from the indifference and the blindness of mind in which it rests content. But this is a work of ages.

I am losing all confidence (if I ever had any) in the idea that any immediate, compulsory measures would improve the condition of either masters or slaves. — I ought to have written you a different letter from this, and told you more of what we are seeing

and enjoying. We are really having a delightful time. . . .

Ever gratefully and affectionately yours,

C. E. N.

In July of 1855 Lowell went to Europe, and by the time the next letter was written the Nortons were planning to follow him. This letter tells the Newport news — of the Longfellow, Appleton, the Storys, Curtis, and Stillman. Its pages of a wider interest deal with two books which were new in 1855, and have not yet passed from remembrance.

[NEWPORT] *September 23, 1855.*

. . . The summer is not the time for new pictures or new books, and there have been few of either in which you would have been much interested. Longfellow's new poem, the 'Song of Hiawatha,' will very soon appear. He gave me half of it to read a month or two ago. It is very different from anything that he has done before, and being wholly founded on our Indian legends is too remote from the interests of present life, and too distinct in the tone of sentiment from that of our day, to give him full scope for the display of his finest and most peculiar poetic characteristics. It has a little the air of having been crammed for, and written not from the fullness of the heart but the fullness of the head. Still there is much in it that is very charming, — it is fresh, simple, free from conceits and prettinesses, and the octosyllabic blank verse in which it is written is exquisitely modulated, and managed with all the melodious skill with which Longfellow always controls the metres that he uses.

Hiawatha is the hero of the story, which is in part purely mythical in its character, in part simply descriptive of Indian life in the forest. He is one of

the heroes, half human, half divine, of the ancient times, and the story of his deeds is told by the poet to the later generations. He is the fighter with the winds, the conqueror of the maize, the redresser of wrongs and the deliverer of his people. But perhaps my criticism on the poem is wrong. It is at any rate imperfect, as I have seen, as I said, only the first half, and Longfellow tells me that the part I have not seen is better than that which I have. . . .

A new book called *Leaves of Grass* has just come out which is worth knowing about. It is a quarto volume of unmetrical poetry, and its author, according to his own account, is 'Walt Whitman, one of the roughs, a kosmos.' It is a book which has excited Emerson's enthusiasm. He has written a letter to this 'one of the roughs,' which I have seen, expressing the warmest admiration and encouragement. It is no wonder that he likes it, for Walt Whitman has read the *Dial* and *Nature*, and combines the characteristics of a Concord philosopher with those of a New York fireman. There is little original thought but much original expression in it. There are some passages of most vigorous and vivid writing, some superbly graphic description, great stretches of imagination, — and then passages of intolerable coarseness, — not gross and licentious, but simply disgustingly coarse. The book is such, indeed, that one cannot leave it about for chance readers, and would be sorry to know that any woman had looked into it past the title-page. I have got a copy for you, for there are things in it that you will admire, and it is worth having merely as a literary curiosity, for the external appearance of it, the covers, the portrait, the print, are as odd as the inside. . . .

Two years later Lowell had returned to America, and Norton was still in

Europe. The *Atlantic Monthly* was about to begin its existence. The letter that follows reveals Norton's early identification with the magazine and something of the service he could render to its first editor.

PARIS, Hotel de l'Empire, June 20, 1857.

MY DEAR LOWELL: — . . . I am glad to hear of the plan for the new magazine. Of course it will succeed with you as its editor, and with such liberal arrangements for its beginning. But such things are never permanent in our country. They burn brightly for a little while, and then burn out, — and some other light takes their place. It would be a great thing for us if any undertaking of this kind could live long enough to get affections and associations connected with it, whose steady glow should take the place of, and more than supply, the shine of novelty, and the dazzle of a first go-off. I wish we had a Sylvanus Urban a hundred and fifty years old. I wish, indeed, we had anything so old in America; would give a thousand of our new lamps for the one old, battered, but true magical light. Like Aladdin's maid (was it his maid?) we do not know the value of the old. — I will do all I can for you, and will write the article you want about the Catacombs, but not till I come home, which will be, I hope, in less than two months. How glad I shall be to be at home, and to see you once more!

I was just writing to Mrs. Gaskell when your letter came, and I told her of the plan for the magazine, and of your suggestion that she should write for it. You said nothing about terms, except that contributors would be paid well; so I took the responsibility of telling her that if she would write a story in two or three numbers she should receive for it at least half as much again as she is paid for what

she writes for the *Household Words*, and should have the same rights of reprinting, etc. If this was going too far I am sorry, — but I shall be glad to be personally responsible to her for it, — for she is not rich and depends much on what she is able to earn by writing. I dare say I shall hear from her about it in a day or two, — if not I shall see her at Manchester before long, and will bring you or send you word about it.

Will you not write to Clough and ask him for contributions? He might like to write. I will try to get some new poetry from him. He ought not to give up poetry altogether, — though hard work and care may make it difficult; while a good and happy wife has cleared away from his heart many of the perplexities which found their expressions in verse.

When did I last write to you? Was it from Rome, — when the spring had filled the Campagna with larks and anemones, or was it later from Venice when summer was making the city glorious with sunshine? It was hard parting from Rome, and would have been much harder if I had not had the happiness of travelling with Mrs. Gaskell. You have read the life of Miss Brontë, which is almost as much an exhibition of Mrs. Gaskell's character as of Miss Brontë's, — and you know what a lovely and admirable character she has. Seeing her as intimately as one sees a companion on a journey, I learned every day to feel towards her a deeper affection and respect. She is like the best things in her books; full of generous and tender sympathies, of thoughtful kindness, of pleasant humor, of quick appreciation, of utmost simplicity and truthfulness, and uniting with peculiar delicacy and retirement, a strength of principle and purpose and straightforwardness of action, such as few women possess. I know no bio-

graphy that has so deep and touching an interest as this of Miss Brontë, — none other written so tenderly, sympathetically and faithfully. I have seen no notice of it as yet that seems to me to do it the least justice, — the reviews are cold and unappreciative. But it is a book that will be read with tears, and make those who read it better and stronger, and readier to bear the trials of life, — a hundred years hence, as it is read now.¹ . . .

Through the course of the Civil War, Lowell and Norton were fellow residents of Cambridge, with constant opportunities for personal intercourse. From the letters written while one or the other was away from home, the following may well be taken for its record of the impression made by New York more than fifty years ago, and for its evidence of the good counsel that Norton was giving with reference to Lowell's most important contribution to the political thought of the period — in the writing of the second series of *Biglow Papers*. In the February (1862) number of the *Atlantic* 'Mason and Slidell: A Yankee Idyll' was printed. Apparently upon Norton's advice, Birdofredum Sawin's 'Letter to Mr. Hosea Biglow' appeared in the March number.

¹ In a Roman note-book, on April 2, 1857, Norton recorded a conversation with Mrs. Gaskell, who called his attention to the fact that her life of Charlotte Brontë had no preface. 'I am a great coward,' she said; 'no one knows how great, and I venture on saying many things in my book which I should hardly dare to if I thought of speaking to my readers face to face, as it were. This is the first book I have published with my name: as Miss Brontë's friend, and as having been asked to write her life by her father and her husband, and as desiring to connect my name with hers, I was glad to put my name on the title-page. But even in this book I have said some very strong things, and yet the strongest have been cut out by the publisher who declared that if they were printed I should expose myself to three actions for libel.'

The Albemarle, New York.

December 19, 1861.

MY DEAR JAMES: — . . . This is a wonderful city. It has greatly changed since you and I were here eighteen years ago. There is a special fitness in the first syllable of its name, for it is essentially New, and seems likely always to remain so. It is all of the New world, and what Villemain says of Joinville is true in another sense of the impression that a stranger receives from New York, — *On dirait que les objets sont nés dans le monde le jour où il les a vus*. The only old things here are yesterday's newspapers. People do not seem to live here, — they pass the nights and spend the days in the city, — that is all. The persons whom I meet in the street do not have, to my eyes, the air of belonging here, or of being at home. They look restless, and even the children have tired faces as if they had been seeing sights too long.

The New Yorkers have got Aladdin's lamp, and build palaces in a night. The city is gay, entertaining, full of costly things, — but its lavish spending does not result in magnificence, it is showy rather than fine, and its houses and churches and shops and carriages are expensive rather than beautiful. Architecture is not practised as a fine art, it is known here only as a name for the building trade.

Boston is farther off than it used to be from New York. We are provincials, with a very little city of our own. This is really metropolitan, and has great advantages. A few years hence and Boston will be a place of the past, with a good history no doubt, but New York will be alive. It seems to be getting what Paris has so much of, — a confidence in the immortality of the present moment. It does not care for past or future.

My windows look out on the junction of Broadway and Fifth Avenue,

and there is not a livelier place in the world.

The news from England, I trust, is not so bad as it seems. The manner in which the country has received it is most satisfactory, — and there is apparently no reason to fear war as the result of any popular excitement here, or of any want of temper or discretion on the part of the Administration. It is a fortunate thing for us that Seward has regained so much of the public confidence. He will feel himself strong enough not to be passionate or violent. — I cannot believe that the English ministry mean war, — if they do they will get it and its consequences.

How good the new number of the *Atlantic* is! I have read and reread your letters in it, always with a fuller sense of the overflowing humor, wit and cleverness of them. You are as young, my boy, as you were in the old time. It seems to me indeed (you will take what I say for what it is worth, and of this you are a better judge than I am), that there is some risk from the very abundance of your power lest the popularity and effect of this new series of the *Biglow Papers* should not be as great as it ought to be. This letter of B. Sawin's is too full, and contains too much. I know that the necessity of the case forced you into details in order to place your characters on the stage in an intelligible way. But I am afraid that the public will be impatient of detail, and will complain of divided interest. It was this that prevented common readers from appreciating the delightful fun and humor of 'Our Own.' The truth is that for popularity — that is for wide, genuine, national popularity — there is need of unity of effect. One blow must be struck, not ten. Moreover our people are more in earnest now than they ever have been before, they are not in the vein for being amused by the most humorous touches of satire

unless there be a simple, perfectly direct moral underneath. The conclusion to which I want to come is this, — that you must interrupt the series of Birdofreedom's letters, by some shorter pieces of Hosea's own, the shorter the better if so be that they give expression and form to any one of the popular emotions or sentiments of the moment; — and more than this that you should make them as lyrical and as strong as possible, binding the verses together with a taking refrain. The pieces in the old *Biglow Papers* that have become immortal are the lyrics; — the John P. Robinson; the Gen. Cass says some one's an ass; the Apostles rigged out in their swallow-tail coats, and so on. — Am I right? I believe so. And if I am, I am sure that you can do what I think should be done. You have a fine chance (*me judice*) at this moment to put the popular feeling toward England into verse which shall ring from one end of the country to the other. Do let Hosea do it, and send it with one of his brief old-fashioned letters to the publishers for the next number, — and keep back Birdofreedom till March. If you hit the nail of the minute such a ringing blow on the head as you can hit it, all the people will cheer and laugh, and throw up their hats in your honor. I am so proud of you, and love you so well that I not only want you to do the best for the country but am sure that you can do it. — And love gives me the precious right to write thus freely to you.

Thank you very much for the little note you sent me the morning I came away. Give my love to Fanny and to Mabel. Your loving

CHARLES E. N.

Mr. Norton was a constant observer of the birthdays of his family and friends. Nearly always, when the 22nd of February came round, there was a

birthday message to Lowell. The coincidence of the date with that of Washington's birthday could not always be ignored. Here it is playfully suggested — and there is a pleasant glimpse of Mr. Howells during his editorship of the *Atlantic*.

SHADY HILL, February 23, 1874.

MY DEAREST JAMES: — As we still keep Sunday as a fast and not a feast, we did not celebrate your birthday yesterday, except in our hearts, but to-day all the bells have been ringing, and the guns firing, and the flags streaming, in honor of the happy anniversary. The children have all had holiday, the shops have been shut as well as the schools, even the post-office has been closed since early morning, and the 'express' has not been on the road. Cambridge has been glad for her poet. Your statue, which stands where the old elm used to stand, in the square, has worn a laurel crown all day, — and to-night, as I passed by, there was a crowd around it listening to a beautiful youth, who with a sweet full voice, was reciting to them some of those poems of yours which they had all known by heart so long. There was a pretty procession of children this morning strewing the path to Elmwood with branches of the fir, and carrying baskets of spring flowers to adorn the house. It is a happy day, and a sweet and tender sentiment fills every heart. — All that I have written, if not literally true of Cambridge, is spiritually true of Shady Hill and its inmates. We *have* been glad and grateful for you . . .

I am beginning to work in preparation for my new department. Fortunately I am impressed with a sense of my ignorance, and I shrink from making an exposure of it; so that I am driven to work hard. The gulf to be filled is very deep, and too wide to be spanned by any suspension bridge.

I thought Howells would be here to-night to read me part of the new novel he has just finished. . . . It is a pleasure to see him now-a-days, he looks so much at ease, and his old sweet humor becomes ever more genial and comprehensive. He is in just such relations to the public that he makes the very editor needed for the *Atlantic*; — there is not much in the magazine that is likely to be read twice save by its writers, and this is what the great public likes. — There must be a revival of letters in America, if literature as an art is not to become extinct. You should hear Godkin express himself in private on this topic. He speaks with more than his usual vigour.

I am going in two or three days to New York for a short visit to the Godkins. I do it reluctantly, for I am more than ever inclined to stay quietly at home, — but Godkin has not been well, and is somewhat depressed, and I am glad to go to do what I can for him. I am anxious that he should get a long vacation this coming summer. . . .

The ensuing group of letters was written within a year of Norton's return from a five-years' sojourn in Europe, whence Lowell, who had followed him there, was on the point of returning. The news of Agassiz's death had touched Lowell to noble utterance. Norton's part in the first disposition of the 'Elegy,' and his expressions following the death of Sumner give the letters an interest beyond that of mere memorials of friendship. The long service of Professor Norton as a teacher at Harvard was just beginning. In 1872 his wife had died in Dresden.

SHADY HILL, *March 13, 1874.*

MY DEAREST JAMES: — Yesterday your 'Elegy' came safe. Such poetry being meant to live would insure the safety of any ship which bore it across

the ocean. It is a noble poem, manly and forthright as you wished it to be; full of fine characterization, of genuine feeling, of literal truth sublimated by the heats of imagination. I like no part of it better than the passage about Clough. You do scant justice in comparison to Emerson. — Emerson was here this morning and I read the poem to him, to his great interest and delight; — he had to hurry away at the end, to go to a recitation (he was in Cambridge as one of an examining committee) and had only time to say, — 'How large and fine a work!' and bid me give you all affectionate regards from him. He seemed in excellent health and heart, — far better than a year ago. He had been much moved by Sumner's death; but this death touches Longfellow more nearly than any one else. I saw him this afternoon. He was serene as usual, but he looked as if he had had a heavy blow.

Poor Sumner! What a sad life his seems to one who looks beneath the shows of things! He illustrates the difference between bigness and greatness. He will hardly look more heroic to future generations than he does to us, but his figure will fill a large place in our history. I have a very kindly feeling to his memory; I should like to have more respect for it.

We shall try to get Hoar for his successor, but our Massachusetts politics are so 'mixed' just now that I am afraid some much inferior man will get the place. Butler's recent course has at length really aroused the spirit of honest men, and the forces are drawing off on either side for a battle that shall decide the fate of the Republican party. If we win it, the party is safe; if Butler wins it, we will break up the party. The better portion of the party will follow the lead of Massachusetts. I have been in New York, staying for a few days with Godkin, and, after much

talk with him and Olmsted, came home to have a three hours' talk yesterday with John Forbes. He has taken his gloves off, and you know what that means when the Scotch blood is up.

I wait for your next letter to know what you wish me to do with your poem. I have my own wishes about it, and I hope yours will not be very different. It is too beautiful and fine a poem for the *Atlantic*. But I am no critic of your poetry, — save as a lover is the best critic of all. I see you in it all, and seeing and feeling you in the lines I know them to be good from first syllable to last, good in the high sense of the word with all its best associations. . . .

SHADY HILL, March 15, 1874.

MY DEAREST JAMES: — I wish you could have seen Howells's face yesterday afternoon when (having received your letter from Rome in the morning) I took to him your poem, — there was more pleasure in it than I have seen in any grown face for a long time. 'Oh!' said Mrs. H. when he told her what had come, 'oh! how splendid! why, that will carry the *Atlantic* for six months.' There was something touching and pretty in the little woman's delight in the lift to her husband's work. It was as if he had accomplished something great himself; she knew at least that he had now got a good handful of pure wheat to offer in the place of his common sackful of the most unnutritious chaff. — And then I read them some parts of the 'Elegy,' for I am sure such a poem needs the interpretation of the voice, and it was pretty again, and pleasant to me, to see their common sympathy of appreciation and delight.

I have read the poem five times from beginning to end, and have thought more of it each time. I am afraid to read it often again for fear I should

begin to like it better than some old poems dear to me with many a precious association.

The manuscript is in perfect order. No words omitted or illegible. I asked Howells to let me see the proof, and I will make sure that no great blunder occurs in the printing. One line I think must be changed, but I shall ask Longfellow's counsel. I cannot recall it exactly, but it is the line in which you speak of Agassiz's quiet and kindly disregard of Tyro while 'He puffs his smoke with inattentive ears.' That's not the line, yours is far better, but the 'puffing with the ears' is what jars on mine. No doubt some easy correction of the verbal ambiguity will suggest itself.¹

You are to have not less than \$300 for the poem; and if you do not desire me not to do so, I will put the amount in a bill of exchange and remit it to Barings on your account. Do not allow your debt to them to make any dent on your mind. Did n't they keep moneys of yours for years? Spend, dearest boy, and accumulate debt at 4 per cent. You never will run in debt so cheaply elsewhere; . . .

Poor Sumner lies buried in Mount Auburn. I took Eliot and Rupert² to see the funeral procession this afternoon. They were disappointed in the show, for there was no music (as there should have been) and there were no soldiers (as there might have been); only a detachment of mounted police, then a carriage or two, then the hearse with outriders, then a long line of carriages. — Sumner's gift to the Library is most welcome, and is gracefully and feelingly made. I feel very kindly to the poor fellow, for I knew him best when I was a boy, and he was very

¹ The passage as finally printed stands: —
'The long-trained veteran scarcely wincing hears
The infallible strategy of volunteers.'

² Norton's eldest and second sons.

kind to me. I should have liked to pay him all tender respect as to an old friend, but I could not join in honoring him as statesman. At this moment it looks as if the attempt would be made to exalt him into an ideal character; he is very near apotheosis. And there is poor Mrs. Sumner!

If you should be in Rome when this reaches you, please give kindest remembrances from me to the Storys. I wish I could be with you in Rome for a day. My mood would fit its sadness. — With much love to Fanny, Your ever loving,

C. E. N.

SHADY HILL, June 6, 1874.

MY DEAREST JAMES: — It is pleasant to think that this is my last letter to you abroad, and that a month from to-day you may be at Elmwood, and we may once more talk together. I have missed you more than you would wish to be missed during this past year. It has been a bitter year for me, and I have often longed for the help of your presence and affection. I have lived a solitary life, and the more so for your absence. — Your letter from Paris came to me ten days ago. I was glad to know that you were so far on your way home, and you seemed all the nearer from the memories of the days we spent together on the Rue de Rivoli. I wish I had been with you there now. — You were quite wrong in your judgment of your poem. It should have greatly pleased and satisfied you. No poem of yours has made a more immediate and deeper impression on the public, with the exception of the 'Commemoration Ode.' A mere material proof of this is, that it carried up the sales of the *Atlantic* quite above their usual mark. Howells told me that one of the distributing houses ordered 500 extra copies, — a fact, he said, quite unexampled in his experience as editor. But what is

better than this is, that the few whose judgments you would value have agreed in their admiration of the poem. . . .

I find that the full-blooded manliness, and intense sense of life and the earth, in the poem, strike every sensitive reader, and that its imaginative truth and sympathy touch every one. They not only recognize the Agassiz they have known, but they see him more completely than they saw him in actual presence. You are the only doubter as to the worth of the poem.

I am sorry you are not to be here for the dedication of the Memorial Hall, and the meeting of the Alumni; — you will be greatly missed. The services of dedication are to take place on the 23d, the day before Commencement; and, on Commencement, the Alumni are to dine in the hall. — Mr. Adams is to make the Address at the dedication, and Eliot will have some words to say in receiving the keys of the building, delivered to him in trust by the Chairman of the Committee of the Alumni.

The College is in every way prospering, and Eliot's energy and admirable sense are unfailing. By the way, you are assumed to be Professor, and will be expected to resume your duties next term. Your return will be most heartily welcomed. . . .

George Curtis is to deliver a eulogy on Sumner next Tuesday, before the Legislature, in the Music Hall, — the fifth eulogy in Boston on the late Senator! I am sorry the subject is so hackneyed; the moment of emotion is past, and the funeral baked-meats are already cold. . . .

Throughout the correspondence with Lowell there are so many indications of the important place which George William Curtis, the friend of both, held in Mr. Norton's interest and affection

that a selection which should fail to recognize this fact would be quite imperfect. A passage from a single letter written at Ashfield, while Lowell was Minister to Spain, may stand as typical of many.

ASHFIELD, September 17, 1878.

MY DEAR JAMES: — . . . George Curtis and I have been taking a long walk this afternoon. The sunlight had an autumnal pallor, but the air was soft; the goldenrod fringed the roadside with its splendid plumes; here and there we saw and left many gentians; the blue jays were bickering on the edges of the woods; the streams were full with last week's abundant rains. For sweet, easy, daily pleasantness George has no rival. It is perpetual summer with him. There is no change in him, except that each year makes his good still better. Time improves the best things. He is as busy and as serviceable in politics as ever, — and our long daily talks are more occupied with the shifting aspects of affairs in New York, or Maine, or Massachusetts, with the errors or good deeds of the Administration, with the prospects of the autumn political campaign, — than with all other topics put together. He has a capital, practical estimate of forces, and his judgment has been disciplined by long experience. He is one of the most prominent figures in New York politics just at this moment, but he looks on at his own part in the *mêlée*, and gives and takes heavy blows, with as much unconcern as if he were a third person to himself. We were laughing to-day at the heat of the battle around him, while he remains a cool spectator from the hills. His position has been one of real difficulty and delicacy, and is likely to be so, so long as Conkling succeeds in holding a majority of the Republican party in New York. . . .

VOL. 110—NO. 6

The birthday letter of 1879, with its allusion to the *Nation*, to Godkin, and to Mr. George E. Woodberry, touches upon matters of intimate concern to the writer.

SHADY HILL, February 22, 1879.

MY DEAR JAMES: — I have celebrated your birthday in my heart, glad and grateful for all that my life owes and has so long owed to your love. Few men can look back on so many years of mutual affection as you and I can do, absolutely unshadowed by even the most passing cloud of difference. Fewer still have been so blessed in a friend as I in you. — It is long since we heard from you; but I take your silence to mean only good. I hope with all my heart that you are well and contented. I wish that on the first of every month you would send a postal-card to me with the two words *Buenos dias*. I will do as much. And, indeed, on my part there is little need of more, for the days pass so quietly with me, and one week is so like another, and each so like those that you have known, that there is little to tell you of personal experience. In essentials there is no change here since my last letter.

It is late in the evening. I had meant to begin my letter earlier, but just before tea Godkin came in, having been dining at the Saturday Club, whither I did not go to-day because I had some work that I wanted to accomplish. I had not seen Godkin since he went to New York at the beginning of November. He is well, and seemed in good spirits. He has come on to spend a few days with the Gurneys. I fear he is tried by the condition of the *Nation*; the subscription list declines, and the paper still depends on him so exclusively that he can get no release from constant work. He can find no one to relieve him, and the prospect of con-

tinuous labor is unlighted by any hope of a competent assistant. . . . The trouble is that he is so eminent in the field of political writing himself, that there is no second to him. He stands alone, without even a squire at his side. It is a great pity that he is thus unaided. It is, indeed, in part due to character, and I see nothing for it but that he must continue to work, till he grows too weary to work longer, and turns the paper over to some wholly new hands which will hardly be able to carry it on at its present level of ability.

Woodberry is now established in Cambridge for a few months, writing regularly for the *Nation*, and studying Italian with a view to the study of Venetian history. Godkin had not gone this evening when he came in to read me an article on the effect of our institutions on literature, suggested by the reading of old Mr. Dana's prose and poetry. It was a thoughtful and interesting essay which I hope will appear in the *Nation* of next week.

When I referred to your birthday Woodberry spoke with warmth of your kindness to him. He is growing fast in power; the experience of life is serviceable to him; and if he keeps his health, and has sufficient energy, much that is good may be fairly expected from him. He has no successors in College with literary gifts that approach his in quality. I see him once a week regularly, for he is one of a class of young graduates and of Seniors, — eight in all, — with whom on Tuesday evenings I read Dante. It is interesting work, for they are a picked set, and all full of fresh interest and zeal in the study. By the end of the year we shall have read the whole *Divine Comedy*, and there will be eight more lovers of Dante in the land. In the ideal University I should like to be Professor of Dante. When you come

home you and I must go to work on the edition of the *Divine Comedy* which we have so long planned. I was pleased the other day to receive from the good old Witte a new volume of his collected essays on Dante. . . .

Lowell's appointment as Minister to England came in January of 1880. Norton's pleasure in the event, and his rational views on the financial considerations involved — a subject of frequent discussion in recent years — find expression in this letter.

SHADY HILL, *January 22, 1880.*

MY DEAREST JAMES: — The letters of the last two weeks from you and John Field have lightened our hearts, and made the beginning of the year happy for us. . . . By this time I wish that Fanny¹ may have got her invalid chair from London, and be able to move from room to room, and enjoy the fresh air at the windows.

I hope she is pleased with your appointment to London. I take it for granted that the Administration consulted you before making it, and appointing your successor at Madrid. It pleases me that the place should be offered to you, whether you accept it or not. Mabel writes to me, 'I do so hope that Papa will feel he can afford to take the English mission. I can think of nothing better, for they just wish to get away from Madrid as soon as may be.' I do not think the question of 'afford' ought to enter among those to be discussed in coming to a decision. It is an immense mistake, it seems to me, to think it necessary to live at a great expense and in a grand style as Ambassador. You can live with dignity and propriety in London on the Minister's salary, and be just as much liked as if you spent double,

¹ Mrs. Lowell was recovering slowly from a desperate illness.

and more respected. I think Motley never gained by his lavishness, but on the contrary exposed himself to criticism that was not unfounded. I am sure John Field will confirm me about this matter of expense in London, and of the way in which our Minister ought to live. There seems to be but one feeling throughout the country as to the fitness of your appointment, and a general expression of gratification in it. I inclose a note from Brimmer which has just come to me and will show you how people feel.

Howells and Curtis and I did our best to bring this about last June, — but the weather grew hot, and Congress and the Cabinet left Washington, — and then Fanny was taken ill.

I hope with all my heart that you will not suffer now from any reaction from the tense life of the last six months. Take care of yourself, my dear old fellow, for Fanny's sake now.

Your faithful friend,

C. E. N.

The following self-explaining passage from a letter of August 3, 1880, deserves perhaps the attention of poets who are considering new editions of their complete works.

. . . After your letter came I went over the 'Household' edition of your *Poems* and marked those which it seemed to me might, with least loss, be omitted from the new edition. I gave the list to George Curtis and sent it to Child, and I inclose to you what they say concerning it. The objections to omitting anything are clear, — they must be weighed against the advantage of consigning to the past such pieces as have, in comparison with what is left, a lesser value both biographically and poetically. There are, of course, two interests to be considered, that of the student of your poetry as an illus-

tration of yourself, and that of the reader of your poetry as poetry, with only a minor thought of the poet. On the whole, the interest of the latter class should be the predominant consideration. The student of you will always be able to find the omitted pieces, the lover of the best in poetry will be thankful to you for selecting your best for him. How few are the poets of all time of whom a part is not better than the whole! I can think at this moment of but two whose whole is better than a part would be, — and in Dante's case this is not true if one regards the poetry alone, but because the poet has a personal character of such supreme individuality as to make every expression of it matter of concern; while as to Shakespeare, his imagination is such an unique marvel in the history of the race as to make every expression of his genius of consequence as a measuring or divining rod of its limits.

But let your judgment in the matter be what it may, you will decide right. . . .

In the summer of 1881, the assassination of Garfield, the two hundredth anniversary of the Hingham meeting-house with which Norton's earliest American ancestors were associated, and the sensation created by Wendell Phillips's Phi Beta Kappa oration at Cambridge, gave occasion for a longer letter than usual to the absent friend.

ASHFIELD, August 31, 1881.

MY DEAR JAMES: — Every day for the past two months my thoughts have been with you even more regularly than usual, for in every day's paper I have turned to Blaine's dispatch to you as the best summing up of the President's condition, and have shared with you in the alternations of hope and fear. This protracted anxiety, these partial

reliefs, and frequent disappointments have been very wearing, and have made us restless and uneasy. Many people, like the doctors at the bedside, have grown visibly older. It has been a comfort to have George Curtis close by, for there has been news to exchange, and hopes and fears to share; and, at such a time, there is a sort of relief in the mere speculation with such a friend concerning chances and consequences; and in the simple expression to each other of a common feeling.

Yesterday there seemed reason for hope. No paper has reached us yet to-day. We should have had a special telegram sent up from the office, six miles away, if there were any decidedly ill news, so that I am beginning to hope that to-day's accounts will continue encouraging.

If Garfield were to die now, the country is in a much better condition to meet the blow than if it had fallen two months ago. There has been much serviceable reflection and determination in these weeks. It is hardly possible that Arthur, who is not a dull man, should not have had some important lessons forced home to him. Conkling's fate would have been very different had Arthur become President on the 2nd July. But, perhaps, nothing has been of more service than the example of patience, fortitude, simplicity and sweet domestic worth shown by both Mr. and Mrs. Garfield under a trial so severe, and made enormously more grievous by the terrible glare of publicity in which they have had to endure it. This exhibition of admirable character has produced a great effect. The impression made by it is very deep. It is a blessing for the country that such a standard should have been held up. — I have felt how hard it must be for you to have to wait so long for the daily details from which you might form your own judgment in the case.

It cannot now be many days before we shall be assured of life or death. I do not venture as yet to have any confident hope of Garfield's recovery. . . .

I have had one occupation this summer quite out of the common course. There was to be a commemoration of the two hundredth anniversary of the building of the old Meeting House at Hingham. It was built when my ancestor was the minister of the parish, and the Committee for this year's celebration appealed to me to make the address. I did not want to do it, but five generations of my ancestors who had worshiped in that house were too strong with me: filial piety prevailed, and I undertook the task. The commemoration came off three weeks ago, and was altogether a successful occasion so far as giving satisfaction to the people and the parish was concerned, and in celebrating the venerable old building. These two centuries have been so very long in this country, as measured by change, that the old meeting-house seems older than many a building of far greater antiquity as measured by years in the old world. I was not sorry to read a good deal of the New England theology of the end of the 17th century, and to read over great part of the *Magnalia* and altogether to refresh and enlarge my knowledge of the early Colonial period. The second volume of Sewall's *Diary* is quite as good and entertaining and instructive as the first, and if you have not had it, you should have it sent to you. It would steep you in New England. It is quite invaluable for its sincerity; its very dryness is delightful as a reflex of the times, and every page is full of genuine human nature. One learns to feel both respect and affection for the old Judge. He was as tender-hearted as he was stout-hearted, an upright, provincially-minded, clear-headed worthy. I often wished for you

while I was reading and writing. New England is your province; and I wanted you to give your Imprimatur to my words.

I wished for you, too, for your own sake at Phi Beta. George Curtis was staying with me, having come to receive his LL.D. from Harvard, an honor that pleased him greatly. Commencement Day and Phi Beta were two of our loveliest summer days. Cambridge never since she became a city looked so pleasant at the end of June. There had been no canker-worms, or so few as to make no inroad on the beauty of the trees. The spring had been late and wet, and the June rains had been frequent, so that the foliage was far more abundant and richer than usual. There was a great crowd to hear Wendell Phillips, and he was well worth hearing. He had brought himself, for as he said, 'I supposed they would not have asked me unless they had wanted me,' and there he was, the most admirable natural orator of our time, artist to the last point in the forms of oratory, with all the power that perfect libertinism of speech secures for the speaker. As Longfellow was leaving the stage he said, 'Yes, it was marvelous and delightful, but preposterous from beginning to end.' As Phillips was speaking I could not but contrast him, and his looks, and his speech, with Emerson and his Phi Beta discourse.¹ Phillips's face reveals his temper. He has lost nobility of expression. His features moving or at rest have a bitter and malign look, — they are not the lineaments of Gospel books. It was a great and memorable performance. It will be one of the historic Phi Beta orations. Charles Eliot made a forcible and eloquent five-minute speech at the dinner, vigorously rejecting Phillips's doctrine and exposing the essential fallacy

of his discourse. He was surcharged with moral indignation, and without the slightest intonation, much less a word that could give offence to Phillips, gave expression with characteristic manliness to the offended sentiment of serious men. . . .

In this Phi Beta Kappa oration Phillips dealt with 'The Scholar in a Republic,' raising his voice for woman suffrage, Irish home rule, the success of the Nihilists in Russia, and citing with approbation 'Landor's sneer, that there is a spice of the scoundrel in most of our literary men.' The power of his oratory, and the vigorous dissent of many of his hearers from the sentiments he was uttering, are illustrated by the true story of a Boston gentleman who heard the man behind him applauding and stamping his feet with the utmost enthusiasm, exclaiming at the same time, 'The d— old liar, the d— old liar!'

The following letter marks the close of a memorable chapter in the social history of Cambridge and the literary history of America: it may fitly stand last in this selection.

SHADY HILL, *March 28, 1882.*

MY DEAR JAMES: — You have been much in my thoughts during these last days. I have wished that you were here, and I have felt how much you would wish to be here. I have known how deeply Longfellow's death would touch you. It is an immeasurable change and loss for us who have known him so long and loved him so well. His friendship has been one of the steadiest and longest blessings of my life. It dates back almost half a century. I have gifts from him given to me when I was younger than my own Richard. I have a book in which he wrote my name forty-one years ago. And in all this

¹ Emerson's second Phi Beta Kappa address was delivered in 1867, thirty years after his first.

time I have not a single recollection of him that is not sweet, pleasant, and dear. It is a delightful retrospect. Even the memory of his sorrow is beautiful. His life has been an essential part of the spiritual atmosphere of yours and mine.

Last Sunday week, the 19th, was a beautiful day, soft with the early breath of Spring. I went to see him in the afternoon, and heard, to my regret, that he was in bed with a cold, taken the day before, but that he was not seriously ill. An hour later I met Mrs. Ernest Longfellow who told me that there was nothing alarming in his attack. I had felt anxious, for of late he has seemed to lack vigor, and he has suffered from inability to do any mental work and from shifting neuralgic pains. One of the last times I saw him, I said as I entered his study, 'I hope this is a good day for you.' 'Ah, Charles,' he answered, with a not uncheerful smile, 'there are no good days now.'

On Tuesday and on Wednesday I heard that he was better, but on Thursday I was alarmed at hearing that Dr. Minot had been sent for by Wyman for consultation, and on Thursday evening I saw Wyman and he told me there was no hope. He said that on Saturday Longfellow had been walking on his piazza in the afternoon, and came in feeling a chill. As the evening went on he became ill, he had a night of sickness, and 'when I saw him on Sunday,' said Wyman, 'he was already very ill, and his strength very much gone.' . . . On Wednesday he slept much, but was cheerful when awake, and said, 'I don't understand all this anxiety.' On Thursday it became plain that the end was not distant. He wandered a little from the effect of the opiates that were administered, but was for the most part tranquil and without pain. I saw Wyman again on Friday

noon. Death might come at any moment, he said; and in the afternoon at a quarter past three the meeting-house bell began to toll. He had just died.

There is no reason to wish for his own sake that he had recovered. He did not desire longer life. A year ago I dined with him on his seventy-fourth birthday, and he said, 'Really I cannot think I am so old, it seems that the numerals have been reversed, the four should precede the seven.' But since then there has been a great change. He had greatly aged in the twelvemonth, but he lost nothing of his familiar sweetness, or of the brightness of his smile of greeting.

Thursday, *March 30.*

The funeral services on Sunday were in all respects what they should have been. The coffin was in the library, — the large back room, — and here were the friends, while the immediate family were in the study. George Curtis came from New York, and was with me. The most striking incident was Emerson's solitary approach to the coffin, and his long gaze at the face of the dead. Only the family and a few intimate friends went to the grave at Mt. Auburn. Emerson was there, — his memory gone, his mind wavering, but his face pure and noble as ever, though with strange looks of perplexity wandering over it from time to time. The afternoon was raw, gray, March-like. Emerson took my arm up the path to the grave, — and his arm shook as we stood together there. I could not but think of Longfellow's happier fate.

Yesterday I saw Alice and Annie. They were both well, sweet, simple, self-controlled as could be desired. They would not wish that their father had lived longer. There was nothing to wish different, and no reason to desire longer life for him. Everything in the end had been appropriate to the life.

His greatest pleasure in the last month had been in Edith's children. They meant to live on in the old home, and to keep everything unchanged so far as was possible. They had thought

much of you, and of your sorrow with them. It is almost twenty-one years since their mother died. I stood on Sunday close by the spot where I had stood at her funeral. . . .

SOME HAVE GREATNESS THRUST UPON THEM

BY LORIN F. DELAND

THERE is really no reason why the story should not be told. Dudley is dead now. So are Dr. Hale and Mr. Kidder. So, too, are Martin and Walker and Eliot.

I will try to tell the thing just as it occurred. It needs no garnishing; it is preposterous enough in its simple nakedness of truth.

It all happened in less than two hours, and left me a dazed, much-honored, sorely-discomfited young man. What Dudley thought of me afterwards I never could clearly tell. He treated me as a man of mystery and power. He believed that I had a destiny, — or something of that sort. Poor Dudley! How little he knew that I was a mere pawn in the hand of Fate. But I must let the story tell itself without my flowers of rhetoric.

It was the afternoon of an autumn day in Boston, in the year 1884; and the Park Street clock gave the time as a quarter to two. I was walking up Tremont Street, and had passed the corner of Beacon Street, when I noticed a somewhat excited crowd trying to gain admittance to Tremont Temple. The fringe of the crowd extended a third of the distance across the street, but it was not blocking my path and I

hurried on, caring little for what it all meant. Speaking candidly, the vital concern of earning a living held me in its grip. It was low tide on my financial beach, and I was not attending afternoon religious services. In front of Park Street Church I ran bang into the arms of L. Edwin Dudley. Dudley was something of a character. Originally an Indian agent in the West, and a man of generous enthusiasms, he had journeyed East, shaken off the alkali, shaved, and settled down into the prosaic vocation of organizer of the Law and Order League of Massachusetts. This brought him into close contact with men of political prominence, and Dudley was always a politician. He reveled in politics, cold, hot, raw, or with tabasco sauce.

I wanted to see Dudley about a newspaper I was printing for his league, and I tried to detain him. But he was in a hurry! He said he was on his way to a mass-meeting in Tremont Temple; it was already late; there was sure to be a big crowd, and he dared not delay. I decided to walk back with him and so gain a few moments' conversation.

'But how is it you're not going to Tremont Temple yourself?' he said.

'Every man who cares for the welfare of Boston will be on hand to-day.'

I was impatient to talk business, and his enthusiasm over his Tremont Temple meeting bored me, but I managed to ask him civilly what it was all about.

'It's a call for a Citizens' Movement,' said Dudley, warming to his subject. 'I tell you, my boy, a Citizens' party is the only solution of municipal government. "Republican" and "Democrat" are all right when you're dealing with state issues, but when it comes to a question of backyard politics you want the best men, irrespective of party. This is a mass-meeting to-day of every one who wants good government right here in this city of Boston. First of all, we're going to take the public schools out of politics. We're going to nominate an improved school committee, and we—'

I choked him off rather abruptly. 'Good-bye! I'll see you later—'

But Dudley had the soul of a missionary. 'Now look here, don't try to skin out of this! It's your duty—it's every man's duty to go to this meeting.'

We had nearly reached the Temple entrance. The crowd was before us. It was useless to argue. I had to act quickly. I told Dudley that politics was something I knew nothing about, and I gripped his hand in token of immediate departure.

But he opened fire from a new battery. 'You say you're new to this business! Well, here's a great chance for you! If you don't know anything about political meetings, then you ought to see this sight,—just as an experience if nothing more. Now keep close to me; hang on to my coat-tails and I'll get you through this crowd.'

We were well into the throng now, and Dudley began propelling himself along, partly by his height and force,

and partly by a certain assumption of importance which made many give place to him. Behind him, comparatively sheltered, I followed in his glorious wake. For just one brief moment as we reached the foot of the staircase I had a chance to speak to him. I told him that it was no use; that, in fact, I had to be in another part of the city in ten minutes to keep an engagement. 'And anyway, Dudley,' I said, 'the thing does n't interest me. I'm no politician. I've got a family to feed, and the sooner I get away from this Citizens' matinee the better for me.'

We parted on that word! Speaking accurately, Dudley parted from me; alas, I could not part from him so easily. To attempt to turn back now was useless; to stand still was equally impossible; and I resigned myself to being propelled into a citizens' convention as the only way by which I could finally escape from it.

At the head of the stairs I made a futile attempt at a revolving wedge formation which might save my entering the hall and enable me to reach the wall and slip down by the baluster rail on the side of the staircase. But there was no revolving whirlpool for me; I was in the upper rapids and the utmost I could accomplish was to work gradually to the right until, at last, forced through the main doors of the hall, I broke from the edge of the crowd and reached a place against the rear wall. There I fixed myself, hoping that as soon as an opening came I could reach the stairs and again try a retreat by that baluster rail.

I held this outpost for nearly five minutes, vainly waiting for some sign of relief at the door. From my perch I had a fine sight of the throng that filled the hall. Once I caught a glimpse of Dudley. He had worked to the head of a crowd in the lower third of one aisle, and I marveled at his ability.

'That's what comes of being a politician,' I thought. And then suddenly I was aware that some one on my right was speaking to me.

I turned to face an excited usher. 'Are you Mr. Deland?' he demanded. I owned up! It seemed best to do so; he might prove an influential friend on this battlefield.

'Mr. Hale wants to know if he can speak to you for a moment,' said my influential friend.

'Do you mean Dr. Edward Everett Hale?' I asked.

'Yes,' said the excited one.

'But I don't know him,' I said; 'you must be looking for some one else.'

'No,' the usher insisted, 'he sent me to get *you*. He's up in a room — back of the stage. I can take you round there if you'll follow me. We never can get there up this aisle.'

It is recorded that a tramp once approached a hospitable door where a dog wagged his tail and growled. But the tramp did n't dare advance, — he said he did n't know which end to believe. I found myself murmuring vague protests that Dr. Hale did n't know me: 'There has been a mistake. — It must be some one else he wants.' But all the while I was addressing these polite sounds to the back of an usher whom I was following at furious speed. By side doors and erratic rear passages we reached a room. Into this room he threw me! It seemed to contain about seventeen men in long frock-coats and white ties. There was positively nothing else in that room but men, coat-tails, and clergymen's neckwear. The familiar form of Dr. Hale loomed up through the ecclesiastical mist and gripped my hand.

'Oh, Mr. Deland!' said he, 'such an absurd thing has happened! Here we are, nine clergymen and only one layman. May I depend upon you for

a twenty-minute speech on the Public School question?'

To the day of my death I shall always swear it was the tone of his voice that lured me to my ruin. I knew no more about the public schools than I did about carpet-weaving; I did n't even know that there was a public school question. I could n't have told you who ran the public schools, or why he ran them. Yet then and there I consented to address that outside mob for twenty minutes on the Public School question, whatever it might be. And twenty minutes is a long time to talk when you have n't anything to say.

I have said that Dr. Hale did n't know me; this proves it! But don't judge me harshly! Any one who remembers Dr. Hale's voice, that benign and Zeus-like countenance, and the splendid note of inspiration in his graciousness, will understand the flattery of his appeal. Under such encouragement prudence melts like a snowflake in the sea. It was as if he had said, 'My boy, of course we all know you! You are the one man on earth who can be depended on in any emergency.'

I fell! I have always insisted that if a man is going to fall, he might as well fall the full distance. If there was any more distance that I did n't fall, I should be glad to have it pointed out. Yet in the black horror that confronted me, I recall one delightful bit of satire. The good clergyman asked if I could use three minutes or so in getting my thoughts in order. I acknowledged that I could use three minutes, and he said, 'We'll delay the meeting for three minutes.' Then, instinctively, without knowing just what I was seeking, I dodged through that forest of coat-tails and gained the window. I wanted air! I felt like a fly in a huge mass of ecclesiastical amber. Two kind clergymen came up to introduce them-

selves. I gave them my precious three minutes. After all, they were of no use to me.

It was not over three minutes before Dr. Hale summoned us to march to the stage. He placed me in the middle of that long single file. First, five clergymen; then the Public School expert; then four clergymen, — and so we walked to my doom. A door was suddenly thrown open; before us was a short flight of steps, and beyond there rose a sea of faces. As I mounted those steps it only needed a cross-beam and the dangling rope, and my misery would have been complete.

In that moment of horrible glory I thought of Dudley. Somewhere out on that billowy sea his astounded face was looking up at mine, and his political sagacity was trying to figure out just why two and two made five. I knew that that problem would hold Dudley for a while.

We took seats in a long line across the stage, my seat being close to the centre. Dr. Hale advanced to the speaker's desk and read the summons under which the meeting had been called. He asked for nominations for temporary chairman. At that precise moment Henry P. Kidder, the banker, was moving from the crowd at the foot of one aisle to a seat at the reporters' table which stood on the floor directly below the stage. He was a prominent citizen, and his face was familiar to many in the audience. Some one caught the suggestion and nominated him for temporary chairman. The motion was carried with a strong vote, and Mr. Kidder, who had halted at the reporters' bench during the voting, continued his way to the platform. Taking the gavel from Dr. Hale, he called for a nomination for temporary secretary.

I shall never know how it happened, or who caught that flash of lightning

by the tail, but some one in the audience sized up the situation on a *priori* principles. Accounting for my presence in a group of much older men by the presumption that I was 'working for my passage,' he saw in me a logical candidate for the working post, and I heard my name called out from the floor. Mr. Kidder, never having heard the name before, asked to have it repeated; a loud voice called it clearly, and Mr. Kidder announced that I was nominated as temporary secretary.

I heard that announcement with a great throb in my breast-bone; I was to be plucked as a brand from the burning! Then I glanced at Dr. Hale, and my heart almost stopped. For the good Doctor looked aggrieved. Clearly he did not want his Public School expert used as a temporary secretary. He rose from his seat and started toward the chairman, but even as he reached the desk the vote was taken, and Mr. Kidder announced my election.

Dr. Hale went back to his chair. Just what had passed through his mind, and why he started forward as he did, I never knew. It was enough for me to hear the chairman asking me, in a voice addressed to all parts of the hall, if I would come up to the platform and act as secretary. A link in my chains had snapped somewhere, and I was drifting toward freedom.

My first thought was to get out of the danger-zone, away from that firing line of frock-coated speakers, and I went at once to the desk, reported myself to the chairman, and moving over to the edge of the platform on the left, I commandeered a small table from the reporters and started on my new job. I was resolved that the public schools might now go hang before I would say a word in their favor. I regarded them, in fact, as a deadly enemy; they had nearly killed me, and

it was not their fault that I was not at that moment politically and socially dead. I resolved to take no further chances with them. To speak plainly, I took refuge in flight. Slipping down among the reporters, I remained in semi-concealment while the black-frocked spell-binders unlimbered into action.

Safely hidden away, I longed to ask the reporters one question, yet I dared not betray my miserable plight. It was an innocent question: I merely wanted to know what the meeting was all about. From Dudley's talk I gathered that it had something to do with a new citizens' movement in the cause of good government. Then I knew that the public schools got into the scheme somewhere. But I would have given a week's earnings for reliable information as to just what game I was up against.

When at last I saw Dr. Hale rise and start down the platform stairs I resolved to sell my life dearly. As the reverend gentleman descended the stairs, I placed one foot on the reporters' table and vaulted to my secretary's seat on the stage.

But my agitation was needless. Dr. Hale was not thinking of the public school question; I had long passed that danger, though I was too ignorant to realize it. To speak frankly, my friend, the Doctor, was now up against *his* game. Charged with preparing the resolutions which should start the machinery of permanent organization, he had neglected this essential, and now he was doing his best to make good the deficiency at the eleventh hour by scribbling various motions on scraps of paper. These he had in a sheaf in his hand as he went in search of me. He soon located my changed base, and it suited well with his plans. From the reporters' table he passed his motions up to me, one by one, with some

brief, hurried words of explanation: — 'Make this motion first,' — 'make the motion next for this committee,' — 'let this motion come third,' and so through the list. It was terribly cut-and-dried, but as we conferred together in whispers over the edge of the platform, I think no one in the audience knew what was transpiring, or realized, when the motions came later, how they had originated.

And so it came about that I made a series of motions. To the audience I must have appeared like a lambent flame playing over the whole Citizens' Movement from end to end. I had come through the Public School furnace as unscathed as Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego; and now what were a few motions more or less to me! To the chairman I made all roads smooth; if the course of true government ever seemed to hesitate, he had but to turn to his secretary and a motion came flying from my mouth before any one else got started. To Dudley I must have seemed — well, I hesitate to say what I must have seemed to Dudley. Ossas had been piled on Pelions, and Dudley was out of sight in the valley.

The motions which I was so busily making called for the appointment of different committees to carry forward the permanent work: a motion for the appointment, by the chairman, of an executive committee of nine; a motion for the appointment (always by the chairman) of a committee of seven on nominations; another for a committee of three on printing and advertising; another for a committee of five on future permanent organization; another for a committee of four on finance.

I do not mean to imply that no motions came from the floor; quite the contrary. But there was no conflict from the floor. Some one put through

a motion by which the temporary officers were made permanent, and some one else moved that each committee should meet subject to the call of its chairman. Later the meeting voted that the officers and committees should form the nucleus of a permanent organization on a platform irrespective of party lines, and place a citizens' ticket in the field. Then the meeting adopted the resolution for an improved school committee.

One or two of the committees called for by the votes of the convention were named by the chairman immediately upon the passing of the vote. Some were taken under consideration and announced later in the proceedings, and I think that one committee was not announced until the very close of the meeting.

Perhaps in this way the fact escaped attention that the chairman, in making up these committees, merely followed the old rule of appointing as chairman of each committee the one who had introduced the motion to create it. Now the reader may recall that I had acted as the mouth-piece of the 'men higher up' in the motions to constitute these committees, and a little mental calculation will make clear the avalanche of political power which now descended upon my unworthy head.

I had entered that wretched hall against my will, — thrown into it like a chip on a stormy sea, — ignorant of politics, not even knowing what the meeting was called for or who called it. Two hours later I was the chairman of every committee, and practically the whole Citizens' Movement! When I left the hall I carried away under my hat the entire power of the organization. Gilbert and Sullivan might have dramatized me just as I stood. I had *pooh-bahed* everything in sight. No committee could meet till I called it together. More than

that, I carried away in my pocket the complete records of the convention. If I had been wiped out that night, the Citizens' organization would — at least temporarily — have ceased to exist, except as a pleasant memory for that throng in the street and that jostling crowd on the stairs.

It is said that two men were once traveling companions on a railway train entering Russia. One was an Englishman; the second was none other than Karl Baedeker. Each was a stranger to the other. They had talked for four long hours over a wide range of topics, when the Englishman asked the German if he happened to have a Baedeker that he could lend him, in his satchel. It was too much for the warm-hearted Teuton. Bursting with a sudden and overwhelming enthusiasm of friendship, he beat his breast with both hands, exclaiming, 'Gott in Himmel! — I am it!'

I felt just that way when I found myself once more on Tremont Street, passing the spot where, only two hours before, the enthusiastic Dudley had lured me from the sober path of honest toil. As I walked home, those first words of Dudley came back to my mind: "If you don't know anything about political meetings, then you ought to see this sight, just as an experience." I had had the experience. So this was politics! I recalled an old lady who rode for the first time on a railroad train. There was a head-on collision, and from the ruins they brought her out miraculously unhurt. When they asked her if she was n't frightened, she replied, calmly, "O no, I thought they always stopped that way." I resolved to emulate the old lady's composure.

That evening I told the whole astonishing business to my wife, and I had barely ended when Dudley, the bewildered Dudley, arrived to demand

an explanation of my conduct. He wanted half a dozen explanations, beginning with some certified proof that 'I am I and you are you.' Poor Dudley was like the Spanish madman trying to mix a salad. It was in vain that I presented to him the true story of the tragedy of my political glory. He was too old a fox to be caught by such talk, and never, so long as he lived, would he admit that I was telling him the raw truth about the events of that day. Thenceforward he treated me less as a friend and more as one to be placated. I think he really believed I made the political slate of the diocese. He even came to me a few days later with a proposition that I should let him announce me as a candidate for alderman of the city. He was sure that he could effect the nomination. It was too absurd even to be humorous. I told him so, but his Indian-agent sagacity merely detected in this simple truth-telling another proof of my political guile. He could not descend to the level of my stupidity. So we played 'Puss in the Corner' for a while longer. I told him that it would all be clear if only he would believe my story of the convention. 'Yes,' he said, 'but no sane man can believe such a combination of absurdities.' And he never believed it.

Few words will suffice to tell the results of the campaign that followed. We joined with the Republicans in the effort to reëlect Augustus P. Martin as mayor. The Cunniff-Maguire combination, controlling the Boston Democracy, defeated us. However, acting independently, we induced General Francis A. Walker and Dr. Samuel Eliot to accept nominations for the School Committee, and we brought these names forward before either party had made up its slate. We succeeded in getting both of these candidates accepted by the Republicans,

and one of them by the Democrats. Both were elected, and each one in a letter the day after election gave to our organization the credit for the result. It is doubtful if either the Republicans or the Democrats would have troubled to seek out men of this calibre for nomination. To that extent we might reasonably claim to have effected their election. Undoubtedly we modified the plans of both parties as to school-committee candidates, and on the whole we accomplished much for municipal betterment.

One last catastrophe remains to be told. When I called the various committees together, I succeeded in persuading Mr. Kidder to become chairman of the finance committee, but I could not shake off so easily my other ill-gotten honors. I did practically nothing until the election but manage the Citizens' campaign. After election we found ourselves short of funds. As secretary of the finance committee I finally was compelled to call a meeting and report the inability to pay all our bills until we could collect about eight hundred dollars.

I can shut my eyes now and see the whole scene. I can see Mr. Kidder rise and say in his pleasant voice, 'It's a little late to ask our friends for subscriptions; here we are, four gentlemen together; I think the best plan will be for us each to draw our check for two hundred dollars and hand it to the treasurer. Let us settle it that way, and so save the need of further meetings of the committee. We are all busy men.'

I will not set down in cold type my emotions at that moment, nor reveal the amount of money I then had at my command. If this were a work of fiction there would be a row of stars here to indicate the omission of something on the part of the narrator. I could use those stars even now without vio-

lating the truth. For there surely was an omission. I had omitted many days of legitimate toil for daily bread; I had lost the regard of my friend Dudley; now I had to take two hundred dollars from my small store and pay for all this glory! Yes, there was an omission.

Somewhere in this curious experience there should be a moral for young men. Of course if I had not walked up Tremont Street it never would have happened. If I had not met Dudley it never would have happened. But I pass over both these innocent happenings and fasten instead upon that wretched 'Public School Question,' about which I was to talk for twenty

minutes. Here is the danger, and I warn all young men to beware of the public schools. Know just as little about them as you can, for they are fraught with terrible 'questions' that may spring upon you from ambush at any moment and can only be appeased by your talking for twenty minutes.

Sometimes in sleepless nights I have wondered just what I should have said to that audience if my twenty-minute speech had once got started. In the absence of adequate police protection, I suspect that I escaped easily with no greater punishment than the carrying away of the entire movement.

A REVOLUTION IN ADVERTISING

BY ELIZABETH C. BILLINGS

To make advertising interesting, we need a sensation; and advertising forms so large a part of our daily intellectual diet, that it seems not too grasping to ask for a change of mental food.

'Kosy Kumfurt Karamels' have lost their taste. 'Sharp Snappy Styles for Serious Students' have wearied eye and mind. 'Mannish togs of dainty model' tug at the feminine purse-strings in vain.

'We could not improve the picture — but look what we have done to the frame!' won us by its complacent satisfaction, but now tires us by its constant repetition.

'A prominent manufacturer who is going out of business' has placed at the advertiser's disposal his entire stock, which is being offered to us at 'merely

nominal prices' — but for us he has retired once too often, his magnanimity no longer touches us, and we wearily thrust aside the lists of his misplaced philanthropies.

That combination of Time and Eternity, 'Watch the clock! Our goods reduced every half hour,' has in it that element of chance whose fascination draws eager throngs, just as do those games of hazard which come under the ban of the law. \$1.98 and \$7.95 no longer delude us. We have learned nationally to add and subtract, and other devices are needed to catch our wandering attention.

Why are we invited, at such vast expense to our hosts, to attend 'Anniversary Sales'? Has the foundation of these great business houses been to us

such a boon that we must accept, rather than bestow, gifts at their birthday parties? Why must we aid great store-keepers in the distribution of charity? They 'challenge' each other in a contest for the greater benevolence—their kindness is unbounded.

In serving the public, the department stores everywhere seem bent upon cutting one another's throats as well as their own. In their generous offers there is no indication that they are in business for profit. Smoke, fire, and water, the traditional godsend of the trade, are left to the lesser brethren. An absorbing impulse to make 'more room for new goods'; the uselessness of 'broken lots'; the unexpected changes of the seasons; the earnest desire to supply to all, clothing which has 'that distinctive look'; the things which 'Dame Fashion' decrees as necessary for 'Mildred's Wardrobe'; these are the obvious motives which make so kindly a spirit of giving, so large a generosity, and such willingness to spend of their hard earnings to tell us about it. The situation is not unlike universal armament, and remedies as revolutionary as the Hague Tribunal seem necessary.

The clever, shrewd, and interesting men who are at the helm in our great retail business must know that we see through their devices, and can hear, underneath their smooth phrases, the fierce beat of the engines, the driving of the factory wheels, the weary homeward march of the toilers, and, saddest of all, the pitiful struggle of the workers at seasonal trades.

We are asked to spend, spend, spend without reason, and without thought, and as the ultimate goal of our spending we are given cheapness instead of worth.

An attempt, at least, has been made to absorb the waste of the business world through Scientific Management; but Scientific Management has not yet

framed its simple economic message for our daily lives. It would be ludicrous, were it not tragic, to know how utterly order and skill are lacking from the domestic arrangements of the ordinary American family.

In speaking of our national extravagance, at the banquet of the International Chambers of Commerce, the President said, 'Let us make our budget before spending it'—and it is a plea that would serve well as a motto for each person's simple buying. Economists give laws which govern the average expenditure of income. It would seem as natural to take them into consideration as to accept the fact that two and two make four. To the total expenditure, clothing and rent keep a fixed proportion, while the proportion of food-cost varies in an inverse ratio to the size of the income; so that the richer you are, the smaller is the proportion of your income which goes for food, and upon the poor man falls heaviest the burden of our national juggling in food-stuffs. Dr. Engel deduces, from typical budgets, the law that clothing assumes and keeps a constant proportion in the whole; and Mrs. Ellen H. Richards, in charts prepared for the purpose, gives to clothing a one-sixth share in the family budget. Now if it be true that clothing assumes a one-sixth share in our family income, why not face the music? Here is one sixth—there are hats and coats and shoes and shirts and neckties and under-clothes for some of us, and hats and shoes and dresses and coats and corsets and gloves for some more of us, not forgetting the children, with their definite and increasing needs.

The making of a budget would place us at once in the rank of intelligent buyers and, as such, we should hold a commanding position. We are a self-respecting people, and we ask of our merchants neither gifts nor sacrifice.

What we want is common honesty and simple truth.

What a surprise it would be to find our great stores advertising, not the same old wearisome chatter about 'Latest Models from Paris' (made in Hoboken), but facts about economy and expenditure, real talk about real things. Suppose that they should help us to spend our sixth manfully or womanlike — for we have to be clothed, or else return to Eden. Suppose that we should have some real plan in mind as to the sum that our clothes ought to cost, some system in their purchase. What a revolution it would make in certain phases of industry. Suppose that the advertisers should stop their lying and take us behind the scenes and tell us honestly about manufacturing, — showing us how products of skill and beauty are made by those who toil for our comfort, so that we might appreciate their real worth. People love dearly to see things made. If the great stores should put industrial exhibits into their subway windows they would be fined by the sub-surface road for obstructing traffic. It would be possible, for instance, to use a 'Bargain Basement' along the lines of Jane Addams's Industrial Museum at Chicago, or to create a 'Mechanics' Fair,' — where processes were shown where mechanical and hand works, both, were exhibited, and where orders were taken.

We could go to our great stores as to museums of vital and present importance, schools for the teaching of thrift and of order in living, places where bridges of contact are built between buyer and maker. To plan such a work would need culture as true, and a vision as large, as is demanded of the head of a great university.

Such department stores might show the producers that we, the consumers, are grateful to them for their skill and

for their knowledge; that we hate cheap goods and cheap labor; and that the advertiser, the middleman, builds not a wall between the two, but a roadway easily traversed. Suppose that advertisers should honestly confess to us the bitterness of the seasonal trades and the blight which they lay upon the homes of the workers and should ask us, the spenders, to help stamp out this evil.

There is now no test of excellence. A \$25.00 suit may be more desirable than a \$40 one. The 'mark-down' sale shows us conclusively that all the 'values' are fictitious. In every instance we have to gamble on our purchase. Suppose that the advertiser really told us how to judge. What a difference such a policy of bargaining and buying would make in our homes, elaborate as well as simple. Our great stores have the machinery to make for scientific purchasing, and for producing trained purchasers. What a change it would be for the shiftless, idle man and the capricious, vain woman who wander purposeless in search of 'things'; for the eager bargain-hunter who is living on the excitement of getting 'something for nothing'!

Not long since I had to wait for a friend on a 'great white floor' in my city. There was a 'sacrifice' sale of lace-trimmed chemises and nightgowns. The cloth was of flimsiest texture, the lace, coarse and cheap, was carelessly sewed by poor workers, the cut of the garments was vulgar, not modest, or decent, or useful.

I watched the buyers — for the most part, young girls in their teens, with faces so pretty, so sickly, so foolish, so vacant. I sent up the prayer, 'God! Lead us not into temptation.' Our shops seem to bid for such trade — else why do they constantly publish suggestive pictures to lower the ideals of our youth. Our idle women and our

restless men are our menace, and our big stores cater to them, as though they were our pride, instead of our undoing.

What a sane and reasonable trade could be built up, if it were the fashion to use brains in purchasing and to demand thought of those we purchase from! We should speedily find both commodities, for we have brains as a nation — good brains, grown from the fine and sturdy stocks of the world; and we have sufficient education to compass such a result, if our minds were resolved to accomplish it.

There are a few small groups working on the subject of household economics. A few colleges, normal schools, and schools of domestic economy, are giving high service along these lines. There is a little experiment station at Darien, Connecticut, where Mr. and Mrs. Barnard are working on problems of household 'efficiency,' 'routing,' motion-study, and the like, and where are made tests of household appliances on the simplest scale. There is another such station in New Jersey, conducted by Louise Boynton and Georgie Boynton Child. The American School of Home Economics at Chicago provides bulletins on modern labor-saving appliances and conducts correspondence courses, with thousands of students all over the country. There may be other such honest and intelligent attempts.

Suppose our advertisers instead of publishing lists of bargains, with wood-

cut illustrations, such as: '7 doz. egg-beaters, all nickel-plated, 39 cents each — were 50 cents'; and instead of assuming that we do not know that the cost of inserting this fact is far greater than the cost of all the beaters, should really advertise facts about efficiency, honest facts about labor-saving devices, about up-keep, and wear and tear, and repair, about the care and cleaning of kitchen utensils, about fuel and laundry work, — about all the things which go to make an ordered home. Such a store could have 'efficiency engineers,' men as qualified, as competent, as curators of a museum, who have insight, training, and sympathy to assist the purchaser. To be a trustworthy guide in a department store would be a useful career worthy of the honest effort of any man or woman.

How many dozen cards do you receive (and throw away) daily, which say, 'We cheerfully furnish estimates.' Suppose that, instead of these advertising phrases, the stores cheerfully furnished real information, and were actually turning the tide so that those who sell cheap and shoddy articles, and those who make them, were both lifted out of the slough into which foolish over-production has dragged them. It would then be possible to use our artistic impulses, our common sense and our self-respect in daily purchasing — and advertising might become a fine art and a worthy science.

TUBAL CAIN

BY WILBUR M. URBAN

Some mourn a time of golden glamor
When men knew naught of iron bands,
Knew not our rugged craft with hands,
Nor aught of workman's sudden clamor.
Thine iron hand, they say, hath stung
To restlessness our world, and flung
A quivering race beneath thy hammer.
What though a feeble folk may rage?
We feel the ardors of our age —
The pulse of time in blows that rain
From thy hammered hand, great Tubal Cain.
— *Tubal Cain: An Ode to Labor.*

SOME fifteen years ago one might have read rather widely of a proposal to erect in Pittsburg a colossal statue of iron to the artificer of Bible-story, Tubal Cain. Stirred to emulation by the great figure of silver that Colorado had cause to be raised to her own glory, some iron-master had visions of this titanic figure dominating the city of iron and steel. Erected at the junction of the Allegheny and Monongahela rivers, where the smoke of the altars of industry never ceases, and where daily thousands upon thousands of cars of coal and iron pass in endless procession, it should, like some tutelary divinity of old, show forth our praise.

As one of the very few symbolic ideas which it has entered into our hearts to conceive, this monument to the glory of labor seems indeed, worthy of consideration. Into that heroic figure what national faith, what sturdy idealism, should there not be wrought! One had visions of it taking its place beside the Statue of Liberty, and if not enlightening the world, at least teaching it our one great truth — the unity of brain and hand, and the dignity of toil.

Alas for the ironical years! The statue was never erected, and the enthusiasms thus recalled are now as remote as the national ideals that called them forth. It all belongs to another world — to that far-off time when we could still speak of the 'dignity of labor' without risking the comic, and when on the posters of political parties one might still see the sturdy, smiling workman with the Thor-like hammer in his hand!

I

In the light of the revealing years the statue of Tubal Cain would, indeed, have been an unbearable irony. Who knows but that, had it been erected, some McNamara, a little more imaginative than his fellows, and with an excess of that mordant humor which characterizes the workman of the present, would have smilingly placed a charge of dynamite at its feet? Certainly the workman of to-day scorns the whole conception for which it stands. The same explosions that wrecked the monumental products of our industry doubtless gave the last push to the crumbling idol of our laborious democracy, but for a long time it has been the workman himself who has been jabbing viciously at its feet of clay. The idol's fall has been but the final revelation of our great incapacity and our great sadness — the inability of our industrial civilization to dignify and glorify its inmost principle and force. 'The World's Work' — that is our loudest shibboleth, but it rings

hollow because of the great schism of hand and brain.

Into all the causes of the workman's disillusionment and hardness of heart it would be idle to enter. It suffices that he does not recognize the fancy picture you have drawn of him in the faces, the forms, and gait of the human products of Steel Trust and Beef Trust. In his own way, he is as realistic as the next one. The very 'properties' in which we have dressed him up he indignantly spurns. The education of the machine is a thorough one, and the realities of fire and iron he does not find favorable to illusions. For him the 'muck-rake' and the reports of congressional committees have really never been necessary.

Perhaps the dignity of labor has never been anything more than an idol of forum and market-place; so, at least, the cynical and disillusioned would tell us. In any case, while you have been clothing him with a pretended dignity and honor, the workman himself is at last convinced that these attributes do not exist. At last he accepts the frightful paradox of modern industry: Thou must increase, I must decrease! He knows that, while industry requires a development of intellect as never before, this intellect can accomplish its perfect work only by taking the soul from the workman and reducing him to a machine; that, while the processes of labor are tremendous and heroic as never before, the laborer himself must ever grow less and less. Whether rightly or wrongly, he accepts as an accomplished fact the schism between hand and brain and believes it to be growing deeper day by day. It has all been not unlike the fairy story of old. We have pretended that he was beautifully clothed, and now at last he himself, with an almost childish simplicity, has cried out, 'Yes, but I have nothing on!'

As the laborer thus refuses longer to share our illusions, so at last he has come to disdain our sentiment. It has, indeed, been easy for us all to wax sentimental over him and to cry, —

Who loosened and let down this brutal jaw?

Whose was the hand that slanted back this brow?

Whose breath blew out the light within this brain?

Having felt the ecstasy of Tolstoï's glorification of labor in his picture of the reapers, we have with him cried out against the 'diabolical invention of the division of labor,' and weakly cursed the giants of machinery and capital under our breath. But the period of sentimentalism with regard to labor, in its sympathetic as well as its laudatory form, has passed. Instead, labor itself has entered into a new stadium that sternly forbids both. Manual labor has always been at the bottom of the scale, this sad Atlas carrying a world of luxury and refinement on his back: Now the great Atlas shrugs his shoulders, reverses the hierarchical pyramid, and you find yourself in another world where your ideals and your tears alike are out of place.

It is this that would have made Tubal Cain an anachronism, this that would have made the image as unbearable as, let us say, the absurdities of the *Sieges-Allee*. But it is this also that is giving reality to an art in which the soul of labor is increasingly finding expression.

Nothing so proves the fundamental cultural meaning of the labor-movement as the rapidity with which it has found expression in literature, philosophy, and, above all, in art. Doubtless, at present labor is itself in no way to raise statues; but revolted labor, the schismatic labor of the hand, finds itself in an heroic mood, and if it is as yet but barely articulate, there has not been lacking an art that, feeling its way up from beneath, has revealed

to us the workman's soul. In the 'Black Country' of collieries and pastures, Meunier found the workmen stunted and deformed and stamped with a tragic depression, but he also found in them a silent heroism and a primitive energy that turned pity into admiration. The more he watched these dogged sons of Cain fulfilling their sinister destiny, the more his Miner, his Hammerman, and his Puddler revealed themselves, not as suppliants, but as conquerors; not merely as humanity, 'betrayed, plundered, and profaned, and fraught with menace to the universe,' but as that humanity fashioned to have joy in its labor and to know itself as part of the deeper creative will to life itself!

II

It is, I fancy, this new mood, heroic as well as sullen and brutal, which, as much as anything else, makes mock-heroics of the idealisms of the past. That it is sullen and brutal, who can deny? The brutal jaw has, indeed, been loosened and let down, but it is becoming fixed and firm again with a new resolve. The brow is slanted back, but it is again alight, if not with intellect, at least with emotion and passion. Certainly, for the workman, the time of wistfulness and self-pity has passed; the period of passionate and heroic self-consciousness has come. Out of the deeps of the great schism of hand and brain have come schismatic morals and religion, a separatist poetry, philosophy, and art. Thus it is that, though unwilling, we must at last attend. For if that movement is to be feared that generates its own songs, so also is that movement to be welcomed that creates its own loyalties and nobilities, its own heroisms and obligations.

Schism is always brutal. Separatism in any form has something of the diabolical. Not without a shiver does

one realize the hardness and remoteness of the worker's soul! That he should believe that he has 'nothing to lose and everything to gain'! That he should sing, in the International, 'We have been naught, we shall be all'! Yet one would do well to recall the remark of a labor leader in England at the time of the great transportation strike: 'You say we don't care for your food-supply. We don't care any more for your food-supply when we are on strike than you cared for our food-supply when we were at work!'

This is brutal enough, perhaps, but it is nothing to the sinister paraphrase of this sentiment which, when raised to the tone of Him who said, 'Man shall not live by bread alone,' constitutes the underlying philosophy of Syndicalism and of the International. 'We do not care,' you complain, 'for your beautiful products of intellect and civilization. We care no more for the ideals of your civilization, now that we are making our own world, than you cared for our minds and hearts when we ourselves were "monstrous, empty, and soul-quenched!" . . . Disinherited of the things you have found good, we shall create good things of our own. Instead of a morality of exploiter and consumer, we shall have a morality of worker and producer. Instead of the ideals of humanity, brotherhood, and patriotism, to which you yourselves have given but the service of the lips, but which, to us believing them in our hearts, have been the ministers of weakness and death — instead of these, we shall restore the stronger virtues, the virtues of the worker, the primitive valor, the heroism, and the sacrifice, that lie concealed in the heart of the mob.'

Thus, slowly but surely, there has been growing up a morality of the Underman, as there has been also, alas, a morality of the Overman. Who

that has known the latter for what it is — as no mere intellectual's dream, but the expression of fundamental forces, — can be surprised that it has generated its opposite? Who that knows the reality of the 'will to power,' can wonder at the cries of '*Wille zur Arbeit*' and '*Elan ouvrier*'? As the massing of capital has compelled the massing of labor, so the morals of the Overman have, by the same inevitable necessity, created those of the Underman. Above all, then, it is upon this new morality of the Underman that we must fix our eyes. If at many points it is brutal and callous, it also has its own heroisms and loyalties, its mysteries and ecstasies, and we do well to recognize them when we see them! The heroic self-sacrifices, the tremendous loyalties of which the labor movement continuously and increasingly gives proof, are not merely a protest but a prophecy, not merely the passionate lightnings of a dumb rebellion, but the steady fire of an increasing purpose.

III

All this you will find at its fullest in Syndicalism; for if labor is finding an art of its own, it is also coming into the possession of a philosophy. 'Syndicalism,' says a French writer, 'has disengaged the philosophy of labor'; and it cannot be denied that, in his *Réflexions sur la Violence*, his *Illusions du Progrès*, and his *Evolution Créatrice*, modeled after Bergson's famous book, M. Sorel has given us a philosophy of an almost lyrical virulence, and of a peculiarly rugged beauty not without kinship with the lines of the Miner, the Hammerman, and the Puddler.

Indeed this philosophy 'of the hands and not of the head,' as its exponents call it, this philosophy of an engineer who disdains thought except in so far as it is an instrument of invention and production, claims to give us the soul

of the workman as it is, or is forming in the deeps, far below the conventional self of the thoughts and feelings inherited from the past: it claims to give us a proletarian truth, a morale, and a religion, wrung by these same miners, hammermen, and puddlers, from the very heart of things, in the dark recesses of their unremitting toil.

Could anything be more absurd? Yet as we read, we have an uncanny feeling of sullen moods, of which we have long been partly aware, at last settled into hard and relentless dogmas; of confused and darkened dreams of labor which we have dimly known, flashing at last the revealing lightnings of the vivid truth. Thus, the growing disillusionment of the workman, and his indifference to our ideals which he himself can hardly share, has become, for M. Sorel, a reasoned belief in the degeneration of our democratic morals, and in their utter incapacity for nobility and justice. The instinctive search for new ideals and virtues, so real a part of the labor movement, has become a self-conscious and reasoned faith that does not hesitate to speak of violence and martyrdom.

Not the least forbidding thing in Syndicalism is its final acceptance of the complete schism of hand and brain and all the consequences that entails. Awakened from his dogmatic slumber by the ideals of democracy and intellectualism, the Syndicalist disdains the reasonings of economist, moralist, and politician, and falls back on the 'proletarian truth' of instinct and passion. Despairing of the virtues of peace, he seeks to restore heroism, sacrifice, and all the virtues of war! He preaches the twentieth-century crusade of the General Strike! Direct action! That for the Syndicalist is no mere last mad recourse to the argument of the fist; it is rather a disdainful challenge to the political indirections, even

of a social democracy itself. The General Strike! That is no mere addition of a thousand petty strikes, often 'pennywise and pound-foolish'; it is rather a fruitful 'motor-idea' in which the blind strivings of the workers shall find at last a meaning and a goal.

In such powerful 'motor-ideas,' in such 'myths,' if you will, for he does not disdain the name, the Syndicalist sees not only the solidification of the workman's will, but also the salvation of his soul. To such 'up-rushings from below' this interpreter of the dreams of Labor looks for the regeneration of the world. Not to thought, for it has proved its impotency, but to passion, of which, at least, we know not the end! Not to utopias of the intellect, but to myths fashioned in the depths of instinct and will! Does he seek for congenial images of the past? It is to the dreams and heroisms of the early Christians that he turns his eyes. Does he seek for novel concepts wherewith to express his overpowering sense of truth? It is to the pragmatic and intuitive philosophies of a James and a Bergson that he appeals. Intellect is but the servant of instinct and will. All creative evolution comes from the deeper self below the reason. And for him that deeper self is the soul of the mob. How one rubs his eyes and catches his breath as he comes upon this extraordinary peroration of M. Sorel: 'The violence of the proletariat would then appear as a beautiful and heroic thing; it is in the service of the primordial interests of society. We salute the revolutionaries as the Greeks saluted the Spartan heroes who defended Thermopylæ and contributed to the maintenance of light in the ancient world.'

IV

Prodigious and paradoxical philosophy! And according to our temper we

shall doubtless either revile it or laugh it to scorn. But is it any more prodigious, more paradoxical, than the horrid paradox of industry that gave it birth? True, it is the complete antithesis of all that the heroic figure of Tubal Cain was to symbolize and show forth. Community of interest, the solidarity of civilization and culture, the dignity of labor, of muscle, and brawn, dominated and made sacred by intellect and spirit — all these it scorns and sets at naught. Instead — this dream of a new and unheard-of nobility, of dark and sullen obligations, of heroisms we cannot share, and of a creed of violence which, when stripped of its philosophy, seems but some dream of Molly Maguire, Hooligan, or Apache!

Yet, even so, the dream is being dreamed. And if in that dream there is something of prodigious portent, if in the dark chambers of the underworld, dread words are whispered, it is well that the dream should be interpreted, that the words should be spoken openly in philosophy and art.

Myths have a way of growing underground. Have you forgotten that curious, ironical picture which Anatole France has drawn of those gentlemen of the Roman Empire amusing themselves over the grotesque and childish stories and images of the early Christians? What is growing up in the soul of the workman? Do you know? 'Motor-ideas' are springing up all round us. Capital, labor, the strike, — compare their emotional connotation now with that of fifteen years ago. Already they loom as giants, and in some socialist 'Sunday school' a modernized *Jack the Giant-Killer* may yet be written for the delight and edification of on-coming generations.

After all, it is the inner side of labor that we must learn to know — not merely statistics of strikes, wages, and conditions of living. In the last analy-

sis these are worthless, not so much because they lie, as because they do not tell us what we wish to know. There are, indeed, conditions to be scientifically studied, but much more is there a great world-will to be ethically appreciated. Above all, then, I say, it is upon this 'new morality' of the Underman that we must fix our eyes. Surely it needs not the eloquence of philosophy and art to persuade us that through this new morality he dreams, though incoherently, ever of an impending good; through it, though oft unknowing, he is really the brute bearer of new spiritual forces.

True, these forces have not come as we could have wished them to come. The heroic self-sacrifices and tremendous loyalties of which, I repeat, the labor movement is continuously and increasingly able to give proof, and which deeply ethical and religious men look upon with mingled feelings of admiration and doubt, are bound up with a class-consciousness which we cannot but deplore. They involve the breaking of loyalties to employer, to the community, and to the state — even to civilization itself — which must fill us with fear.

Yet it is to be remembered that these other and more ancient loyalties were already weakened, if not wholly destroyed, before the new ones appeared. For the dissociations between master and workman, between laborer and laborer; for the increasing distance between the workman and the completed product of his labor and the consumer, and his consequent loss of the ancient obligations, — in short for his fading sense of his place in the totality of civilization, — for all this, surely, the workman himself is not responsible. The giants of machinery and capital have long worked their sovereign and impersonal will. It is not merely that they know neither night

nor day, neither sleeping nor waking, neither birth nor death, neither childhood nor old age; nor indeed any of the major or minor rhythms of life. They also know neither persons nor pieties. They respect neither the roots of life, nor its flower and fruit in a thousand personal intimacies and loyalties. If then, from the ruins of manhood and womanhood, the chief victims of our blindness seek to build their life anew; if, after violent separations and dissociations, they seek new forms of association and communal life, — yes, even new loyalties, new virtues, and new heroisms, — can we really affect to be surprised?

Yet it is precisely this inner side of labor that it is the fate of the merely 'reasonable' man to overlook. For him it is all merely a struggle for elemental and outer conditions of life. This it is, and indeed must be; but in the last analysis, it is also a struggle for the restoration of old human values in a new form, for the creation of the cultural conditions necessary for a 'productive society.' It is this insight that is to be welcomed above knowledge, — even if, to find it, we must go to the *Songs of Labor* of an Ada Negri, to the *Proletariat* of a Sombart, or to the paradoxes of a Sorel.

v

What then shall we say? To those of us who have ever dreamed the old dream of Tubal Cain, these newer dreams cannot but be dark and abhorrent. To those who, whether by the kindly offices of religion, of philosophy, or of art, have ever had the merest glimpse of the mystical unity which underlies all reality, such a philosophy cannot be other than a prodigious paradox. Yet it is precisely those who will neither laugh nor revile. For they will know it for what it really is — a

philosophy of immense exigencies, of exigencies such, perhaps, as the world has rarely seen.

To the belief in the solidarity of all industry we must indeed hold fast, though master and workman, capital and labor, both work to tear it apart. To our faith in the larger unities of civilization and culture we must cling, though all the forces of life should seem to rend the seamless garment, woven of intellect and instinct, by brain and by hand. Against these rival abstractions, it is above all things necessary to maintain the profound identity of genius and of creative labor in all its aspects, the equality of all its manifestations. Against all partial moralities, all partial truths and nobilities, the rival moralities of master and slave, of intellectualist and producer, we must set our face. But if this is our task, — and I believe that this schism between brain and brawn, between head and hand, is but one form of the great schism that rends our modern culture, — we shall be enabled to meet it only when we realize that these separations and abstractions are the product of no willful vice or blindness, but of dire compulsions and sullen necessities; the sign of no temporary maladjustment, but rather the prelude to a great reconstruction of life, the meaning and end of which we may, perhaps, hope some time to see and understand.

We are of an age which is compelled to think in paradoxes, but what are paradoxes but the fruit of great convulsions of the soul? That men should think for a moment of reversing the age-old order of experience and value; that they should put the hand before the head; that they should call truth, truth, only when it leads to practice; should think to discover reality only when they turn their backs upon intellect, and to find the good only when they

fall back upon primal instincts — what is all this but a confession of crises in culture, of lesions in life as portentous as they are novel? And the 'will to labor,' the 'élan ouvrier' of the Syndicalist — what is this but violence engendered by other willful and morbid valuations: but the confession of our great *impasse*, that *impasse*, believe me, to which the 'diabolical division of labor,' the slow but insidious estrangement of head and hand, of intellect and instinct, have been driving us with immitigable fate? There is something that for the moment fails us all — the sense for the whole, the faith in the transcendental unity of all life's values. Life is doubtless a totality, but men can live, alas, only in such wholes as they may see and feel. The roots of loyalty, as of reasonableness also, are, we may well believe, in the absolute and in the 'whole,' but they flower, it must always be remembered, only in personal relations. In the great struggle for a new spiritual content of life, — the real goal of all our striving, — the labor movement, with all its violence and paradox, is in its own way but a primordial, if sometimes sullen and subterranean, part. He who sees it otherwise must hold our common humanity cheap indeed!

VI

It is not easy to hold to the unities of the faith. Yet we are not left wholly without comfort. In the deeper insights that transcend the divisions of the moment we may still feel where we cannot see.

In art itself, in art where indeed the impulses of revolt and separation have found their most insistent expression, there also another impulse has been at work, one that is the very soul of art, and one which the true artist cannot escape even in his most intense, nar-

row, and individual moments. Millet and Meunier have indeed given labor the precious baptism of art, but it is, after all, with the sense of the broad, the universal, and the wholly human, that they have enveloped it. Through the marbles of Rodin and Max Klinger, the terrible powers of thought, of genius, and of creative will, shine forth as never before; yet here also it is their universality and humanity that give them strength. Before Millet's peasants, or the miners and puddlers of Meunier, does even the manual laborer himself experience merely the passions and sorrows of his class? No; he is simply and sorrowfully stirred, as indeed is every one; and, if he feels his corporate will strengthened, yet the tears that come to his eyes are, after all, simply human tears. And, on the other hand, as one stands before Max Klinger's Beethoven, or the Balzac and the Penseur of Rodin, is it merely an intellectual joy, merely the power of intellect, that one feels? No; rather does one feel the spirit and genius of man triumphing over matter, and rejoice in that long struggle of the race wherein hand and brain have always been as one.

It is before such deeper insights as these that one feels how odious, if for the moment inevitable, is the schism of the hand and the head. Doubtless, in sheer necessity, labor has created its own heroisms and loyalties, even its mysteries and ecstasies, and we do ill to deny them. Doubtless intellect as well knows its own obligations and pieties. But just as the Overman will learn, in the words of Nietzsche himself, that it 'is an illusion to think that he has really transcended good and evil, that free thinking is itself a moral action as honesty and valor, as justice and love,' so also to the Underman at last must come the truth that he, too, can never really go beyond these ulti-

mate things. In the end both must learn that the major morals, the great human values, are in their essence one and eternal, and the greater qualities of men are independent, at the last, of the temporary doctrines and ideas for which a man may sacrifice himself. Both must learn, that of these things it is eternally true that, though we take the wings of the morning and fly to the uttermost parts of the earth, behold they are there, and though we descend into the depths — into the very deeps of the underworld, into the darkest recesses of unremitting toil, — lo, there are they also to sustain and to uphold!

Of all this the deeper insight of art itself makes us aware; and nowhere, perhaps, shall we be more completely convinced than before Meunier's *Glorification of Labor*. Here is the real 'dignity of labor.' That which an empty idealism, with its false nobility of gesture, cannot do, the love of truth and reality achieves. As one studies the four bas-reliefs, arranged in a semi-circle, one sees in epitome the artist's numerous studies of those cyclopean creatures, more like ancient troglodytes than human beings, his miners and iron-workers, stripped to the waist and dripping with sweat. Through the heavy but supple rhythms of their bodies, upon which he had so long and patiently gazed, the whole soul of Labor shines forth. Tragic depression, passionate protest, and threatening stillness — all are there; nothing of reality is lost. But over it all there rests an ennobling dignity, a serenity of spirit, in which one is aware of something new. For the source of this sense of power and hope, in spite of struggle and suffering, one has but to raise his eyes to the colossal figure of the Sower, which dominates the whole, and to the statues of the Ancestor and of Maternity about the base. In the solemn tranquillity of these figures, symbolic

of the eternal realities, — of life, of labor, and of love, — one reads anew assurances that beyond the temporal is the immemorial, beneath the local and the partial is the everlasting whole.

So much for the comforting insights and prophecies of art. Yet it must be confessed, they do not help us much. Art is timeless; and in the meantime the songs of the workmen increase in depth and bitterness. In our American ears also, they sound ever louder and more hoarse, bringing with them images and emotions which rudely shatter the lingering dream of Tubal Cain. The statue itself was, it is true, never

erected; and for that we may be truly glad. But the great iron-master of Pittsburg has caused to be painted on the walls of his temple to the industrial arts a glorification of labor which may, perhaps, take its place beside the monument of Meunier. Before these idealizations of Alexander what shall we say? Is our feeling here also predestined to be one of unbearable irony — the burden of Nineveh, of Egypt, or of Rome? — or is it to be a feeling rather of exultation, as before one of those rarer prophecies of art which have at last come true? Who shall say?

AFTERWARDS

BY J. E. RICHARDSON

THE days fade; and the perfect silence lies
 So deep that almost one might wake to know
 The rooms speak and the dark halls answer low.
 There is no sound of her, no keen surprise
 Of her returning steps the whole day long;
 Yet I have thought at times, when daylight dies
 And memories of her here more thickly throng,
 The trembling air has been an instant stirred
 With faint scents and soft clangs of golden stones;
 Or when the clocks' chimes mingle their dim tones
 And thrill with sudden music the pained hours,
 It almost seems as if one subtly heard,
 In darkened woods, among the pale, still flowers,
 The flutes and bells of her low laugh and song.

THE EXCITEMENT OF FRIENDSHIP

BY RANDOLPH S. BOURNE

MY friends, I can say with truth, since I have no other treasure, are my fortune. I really live only when I am with my friends. Those sufficient persons who can pass happily long periods of solitude communing with their own thoughts and nourishing their own souls fill me with a despairing admiration. Their gift of auto-stimulation argues a personal power which I shall never possess. Or else it argues, as I like to think in self-defense, a callousness of spirit, an insensitiveness to the outside influences which nourish and sustain the more susceptible mind. And those persons who can shut themselves up for long periods and work out their thoughts alone, constructing beautiful and orderly representations of their own spirits, are to me a continual mystery. I know this is the way that things are accomplished, that 'monotony and solitude' are necessary for him who would produce creative thought. Yet, knowing well this truth, I shun them both. I am a battery that needs to be often recharged. I require the excitement of friendship; I must have the constant stimulation of friends. I do not spark automatically, but must have other minds to rub up against, and strike from them by friction the spark that will kindle my thoughts.

When I walk, I must have a friend to talk to, or I shall not even think. I am not of those who, like Stevenson, believe that walking should be a kind of vegetative stupor, where the sun and air merely fill one with a diffused sense of

well-being and exclude definite thought. The wind should rather blow through the dusty regions of the mind, and the sun light up its dark corners, and thinking and talking should be saner and higher and more joyful than within doors. But one must have a friend along to open the windows. Neither can I sympathize with those persons who carry on long chains of reasoning while they are traveling or walking. When alone, my thinking is as desultory as the scenery of the roadside, and when with a friend, it is apt to be as full of romantic surprises as a walk through a woodland glen. Good talk is like good scenery — continuous yet constantly varying, and full of the charm of novelty and surprise. How unnatural it is to think except when one is forced to do it, is discovered when one attempts to analyze one's thoughts when alone. He is a rare genius who finds something beyond the mere visual images that float through his mind, — either the reflection of what he is actually seeing, or the pictorial representations of what he has been doing or what he wants or intends to do in the near or far future. We should be shocked to confess to ourselves how little control we have over our own minds; we shall be lucky if we can believe that we guide them.

Thinking, then, was given us for use in emergencies, and no man can be justly blamed if he reserves it for emergencies. He can be blamed, however, if he does not expose himself to those crises which will call it forth. Now a friend is such an emergency,

perhaps the most exciting stimulus to thinking that one can find, and if one wants to live beyond the vegetative stupor, one must surround one's self with friends. I shall call my friends, then, all those influences which warm me and start running again all my currents of thought and imagination. The persons, causes, and books that unlock the prison of my intellectual torpor, I can justly call my friends, for I find that I feel toward them all the same eager joy and inexhaustible rush of welcome. Where they differ it shall be in degree and not in kind. The speaker whom I hear, the book that I read, the friend with whom I chat, the music that I play, even the blank paper before me, which subtly stirs me to cover it with sentences that unfold surprisingly and entice me to follow until I seem hopelessly lost from the trail, — all these shall be my friends as long as I find myself responding to them, and no longer. They are all alike in being emergencies that call upon me for instant and definite response.

The difference between them lies in their response to me. My personal friends react upon me; the lecturers and books and music and pictures do not. These are not influenced by my feelings or by what I do. I can approach them cautiously or boldly, respond to them slowly or warmly, and they will not care. They have a definite quality, and do not change; if I respond differently to them at different times, I know that it is I and not they who have altered. The excitement of friendship does not lie with them. One feels this lack particularly in reading, which no amount of enthusiasm can make more than a feeble and spiritless performance. The more enthusiasm the reading inspires in one, the more one rebels at the passivity into which one is forced. I want to get somehow at grips with the book. I can feel the

warmth of the personality behind it, but I cannot see the face as I can the face of a person, lighting and changing with the iridescent play of expression. It is better with music; one can get at grips with one's piano, and feel the resistance and the response of the music one plays. One gets the sense of aiding somehow in its creation, the lack of which feeling is the fatal weakness of reading, though itself the easiest and most universal of friendly stimulations. One comes from much reading with a sense of depression and a vague feeling of something unsatisfied; from friends or music one comes with a high sense of elation and of the brimming adequacy of life.

If one could only retain those moments! What a tragedy it is that our periods of stimulated thinking should be so difficult of reproduction; that there is no intellectual shorthand to take down the keen thoughts, the trains of argument, the pregnant thoughts, which spring so spontaneously to the mind at such times! What a tragedy that one must wait till the fire has died out, till the light has faded away, to transcribe the dull flickering remembrances of those golden hours when thought and feeling seemed to have melted together, and one said and thought what seemed truest and finest and most worthy of one's immortalizing! This is what constitutes the hopeless labor of writing, — that one must struggle constantly to warm again the thoughts that are cold or have been utterly consumed. What was thought in the hours of stimulation must be written in the hours of solitude, when the mind is apt to be cold and gray, and when one is fortunate to find on the hearth of the memory even a few scattered embers lying about. The blood runs sluggish as one sits down to write. What worry and striving it takes to get it running freely again! What labor to

reproduce even a semblance of what seemed to come so genially and naturally in the contact and intercourse of friendship!

One of the curious superstitions of friendship is that we somehow choose our friends. To the connoisseur in friendship no idea could be more amazing and incredible. Our friends are chosen for us by some hidden law of sympathy, and not by our conscious wills. All we know is that in our reactions to people we are attracted to some and are indifferent to others. And the ground of this mutual interest seems based on no discoverable principles of similarity of temperament or character. We have no time, when meeting a new person, to study him or her carefully; our reactions are swift and immediate. Our minds are made up instantly, — 'friend or non-friend.' By some subtle intuitions, we know and have measured at their first words all the possibilities which their friendship has in store for us. We get the full quality of their personality at the first shock of meeting, and no future intimacy changes that quality.

If I am to like a man, I like him at once; further acquaintance can only broaden and deepen that liking and understanding. If I am destined to respond, I respond at once or never. If I do not respond he continues to be to me as if I had never met him; he does not exist in my world. His thoughts, feelings, and interests I can but dimly conceive of; if I do think of him it is only as a member of some general class. My imaginative sympathy can embrace him only as a type. If his interests are in some way forced upon my attention, and my imagination is compelled to encompass him as an individual, I find his ideas and interests appearing like pale, shadowy things, dim ghosts of the real world that my friends and I live in.

Association with such aliens — and how much of our life is necessarily spent in their company — is a torture far worse than being actually disliked. Probably they do not dislike us, but there is this strange gulf which cuts us off from their possible sympathy. A pall seems to hang over our spirits; our souls are dumb. It is a struggle and an effort to affect them at all. And though we may know that this depressing weight which seems to press on us in our intercourse with them has no existence, yet this realization does not cure our helplessness. We do not exist for them any more than they exist for us. They are depressants, not stimulators, as are our friends. Our words sound singularly futile and half-hearted as they pass our lips. Our thoughts turn to ashes as we utter them. In the grip of this predestined antipathy we can do nothing but submit and pass on.

But in how different a light do we see our friends! They are no types, but each a unique, exhaustless personality, with his own absorbing little cosmos of interests round him. And those interests are real and vital, and in some way interwoven with one's own cosmos. Our friends are those whose worlds overlap our own, like concentric circles. If there is too much overlapping, however, there is monotony and a mutual cancellation. It is, perhaps, a question of attitude as much as anything. Our friends must be pointed in the same direction in which we are going, and the truest friendship and delight is when we can watch each other's attitude toward life grow increasingly similar; or if not similar, at least so sympathetic as to be mutually complementary and sustaining.

The wholesale expatriation from our world of all who do not overlap us or look at life in a similar direction is so fatal to success that we cannot afford to let these subtle forces of friendship

and apathy have full sway with our souls. To be at the mercy of whatever preordained relations may have been set up between us and the people we meet is to make us incapable of negotiating business in a world where one must be all things to all men. From an early age, therefore, we work, instinctively or consciously, to get our reactions under control, so as to direct them in the way most profitable to us. By a slow and imperceptible accretion of impersonality over the erratic tendencies of personal response and feeling, we acquire the professional manner, which opens the world wide to us. We become human patterns of the profession into which we have fallen, and are no longer individual personalities. Men find no difficulty in becoming soon so professionalized that their manner to their children at home is almost identical with that to their clients in the office. Such an extinction of the personality is a costly price to pay for worldly success. One has integrated one's character, perhaps, but at the cost of the zest and verve and peril of true friendship.

To those of us, then, who have not been tempted by success, or who have been so fortunate as to escape it, friendship is a life-long adventure. We do not integrate ourselves, and we have as many sides to our character as we have friends to show them to. Quite unconsciously I find myself witty with one friend, large and magnanimous with another, petulant and stingy with another, wise and grave with another, and utterly frivolous with another. I watch with surprise the sudden and startling changes in myself as I pass from the influence of one friend to the influence of some one else. But my character with each particular friend is constant. I find myself, whenever I meet him, with much the same emotional and mental tone. If we talk,

there is with each one some definite subject upon which we always speak and which remains perennially fresh and new. If I am so unfortunate as to stray accidentally from one of these well-worn fields into another, I am instantly reminded of the fact by the strangeness and chill of the atmosphere. We are happy only on our familiar levels, but on these we feel that we could go on exhaustless forever, without a pang of ennui. And this inexhaustibility of talk is the truest evidence of good friendship.

Friends do not, on the other hand, always talk of what is nearest to them. Friendship requires that there be an open channel between friends, but it does not demand that that channel be the deepest in our nature. It may be of the shallowest kind and yet the friendship be of the truest. For all the different traits of our nature must get their airing through friends, the trivial as well as the significant. We let ourselves out piecemeal it seems, so that only with a host of varied friends can we express ourselves to the fullest. Each friend calls out some particular trait in us, and it requires the whole chorus fitly to teach us what we are. This is the imperative need of friendship. A man with few friends is only half-developed; there are whole sides of his nature which are locked up and have never been expressed. He cannot unlock them himself, he cannot even discover them; friends alone can stimulate him and open them. Such a man is in prison; his soul is in penal solitude. A man must get friends as he would get food and drink for nourishment and sustenance. And he must keep them, as he would keep health and wealth, as the infallible safeguards against misery and poverty of spirit.

If it seems selfish to insist so urgently upon one's need for friends, if it should be asked what we are giving our

friends in return for all their spiritual fortification and nourishment, the defense would have to be, that we give back to them in ample measure what they give to us. If we are their friends, we are stimulating them as they are stimulating us. They will find that they talk with unusual brilliancy when they are with us. And we may find that we have, perhaps, merely listened to them. Yet through that curious bond of sympathy which has made us friends, we have done as much for them as if we had exerted ourselves in the most active way. The only duty of friendship is that we and our friends should live at our highest and best when together. Having achieved that, we have fulfilled the law.

A good friendship, strange to say, has little place for mutual consolations and ministrations. Friendship breathes a more rugged air. In sorrow the silent pressure of the hand speaks the emotions, and lesser griefs and misfortunes are ignored or glossed over. The fatal facility of women's friendships, their copious outpourings of grief to each other, their sharing of wounds and sufferings, their half-pleased interest in misfortune, — all this seems of a lesser order than the robust friendships of men, who console each other in a much more subtle, even intuitive way, — by a constant pervading sympathy which is felt rather than expressed. For the true atmosphere of friendship is a sunny one. Griefs and disappointments do not thrive in its clear, healthy light. When they do appear, they take on a new color. The silver lining appears, and we see even our own personal mistakes and chagrins as whimsical adventures. It is almost impossible seriously to believe in one's bad luck or failures or incapacity while one is talking with a friend. One achieves a sort of transfiguration of personality in those moments. In the midst of the

high and genial flow of intimate talk, a pang may seize one at the thought of the next day's drudgery, when life will be lived alone again; but nothing can dispel the ease and fullness with which it is being lived at the moment. It is, indeed, a heavy care that will not dissolve into misty air at the magic touch of a friend's voice.

Fine as friendship is, there is nothing irrevocable about it. The bonds of friendship are not iron bonds, proof against the strongest of strains and the heaviest of assaults. A man by becoming your friend has not committed himself to all the demands which you may be pleased to make upon him. Foolish people like to test the bonds of their friendships, pulling upon them to see how much strain they will stand. When they snap, it is as if friendship itself had been proved unworthy. But the truth is that good friendships are fragile things and require as much care in handling as any other fragile and precious things. For friendship is an adventure and a romance, and in adventures it is the unexpected that happens. It is the zest of peril that makes the excitement of friendship. All that is unpleasant and unfavorable is foreign to its atmosphere; there is no place in friendship for harsh criticism or fault-finding. We will 'take less' from a friend than we will from one who is indifferent to us.

Good friendship is lived on a warm, impetuous plane; the long-suffering kind of friendship is a feeble and, at best, a half-hearted affair. It is friendship in the valley and not on the breezy heights. For the secret of friendship is a mutual admiration, and it is the realization or suspicion that that admiration is lessening on one side or the other that swiftly breaks the charm. Now this admiration must have in it no taint of adulation, which will wreck a friendship as soon as suspicion will.

But it must consist of the conviction, subtly expressed in every tone of the voice, that each has found in the other friend a rare spirit, compounded of light and intelligence and charm. And there must be no open expression of this feeling, but only the silent flattery, soft, and almost imperceptible.

And in the best of friendships this feeling is equal on both sides. Too great a superiority in our friend disturbs the balance, and casts a sort of artificial light on the talk and intercourse. We want to believe that we are fairly equal to our friends in power and capacity, and that if they excel us in one trait, we have some counterbalancing quality in another direction. It is the reverse side of this shield that gives point to the diabolical insight of the Frenchman who remarked that we were never heart-broken by the misfortunes of our best friends. If we have had misfortunes, it is not wholly unjust and unfortunate that our friends should suffer too. Only their misfortunes must not be worse than ours. For the equilibrium is then destroyed, and our serious alarm and sympathy aroused. Similarly we rejoice in the good fortune of our friends, always provided that it be not too dazzling or too undeserved.

It is these aspects of friendship, which cannot be sneered away by the reproach of jealousy, that make friendship a precarious and adventurous thing. But it is precious in proportion to its precariousness, and its littlenesses are but the symptoms of how much

friends care, and how sensitive they are to all the secret bonds and influences that unite them.

Since our friends have all become woven into our very selves, to part from friends is to lose, in a measure, one's self. He is a brave and hardy soul who can retain his personality after his friends are gone. And since each friend is the key which unlocks an aspect of one's own personality, to lose a friend is to cut away a part of one's self. I may make another friend to replace the loss, but the unique quality of the first friend can never be brought back. He leaves a wound which heals only gradually. To have him go away is as bad as having him pass to another world. The letter is so miserable a travesty on the personal presence, a thin ghost of the thought of the once-present friend. It is as satisfactory as a whiff of stale tobacco smoke to the lover of smoking.

Those persons and things, then, that inspire us to do our best, that make us live at our best, when we are in their presence, that call forth from us our latent and unsuspected personality, that nourish and support that personality, — those are our friends. The reflection of their glow makes bright the darker and quieter hours when they are not with us. They are a true part of our widest self; we should hardly have a self without them. Their world is one where chagrin and failure do not enter. Like the sun-dial, they 'only mark the shining hours.'

THE NEW SCIENCE

BY SAMUEL GEORGE SMITH

THE dream of a perfect race in a perfect world is both Greek and Hebrew. It has furnished material for philosophy, beauty for poets, and — best of all — noble visions for the prophets of the race. Plato, in the *Republic*, proposed to make a better race, founded upon a new organization of society. The Book of Deuteronomy was written with the same end in view, but, noblest of them all, Isaiah painted pictures of a better time, the finest message of faith and hope this weary world has ever heard.

The *Republic* was a new exhibition of Socratic irony, and was probably never meant to be taken seriously; but the victory of righteousness and faith was the only real thing in all the world to the old prophet. Many interpretations have followed these ancient teachings, and from the island of *Utopia* to the *Anatomy of Melancholy*, through a widely extended company of lesser rank than More and Burton, the subject has continued its fascination. It has remained for our time to make a definite effort to take the dream of the nations, rob it of its poetry and its hope, and interpret it in terms of biology. The modern movement declares that it is quite worth while to produce a better man, and this is to be done by making him an animal of a finer breed. See, the new teachers say, what Mendel did with sweet peas, and from his observations learn also the laws of human growth. What wonders have been accomplished with pigs and cattle; try the same methods, have patience, and

you will produce a race of saints and heroes. The boldness of the programme is equaled only by the naïve faith, which has a certain charm.

It is only fair to add that no movement of recent times has spread so rapidly, has been so prolific in suggestion, so daring in social proposals.

It was in 1904 that Francis Galton introduced to the notice of the London Sociological Society the word 'Eugenics,' in an arresting address proposing a study of race-conditions, an effort for better control of racial tendencies, and expressing the hope that 'it might be introduced into the national conscience like a new religion.' Later he furnished a definition of what is called 'National Eugenics': 'The study of agencies under social control that may improve or impair the racial qualities of future generations, either physically or mentally.'

Numbers of disciples were won to the leader, and students of Eugenics were soon found, not only in England, but in all the principal countries of the world. The caution of the master has not always been imitated by his followers, and the impression of the movement upon the public is that it contains a belief that the perfect race may be obtained upon rather easy terms. All the defects of personality are found in the germ-plasm, and society has only to select and kill off the unfit for a single generation and the world will be happy ever after. The programme does not promise that we shall be rid of the danger of accidents and some few

recurrent evils, but these need cause no great concern. See what wonders have been accomplished in the poultry yard! Let society control marriage and birth, and though the process may be somewhat longer, results will be equally fortunate.

Students of sociology, I think, are most of them inclined to be skeptical of any easy road to social success. They have learned to look at social facts in a long perspective, and they are ready to remind the biologist that they have little faith in the permanence of rapid revolutions. Most of them also have given up the biological interpretation of society. Man as an animal was existent in the primitive times, but in proportion as his animalism was great, his civilization was small. Conventions, ideas, passions, common purpose and action, and a whole complex of what may be called psychical apparatus, protect the cultivated social group from both the vital and the physical conditions of the savage.

In spite of the caution of the sociologist, the eugenicist is with us, and has ways of finding access to the public. It is remarkable that in eight years after the address by Francis Galton there should be held in the City of London the first International Eugenics Congress. A large company of people representing six nations met under the auspices of the University of London, and under the direct management of a committee containing names eminent in politics, education, literature, and religion.

London is the natural home of such congresses, and one or more gatherings occur each year. The management of the Eugenics Congress surpassed all recent efforts to attract public notice. The meeting opened with a great banquet, at which were assembled, besides the members of the congress, men and women representative

of the best there is in England. The principal address was made by the Right Honorable A. J. Balfour. The list of great names, the able presidency of Major Leonard Darwin, and the skill with which the interest of the public press had been aroused, conspired to give the word 'Eugenics' a fresh significance. The management had also provided an unusual number and variety of social entertainments, conspicuous among them being a great reception at the historic residence occupied by Ambassador Reid.

The programme consisted of thirty-two papers, followed by discussion, and the range of the topics can be discovered between the limits of two American papers, the one on 'The Inheritance of Fecundity,' based upon a study of the domestic fowl, and the other on 'Eugenics and Militarism,' urging the racial danger from military service and a direct racial modification of a sinister character. In such a bewildering variety it could not be expected that all the members of the congress would be of one mind. At the same time the dominant note was very evident, and Major Darwin in his closing address cautioned the congress with respect to future activities. He thought there should be a distinct line drawn between the functions of philanthropy and those of Eugenics; he begged his hearers to be strictly scientific, and to beware of enthusiasms. It is not unfair to say that the victorious creed of the congress, so far as numbers were concerned, gathered about the fortunes of the human germ-plasm. In that lay the promise and potency of all the good and evil among the sons and daughters of men. This dominant school of eugenists may be reminded that they have moved far away from the definition of Francis Galton whom they still love to call master. His definition was sufficiently wide to include the study

of all agencies under social control, and to enlist in the work of making a better world, every rational remedy for physical or mental evils.

The public interest in the new science arises from the frankness of its suggestions. The leaders are not content with the study of the facts for half a century through the united effort of the great nations, but propose immediate legislation for ridding society of the losses and burdens it suffers through the pathological classes. In several American states, legislation and practice have already gone forward for the elimination of the unfit by methods which many lawyers believe to be unconstitutional and many social workers think do more harm than good. We cannot afford to forget that compassion is a social asset of immense value. Human freedom is not without difficulties and defeats, but it is the only hope of the race, and the statesman will always have the problem of deciding how far paternalism can safely go, and how much direct social service should be accepted from the state.

It is to be doubted whether those most active in the movement are aware of all that it implies, both with respect to the conduct of the individual and the character of social organization. It may be suggested that the study of normal life is likely to furnish the most rational guidance for social structure, and that the pathological classes present special problems which are in effect quite apart from the interests of society as a whole. The danger to the movement is in losing the wise caution and the broad catholicity proposed by Francis Galton himself.

For more than three hundred years the Anglo-Saxon world was under the spell of a certain Frenchman known as John Calvin. He furnished for the world what all men will agree was a difficult, and some men will assert was a

devilish creed. The burden of original sin and total depravity made man tremble lest perchance he fall into the hands of an angry God. It was a gloomy faith, but at any rate it was rooted in righteousness. It bade the sinner fear God and not man, and it nourished some of the most sturdy men and women this world has ever seen. Not without cost have we thrown off the creed, banished hell, and on the whole learned to breathe a little more easily.

The materialistic school of eugenisks presents a form of scientific fatalism in the presence of which human character and responsibility alike crumble, and from every point of view so dreary that, in comparison, the blackest form of Calvinism were like a soft day in June. Of course the London society and its disciples in other countries were not the authors of the movement, nor are they now without many allies.

The doctrine of a dominant physical heredity as the interpretation of a human being and the inescapable ruler of his fate owes a great deal to the medical profession. Slowly the physicians have retreated from the old and easy explanation that diseases 'run in families,' as they have gained wider knowledge of what disease is, and precisely in proportion as they have lost faith in the fatality of disease-inheritance, have they become pioneers in a braver battle for human health. The greatest enemy of the race, greater even than its ignorance, has always been its fear. The fight against tuberculosis is only one illustration. We are relieved to find that the worst that can happen to us is to inherit a tendency to some disease on account of the weakness of the whole or a part of the body. A real man can struggle against a weakness, but only a god can fight against fate.

Literature has found in the recurrent note of doom, generation after

generation, some of its most appealing material. That note worked splendidly in fiction, and was even better for the drama. Meanwhile it was not true. Neither the Victorian novelists, the recent dramatists, nor even the social reformers, have been quite just to nature. If the race had merely staggered on with the black accumulation of the sin and sickness of each epoch, long ago humanity would have been a helpless scapegoat crushed in the wilderness under the burden of its fate. It is not so. Nature rejoices in a fullness of life. Through uncounted ages she has laughed at all her difficulties, and has steadfastly pursued her unwavering purpose. Doubtless the dream of a perfect race will always be cherished, but it is well enough to consider the social successes of the past. There are more people on the earth to-day, living under happier conditions and with more wisdom and goodness, than history hitherto has disclosed.

Another influence tending toward the acceptance of modern fatalism is the social study of certain families alleged to be degenerate. As many as four or five of them have been traced through several generations, in as many different countries. From these very exceptional strains of family life, wide theories have been developed to cover the whole range of normal life. But Mr. Dugdale, who gave us the famous Jukes, has a word of caution to give the adventurous spirits so slow to investigate and so anxious to dogmatize. He says, 'The tendency of heredity is to produce an environment which perpetuates that heredity.'

It may strike one as strange that from the same facts the most opposite conclusions are often reached by men of apparently equal intelligence. The reason is not far to seek. The conclusions are usually not based upon the facts, but upon the attitude of the the-

orist. In England there has been going on a very hot debate as to whether drunkenness is not, on the whole, rather a good thing. This seems to be the conclusion of Professor Pearson. Dr. Saleeby, on the other hand, is quite sure that no human being, from the cradle to the grave, ever requires alcohol in any form. In America when the 'Committee of One Hundred' issued a report on the relation of drunkenness to crime, one warden, whose prisoners came for the most part from a great city with free saloons, declared that less than two per cent of the inmates of his institution had come there through drunkenness. Another warden in a Prohibition state declared that nearly half of his inmates were there through the liquor habit. It is plain that we have here no genuine disclosure of facts, but a very accurate revelation of the state of mind of each warden.

The student of society is continually perplexed on account of the uncertainty of social statistics. The most formidable difficulty before the eugenist is the lack of any data upon which he can depend. The Italian Lombroso built up a colossal amount of theory upon a very narrow and superficial observation of groups of individuals who could not properly be compared, and so gave to the world the conception of a criminal type. If he had been correct in his conclusions we should long ago have been able to dispense with courts and judges, and to decide upon the character of men and women by an ingenious metric system and an observation of physical deformities. It would save society much trouble and expense. These people could be locked up before they committed any crimes. Unfortunately, on the basis of his so-called science, every community would be compelled to have imprisoned some of its best citizens.

Eugenics has not followed in the

rigid path set by the other biological sciences. Such a course would be extremely difficult. The method required may be briefly indicated. The birth register should include not only the facts of birth and sex, but the exact measurements and peculiarities, and afterwards the infant must be remorselessly studied from the day it is born until it becomes an adult. The family history of each infant should be examined as far back as it can be traced. This will not be very useful, however, for while certain obvious facts may be discovered, the causes of those facts — particularly if the latter be unfortunate — will remain obscure. Exact social science from this point of view is a thing of the future.

It is easy to discover that the criminal classes are deficient in intelligence and often degenerate in organization, but such facts are not of the slightest service. What we need to know is whether the criminal was deficient at birth, and if not, at what point, and for what reason, he became abnormal. The biologists have a sufficient task in collecting data for the next generation without attempting to reform society. It will be quite useless also for such a study to be confined to the abnormal; it must cover the whole range of society in order to be of any service. While the criminal is often deficient in intelligence and defective in physique, so also are the paupers, and the very poor who have been badly housed and ill-fed, though they be neither criminals nor paupers.

If the biologist is in no position at present to furnish valuable data, it remains to say that much may be yielded by other students of society.

In the development of human beings there are doubtless three principal factors: heredity, social relationships, and personal choice; and it is necessary to consider what each of these

is likely to furnish. Galton, with a wisdom not always shared by his disciples, declared, 'The science of heredity is concerned with large populations rather than with individuals.' This statement is worthy of expansion. The larger the group, the more decided the influence of heredity. To illustrate: man is more deeply separated from other animals than he is from his fellow men. 'A Chinaman' is a definite race term bringing before the visual memory a particular type much more distinct than any possible difference between one Chinaman and another. In like manner, the white man differs more from the other races than the various groups of white men differ from one another. Social science has been accustomed to deal with the group type and the group mind. I think all the teachers of social theory will agree that the group mind is much more definite than any individual mind within the group, however exalted may have been the gifts of that individual. Roger Bacon could not have been a scientist among the Hottentots, nor could Raphael have been a painter among the Alaskans.

To approach the matter from quite the opposite point of view, the newborn babe has four grandparents; in the second generation, however, he has sixteen. Carry the process back for ten generations, and such is the fertility of babies in producing grandparents that by this time he has about a million. Now, to divide one little soul among a million grandparents and properly apportion to each ancestor his or her share in the product is a difficulty beyond the appliances of present-day science. No doubt there are certain physical characteristics that occur in families, but how many of them are actually the result of heredity and how many of imitation, it is at present impossible to decide.

It is, of course, necessary for the

biologist to assume that both talent and character are concealed in the germ-plasm and are the inheritance of the child. He always has an explanation ready for difficult facts by means of the 'Mendelian Laws.' There are qualities both dominant and dormant. If a man becomes a criminal it is because of the dominance of some criminal ancestor; if he turns out to be a good man, the criminal ancestor is dormant, and some saint has come to the front. Since every human being has both saints and criminals in the direct line of his ancestry, such supposed laws will explain anything. The first thing required of a law is that it classify its facts, and the facts must show regularity in their recurrence.

Now, Mendel dealt with sweet peas and made many observations, all of them ingenious and some of them true; but men are not like sweet peas. The first note of human nature is personality, and the higher the type of the social group, the more evident the personality becomes. The Bertillon system of measurements and the easier system of finger-prints show that every human being is physically unique. Much more is this true when the larger view of man is taken. Even from the basis of the materialist, such is the number of the organs of the human body and so vast the number of brain-cells in a human brain, that the possible combinations are beyond any computation. This leads irresistibly to the conclusion that the result of human mating is beyond mathematical computation. Its laws may not be discovered, and it can never be determined.

The laws of heredity must be adequate to explain the facts of human life. It is not enough to show that in a few families there have been found in successive generations several members of decided talent. It is necessary to show that given certain antecedents,

talent always results, and without them it can never be discovered. Criminals must always breed criminals, and exceptions defy the law. No student of criminology would ever assert such a theory. It does not establish a doctrine to show that a number of eminent persons in Massachusetts bore the name of Adams. The theory must be adequate to explain how Thomas Carlyle came out of a stone-mason's hut, and how Robert Burns, the peasant, was the sweetest singer of his time. It must not only explain the great surprise which the world has always experienced in such men of genius as Moses and Luther, Beethoven, and Wagner; the theory must explain the case of Abraham Lincoln. This man, born of poor whites, seems to have had one gracious influence in his youth, when his father married a second wife who brought into the indescribable poverty and loneliness a few books and a woman's soul, and by what she was to this man forever wiped away the sneer from the stepmother. They also err through lack of reflection who suppose that Abraham Lincoln, the country lawyer, was the same man as the great emancipator. Into his plastic soul he received the finest forces of his generation, and as the years went by he underwent a social re-birth and became the incarnation of his time.

Society continually renews itself from below. Peasant blood is the raw material for the world's heroes, statesmen and captains of industry. If it be urged that the better classes, as they are called, show a larger number of successful children in proportion to their number than do the poor, it may be replied that with all the advantages these classes have to offer their children, it is the disgrace of the well-to-do that they have not done better.

Talent declines to appear when it should. Robert Browning married Eliz-

abeth Barrett and the union predicted the birth of a supreme artist, but nature refused to take the hint.

The world could not endure the intolerable burden of a continuous line of great men. If men like Cæsar, Napoleon, and Cromwell had furnished a posterity of like power, to remain permanent in human history, where by this time would be all the men of lesser breed? If every great financier were able to hand on, not only his fortune but also his ability and his rapacity, to his sons, capital punishment for business success would be the only safety for society. We could not even endure the permanence of great men of genius. A continuous line of Shakespeares would by now have made England an intellectual desert, as the Goethes would have desolated Germany by genius too great to be endured.

Nature kindly uses her greatest sons for great tasks and then dissolves their power in the common social group, in order to make secure the democracy of life.

If talent of a special order be not decreed, still less is it possible for character to be predetermined. In the very nature of the case a character that is of any value must be won by the rejection of the evil and the choice of the good. It is the result of repeated acts become habit, swift to choose and strong to resist.

The only assured fact in regard to heredity is that from the immediate parents the child may inherit physical strength or physical weakness. Many facts point to the conclusion that the instability of the nervous system which may result in insanity or in drunkenness is the greatest danger. That instability, however, may be found in any family, just as the unfit come from every grade of society. If, with splendid brutality, we should murder all our dependents, defectives, and de-

linquents on some given day, it would not be necessary to pull down the institutions or to give the officers anything more than a short vacation. The savages often tried that method, but when the world has moved away from it, it has increased in power quite as much as in refinement.

As a member of the social group, every child born is in some sense the child of the whole community. Organized society has always found its real meaning in the ideas, faiths, passions, hopes, emotions, which have been held in common. The child is born without any character and without any knowledge. It is the business of the various social organs to do their best with each fresh life. The immediate social organ is the family, of most importance during the first five years; after that come the school, the street, literature, business, politics, and whatever else expresses the social faith. As the child receives these impressions he becomes gradually a citizen of the little world in which he finds himself. The important field for practical Eugenics at the present time is in the social effort to see that every child has a fair chance. To begin with, the child must have the chance to live. M. Bertillon says that of a thousand children born among the rich, 943 are alive at the end of five years. But of every thousand children born among the poor, only 655 are alive. The blood of these children cries from the ground. Social hygiene on the physical side, including all the modern municipal efforts for improvement, scarcely needs discussion, but it is equally important for society to see that the child has not only a chance to live and to live well, but also an opportunity for the fullest development. This does not come from work alone, but from the wholesomeness of the social life.

Some one says that Japan is now

trying to restore a lost spirituality. This may sound startling to those who have thought of Japan as essentially pagan; but the nations always live by faith. Better anywhere a healthy paganism than a moribund Christianity. It was not by physical breeding, nor even by social reform, that Mohammed created his civilization, but out of a few great ideas which he made at once the faith and the passion of his followers.

The practical evil of scientific fatalism is its assault upon the social order. Society is compelled to assume the personal responsibility of its members. Hence laws are made and conduct is prescribed. No wrong-doer has hitherto been allowed to plead the misfortune of a bad germ-plasm as an excuse for bad conduct. By the judgments of courts, and by the sanction of penalties, every man is held accountable for his deed. The moral sense of mankind agrees that this is right, in spite of all academic debate about free-will. There comes a time when the child awakens to self-determination and, within certain limits, he chooses and decides for himself. That field of personal choice is the theatre of the individual career, and constitutes the whole of life.

The worst indictment of the new science is its destruction of this personal responsibility. We might possibly get along with as little sense of social responsibility as now exists, but we cannot get on unless the individual has a much larger sense of responsibility. The new doctrines undermine the whole theory of modern penology. We have been learning for a generation that the business of the prison is to reform and not to punish, but all this structure will be destroyed if we do not insist that each individual has the power for better conduct than he has ever exhibited. The moral paralysis that has come upon our time is due to

the new teaching of predestination. There never was a living scoundrel who would not be willing to lay his crimes by the tombstone of some dead scoundrel, and say to his ancestor, 'It was your fault and not mine.'

There are other impressive facts to which the new teachers may well give heed. The various children's home societies have been placing out children who have been neglected or abandoned in various parts of the country. Among these many thousands of waifs and strays who have found new homes during the last fifty years some, doubtless, have gone wrong, but the vast majority of them, no matter what their ancestry, have done as well mentally and morally as the other children in the community in which they have been placed. From a recent investigation in Chicago, made by the social workers, and covering the cases of sixteen thousand children from the Juvenile Courts, the report is that in nearly every case there was no adequate explanation except in social neglect or personal delinquency.

There is quite a different class of facts to which social science must some day pay more attention. When the Eugenics Congress met in London it attracted the attention of adequate audiences for such discussions. Less than a month afterwards a man who was called General William Booth 'laid down his sword,' as his followers said, and his funeral was the occasion for a series of assemblies the like of which have not been known in a generation. It is estimated that a million people stood in the streets in the rain as his coffin passed to his last resting-place. Wherein lay the fascination of William Booth? Not in his theology, which always seemed to me bad, nor in the dreadful music, nor even in the somewhat doubtful social service, but in the fact that he believed intensely in

the capacity and possibilities of the weakest and the lowest. The scientists have for a long time been paying attention to facts in degeneration; the time must come when they will discover that there are facts of regeneration more impressive and more important. General Booth founded the Salvation Army, but he did not furnish the ideas upon which it rested.

The power of Jesus as a great leader of men rests upon his abiding faith in human capacity, and his constant appeal to what He conceived to be the possible within every man. It was here,

and not in any supernatural claim of his own, that his power lay. If, instead of the beautiful stories in the Gospels, to some young man appealing for his help He had said, 'I am very sorry, but I can do nothing for you; you must know what kind of a man your father was,'—though He had proved his divinity beyond a doubt and the Roman government had vouched for the fact of his resurrection from the dead, He could never have founded a religion. This may seem far afield, but it suggests a class of facts with which social science must finally deal.

THE PRICE OF ANGER

BY ELLWOOD HENDRICK

It was in the winter of 1889, the year Lafcadio Hearn was in New York, and we were talking as usual until late into the night with great earnestness and ardor concerning all the things there are. He was about forty years old at the time, and I was in the glorious twenties.

'There is nothing,' I exclaimed, 'eternally right or eternally wrong!'

'Oh, yes, there is!' said he, and this with finality, although his statements were usually offered in the form of a suggestion. 'One thing is always wrong—always: to cause suffering in others for the purpose of gratifying one's own pleasure,—that is everlastingly wrong.' He usually ended his sentences with a rising inflection, by way of asking his companion if he did not agree, but I remember clearly the intense conviction with which he

said this. 'Once,' he continued, 'I was in Tennessee, walking along a country road, and a man passed me. Some distance ahead was a kitten, also walking along the road,—a pretty little kitten, that was doing no harm to anybody or anything. When the man overtook it—he must have been crazed by anger—he picked it up, and just for his own satisfaction and pleasure, he blinded it—and threw the poor creature away.'

'That *is* hard to excuse,' I said.

'Oh, I'm sure that to cause suffering for one's own pleasure is always wrong. I ran after the man as fast as I could and I fired all the four shots that were left in the revolver that I had with me, but I missed him. You see, with my defective sight I can't see to shoot, and have to beware lest I stumble. It has been,' he continued with a whimsical

sigh, 'one of the great regrets of my life that I did not kill him.'

In all the years that have passed since then, I have been unable to justify that Evil Thing, the infliction of an injury or pain to gratify the pleasure of him who causes it. It is the substance of vindictiveness, and we may well fear it. This thing is not anger, but it is the sequel of it.

Now, anger is of vital importance; it is a remarkable and necessary attribute of human nature. It is not always an evil. There is great merit in righteous anger. It is a normal reaction; just as normal as the processes of digestion. Without the capacity for anger we become inert, flabby, — anybody's meat. Anger is one of the great human passions, often useful, although more often loaded with a power to destroy. It is also at times an enjoyable experience. A real good fight is a delight, no matter what the old ladies may say. Moreover, it is wholly idle to demand of men and boys that they shall not fight. The joy of conflict is a genuine joy.

I remember once a man did me an injury. In point of fact he was looking after his own interests, and his interests conflicted with mine. He did not act according to the rules of the game as I understood them, but then, my understanding was not large. We had a little encounter, and there was a resounding contact of my right fist with his neck, whereupon he bounded backward in a series of beautiful curves, over a distance of nearly twenty feet. He arose and went his way, and had his way, — and it was all years and years ago. Since he had his way, and inasmuch as I am not of a repining habit, there should be no ill-will between us. But the joy of that punch tingles still, and I must say it is a comfort.

As we grow older the desire to fight dies out, but the reason is a physical

one. I would rather have for mine enemy a young man in the vigor of his strength than an old man in his anger.

Suppose you have a big responsibility, and along comes somebody with the real spirit of evil, the lust to injure or to cause suffering for his own pleasure, and proceeds to undo the good thing you have been trying to do. You become angry, naturally and righteously, and you fight to overcome his evil design. Then you fight some more, doing evil unto this enemy until you are satisfied. He may have been satisfied some time before.

Anger also seems the only way to rouse some people. We young fellows who used to read the books of Walter Besant as they appeared remember *All Sorts and Conditions of Men*, and the spirited girl who owned the brewery. The girl, you may recall, came to the conclusion that the hopeless, dull, lethargic people of Mile End Road must be made angry as an introduction to thought. Dear little prophetess she was, full of ginger and zip and go, but — here I fear I shall offend, nevertheless it is out of my heart that I say it — I believe she was wrong. Not in her People's Palace and the opportunities she offered, but only in the little kink in her mind to the effect that a dull and stupid man or woman is better in anger than in inertia. Yellow Journalism is born of this fatuous idea, that people must be roused in any way and at any cost, — as though madness were better than sleep!

Here is where the professor and I disagreed. 'Anything,' he exclaimed, 'is better than inertia!' He called my attention to cities, villages, communities, where the greatest need of nearly every male inhabitant is a good kick, to rouse him. I am free to say that I should well enjoy being the instrument of grace to accomplish this deed of

mercy in some communities, but I am not at all sure that it would make for public welfare — quite apart from the consideration of what might happen to me. We argued around in a ring, and concluded where we started. The differences were rather of temperament than of logic; I being of easy-going disposition while the professor, when thoroughly roused, has all the calm and docility of a charging two-horned rhinoceros, — but no more.

Let us look this thing square in the face. It is dangerous to rouse people to anger, because, somewhere in the process, anger goes over into vindictiveness, and vindictiveness is wholly bad. There is no such thing as righteous vindictiveness. The evil and the danger are because of this cleavage that takes place as anger proceeds from what seems to be a passion for justice into a lust to injure and to destroy. The dividing line is not clear; sometimes vindictiveness begins at the very beginning of the experience, sometimes it occurs only after a long time, and sometimes it does not occur at all. In general, however, it may be said, without laying down any hard and fast rule, that the lower the order of civilization, the sooner the creature of anger desires to strike. Whether this be at the cause or not, does not seem important, — he is animated only by the lust to destroy. The higher the order of civilization, the longer people retain their heads and use judgment before giving way to anger.

Anger inhibits judgment and paralyzes the reasoning faculties. Why, then, incite the crowd to anger to the end that it may bring its insanity to bear upon public affairs? Those who do this thing are not necessarily of evil intent; the best adjective that I can find to describe them is *naughty*, used in the archaic sense.

Why do so many of us resent the

orator, silver-tongued and spell-binding? Because he hypnotizes us and, for the time being, puts into disuse our own independent, reasoning faculties. We know that our conclusions are not to be trusted if we cannot think things over, using our best judgment. It is the same with the crowd: if roused only by appeals to its hatred and wrath, so that its lust to injure and destroy becomes an immediate sequel to its awakening, who can expect it to judge with sanity, to order its affairs so that permanent good may come?

In affairs of state the only safe appeal — we may say the only honest appeal — is to the intelligence. In matters of government, an explosion of the emotions has results very similar to those of an explosion of dynamite; and we are nearly unanimous in the belief that government by dynamite is not desirable.

As a nation we are confronted with many serious problems, — and it is probably good for us that this is so. But we shall not solve our problems with a hurrah that the Great American People can and does meet every emergency with consummate skill and abounding wisdom. Such phrases do very well for the orator, but they will not help those of us who are conscientious in our thinking.

The Constitution of the United States provides that public affairs shall be under the control of three departments of government: legislative, executive, and judicial. Since it was written there have arisen innumerable social problems formerly regarded as personal. With changing conditions they have ceased to be personal; they have become public. The machinery to provide for them may be in the Constitution as it was written; very probably it is; it is doubtful if the amendments help us much in this matter. But the whole subject, the whole business, is

new; we do not know how to go about it. We may be agreed that a thing is bad, but we are at odds how to stop it.

We listen to orators at election time and they tell us that if we vote for Brown, Jones, or Robinson, he will get after those fellows who are keeping us all from growing prosperous and happy, and that as soon as he is elected the Golden Age will be at hand. The fortunate candidate then confides to us that what we want is a thing to be provided by the legislature, and we suffer vain regret that we did not look at the bottom of our ticket when we voted. But we take fresh heart and next year we elect some Talk Bacillus to Congress or to the State legislature — who continues to talk. He does not know the difference between constructive thought and what he calls an 'Appeal to the People.'

In despair we turn to the bar, and its members tell us how defectively statutes are drawn, and lead us, somehow, to believe that our welfare is in the hands of the lawyers, — the while the courts continue to admit to membership of the bar, to be officers of the courts, men with neither conscience nor character.

All three departments of govern-

ment claim jurisdiction over social questions, and neither they nor we know how to handle them — yet. Really, it calls for the wisdom of an Aristotle to point the way. We are groping along, sometimes with wisdom, and sometimes with total blindness to the fact that there is such a thing as human nature. The Pure Food Law looks after the labels on our medicines, but there is no label to distinguish thought from demagoguery; and some of our men most capable of usefulness utter the one and spit the other at us at one and the same time.

What we need is discrimination. Discrimination presupposes judgment, and judgment presupposes wisdom; and, God help us, we have not wisdom beyond our intelligence, our common intelligence, the thin thread of it that is common to us all, whereby we work together. But I believe that in the rule of things that has been provided for us, there is a way towards greater order and enlightenment. The way is to keep our heads and our temper.

To meet the great tasks that are before us, we require all of our intelligence, and we must be sound and wholesome of mind. We must proceed in order. The price of anger is failure.

THE PLUNGE INTO THE WILDERNESS¹

BY JOHN MUIR

I

IN crossing the Atlantic before the days of steamships, or even the American clippers, the voyages made in old-fashioned sailing-vessels were very long. Ours was six weeks and three days. But, because we had no lessons to get, that long voyage had not a dull moment for us boys.

There was quite a large number of emigrants aboard, many of them newly married couples, and the advantages of the different parts of the New World they expected to settle in were often discussed. My father started with the intention of going to the backwoods of Upper Canada. Before the end of the voyage, however, he was persuaded that the States offered superior advantages, especially Wisconsin and Michigan, where the land was said to be as good as in Canada, and far more easily brought under cultivation; for in Canada the woods were so close and heavy that a man might wear out his life in getting a few acres cleared of trees and stumps. So he changed his mind and concluded to go to one of the Western states.

On our wavering westward way a grain-dealer in Buffalo told father that most of the wheat he handled came from Wisconsin; and this influential information finally determined my father's choice. At Milwaukee a farmer who had come in from the country near

Fort Winnebago with a load of wheat agreed to haul us and our formidable load of stuff to a little town called Kingston, for thirty dollars. On that hundred-mile journey, just after the spring thaw, the roads over the prairies were heavy and miry, causing no end of lamentation, for we often got stuck in the mud, and the poor farmer sadly declared that never, never again would he be tempted to try to haul such a cruel, heart-breaking, wagon-breaking, horse-killing load, no, not for a hundred dollars.

On leaving Scotland, father, like many other home-seekers, burdened himself with far too much luggage, as if all America were still a wilderness in which little or nothing could be bought. One of his big iron-bound boxes must have weighed about four hundred pounds, for it contained an old-fashioned beam-scales with a complete set of cast-iron counterweights, two of them fifty-six pounds each, a twenty-eight, and so on, down to a single pound; also a lot of iron wedges, carpenter's tools, etc. And at Buffalo, as if on the very edge of the wilderness, he gladly added to his burden a big cast-iron stove, with pots and pans, provisions enough to stand a long siege, and a scythe and cumbersome cradle for cutting wheat, all of which he succeeded in landing in the primeval Wisconsin woods.

A land agent at Kingston gave father a note to a farmer by the name of Alexander Gray, who lived on the border of the settled part of the country,

¹ Earlier reminiscences of John Muir's life were printed in the November *Atlantic*. — THE EDITORS.

knew the section-lines, and would probably help him to find a good place for a farm. So father went away to spy out the land, and, in the mean time, left us children in Kingston in a rented room. It took us less than an hour to get acquainted with some of the boys in the village; we challenged them to wrestle, run races, climb trees, and the like, and in a day or two we felt at home, care-free and happy, notwithstanding that our family was so widely divided. When father returned he told us that he had found fine land for a farm in sunny open woods on the side of a lake, and that a team of three yoke of oxen with a big wagon was coming to haul us to Mr. Gray's place.

We enjoyed the strange ten-mile ride through the woods very much, wondering how the great oxen could be so strong and wise and tame as to pull so heavy a load with no other harness than a chain and a crooked piece of wood on their necks, and how they could sway so obediently to right and left, past roadside trees and stumps, when the driver said haw and gee. At Mr. Gray's house father again left us for a few days to build a shanty on the quarter-section he had selected four or five miles to the westward. In the meanwhile we enjoyed our freedom as usual, wandering in the fields and meadows, looking at the trees and flowers, snakes and birds and squirrels. With the help of the nearest neighbors the little shanty was built in less than a day after the rough bur-oak logs for the walls and the white-oak boards for the floor and roof were got together.

II

To this charming hut, in the sunny woods, overlooking a flowery glacier-meadow and a lake rimmed with white water-lilies, we were hauled by an ox-

team across trackless carex swamps and low-rolling hills, sparsely dotted with round-headed oaks. Just as we arrived at the shanty, before we had time to look at it or the scenery about it, David and I jumped down in a hurry off the load of household goods, for we had discovered a blue jay's nest, and in a minute or so we were up the tree beside it, feasting our eyes on the beautiful green eggs and beautiful birds, — our first memorable discovery. The handsome birds had not seen Scotch boys before, and made a desperate screaming as if we were robbers like themselves; though we left the eggs untouched, feeling that we were already beginning to get rich, and wondering how many more nests we should find in the grand, sunny woods. Then we ran along the brow of the hill that the shanty stood on, and down to the meadow, searching the trees and grass-tufts and bushes, and soon discovered a bluebird's and a woodpecker's nest, and began an acquaintance with the frogs and snakes and turtles in the creeks and springs.

This sudden plash into pure wilderness, — baptism in Nature's warm heart, — how utterly happy it made us! Nature streaming into us, wooingly teaching, preaching her glorious, living lessons, so unlike the dismal grammar ashes and cinders so long thrashed into us. Here, without knowing it, we still were at school; every wild lesson a love lesson, not whipped, but charmed, into us.

Oh, that glorious Wisconsin wilderness! Everything new and pure in the very prime of the spring when Nature's pulses were beating highest, and mysteriously keeping time with our own! Young hearts, young leaves, flowers, animals, the winds, and the streams, and the sparkling lake, all wildly, gladly rejoicing together!

Next morning, when we climbed to

the precious jay nest, to take another admiring look at the eggs, we found it empty. Not a shell fragment was left, and we wondered how in the world the birds were able to carry off their thin-shelled eggs, either in their bills or in their feet, without breaking them, and how they could be kept warm while a new nest was being built. Well, I am still asking these questions. When I was on the Harriman Expedition I asked Robert Ridgway, the eminent ornithologist, how these sudden flittings were accomplished, and he frankly confessed that he did n't know, but guessed that jays, and many other birds, carried their eggs in their mouths; and when I objected that a jay's mouth seemed too small to hold its eggs, he replied that birds' mouths were larger than the narrowness of their bills indicated. Then I asked him what he thought they did with the eggs while a new nest was being prepared. He did n't know; neither do I to this day. A specimen of the many puzzling problems presented to the naturalist.

We soon found many more nests belonging to birds that were not half so suspicious. The handsome and notorious blue jay plunders the nests of other birds and, of course, he could not trust us. Almost all the others, brown thrushes, bluebirds, song-sparrows, kingbirds, henhawks, night-hawks, whip-poor-wills, woodpeckers, and the rest, simply tried to avoid being seen, to draw or drive us away, or paid no attention to us.

We used to wonder how the woodpeckers could bore holes so perfectly round, — true mathematical circles. We ourselves could not have done it, even with gouges and chisels. We loved to watch them feeding their young, and wondered how they could glean food enough for so many clamorous, hungry, unsatisfiable babies, and how they managed to give each one its

share; for after the young grew strong, one would get his head out of the door-hole and try to hold possession of it to meet the food-laden parents. How hard they worked to support their families, especially the red-headed and speckled woodpeckers and flickers; digging, hammering on scaly bark and decaying trunks and branches from dawn to dark, coming and going at intervals of a few minutes all the live-long day!

III

Everything about us was so novel and wonderful that we could hardly believe our senses except when hungry, or while father was thrashing us. When we first saw Fountain Lake Meadow, on a sultry evening, sprinkled with millions of lightning-bugs, throbbing with light, the effect was so strange and beautiful that it seemed far too marvelous to be real. Looking from our shanty on the hill, I thought that the whole wonderful fairy show must be in my eyes; for only in fighting, when my eyes were struck, had I ever seen anything in the least like it. But when I asked my brother if he saw anything strange in the meadow he said, 'Yes, it's all covered with shaky fire-sparks.'

Then I guessed that it might be something outside of us, and applied to our all-knowing Yankee to explain it. 'Oh, it's nothing but lightnin'-bugs,' he said; and he kindly led us down the hill to the edge of the fiery meadow, caught a few of the wonderful bugs, dropped them into a cup, and carried them to the shanty, where we watched them throbbing and flashing out their mysterious light at regular intervals, as if each little passionate glow were caused by the beating of a heart. Once I saw a splendid display of glow-worm light in the foothills of the Himalaya,

north of Calcutta, but glorious as it appeared in pure starry radiance, it was far less impressive than the extravagant, abounding, quivering, dancing fire on our Wisconsin meadow.

Partridge-drumming was another great marvel. When I first heard the low, soft, solemn sound I thought it must be made by some strange disturbance in my head or stomach; but as all seemed serene within, I asked David whether he heard anything queer. 'Yes,' he said, 'I hear something saying, *boomp, boomp, boomp*, and I'm wondering at it.' Then I was half satisfied that the source of the mysterious sound must be in something outside of us, coming, perhaps, from the ground or from some ghost or boggy or woodland fairy. Only after long watching and listening did we at last discover it in the wings of the plump brown bird.

The love-song of the common jack-snipe seemed not a whit less mysterious than partridge-drumming. It was usually heard on cloudy evenings, a strange, unearthly, winnowing, spirit-like sound, yet easily heard at a distance of a third of a mile. Our sharp eyes soon detected the bird while making it, as it circled high in the air over the meadow with wonderfully strong and rapid wing-beats, suddenly descending and rising, again and again, in deep, wide loops; the tones being very low and smooth at the beginning of the descent, rapidly increasing to a curious little whirling storm-roar at the bottom, and gradually fading lower and lower until the top was reached. It was long, however, before we identified this mysterious wing-singer as the little brown jack-snipe that we knew so well and had so often watched as he silently probed the mud round the edges of our meadow stream and spring-holes, and made short zig-zag flights over the grass, uttering only little short crisp quacks and chucks.

The love-songs of the frogs seemed hardly less wonderful than those of the birds, their musical notes varying from the sweet, tranquil, soothing peeping and purring of the hylas to the awfully deep, low, bass, blunt bellowing of the bullfrogs. Some of the smaller species have wonderfully clear sharp voices and told us their good Bible names in musical tones about as plainly as the whip-poor-will. Isaac, Isaac; Yacob, Yacob; Israel, Israel; shouted in sharp, ringing, far-reaching tones, as if they had all been to school and severely drilled in elocution. In the still warm evenings, big bunchy bullfrogs bellowed, 'Drunk; Drunk! Drunk! Jug-o'-rum! Jug-o'-rum!' and early in the spring, countless thousands of the commonest species, up to the throat in cold water, sang in concert, making a mass of music, such as it was, loud enough to be heard at a distance of more than half a mile.

Far, far apart from this loud marsh music is that of the many species of hylas, a sort of soothing, immortal melody filling the air like light.

IV

Soon after our arrival in the woods some one added a cat and puppy to the animals father had bought. The pup was a common cur, though very uncommon to us, a black-and-white short-haired mongrel that we named 'Watch.' We always gave him a pan of milk in the evening just before we knelt in family worship, while daylight still lingered in the shanty; and instead of attending to the prayers, I too often studied the small wild creatures playing round us. Field-mice scampered about the cabin as though it had been built for them alone, and their performances were very amusing. About dusk, on one of the calm, sultry nights so grateful to moths and beetles, when the

puppy was lapping his milk, and we were on our knees, in through the door came a heavy, broad-shouldered beetle about as big as a mouse; and after droning and booming round the cabin two or three times, the pan of milk, showing white in the gloaming, caught its eyes and, taking good aim, it alighted with a slanting, glinting plash in the middle of the pan, like a duck alighting in a lake. Baby Watch, having never before seen anything like that beetle, started back, gazing in dumb astonishment and fear at the black sprawling monster trying to swim. Recovering somewhat from his fright, he began to bark at the creature, and ran round and round his milk-pan, wouf-woufing, gurring, growling, like an old dog barking at a wild-cat or a bear. The natural astonishment and curiosity of that boy-dog getting his first entomological lesson in this wonderful world was so immoderately funny that I had great difficulty in keeping from laughing out loud.

Watch never became a first-rate scholar, though he learned more than any stranger would judge him capable of, was a bold, faithful watch-dog, and in his prime a grand fighter, able to whip all the other dogs in the neighborhood. Comparing him with ourselves, we soon learned that although he could not read books he could read faces, was a good judge of character, always knew what was going on and what we were about to do, and liked to help us. We could run almost as fast as he could, see about as far, and perhaps hear as well, but in the sense of smell his nose was incomparably better than ours.

One winter morning when the ground was covered with snow, I noticed that when he was yawning and stretching himself, after leaving his bed, he suddenly caught the scent of something that excited him, went round the

corner of the house and looked intently to the westward across a tongue of land that we called West Bank, eagerly questioned the air with quivering nostrils, and bristled up as though he felt sure that there was something dangerous in that direction and had actually caught sight of it. Then he ran toward the Bank and I followed him, curious to see what his nose had discovered.

The top of the Bank commanded a view of the north end of our lake and meadow, and when we got there we saw an Indian hunter armed with a long spear, going about from one muskrat cabin to another, approaching cautiously, careful to make no noise, and then suddenly thrusting his spear down through the house. If well-aimed, the spear went through the poor beaver-rat as it lay cuddled up in the snug nest it had made for itself in the fall with so much far-seeing care; and when the hunter felt the spear quivering, he dug down the mossy hut with his tomahawk and secured his prey, — the flesh for food, and the skin to sell for a dime or so. This was a clear object lesson on dogs' keenness of scent. That Indian was more than half a mile away across a wooded ridge. Had the hunter been a white man, I suppose Watch would not have noticed him.

When he was about six or seven years old he not only became cross, so that he would do only what he liked, but he fell on evil ways, and was accused by the neighbors who had settled round us of catching and devouring whole broods of chickens, some of them only a day or two out of the shell. We never imagined he would do anything so grossly un-doglike. He never did at home. But several of the neighbors declared over and over again that they had caught him in the act, and insisted that he must be shot. At last, in

spite of tearful protests, he was condemned and executed. Father examined the poor fellow's stomach in search of sure evidence, and discovered the heads of eight chickens that he had devoured at his last meal. So poor Watch was killed simply because his taste for chickens was too much like our own. Think of the millions of squabs that preaching, praying men and women kill and eat, with all sorts of other animals great and small, young and old, while eloquently discoursing on the coming of the blessed, peaceful, bloodless millennium! Think of the passenger pigeons that fifty or sixty years ago filled the woods and sky over half the continent, now exterminated by beating down the young from the nests together with the brooding parents, before they could try their wonderful wings; by trapping them in nets, feeding them to hogs, and the like. None of our fellow mortals is safe who eats what we eat; who in any way interferes with our pleasures; or who may be used for work or food, clothing or ornament, or mere cruel, sportish amusement. Fortunately many are too small to be seen, and therefore enjoy life beyond our reach. And in looking through God's great stone books, made up of records reaching back millions and millions of years, it is a great comfort to learn that vast multitudes of creatures, great and small and infinite in number, lived and had a good time in God's love before man was created.

v

The old Scotch fashion of whipping for every act of disobedience or of simple, playful forgetfulness was still kept up in the wilderness, and of course many of those whippings fell upon me. Most of them were outrageously severe, and utterly barren of fun. But here is one that was nearly all fun.

Father was busy hauling lumber for the frame house that was to be got ready for the arrival of my mother, sisters, and brother, left behind in Scotland. One morning, when he was ready to start for another load, his ox whip was not to be found. He asked me if I knew anything about it. I told him I did n't know where it was, but a Scotch conscience compelled me to confess that when I was playing with it I had tied it to Watch's tail, and that he ran away, dragging it through the grass, and came back without it. 'It must have slipped off his tail,' I said, and so I did n't know where it was.

This honest, straightforward little story made father so angry that he exclaimed with heavy foreboding emphasis, 'The very deevil's in that boy!' David, who had been playing with me, and was perhaps about as responsible for the loss of the whip as I was, said never a word, for he was always prudent enough to hold his tongue when the parental weather was stormy, and so escaped nearly all punishment. And strange to say, this time I also escaped, all except a terrible scolding, though the thrashing weather seemed darker than ever.

As if unwilling to let the sun see the shameful job, father took me into the cabin where the storm was to fall, and sent David to the woods for a switch. While he was out selecting the switch, father put in the spare time sketching my play-wickedness in awful colors, and, of course, referred again and again to the place prepared for bad boys. In the midst of this terrible word-storm, dreading most the impending thrashing, I whimpered that I was only playing because I could n't help it; did n't know I was doing wrong; would n't do it again, and so forth. When this miserable dialogue was about exhausted, father became impatient with my bro-

ther for taking so much time to find the switch; and I was equally so, for I wanted to have the thing over and done with.

At last, in came David, a picture of open-hearted innocence, solemnly dragging a young bur-oak sapling, and handed the end of it to father, saying it was the best switch he could find. It was an awfully heavy one, about two and a half inches thick at the butt and ten feet long, almost big enough for a fence-pole. There was n't room enough in the cabin to swing it, and the moment I saw it I burst out laughing in the midst of my fears. But father failed to see the fun and was very angry at David, heaved the bur-oak outside and passionately demanded his reason for fetching 'sic a muckle rail like that instead o' a switch? Do ye ca' that a switch? I have a gude mind to thrash you instead o' John.'

David, with demure downcast eyes, looked preternaturally righteous, but as usual prudently answered never a word.

It was a hard job in those days to bring up Scotch boys in the way they should go; and poor overworked father was determined to do it if enough of the right kind of switches could be found. But this time, as the sun was getting high, he hitched up Tom and Jerry and made haste to the Kingston lumber-yard, leaving me unscathed and as innocently wicked as ever; for hardly had father got fairly out of sight among the oaks and hickories, ere all our troubles, hell-threatenings, and exhortations were forgotten in the fun we had lassoing a stubborn old sow and laboriously trying to teach her to go reasonably steady in rope harness. She was the first hog that father bought to stock the farm, and we boys regarded her as a very wonderful beast. In a few weeks she had a lot of pigs, and of all the queer, funny animal children

we had yet seen, none amused us more. They were so comic in size and shape, in their gait and gestures and merry sham fights, and in the false alarms they got up for the fun of scampering back to their mother and begging her in most persuasive little squeals to lie down and give them a drink.

After her darling short-snouted babies were about a month old, she took them out to the woods and gradually roamed farther and farther from the shanty in search of acorns and roots. One afternoon we heard a rifle-shot, a very noticeable thing, as we had no near neighbors as yet. We thought it must have been fired by an Indian on the trail that followed the right bank of the Fox River between Portage and Packwaukee Lake and passed our shanty at a distance of about three quarters of a mile. Just a few minutes after that shot was heard, along came the poor mother, rushing up to the shanty for protection, with her pigs, all out of breath and terror-stricken. One of them was missing and we supposed, of course, that an Indian had shot it for food. Next day, I discovered a blood puddle where the Indian trail crossed the outlet of our lake. One of father's hired men told us that the Indians thought nothing of levying this sort of blackmail whenever they were hungry. The solemn awe and fear in the eyes of that old mother and little pigs I never can forget; it was as unmistakable and deadly a fear as I ever saw expressed by any human eye, and corroborates in no uncertain way the oneness of all of us.

Coming direct from school in Scotland, while we were still hopefully ignorant and far from tame, notwithstanding the unnatural profusion of teaching and thrashing lavished upon us, — getting acquainted with the animals about us was a never-failing source of wonder and delight. At first my father,

like nearly all the backwoods settlers, bought a yoke of oxen to do the farm work; and as field after field was cleared, the number was gradually increased until we had five yoke. These wise, patient, plodding animals did all the ploughing, logging, hauling, and hard work of every sort for the first four or five years; and never having seen oxen before, we looked at them with the same eager freshness of conception as at the wild animals. We worked with them, sympathized with them in their rest and toil and play, and thus learned to know them far better than we should had we been only trained scientific naturalists.

We soon learned that each ox and cow and calf had its own individual character. Old white-faced Buck, one of the second yoke of oxen that we owned, was a notably sagacious fellow. He seemed to reason sometimes almost like ourselves. In the fall we fed the cattle lots of pumpkins and had to split them open so that mouthfuls could be readily broken off. But Buck never waited for us to come to his help. The others, when they were hungry and impatient, tried to break through the hard rind with their teeth, but seldom with success, if the pumpkin was full-grown. Buck never wasted time in this mumbling, slaverling way, but crushed them with his head. He went to the pile, picked out a good one, like a boy choosing an orange or apple, rolled it down on to the open ground, deliberately kneeled in front of it, placed his broad flat brow on top of it, brought his weight hard down and crushed it, then quietly arose and went on with his meal in comfort. Some would call this 'instinct,' as if so-called 'blind instinct' must necessarily make an ox stand on its head to break pumpkins when its teeth got sore, or when nobody came with an axe to split them. Another fine ox showed his skill when

hungry by opening all the fences that stood in his way to the corn-fields.

When we went to Portage, our nearest town, about ten or twelve miles from the farm, it would oftentimes be late before we got back, and in the summer-time, in sultry, rainy weather, the clouds were full of sheet lightning, which every minute or two would suddenly illumine the landscape, revealing all its features, the hills and valleys, meadows and trees, about as fully and clearly as the noonday sunshine; then as suddenly the glorious light would be quenched, making the darkness seem denser than before. On such nights the cattle had to find the way home without any help from us, but they never got off the track, for they followed it by scent like dogs. Once father, returning late from Portage or Kingston, compelled Tom and Jerry, our first oxen, to leave the dim track, imagining they must be going wrong. At last they stopped and refused to go farther. Then father unhitched them from the wagon, took hold of Tom's tail, and was thus led straight to the shanty. Next morning he set out to seek his wagon and found it on the brow of a steep hill above an impassable swamp.

As I was the eldest boy I had the care of our first span of work-horses. Their names were Nob and Nell. Nob was very intelligent, and even affectionate, and could learn almost anything. Nell was entirely different, balky and stubborn, though we managed to teach her a good many circus tricks; but she never seemed to like to play with us in anything like an affectionate way, as Nob did. We turned them out one day into the pasture, and an Indian, hiding in the brush that had sprung up after the grass-fires had been put out, managed to catch Nob, tied a rope to her jaw for a bridle, rode her to Green Bay, seventy-five or a hundred miles away, and tried to sell her for fifteen

dollars. All our hearts were sore, as if one of the family had been lost. We hunted everywhere and could not at first imagine what had become of her. We discovered her track where the fence was broken down, and following it for a few miles made sure the track was Nob's; and a neighbor told us he had seen an Indian riding fast through the woods on a horse that looked like Nob. But we could find no further trace of her until a month or two after she was lost and we had given up hope of ever seeing her again. Then we learned that she had been taken from an Indian by a farmer at Green Bay because he saw that she had been shod and had worked in harness. So when the Indian tried to sell her the farmer said, 'You are a thief. That is a white man's horse. You stole her.'

'No,' said the Indian, 'I brought her from Prairie du Chien and she has always been mine.'

The man, pointing to her feet and the marks of the harness, said, 'You are lying. I will take that horse away from you and put her in my pasture, and if you come near it I will set the dogs on you.'

Then he advertised her. One of our neighbors happened to see the advertisement and brought us the glad news, and great was our rejoicing when father brought her home. That Indian must have treated her with terrible cruelty, for when I was riding her through the pasture several years afterward, looking for another horse that we wanted to catch, as we approached the place where she had been captured she stood stock-still, gazing through the bushes, fearing the Indian might still be hiding there ready to spring; and she was so excited that she trembled, and her heart-beats were so loud that I could hear them distinctly when I was sitting on her back, *boom*, *boom*, *boom*, like the drumming of a

partridge. So vividly had she remembered her terrible experiences.

We used to cut and shock and husk the Indian corn in the fall, until a keen Yankee stopped over night at our house and, among other labor-saving notions, convinced father that it was better to let it stand, and husk it at his leisure during the winter, then turn in the cattle to eat the leaves and trample down the stalks, so that they could be ploughed under in the spring. In this winter method each of us took two rows and husked into baskets, and emptied the corn on the ground in piles of fifteen to twenty basketfuls, then loaded it into the wagon to be hauled to the crib. This was cold, painful work, the temperature being oftentimes far below zero and the ground covered with dry, frosty snow, giving rise to miserable crops of chilblains and frosted fingers — a sad change from the merry Indian-summer husking, when the big yellow pumpkins covered the cleared fields; golden corn, golden pumpkins, gathered in the hazy golden weather. Sad change, indeed, but we occasionally got some fun out of the nipping shivery work, from hungry prairie-chickens and squirrels and mice that came about us.

The piles of corn were often left in the field several days, and while loading them into the wagon we usually found field-mice in them, — big, blunt-nosed, strong-scented fellows that we were taught to kill just because they nibbled a few grains of corn. I used to hold one, while it was still warm, up to Nob's nose, for the fun of seeing her make faces and snort at the smell of it; and I would say, 'Here, Nob,' as if offering her a lump of sugar. One day I offered her an extra fine, fat, plump specimen, something like a little woodchuck, or muskrat, and, to my astonishment, after smelling it curiously and doubtfully, as if wondering what the

gift might be, and rubbing it back and forth in the palm of my hand with her upper lip, she deliberately took it into her mouth, crunched and munched and chewed it fine and swallowed it, bones, teeth, head, tail, everything. Not a single hair of that mouse was wasted. When she was chewing it she nodded and grunted, as though critically tasting and relishing it.

My father was a steadfast enthusiast on religious matters and, of course, attended almost every sort of church meeting, especially revival meetings. They were occasionally held in summer, but mostly in winter, when the sleighing was good and plenty of time available. One hot summer day father drove Nob to Portage and back, twenty-four miles over a sandy road. It was a hot, hard, sultry day's work, and she had evidently been overdriven in order to get home in time for one of these meetings. I shall never forget how tired and wilted she looked that evening when I unhitched her; how she drooped in her stall, too tired to eat or even to lie down. Next morning it was plain that her lungs were inflamed; all the dreadful symptoms were just the same as my own when I had pneumonia. Father sent for a Methodist minister, a very energetic, resourceful man, who was a blacksmith, farmer, butcher, and horse-doctor, as well as minister; but all his gifts and skill were of no avail. Nob was doomed. We bathed her head and tried to get her to eat something, but she could n't eat, and in about a couple of weeks we turned her loose to let her come round the house and see us, in the weary suffering and loneliness of the shadow of death. She tried to follow us children, so long her friends and workmates and playmates. It was awfully touching. She had several hemorrhages, and in the forenoon of her last day, after she had had one of her dreadful spells of

bleeding and gasping for breath, she came to me trembling, with beseeching heart-breaking looks, and after I had bathed her head and tried to soothe and pet her, she lay down and gasped and died. All the family gathered about her, weeping, with aching hearts. Then dust to dust.

She was the most faithful, intelligent, playful, affectionate, human-like horse I ever knew, and she won all our hearts. Of the many advantages of farm-life for boys one of the greatest is the real knowledge of animals as fellow mortals, learning to respect them and love them, and even to gain some of their love.

VI

Great was the delight of brothers David, Daniel, and myself when father gave us a few pine boards for a boat, and it was a memorable day when we got that boat built and launched into the lake. Never shall I forget our first sail over the gradually deepening water, the sunbeams pouring through it revealing the strange plants covering the bottom, and the fishes coming about us, staring and wondering as if the boat were a monstrous strange fish.

The water was so clear that it was almost invisible, and when we floated slowly out over the plants and fishes we seemed to be miraculously sustained in the air while silently exploring a veritable fairyland.

We always had to work hard, but if we worked still harder we were occasionally allowed a little spell in the long summer evenings about sundown to fish, and on Sundays an hour or two to sail quietly, without fishing-rod or gun, when the lake was calm. Therefore we gradually learned something of its inhabitants, — pickerel, sun-fish, black bass, perch, shiners, pumpkin-seeds, ducks, loons, turtles, muskrats, etc. We saw the sun-fishes making

their nests in little openings in the rushes where the water was only a few feet deep, ploughing up and shoving away the soft gray mud with their noses, like pigs, forming round bowls five or six inches in depth and about two feet in diameter, in which their eggs were deposited. And with what beautiful unwearable devotion they watched and hovered over them and chased away prowling, spawn-eating enemies that ventured within a rod or two of the precious nest.

The pickerel is a savage fish endowed with marvelous strength and speed. It lies in wait for its prey on the bottom, perfectly motionless, like a water-logged stick, watching everything that moves, with fierce, hungry eyes. Oftentimes when we were fishing for some other kinds over the edge of the boat, a pickerel that we had not noticed would come like a bolt of lightning and seize the fish we had caught before we could get it into the boat. The very first pickerel that I ever caught jumped into the air to seize a small fish dangling on my line, and missing its aim fell plump into the boat as if it had dropped from the sky. Some of our neighbors fished for pickerel through the ice in mid-winter. They usually drove a wagon out on the lake, set a large number of lines baited with live minnows, hung a loop of the lines over a small bush planted at the side of each hole, and watched to see the loops pulled off when a fish had taken the bait. Large quantities of pickerel were often caught in this cruel way.

One hot summer day father told us that we ought to learn to swim. This was one of the most interesting suggestions he had ever offered, but precious little time was allowed for trips to the lake, and he seldom tried to show us how. 'Go to the frogs,' he said, 'and they will give you all the lessons you need. Watch their arms and legs and

see how smoothly they kick themselves along and dive and come up. When you want to dive, keep your arms by your side or over your head, and kick, and when you want to come up let your legs drag and paddle with your hands.'

We found a little basin among the rushes at the south end of the lake, about waist-deep and a rod or two wide, shaped like a sun-fish's nest. Here we kicked and plashed for many a lesson, faithfully trying to imitate frogs, but the smooth, comfortable, sliding gait of our amphibious teachers seemed hopelessly hard to learn. When we tried to kick frog-fashion, down went our heads, as if weighted with lead, the moment our feet left the ground. One day it occurred to me to hold my breath as long as I could and let my head sink as far as it liked without paying any attention to it, and try to swim under the water instead of on the surface. This method was a great success, for at the very first trial I managed to cross the basin without touching bottom, and soon learned the use of my limbs. Then of course, swimming with my head above water soon became so easy that it seemed perfectly natural. David tried the plan with the same success. Then we began to count the number of times that we could swim round the basin without stopping to rest, and after twenty or thirty rounds failed to tire us we proudly thought that a little more practice would make us about as amphibious as frogs.

On the Fourth of July of this swimming year one of the Lawson boys came to visit us, and we went down to the lake to spend the great warm day with the fishes and ducks and turtles. After gliding about on the smooth mirror water, telling stories and enjoying the company of the happy creatures about us, we rowed to our bathing pool, and David and I went in for a swim, while our companion fished from

the boat a little way out beyond the rushes. After a few turns in the pool it occurred to me that it was now about time to try deep water. Swimming through the thick growth of rushes and lilies was somewhat dangerous, especially for a beginner, because one's arms and legs might be entangled among the long limber stems; nevertheless I ventured and struck out boldly enough for the boat, where the water was twenty or thirty feet deep. When I reached the end of the little skiff I raised my right hand to take hold of it to surprise Lawson, whose back was toward me, and who was not aware of my approach; but I failed to reach high enough, and, of course, the weight of my arm and the stroke against the overleaning stern of the boat shoved me down and I sank struggling, frightened and confused. As soon as my feet touched the bottom I slowly rose to the surface, but before I could get breath enough to call for help sank back again and lost all control of myself. After sinking and rising I don't know how many times, some water got into my lungs and I began to drown. Then suddenly my mind seemed to clear. I remembered that I could swim under water, and making a desperate struggle toward the shore, reached a point where, with my toes on the bottom, I got my mouth above the surface, gasped for help, and was pulled into the boat.

This humiliating accident spoiled the day and we all agreed to keep it a profound secret. My sister Sarah had heard my cry for help, and on our arrival at the house inquired what had happened. 'Were you drowning, John? I heard you cry you couldna get oot.' Lawson made haste to reply, 'Oh, no! He was just haverin' (making fun).'

I was very much ashamed of myself, and at night, after calmly reviewing the affair, concluded that there had been no reasonable cause for the acci-

dent, and that I ought to punish myself for so nearly losing my life from unmanly fear. Accordingly, at the very first opportunity, I stole away to the lake by myself, got into my boat, and instead of going back to the old swimming-bowl for further practice, or to try to do sanely and well what I had so ignominiously failed to do in my first adventure, that is, to swim out through the rushes and lilies, I rowed directly out to the middle of the lake, stripped, stood up on the seat in the stern, and with grim deliberation took a header and dived straight down thirty or forty feet, turned easily and, letting my feet drag, paddled straight to the surface with my hands as father had at first directed me to do. I then swam round the boat glorying in my suddenly acquired confidence and victory over myself, climbed into it and dived again, with the same triumphant success. I think I went down four or five times, and each time as I made the dive-spring shouted aloud, 'Take that!' feeling that I was getting most gloriously even with myself.

Never again from that day to this have I lost control of myself in water. If suddenly thrown overboard at sea in the dark, or even while asleep, I think I would immediately right myself in a way some would call 'instinct,' rise among the waves, catch my breath, and try to plan what would better be done. Never was victory over self more complete. I have been a good swimmer ever since. At a slow gait I think I could swim all day in smooth water, moderate in temperature. When I was a student at Madison I used to go on long swimming journeys called exploring expeditions, along the south shore of Lake Mendota, on Saturdays, sometimes alone, sometimes with another amphibious explorer by the name of Fuller.

My adventures in Fountain Lake call

to mind the story of a Scotch fiddler playing at a wedding, who drank so much whiskey that on the way home he fell by the roadside. In the morning he was ashamed and angry and determined to punish himself. Making haste to the house of a friend, a game-keeper, he called him out, and requested the loan of a gun. The alarmed game-keeper, not liking the fiddler's looks and voice, anxiously inquired what he was going to do with a gun. 'Surely,'

said he, 'you're no gan to shoot yoursel.' 'No-o,' with characteristic candor replied the penitent fiddler, 'I dinna think that I'll juist exactly kill mysel', but I'm gaun to tak a dander doon the burn (brook) wi' the gun and gie mysel' a deevil o' a fleg (fright).'

[Other experiences in the Wisconsin wilderness will be described by Mr. Muir in the January number. — THE EDITORS.]

THE VALLEY OF THE OTHERS

BY ELIZABETH TAYLOR

I HAVE come to Dalen to spend the whole night here alone. The Pastorinde and I have often talked of coming — just we two — to see what goes on here during the sub-Arctic summer night, how the birds and flowers conduct themselves through the hours that are dark in more southern lands. Dalen is a great, lonely valley, two miles from the Parsonage. On three sides are high, rugged fjelds, but the fourth is open to the northern sea, to distant islands, and to wonderful shore-cliffs. The Pastor affirms that his best sermons are composed here on snipe-shooting days, and I know that when I come here fishing I return a much better woman than when I left home, even though midges bite and trout do not. When a rare guest visits the Parsonage in the summer, the Pastorinde brings him here as the best her hospitality can offer. If he grumbles at the rocky, boggy trail and looks with a cold eye on Dalen, finding her desolate, then the Pastor-

inde knows that to one chamber of her heart that guest will have no key. It is a great heart, that of the Pastorinde, and I have learned to know its strength and sweetness during my winter in the little parsonage of Vidareide.

In August, ten months ago, I did my Christmas shopping, talked my last English to the Danish officials in Thorshavn, the capital of the Färoes. Then I sailed away to this northern island where Danish is the language of the Parsonage, old Norse that of the little turf-covered cottages.

The last boat of the year came in November. After that we were shut off from the outside world. No telegraph, no cable, no post! Truly I had need of the Pastorinde, and she has not failed me. There are no children at the Parsonage, but long ago the Pastorinde learned to call me her 'pleie-barn' — her foster child; and I call her 'pleie-mor' — foster mother.

It is because the Pastorinde slipped

and sprained her ankle that I am here all by myself to spend the night in Dalen. Viktorinus and Jakob Johan, small boys of my acquaintance, bore on their sturdy shoulders provisions, spirit-lamp, warm wraps, and sketching-things, and I have made a little camp not far from the sea-cliffs. The boys have shaken hands and said in Danish, 'Farewell,' and 'A pleasant night to you,' and I have answered, 'Thanks for thy friendly assistance.' As they left me, I heard Jakob Johan say in old Norse (thinking I would not understand) that he was glad it was n't he who was to spend the night in Dalen, and Viktorinus murmured something about a *Nykur* that is supposed to dwell in a tarn up on the hillside. The sentiment of the village is expressed: in the words of old Sigurd, said, not to me, but to the Pastor's milk-girl, 'Dalen in the day-time,' said Sigurd, 'is for Men, there to cut and dry the peat, or to hunt down the sheep from the fjelds. The daylight is theirs, but Dalen at night is for the *Others*. They would think the Fróken [Miss] had come to spy on them; they are easily offended, and might take revenge. No, that the Fróken should not do.' But to me the peasant women say only, 'Will not the Fróken catch cold?' 'Is not the Fróken afraid of cows?'

It has been what we call a *myra-snipa* day, the kind that the myra-snipa or marsh-snipe love, and the air seems to vibrate with their curious bleating sound; a day when the mild south-west wind blows gently and all is bathed in luminous mists. There are many rainbows, distant arches, and fragments close by that spring out of a straw-covered chimney, a big boulder, the prow of a boat, or the cliff's edge. Clouds are bowled softly in from the sea-levels, and wander in a casual fashion over the home-fjelds and between the houses. As I sit in sunshine

one envelops me in damp gray walls, then flashes by and whisks in a great hurry round a corner. In rose and violet and gold they come, some stately and full-breasted, others frolicking along like a band of playing children. On every side rises the happy chorus of bird-song. Though many of the notes are harsh and plaintive, they are softened to the ear by the mellow air. A curlew is not a cheerful bird, but he has one sweet contented croon, '*To-whoee-e! to-whoee-e! to-whoee-e!*' On a myra-snipa day it tells the joy of living as well as the song of the bobolink.

Ten o'clock, and a change is coming. The clouds have risen, colors are darker, outlines harder. The sheep are slowly mounting, grazing as they go. That is a sign of bad weather. Far out at sea is a heavy bank of cloud. Only the upper fjelds are in sunshine now. There is wind up there. The braided clouds writhe and toss, and from each blood-red peak swings up and away a mighty fiery banner like that of a volcano in eruption.

It will not be a friendly night in Dalen; but I cannot go home now, lest the cows invade my camp. Curious beyond the common wont of cows, they rend and trample objects that are new to them, and some cows will eat garments of cotton and of wool. I am told that a true Färoe cow is never guilty of such evil. When it occurs, it is due to a vicious strain of *Danish* blood. The Färoe attitude toward things Danish always reminds me of Kipling's conviction that Canadian political morals and private principles would be of a snowy whiteness if it were not for the contaminating influence of Americans.

I have just remembered that it is the twenty-fourth of June, Midsummer Night, when evil spirits are freed to fare abroad at will. In Norway the

fires of Saint John are burning now; but how can one keep the feast in this treeless land? The Norse forbears of the Färoe folk found here, a thousand years ago, a scanty growth of juniper and willows, — and bonfires burned for Balder, God of Light. Now, not a tree or a shrub breaks the outline of the hills.

The old pagan beliefs died slowly here in the Färoes, isolated as the islands were by distance and by dangerous seas. On land and water lingered a host of evil spirits, jealous of the faith that had supplanted Thor and Odin. Even yet an uneasy belief in the supernatural dwells curiously with the religion taught by the Pastor and accepted by his flock; and with the exception of the two at the Parsonage there is probably not a soul in Vidareide who could be persuaded to spend Midsummer Night alone in Dalen.

Eleven o'clock, and I have just had a visit from a messenger, but whether for good or for evil, I do not know, since he could not tell his message to me. Sitting under the shelter of a huge rock, huddled in my warm wraps and half-musing, half-dreaming, in the silvery light that is neither day nor night, I saw a hooded crow, usually one of the most wary and timid of birds, flutter to the ground just beyond my reach. He did not caw as usual, but looking up at me intently, he bobbed his head up and down and said, 'Boo-a! Boo-a!' Now in this way the old Norse word 'buð' is pronounced, and 'buð' means 'a message.'

Both ravens and crows, as all the Färoe folk know, have gone far in the Black Art. They can foretell events, and know when the flocks of driving whales are in neighboring waters; but alas, they lack human speech in which to give their warnings. Last winter a

crow came to the cabin of an old woman in Vidareide, looked in at the window and gave the message-call. 'Now what does this betide?' said old Ranaa. An hour later a column of smoke on distant Bordö told that whales had been seen off the coast and that men and boats must come at once. 'Ah, so ol-o!' said old Ranaa; 'that is what the message-bird was trying to tell me.'

It is pleasant to sit here in camp, mulling over in my mind fragments of story and Färoe memories, but I had better go a-fishing if, as I promised, the Pastorinde is to have Dalen trout for her breakfast to-morrow. Up among the fjelds that inclose Dalen like an enormous semi-circular amphitheatre, a brook takes its rise and comes leaping and foaming down between the rocks, to run, gathering other little brooks to itself as it goes across the grassy slopes of the valley, to cliffs where it plunges downward to the sea. And in that brook there are trout such as anglers dream of when their sleep is sweet; beautiful trout like those of the Scottish streams. One can easily catch a string of fish weighing from one eighth to one fourth of a pound. Larger than that I have never caught in Dalen, but one day, when I wandered through the valley without my fishing-tackle, — a warm day with little midges swarming in the air, — I saw in the brook, rising for the midges, great lusty trout such as I had never seen before in Dalen, — trout of fully two pounds, and I without so much as a string and a bent pin!

Gray or White Millers, or perhaps a Royal Coachman, are the flies to use to-night. They resemble the thousands of moths that are flying over thousands of little pink-and-white orchids in the marshy grasses. I must crush the flowers' waxen petals beneath my feet as I fish along the banks, and a delicate fragrance of bitter almonds will fill the air. These little

orchids are potent in love-charms and have, it is said, power as whale-charms. If the white hand-shaped root, 'Mary's Hand,' is cast into the water, it will drive away whales; and if the black, withered root, the 'Devil's Hand,' is used, it will attract them. There are blue-and-white speedwells, eye-brights, yellow tormentillas, and buttercups growing with the orchids, but the rarer plants are high on the fjeld slopes.

Midnight now, and in the north the sunset colors lingering. Nature seems painted with a large brush, forms and colors showing, but insignificant detail omitted. Far away, on the heights of Villingdal-fjeld, the clamor of the sea-fowl has almost died away. From the ledges under the sea-cliffs comes that monotonous droning that often precedes a storm at sea. A pair of ravens are playing and turning in the air above the dark crags of Morna-fjeld. Now and then an oyster-catcher scurries by, but the birds are strangely still. In friendly weather they would be heard the whole night through. In the hush of bird-life other voices are calling — the little brooks of Dalen. On the black cliffs they show like strands of silver. They bubble up from the peaty soil, cold, sweet, undefiled. Shrill notes are heard on pebbly beaches, deeper murmurs from over-hanging banks. Here and there one gushes up from a mossy basin, swirls over a flat rock, and buries itself with a chuckle beneath the heather. I walk on grassy slopes and hear the rushing of water below my feet, and all around the rumor of waters hurrying to the sea.

I had planned to climb high on the fjeld-side to see what the little alpine flowers are doing, which ones are sleeping, which keeping their petals and leaves unfolded in the midnight hour; but somehow, I feel reluctant to go far

from my camp. Not that I am afraid. No, one feels such confidence in islands. There is no mysterious interior as on the mainland, where terrors may lurk. The only danger would be from falling stones loosened by the winter's frosts and dislodged by the hoofs of grazing sheep.

There are over a hundred thousand sheep in the Färoes, hardy, active creatures that scramble like goats along those terraces where I would not dare venture. They live out, uncared for, all the year. The ordinary winter storms they bear well enough. Early spring is the time of danger, when sometimes a cruel northeast wind blows for many days. It comes from the Arctic ice-floes, the glaciers and snow-fields of Spitzbergen, often bringing with it a bitter fog that whirls drearily over the land, obscuring the light. The freshly springing grass is seared and withers away, the grass that the mother-sheep need if they are to have milk for the coming lambs. And so the babies die — by thousands they die — not only from starvation, but killed at birth by the ravens and crows. The birds linger near. They know the approach of travail, await the event, and the lamb is killed before the mother's eyes when she is too weak to rise and defend her young.

A great boulder has just fallen from the heights of Breides-skard, bounding from ledge to ledge, and disappearing over the cliff's edge; and as the clamor of the echoes died away, a loud cry rang out, so wild and despairing that I sprang to my feet in dismay. Then came a crazy laugh, and I laughed, too, though a little shakily, for I recognized the voice of a loon — the northern diver. That laugh is strange enough, but it is cheerful beside the rarer doleful cry like that of a woman in extremity. Night hours in Dalen seem to strain even stout nerves

slightly. I know that frost and sheep are responsible for that boulder, but, in spite of sturdy common sense, I find running through my head fragments of queer tales heard beside cottage hearths, or in the boats, or on the trails.

Dalen is said to be *ibygð* — inhabited — not by human beings but by Hulder-folk, underground creatures who look like men and women, and pursue various avocations by land and sea, as do the Färoe folk. And now is the time of the Hulder-folk. From midnight until three o'clock there is danger on the fjelds, and on the bird-cliffs. Land-slides come often. Boulders fall from the heights upon unwary human intruders in the hours of the Hulder-folk.

These creatures are usually invisible, but, at will, they can appear to human eyes. A *Fremsynt*, or one who has second-sight, can see them, and so can those who follow in his footsteps or go side by side with him in the wild out-fjelds.

The Hulder-folk, though they are heathen spirits and in league with the powers of evil, sometimes perform kindly deeds. Stories are told of their coming to the rescue of milk-girls lost at night in the fog, and leading them safely to the village boundaries. They have given warning of dangerous seas, have provided a Färoe man with food for weeks when he was storm-bound on an uninhabited island. Sometimes they are present at a wedding, hidden in a dark corner, or dancing, seen by the *Fremsynt*, in the Bride's dance. Once, before a wedding, a woman who had second-sight saw a pretty girl, a stranger to her, stepping from one of the arriving guest-boats. She turned to ask a companion who the girl was, but she had disappeared when they looked for her. She saw the girl again dancing in the Bride's dance. 'Who is the pretty girl with the blue kerchief

and apron?' she asked a man who stood near, 'thé one who is dancing in the ring between Drikke and Sunneva?' 'But there is no one dancing between Drikke and Sunneva, they dance hand in hand.' 'Why, don't you see her?' the woman cried. 'Wait until the girls pass us and I'll take hold of her skirt so you can see which girl I mean.' Across the room she saw her plainly, but as the girls danced by, behold Drikke and Sunneva danced hand in hand.

An old woman told me of an experience she had had when a child of nine years. She was walking in the out-fjelds with her uncle one Sunday afternoon when she saw a pretty bunch of ribbons hanging on a rock, and near it a handful of sweets. Delighted, she took the treasures and ran to show them to her uncle. He looked at her in a puzzled way and asked her what she meant. 'Why, don't you see the pretty ribbons?' But he saw nothing in her hand. 'And these?' showing him the sweets. To him her fingers seemed empty. Then a fear seized her and she threw the things away, for she knew they were a temptation of the Hulder-folk, and had she worn the ribbons and eaten the sweets, from that day the Hulderfolk would have been visible to her and she would have been in their power.

A man living in Sand went one day east to Skola-vikur to a wedding. He was on horseback, and as he passed under the heights of Trondadals-li he heard a voice crying, 'Hear thou, man that rides by! Take word to the house where the wedding shall be, that Bem-bil is dead, and the child is burned.' When the man came to the house where the wedding was, he opened the door, and standing in the doorway called out, 'Bembil is dead, and the child is burned.' Then sprang one who was not of the invited guests, out from under

the table and ran out, crying, '*That was my son!*'

And there was a peasant of Sumbó, who found a little Hulder-maiden under a rock, and he brought her home with him. He set her to spinning night and day, giving her no rest. On one condition could he keep her, but I do not understand how or by whom the condition was made. It was that no one should call her by name. If he did she would vanish away. Titil-tata was her name. One Christmas Eve she was dead tired of spinning and she began to sing to herself as she worked,

Titil-tata is my name

Titil-tata is my name.

Over and over again she sang it, hoping to make some one speak to her. No one paid any attention to her, but she sang on and on. At last one of the working women suddenly lost patience, whirled around and cried, '*There she sits gabbling away! Don't we all know your name is Titil-tata?*' *Z-z-z-z-p!* Titil-tata vanished away and was never heard from again.

Here is another tale, but whether it is about the Hulder-folk, who shall say? Rossva is a big red setter, powerful, conceited, and fearless. He has thrashed every dog on the island, and carries himself with a lofty superciliousness which is almost more than they can bear. We can trace his progress round the scattered hamlet by the vituperative chorus of his victims. But lately Rossva has known fear. One calm clear evening, the Pastor was crossing the island, Rossva, as usual, careering on in front. Suddenly Rossva stopped, his eyes fixed on the way before him. His hair bristled on crest and back, his tail drooped, and turning, he fled whimpering, and took refuge between the Pastor's legs. Then, wondering, the Pastor saw his trembling dog's eyes, dilated with fear, watching, following an invisible something that

approached, passed close by, and went its way. Then Rossva, with a sigh, emerged from his shelter, and the two went homeward, — the Pastor much 'shaken,' as the Pastorinde confessed to me later with a twinkle in her eye.

One o'clock, and now the storm is here, bringing the northeast fog. Between the flying scud are glimpses of a leaden sea with great white surges. The surf thunders at the base of the cliffs, and from the brink the spray blows landward like a cloud.

Dalen is very strange to-night, unfriendly, inhospitable. I am not afraid, but never, I think, have I been more wide-awake. All my senses are alert, and all kinds of things that I half believed in as a child all at once seem possible. If I should see a little troll, gray, hairy, misshapen, seated cross-legged among my possessions, or if a queer face peeped at me from behind a boulder, or a line of odd little creatures ran past me down the hill, I am sure I should not be frightened. It would all seem fitting, seemly, what we would naturally expect to see to-night in Dalen.

There is really no relation between the degrees of a thermometer and the sensation of cold in the Färoes. One suffers greatly at a comparatively high temperature, from the violence of the salt winds and the penetrating dampness of the air. I doubt if it is colder now than thirty-five or forty degrees, and the passage of the hours has been marked by the assumption of many warm and woolly garments, and yet I shiver miserably, and must often leave my camp to tramp vigorously up and down to get warm, a teapot full of hot water clasped fondly to my heart.

A few minutes ago I heard distinctly the voices of women and children chattering not far away. I was glad, surprisingly glad. My lonely uncomfort-

able vigil was ended. The Pastorinde had grown anxious in the storm and had sent some women to bring me home—but why had they dragged their children from their beds to travel the long, hard way? Hurriedly, happily, I ran forward to a point from which I could overlook the Vidareide trail and see my relief party as soon as it came out of the fog. As I stood waiting, listening, the wind tossed the fog aside. The gay voices died away. There was no one on the trail.

Queer things happen in Dalen.

I have had more visitors. The first contingent came waddling from the cliff's edge, — low, clumsy shapes, emerging gradually from the fog, mottled gray and brown creatures that stood in a row and stared solemnly at me and said, '*Kwa-a-a!*' in low guttural notes. Eider ducks they were, that probably came to the spot every night and were vastly surprised to find a human being here in Dalen. '*Kwa-a-a!*' they exclaimed again, looked at one another as though to say, 'Did you ever see the like?' and so backed away into the mists.

Hardly had they disappeared when I heard a gasping sound from a bank behind me, and turning, I saw, half obscured by the clinging fog, a great gray object. It was about seven feet tall. Its shape was not that of a beast, — rather a grotesque caricature of a woman's form. The face was oval, the features indistinguishable through the fog, the neck very long and thin, the shoulders sloping. From the head long hair blew in the wind. The body was clothed in a loose tunic or blouse, and short skirts whirled about, disclosing two thin ankles. I was not frightened. It was all too wonderful to admit of fear. Only a mighty curiosity possessed me. '*What is it? Oh, what is it?*' The creature tossed its head and stamped its foot. It gasped again, and it looked

like nothing of which I had ever heard or dreamed.

Then the storm-fog parted and there stood a large gray-white sheep. I could see that it was a sheep, yet so unnatural, so fantastic, was the figure that it seemed hardly less wonderful than before. It had escaped the men and dogs at the two 'mountain goings' of June when the wool is taken. The long, heavy fleece, with the straight outer hair, had come off on neck and shoulders, leaving them quite bare. The hair on the head was still fast, and at the ends other hair had tangled, lengthening it to eighteen or twenty inches. On the body, part of the fleece had come out, caught in the ends of the fast hair, and had been carded and raveled by rocks and heather, making a great fluffy mass like a woman's draperies. Dimly seen through the fog, the illusion was perfect. The creature faced me, and as the skirt tossed in the gale, two slim legs were revealed. The gasp I heard was the alarm note given by these half-wild sheep.

And the size? Have you ever heard of the peculiar magnifying effect of fog under certain conditions? Warburton Pike in his book on the Barren Lands of Canada tells of one foggy evening in camp when some large animal, presumably a timber-wolf, was vaguely seen charging on the camp. The men seized their weapons and sprang to their feet as into the circle of the fire's light ran a little field-mouse. And Sir Martin Conway's party in Spitzbergen, on such a day, hastily prepared for an encounter with a polar bear whose form was dimly distinguished through the mists. A few steps farther on and they met that bear — a little scrap of white paper skating along the frozen snow.

But there is something about my apparition that I cannot understand. There are hundreds of sheep high on

the fjelds to-night, and surely not another one among them like this curious caricature of a human form. Why should this one sheep have left its fellows and sought my little camp down on the sea-cliffs? Is this also 'a sending' from 'the Others'?

It is four o'clock. The storm is lessening. I am too tired to tramp any longer. Rolled up in as small a compass as possible I will rest a while in the shelter of this big boulder.

'Good-day, Thou Blessed. Is all well with thee?'

I open dazed eyes and there stands old Sigurd looking at me anxiously. It is six o'clock. He has come, he explains, to work on the peat, as the sea is too stormy to go a-fishing. So he says, but I know that he has risen three hours earlier than usual, made his own coffee, and come to Dalen to look after me. He will carry my things home when he leaves work, and I am free to go when I will.

The way is long and weary. The surf, thundering far below, the sea-birds' cries make a sleepy confusion of sound; and as I drowse and stumble over rocks and rouse to clearer consciousness, it seems as though I had been going on for

hours and hours. At last I reach the outer dike of the hamlet. The homes of men are a pleasant sight after my night in Dalen. In the quiet air the blue peat-smoke lingers in wreaths above the grassy roofs. I hear the pounding of coffee in the little black mortars. The fragrance of coffee is in the air. Half-dressed babies are sitting in the sunshine. Friendly faces greet me as I pass the open doors. 'Ah! God be praised, it is the Fróken!' 'And what kind of a night did the Fróken have?' 'I could not sleep all night for thinking of the Fróken!'

On again over the Pastor's glebelands, and there at the foot of a grassy slope is the Parsonage. Rossva comes cavorting and barking to meet me. Graa-mis (gray puss) follows, picking her way daintily, her tail held carefully erect. 'The Fróken is coming!' I hear Sigga's voice calling within; and there is the Pastorinde hopping on one foot to the door, and waving a dish-towel. 'Welcome!' she calls in her clear, ringing voice, 'Welcome home, my pleie-barn!' And she takes me in her motherly arms. Within that shelter I make confession. 'Yes, pleie-mor, Sigurd was right. Dalen at night is for "the Others."' "

SILENCE

BY FANNIE STEARNS DAVIS

IN the old days, when first I knew you, we
Were not afraid of Silence. We could stand
Whole growing-spaces, staring splendidly
Across the moon-white, palpitating land,
And turn, and climb again the mountain-trail,
With but a sigh of joy. — Or we could sit
Half-hours by the wood-fire, while the frail
Fierce sparks whirled starwards from the heart of it.
Our thoughts, it seemed, their quiet distance kept;
Their highroads never meeting, side by side,
Moonward and starward, innocent they swept;
And we were glad, and silent, and the wide
Still world was all our playground, for we knew
That we could dream together, — I and you.

But now we are afraid of Silence. We
Dare not a moment let her come to us,
Lest she betray us, blankly, utterly.
She who was once so kind, now perilous
As some sly enemy, must stand apart.
The shuttle of our words shoots to and fro
In worthless webs; while constantly my heart
Yearns back to Silence, begging her to show
The old clear look: — hushed lips, free hands. Alas!
Her treacherous, throbbing presence we must flee:
Must blur the precious moments, till they pass
To leave me hurt by you, — and you by me.
Ah, bitter broken day, when first we knew
We dared not dream together, — I and you !

JAMES LONGSTREET

BY GAMALIEL BRADFORD, JR.

LONGSTREET had half New Jersey blood and probably part Dutch. It shows in him. He is far more the modern, practical nineteenth-century American than most of his fellows. What Southern romance he has sits awkwardly and is mixed with mocking. He reminds you again and again of Grant and Sherman in his bull-dog pugnacity and tenacity, his brusque, sharp fashion of hitting right out at men and measures. Southern easy-going ways and shiftlessness vexed him. 'Our people have been so accustomed to having things at their hands that they seem at a loss for resources when emergencies arise. "Where there is a will there is a way" of overcoming all human obstacles. It is left for us to find it out.'

He was hard-headed, solid, stolid; and he looked it. 'A thick-set, determined-looking man,' says Fremantle. And Pollard describes his appearance as 'not engaging. It was decidedly sombre; the bluish-gray eye was intelligent, but cold; a very heavy brown beard was allowed to grow untrimmed; he seldom spoke unnecessarily; his weather-stained clothes, splashed boots, and heavy black hat gave a certain fierce aspect to the man.' His health, vigor, power of supporting fatigue, were remarkable. 'The iron endurance of General Longstreet is most extraordinary: he seems to require neither food nor sleep.'

As a fighter he was superb; the best fighter in the Army of Northern Virginia, the soldiers called him. This, perhaps, refers more to character than

brains, as it is admitted that he was no great student at West Point or anywhere else. In Mexico he fought most creditably, side by side with Grant and other contemporaries. From Bull Run to Appomattox he was always where the fighting was hottest. His soldiers believed in him and trusted him. He spoke straight out to them, as if he meant it. Sometimes it was with a heavy sarcasm, as at Gettysburg, to an officer who complained of not being able to bring up his troops: 'Very well, never mind, then, General, just let them remain where they are, the enemy's going to advance, and will spare you the trouble.' More often he gave them sound, direct, practical advice of the kind to put heart into a man. 'Let officers and men, even under the most formidable fire, preserve a quiet demeanor and self-possessed temper. Keep cool, obey orders, and aim low. Remember, while you are doing this, and driving the enemy before you, your comrades may be relied upon to support you on either side, and are in turn relying upon you.'

Such advice, coming from the War Department, might not have amounted to much. Coming from a man who was as cool in battle as in a ball-room, it must have been almost as if he had laid a hand on your shoulder. How imperturbable he was is shown by many witnesses, notably Fremantle. 'No person could have been more calm or self-possessed than General Longstreet under these trying circumstances [after Gettysburg], aggravated as they now

were by the movements of the enemy, who began to show a strong disposition to advance. I could now appreciate the term bulldog which I had heard applied to him by the soldiers. Difficulties seem to make no other impression upon him than to make him a little more savage.' He may not have felt the dancing ecstasy with which Stuart charged and which Longstreet himself admirably describes in another: 'He came into battle as gaily as a beau, and seemed to receive orders which threw him into more exposed positions with peculiar delight.' But he was always ready to face any danger or any exposure, too ready. 'Every one deplores that Longstreet *will* expose himself in such a reckless manner. To-day he led a Georgian regiment in a charge against a battery, hat in hand and in front of everybody.'

The same imperturbable coolness that distinguished Longstreet in actual fighting characterized him as a leader. He was never anxious, never flurried. Victory could not over-excite him with triumph, nor defeat with despair. He made every preparation, took every precaution, was ready for difficulties, and indifferent to dangers. Unfortunately, however, consummate generalship requires something more than imperturbability. It requires brains and speed. Had Longstreet these? His work as an independent commander suggests some doubt. Intelligence of a certain order, the solid, firm, Dutch grasp of a situation, and common sense in the handling of it, can never be denied him. But quick insight, long penetration, the sudden conception of what is daring to be done and not too daring, in short, a brain like Jackson's, I do not think he had. As to speed there will be less question. Even Lee is said to have remarked, 'Longstreet is the hardest man to move in my army.' In every case the general was able to give

a good reason for not arriving in time. But Jackson arrived in time in spite of good reasons.

Both these defects and many of Longstreet's excellences are intimately bound up with one strongly marked trait, which is often an excellence, but runs into a defect too easily: I mean a singular, an unfailing, an almost unlimited self-confidence. Self-confidence does nearly all the great things that are done in the world. 'Trust thyself,' says Emerson; 'every heart vibrates to that iron string.' Doubt of one's powers, doubt of one's nerve, dread of responsibility, — these weaknesses will paralyze the keenest perception, the finest intelligence. But self-confidence, to achieve the highest, must be tempered with insight and sympathy. A man must trust himself, but he must trust others. Before he decides, resolves, executes, he must listen. His own judgment must prevail with him; but it must be his own judgment qualified, enriched by the judgment of those wiser, or even less wise. No one can impose his own personality, however solid and sturdy, on the whole world.

This is what Longstreet tried to do, with exquisite and naïve unconsciousness. And this quality of an immense self-confidence runs through his whole career with a steadiness which is very peculiar, very unfortunate, — and very instructive. Note that Johnston's trouble was an over-sensitive pride. This is not Longstreet's main trouble; nor was he largely stirred by wounded ambition. 'I am not prompted by any desire to do, or to attempt to do, great things. I only wish to do what I regard as my duty — give you the full benefit of my views.' And again: 'If there is no duty to which I can be assigned on this side of the Mississippi River without displacing an officer, I will cheerfully accept service in the trans-Mississippi Department.'

Note also that it is not a foolish conceit, or pig-headed pride of opinion. Once convince the man that he was wrong and he would have been perfectly ready to say, 'All my fault,' and begin over again. But you never could convince him that he was wrong. There was one way to see a question and that was the way he saw it, one way to act and that was the way he acted. Other ways and other views were incomplete, or unenlightened, or simply stupid. No single quotation can sum up this attitude, naturally. It will, I think, appear in overwhelming significance, as we go on. Page after page of Longstreet's book is stamped with it. 'Speaking of the impending struggle [spring of 1861], I was asked as to the length of the war, and said, "At least three years, and if it holds for five you may begin to look for a dictator," at which Lieutenant Ryan, of the Seventh Infantry, said, "If we have to have a dictator, I hope that you may be the man."' No doubt, for the good of the country, Longstreet himself hoped so, too.

It is in his relation to Lee that this stolid self-confidence of Longstreet appears most interestingly. The two men loved each other. Lee showed his affection for his second in command more frankly and directly than for almost any one else, even Jackson. 'My old war-horse,' he called him, perhaps characterizing the subordinate more fully than he meant. If so, Longstreet was quite oblivious of it and refers to the phrase with proud complacency, as he does to another point which most of us are inclined to view a little differently: that is, the fact that 'on his march he [Lee] usually had his headquarters near mine.' Lee has other words, however, of a less equivocal nature. Thus he writes to the general in the West, 'I think you can do better than I could. It was with that view I urged your going.' But he longs to have him back: 'I

missed you dreadfully and your brave corps. Your cheerful face and strong arm would have been invaluable. I hope you will soon return to me.'

Longstreet's love for his great chief was equally fervent. Speaking of him after the war he says, 'The relations existing between us were affectionate, confidential, and even tender, from first to last. There was never a harsh word between us.' Writing to Lee from the West he expresses feeling as evidently deep as it is genuine: 'All that we have to be proud of has been accomplished under your eye and under your orders. Our affections for you are stronger, if it is possible for them to be stronger, than our admiration for you.' And Fremantle, who had observed both men closely, corroborated these words in the most charming manner: 'It is impossible to please Longstreet more than by praising Lee. I believe these two generals to be as little ambitious and as thoroughly unselfish as any men in the world.'

But Longstreet did not propose to allow judgment to be hoodwinked by affection. Not for him was the attitude so passionately expressed by Jackson: 'General Lee is a phenomenon. I would follow him blindfold.' On the contrary, the commander of the First Corps was keenly aware of his chief's defects and has recorded them mercilessly for posterity. 'In the field his characteristic fault was headlong combativeness. In the immediate presence of the enemy General Lee's mind, at all other times calm and clear, became excited.' These defects it was naturally the duty of an affectionate lieutenant to watch for and remedy in every possible way. And Longstreet watched.

From the first day Lee took command, we have his subordinate's delightful accounts of the way in which he advised, suggested, or, as one might almost say, dictated. It was Long-

street who conceived the plan by which Jackson was to be called from the Valley that McClellan might be driven from the Peninsula; and if Jackson had been at all equal to the occasion, a great triumph would have been achieved. It was Longstreet who found Lee hesitating about going into Maryland on account of supplies. 'But I reminded him of my experiences in Mexico, where sometimes we were obliged to live two or three days on green corn. . . . Finally he determined to go on.' It was Longstreet who pointed out to his commander the folly of the Harper's Ferry scheme and supposed it was abandoned. But he could not be on the watch all the time and the pestilent Jackson took advantage of his absence to impose on a mind always too easily led. Later Longstreet did his best to devise a remedy for a bad state of things. 'Lee listened patiently enough, but did not change his plans, and directed that I should go back the next day and make a stand at the mountain. After lying down, my mind was still on the battle of the next day, and I was so impressed with the thought that it would be impossible for us to do anything at South Mountain . . . that I rose and, striking a light, wrote a note to General Lee, urging him to order Hill away and concentrate at Sharpsburg. To that note I got no answer.' Do you wonder why?

But Gettysburg is the cream of the whole. And observe, I take no part in the controversy as to what Longstreet actually did, or as to the course he advised. It does not become an outsider and a civilian to do so. The general's judgment as to possibilities before, and as to events after, may have been wise, may have been correct. What interests me solely is Longstreet's character as displayed in Longstreet's own words.

To begin with, then, he is opposed to the campaign from the start, believing

that the main operations should be carried on in the West. However, finding Lee unwilling to agree to this, Longstreet permits his commander to enter upon his project. 'I then accepted his proposal to make a campaign into Pennsylvania, provided it should be offensive in strategy, but defensive in tactics.' Judge of his disgust when they found themselves at Gettysburg and the commander ventured to overstep the lines which his mentor had laid down for him. 'I suggested that this course seemed to be at variance with the plan of the campaign that had been agreed on before leaving Fredericksburg. He said, "If the enemy is there to-morrow, we must attack him." . . . I said that it seemed to me that if, during our council at Fredericksburg, we had described the position in which we desired to get the two armies, we could not have expected to get the enemy in a better position for us than he then occupied. . . . He, however, did not seem to abandon the idea of attack on the next day.'

And they attacked and failed all along the line; because Longstreet's heart was not in it, say his enemies; because success was impossible, says Longstreet himself.

The scene was renewed the next day, Lee deciding and ordering, Longstreet protesting, with imperturbable confidence in his own judgment, and snubbed in a fashion made tenfold more dramatic by its being Lee who did it and Longstreet who recorded it, apparently without the dimmest perception of what it meant. 'I said, "General, I have been a soldier all my life. I have been with soldiers engaged in fights by couples, by squads, companies, regiments, divisions, and armies, and should know as well as any one what soldiers can do. It is my opinion that no 15,000 men ever arrayed for battle can take that position," pointing to

Cemetery Hill. *General Lee in reply to this ordered me to prepare Pickett's division for the attack.*¹

When everything was over, Lee declared, with divine humility, that it was all his fault. 'Fine,' says Longstreet, in effect, 'especially as it was.'

In the autumn of 1863 Longstreet went West. He had long felt that he was needed there and he finally prevailed on Davis and Lee to let him go. It would be impossible to surpass the serene confidence with which he viewed this undertaking. Note also that he disclaims, and no doubt sincerely, all thought of personal ambition in the matter. 'If my corps cannot go west, I think that we might accomplish something by giving me Jenkin's, Wise's, and Cooke's brigades, and putting me in General Bragg's place, and giving him my corps. . . . *We would surely run no risk in such a change*¹ and we might gain a great deal. I feel that I am influenced by no personal motive in making this suggestion; and will most cheerfully give up, when we have a fair prospect of holding our western country. I doubt if General Bragg has great confidence in his troops or himself either. He is not likely to do a great deal for us.'

He was not put in Bragg's place, however, but under Bragg's orders, and, therefore, was naturally unable to accomplish all the great things that he had counted on. If he had found it difficult to place much reliance on Lee, how was it to be expected that he should place any on Bragg? He did not, and said so. Here again I do not think there was any set purpose of malice or mischief-making. Bragg was wrong. Longstreet was right. This must be so obvious to every one that outspoken comment could hardly make it any plainer. The effect, however, was not happy, witness Mackall, who was no

¹ The italics are mine.

friend to Bragg: 'I think Longstreet has done more injury to the general than all the others put together. You may understand how much influence with his troops a remark from a man of his standing would have to the effect that Bragg was not on the field and Lee would have been.'

This sort of thing seems incredible in a man of Longstreet's age, training, and soldierly habits; but the language of his own letters shows abundantly what his attitude was. He writes to Buckner, 'As every other move had been proposed to the general and rejected or put off till time made them more inconvenient, I came to the conclusion that this was to be the fate of our army—to wait till all good opportunities passed, and then, in desperation, to seize upon the least favorable one.'

And here again, as at Gettysburg, we can ask nothing more characteristic than the little scene that the general paints for us, apparently quite unconscious of its significance, but depicting himself and a dozen men of similar type, that we all know, as effectively as Rembrandt might have done. 'The only notice my plan received was a remark that General Hardee was pleased to make: "I don't think that is a bad idea of Longstreet's." . . . I repeated my ideas, but they did not even receive notice. It was not till I had repeated them, however, that General Hardee even noticed me.' Unconscious self-interpretation like this, as with Pepys, amounts to genius.

No one could attack Bragg without attacking Davis, and to Longstreet Davis—when he was wrong—was no more than Bragg. Twice, at least, in full and formal military council, the general gave his advice to the president—and was snubbed. The first time was early in the war, before the Peninsular campaign. 'From the hasty

interruption I concluded that my opinion had only been asked through polite recognition of my presence, not that it was wanted, and said no more.' The second time was in connection with the movements of Bragg and Johnston in the West and involved Lee as well as Longstreet. As described by the latter, it is a singularly impressive and characteristic incident. He had given his views in regard to the situation at some length, and assumes that Lee agreed with them. The president did not. 'General Lee wore his beard full, but neatly trimmed. He pulled at it nervously, and more vigorously as time and silence grew, till his nervousness was conquered. The profound quiet of a minute or more seemed an hour. When he spoke, it was of other matters, but the air was troubled by his efforts to surrender hopeful anticipations to the caprice of empirics. He rose to take leave of the august presence, gave his hand to the President, and bowed himself out of the council chamber. His assistant went through the same forms, and no one approached the door to offer parting courtesy.'

Even after this Longstreet could not get the responsibility of the matter off his mind. After returning to the West, 'it occurred to me to write to the President, and try to soften the asperities of the Richmond council. . . . In reply the President sent a rebuke of my delay.'

The most significant element of all in Longstreet's western campaign is his dealings with his own subordinates, McLaws, Law, and Robertson. The dramatic genius of Sophocles could not have devised a finer climax than that situation. At Gettysburg, just before, as second in command to Lee, the general had thoroughly disapproved of his chief's action, and had not hesitated to say so. Likewise, he had failed to carry out his chief's wishes, through either

obstinacy or inability. Lee, with supreme tolerance, intent on the future, not on the past, had accepted the latter solution and found no word of fault with his lieutenant's motives in any way whatsoever.

Then Longstreet goes West and is placed in charge of the Knoxville expedition. His second in command, McLaws, disapproves of the assault on Fort Loudun, exactly as Longstreet disapproved of the assault at Gettysburg. Hear McLaws's own words in his later defense: 'I object to being put forward as a blind to draw attention away from the main issue, which is the conduct of the campaign in East Tennessee by General Longstreet. I assert that the enemy could have been brought to an engagement before reaching Knoxville; that the town, if assaulted at all, should have been on the first day we arrived or on the next at furthest; that when the assault was made on Fort Loudun it was not called for by any line of policy whatever.'

If he had been endowed with divination, could he have anticipated more perfectly Longstreet's final attitude with regard to Gettysburg?

But how different was Longstreet's treatment of his subordinates under these circumstances from Lee's! As soon as he suspects disaffection, he writes sharply through his aide, 'I am directed to say that throughout the campaign on which we are engaged you have exhibited a want of confidence in the efforts and plans which the commanding general has thought proper to adopt, and he is apprehensive that this feeling will extend more or less to the troops under your command.' When the assault is imminent, he insists that previous conviction of failure is the surest road to it. 'Please urge upon your officers the importance of making the assault with a determination to succeed. If the assault is made with

that spirit, I shall feel no doubt of its success.' And again: 'If we go in with the idea that we shall fail, we will be sure to do so. But no men who are determined to succeed can fail. Let me urge you not to entertain such feelings for a moment. Do not let any one fail, or any thing.' Oh, imagine how Lee would have liked to say just that to Longstreet on the morning of July 3, and, if he had, what Longstreet would have answered!

When all is over he does, indeed, admit to the War Department that it may have been his fault. 'It is fair to infer that the fault is entirely with me, and I desire, therefore, that some other commander may be tried.' This does not mean, however, that he forgets or forgives, so far as his subordinates are concerned. He prefers charges against McLaws, Law, and Robertson. They are tried by a court-martial, which only partially sustains the commander, and even this insufficient verdict is reversed by the Richmond authorities. 'The proceedings, finding, and sentence of the court are disapproved. Major-General McLaws will at once return to duty with his command.' Longstreet rebels and receives an even harsher snub from Davis: 'General Longstreet has seriously offended against good order and military discipline in rearresting an officer who had been released by the War Department, without any new offense having been committed.' Longstreet has a final word on the matter in his book, whether to his own advantage or disadvantage, I leave to the reader's judgment. 'Confidence in the conduct of the war was broken, and with it the tone and spirit for battle further impaired by the efforts of those in authority to damage, if not prevent, the success of work ordered in their own vital interest.'

It might be supposed that, after these varied experiences, the general

would have returned to Lee's supremacy with a saddened and a chastened spirit. I do not find this indicated. Through the spring of 1864 and later, when he returned to duty after his Wilderness wound, he was always cheerfully ready to patronize his commander and to give abundant advice, when it was asked for, and when it was not. 'I am pleased at all times to have any suggestions that you may make, and am gratified to find that you in your numerous duties do not lose sight of these small matters,' is the usual tone. Perhaps the most curious suggestion offered is that the military authorities should 'impress' all the gold in the country and use it for the necessities of defense. Unfortunately most of Lee's replies to his subordinate's exhortations are lost. We have his comment on this gold matter, however, a gentle reminder that the specie is not accumulated in chests which troopers can walk off with, but is scattered and hidden all over the Confederacy. Longstreet, perfectly unconcerned, insists as before: 'The gold is in the country, and most of it is lying idle. Let us take it at once and [use] it to save Richmond and end the war.'

Finally, in considering Longstreet's conduct after the war was over, I think we shall find the best excuse or explanation for it in this same trait of overmastering self-confidence. Here we should turn to Mrs. Longstreet. It is worth observing that the lives of three of the most prominent Southern leaders — Davis, Jackson, and Longstreet — have been written by their wives with loving eulogy, and that in each case these ladies furnish — quite unintentionally — striking testimony as to their husbands' weaknesses and defects. It is a notable illustration of the old poet's remark,

Those have most power to hurt us that we love:
We lay our sleeping lives within their arms.

Thus, when Mrs. Longstreet insists that her hero, in joining the Republican party and accepting government office, sacrificed personal advantage to a spirit of lofty patriotism, much as did Lee at the beginning of the war, she makes him ridiculous. Her own naïve account of the activities and the luxury of his last years proves this, and the swelling phrases of her affectionate enthusiasm require no comment. 'I love best to think of him, not as the warrior leading his legions to victory, but as the grand citizen after the war was ended, nobly dedicating himself to the rehabilitation of his broken people, offering a brave man's homage to the flag of the established government, and standing steadfast in all the passions, prejudices, and persecutions of that unhappy period. It was the love and honor and soul of the man crystallized into a being of wonderful majesty, immovable as Gibraltar.'

Verily, 'Those have most power to hurt us that we love.' Yet, as to the substance, I think Mrs. Longstreet is right, and those Southerners who suspect her husband of place-hunting, of adopting the winning side for his own aggrandizement, are totally wrong. He was a practical American. The war was over. The Union must be restored. The sooner it was restored, the better. And the more good men that took hold to restore it, the better still. The sentiment of lost causes, of fallen flags, of consecrated graves was — sentiment. Those who were to make the future had no time for it. That was his view. And, as all his life, he could not imagine that there could be any other. He acted on it at once — and found himself, among thousands of his old comrades, all alone.

And now, surely, we are eager to probe the 'wonderful majesty' of this 'immovable Gibraltar' for what was human under it; to thrust below the

stolid, Dutch, phlegmatic surface of grim work and rock-like confidence and find the emotions of mortality.

They were there. Let us take the unsightly ones first and be rid of them. They had a grip on the man's soul that forbids us to pass them by. He was jealous, he was harsh, he was bitter to his enemies. Much there was, undoubtedly, to bring out these feelings in him. But others have borne as much in a different spirit.

To begin with his attitude toward Lee — or Lee's admirers. Immediately after Gettysburg, perhaps under the influence of Lee's example, he wrote the noble letter to his uncle in which he says, 'As we failed, I must take my share of the responsibility. In fact, I would prefer that all the blame should rest upon me. As General Lee is our commander, he should have all the support and influence we can give him. If the blame, if there is any, can be shifted from him to me, I shall help him and our cause by taking it.' But this mood did not last. On which side the fault-finding began is disputed, but it soon grew into bitter recrimination. Longstreet's course during the battle, justly or unjustly, was condemned far and wide, and he retorted with the utmost acridity, in the *Philadelphia Times* articles, in *Battles and Leaders*, and finally in his book. The lofty determination to exonerate Lee at his own expense was gradually transformed into assertions — before quoted — that his old chief was not a master of offensive battle, that 'in the field his characteristic fault was headlong combativeness,' that 'in the immediate presence of the enemy General Lee's mind, at all other times calm and clear, became excited,' and that the fighting at Gettysburg had to go on until 'blood enough was shed to appease him.'

But Longstreet's attitude toward some of his comrades-in-arms shows

even more unpleasant features than his attitude toward his beloved commander. And let me repeat that these things must be insisted on because they indicate such a fatal and such an instructive flaw in a nature of unusual depth and power. The proposed duel with Hill early in the war, if it really was proposed, sprang from pride in his troops as much as in himself. No such excuse will avail for his cruel language toward Early. It is true that Early had criticized him; but just here Longstreet's weakness comes out most. Early, in explaining his criticisms later, says, with noble and Christian charity, 'You will observe that in my article there is some causticity of expression, which was provoked by the character of the article I was replying to. I now sincerely regret the necessity which called forth the personal strictures contained in my replies, and would be glad if they could be eliminated.' Yet Longstreet, writing his book much later still, could express himself in this venomous fashion: 'There was a man on the left of the line who did not care to make the battle win. He knew where it was, had viewed it from its earliest formation, had orders for his part in it, but so withheld part of his command from it as to make coöperative concert of action impracticable. He had a pruriency for the honors of the field of Mars, was eloquent, before the fires of the bivouac and his chief, of the glory of war's gory shield; but when its envied laurels were dipping to his grasp, when the heavy field called for bloody work, he found the placid horizon, far and away beyond the cavalry, more lovely and inviting.'

The same spirit is apparent in Longstreet's remarks about Jackson and Virginia. Here again one should read Colonel Allan's noble expression of Virginia's opinion about Longstreet. This only emphasizes such remarks as

the following, in regard to Harper's Ferry: 'Jackson was quite satisfied with the campaign, as the Virginia papers made him the head of Harper's Ferry, although the greater danger was with McLaws, whose service was the severer and more important'; or this other, when Jackson declined Longstreet's assistance in the Valley: 'I had been left in command on the Rapidan, but was not authorized to assume command of the Valley district. As the commander of the district did not care to have an officer there of higher rank, the subject was discontinued.' These things make one recur to Mrs. Longstreet's eulogy and to her quotation of his appeal to his countrymen at the outbreak of the Spanish War: 'If I could recall one hour of my distant but glorious command, I would say, on the eve of battle with a foreign foe, "Little children, love one another."'

The most characteristic, most important, and most unfortunate of all Longstreet's writings about his old companions is the deliberate close of his article in the second volume of the *Century War Book*. I do not think the most ardent admirer of Lincoln can approve either the feeling or the taste with which his name is introduced here. 'I cannot close this sketch without reference to the Confederate commander. When he came upon the scene for the first time, General Lee was an unusually handsome man, even in his advanced life. He seemed fresh from West Point, so trim was his figure, and so elastic his step. Out of battle he was as gentle as a woman, but when the clash of arms came, he loved fight, and urged his battle with wonderful determination. As a usual thing he was remarkably well balanced — always so, except on one or two occasions of severe trial when he failed to maintain his exact equipoise. Lee's orders were always well considered and well chosen.

He depended almost too much on his officers for their execution. Jackson was a very skillful man against such men as Shields, Banks, and Frémont, but when pitted against the best of the Federal commanders, he did not appear so well. Without doubt the greatest man of rebellion times, the one matchless among forty millions for the peculiar difficulties of the period, was Abraham Lincoln.'

But who could leave Longstreet so? It is incontestable that with all these marked and disastrous defects the man was immensely lovable, and had not only force, but charm. Under the stolid exterior there were kindly emotions as well as sharper ones.

Socially he is said to have been quiet and undemonstrative, yet at times he showed a tenderness and affection which were all the more appreciated.

There can be no doubt that his patriotism and devotion to the cause he served were strong and genuine. 'While we weep with the friends of our gallant dead, we must confess that a soldier's grave, in so holy and just a cause, is the highest honor that a man can attain.' 'For myself,' he says, after Vicksburg and Gettysburg, 'I felt that our last hope was gone, and that it was only a question of time with us.' Yet he fought on as steadily, as bravely, as persistently as ever, and declared, in January, 1865, 'we are better able to cope with the enemy now than we have ever been, if we will profit by our experience and exert ourselves properly in improving our organization.'

He was as thoughtful in his sympathy for non-combatants as he was hardy in fighting. Thus after Fredericksburg he directs a subscription to be taken up for the inhabitants of that city, and describes their sufferings and their devotion with the most evident tenderness.

I have cited many bitter words that he wrote of his enemies. Alas, they are in print, set solid in history, and injure him far more than those he attacked. But we should weigh against them the kindly, charitable things which Mrs. Longstreet describes him as saying. When Gordon, who had uttered harsh words about Gettysburg, was reported ill, Longstreet inquired, with touching concern, about his condition. Judge Speer and the general had had disagreements. When asked how he would receive the judge, Longstreet answered, 'As I would receive any other distinguished American. And as for our past differences, that has been a long time ago, and I have forgotten what it was all about.' General Hampton felt bitterly as to Longstreet's politics and would not meet him. Mrs. Longstreet commented on the matter with some harshness. But her husband said, 'There is not a finer, braver, more gallant officer in the Confederate service than Wade Hampton.' Most touching, also, is Mrs. Longstreet's picture of her husband's yearning for the lost esteem of his fellow Southerners. 'General Longstreet said nothing, but his eyes slowly filled. While he bore unjust criticism in silence, he was visibly moved by any evidence of affection from the Southern people.' And he is said to have been stirred most deeply by the enthusiasm shown for him by his old followers at the unveiling of the Lee monument.

Indeed, if one wishes to forget the general's unamiable peculiarities, one must turn to his relation with his soldiers, and one cannot fail to appreciate what a really great heart he had. He loved his men, sympathized with them, laughed at and understood their failings, saw their needs and strove with all his might to remedy them. When he found troops altering the works for better security, although the engineers

objected, he approved, saying, 'If you save the finger of a man's hand, that does some good.' When the cavalry leaders were inclined to scoff at the infantry, he rebukes them. 'The commanding general regrets that you entertain the impression that your forces are fighting for the bread of the infantry. Your troops are in the service of the Government, and are battling for a common cause and a common country. The infantry of this army have fought too many battles to be told that their bread is earned by the cavalry.'

And better even than Longstreet's affection for his men is his men's affection for him. The large number of testimonial letters printed in Mrs. Longstreet's book goes far beyond mere conventional eulogy. It shows a devotion and a regret which can only have been bred by something great. Concretely, these feelings are best illustrated by the old soldier who brought his gray jacket and his enlistment papers to be buried in his general's grave. 'I've served my time, and the General, he's served his time, too. And I reckon I won't need my uniform and papers again. But I'd like to leave them with him for always.' Beside which should be put Stiles's most striking account, well paralleled by another instance in Fremantle, of the behavior of the officers at the time of Longstreet's wound. 'The members of his staff surrounded the vehicle, some on one side and some on the other, and some behind. One, I remember, stood upon the rear step of the ambulance, seeming to desire to be as near him as possible. I never on any occasion during the four years of the war saw a group of officers and gentlemen so deeply distressed. They were literally bowed down with grief. All of them were in tears. One, by whose side I rode for some distance, was himself severely hurt, but he made no allusion to his wound and I do not think

he felt it. It was not alone the general they admired who had been shot down—it was rather the man they loved.'

To inspire devotion like that a leader must, indeed, have noble qualities; and, moreover, it confirms one in the belief that a round self-confidence, backed by tried capacity, is a trait men cling to, as much as to anything, in the hour of trouble.

Toward the end of his life Longstreet joined the Catholic Church. This forms such a remarkable close to his career that it cannot be passed over. Mrs. Longstreet, with another of those shrewd blows that come most stingingly from those we love, says that he did it because his former Episcopal associates would not sit in the same pew with him after his political conversion, and he wanted a church that had more charity.

I cannot suppose that he was a man of naturally religious bent. Such references as he makes to the subject have an excess of unction which I would not for a moment call insincere, but which suggests an excursion into paths not habitually traveled; and they have a rhetorical turn which appears in almost all his attempts to express unusual emotion. Thus he writes of General Jenkin's death, 'In a moment of highest earthly hope he was transported to serenest heavenly joy; to that life beyond which knows no bugle-call, beat of drum, or clash of steel. May his beautiful spirit, through the mercy of God, rest in peace! Amen!' He himself closes his book with a little anecdote which strongly confirms my opinion as to this phase of his character. He visits an old servant long after the war. "'Marse Jim," says the man, "do you belong to any church?" "Oh, yes, I try to be a good Christian." He laughed loud and long, and said, "Something must have scared

you mighty bad, to change you so from what you was when I had to care for you.”

Yet this man became a Roman Catholic! This man who had all his life trusted nobody, who had placed his own judgment above that of every other, took the church which sets itself above all judgment, treats kings and commanders and babes and sucklings alike! It may have been for this very

reason. If he was to make the surrender, he may have preferred to make it absolute, and where the Lees and Jacksons would have had to make it, too. Nevertheless, I find a singular piquancy in the image of him who is said to have jeopardized great battles by his stout self-will, prostrating himself before the Madonna and confessing senile peccadilloes to a black-frocked priest.

HUNGRY GENERATIONS

BY W. M. GAMBLE

I

My host has gone out to some parish duty, and I glance over his bookshelves. For his Reverence's sake, I hope the Bishop may soon find him a parish where the local part of the salary is more dependable. For my own sake, I should sadly miss my hours spent between trains in this library.

A parson's library, if meagre, is pretty certain to be selective, and therefore one finds, or fancies, among the volumes, stray hints of the owner's thought-experience. Moreover, as his Reverence is fairly representative of many in just his situation, these hints of his personal problems suggest generalizations.

In particular, these three biographies I have just discovered have started me musing over the way in which totally isolated currents of thought and aspiration in one age, if they survive that age, are bound to reckon with each other in the next. Of course, the trans-

itional period belongs to the pragmatist, who, just because he waives responsibility for any final and synthetic judgment, is free to collect, ponder, and utilize the various trends. Each of these biographies shows the marks of having been read, at different stages of the Parson's career, with eager and sympathetic interest. He is, as I know, something of a pragmatist; and Goethe, Pusey, and Marx are still, all of them, grist to his mill.

Goethe's *Autobiography* evidently recalls college days. Pusey's life would seem to have been bought several years after ordination, when the young priest began to wonder whether some of the things harped on at the seminary might not have a practical bearing. People did not rapidly assimilate the 'spiritual message of Browning,' nor did they enter into the conflicts of Tennyson's soul. By the time one succeeded in translating the problem, the solution, in the light of the needs of ordinary folk, looked rather thin. It

was baffling to sit tongue-tied before a plain man's grief, and to be able to think only of Wordsworth's Michael or Mr. Peggotty. The Parson set himself to recover Pusey's secret, and I think he succeeded.

Erelong, however, it was forced upon him that although a coherent spiritual appeal finds a steady response, yet to growing numbers of people the language is strange. He was confronted with a general heavy indifference, both to the things of the mind and to the things of the spirit. Was Psychotherapy the strategic point of attack? His Reverence's newly recovered traditionalism was not of the timid sort, and he threw himself into medicine and the new Psychology. And the 'Emmanuel Movement' gradually shed an inadvertent light upon the real gravity of the problem. It revealed the tremendous importance of the very thing whose power it had seemed to minimize — the resistless human interest of bodily needs and cravings.

Then came that for which, half-consciously, his thought had prepared him — the steady pressure of the economic situation. Care and worry could be put into a pink pill-box, but the price of eggs would not down. Nerves could be harmonized, but coal-strikes were not so easily settled. People woke from high thinking to high prices, and to an exhilarating turmoil of conflicting ethics. Our friend turned from demonstrating the claims of Mind and Spirit to examine the arrearage claims that Matter was rudely pressing upon respectable folk. He recalled impressions made on his boyhood, from reading *Alton Locke*. A press notice caught his eye, and he put off his laundry-bill a month to buy the life of Marx. The leaves are all cut.

Here is little Joe, standing in the doorway, with a jam-encircled smile. Little Joe has his father's fine head,

and the rudiments of his father's strong and amiable features. Some day he will be dipping into his father's library. Is it his task to adjust each to each the unrelated aspirations which these three worthies helped severally to release? The cheerful immunity of the pragmatist from philosophic consistency will be less easy for Joe to claim, than it is for his father.

Little Joe, from my knee, looks with impartial and transient interest at the scene in the Weimar drawing-room, at the Gothic chancel in Oxford, and at the bearded faces in the newest book. As he slips down and away, I try to anticipate his task, should he take upon him his father's yoke.

II

Goethe, Pusey, and Marx. The conjunction sounds almost grotesque. But here they are, in this little hard-bought library, and they suggest that synthetic problem which even now it is not too soon to face — the harmonization of culture, religion, and economics, without violence to any of the three; the adjustment of man's mind to the facts of his history, of his desires to the needs of his neighbor, of his infinite yearnings to the actual content of his total environment, visible and invisible.

Souls like Matthew Arnold, John Stuart Mill, George Eliot, William Morris, even Darwin, felt deeply the estrangements occasioned by the conflict of nineteenth-century ideals. How could Carlyle, Newman, and Robert Owen possibly have understood each other? The lesser leaders called each other fools and apostates, but the greater ones could not.

Indeed, a sometimes crushing sense of the complexity of human nature, life, and problems, has from the beginning been a recurrent note in nineteenth-century philosophy and literature. The

variety which to the early Renaissance mind had been a buoyant stimulus, now became something like a burden. The individualism of exultant choice had become an individualism of renunciation and necessity. The sanguine formulas of eighteenth-century philosophies had been exploded by stormy realities. Man was not all sensibility, or all intellect, or a mere mechanism. Society was not a contract, it was a perilous equilibrium of obscure forces. Nature was not a clock, or an ideal state of harmony, to spring into light as soon as artificial institutions and beliefs were cleared away; nor were social institutions the deliberate inventions of priest craft, or of wise lawgivers. Nature was the inscrutable, unfeeling schoolmistress of the race, graduating only the persistent and the enduring from her school. Two alternatives were open: to be a somewhat wistful stoic, or a pathetic and picturesque rebel.

The lesson all must learn, *volens volens*, is self-limitation, based, curiously enough, on self-assertion. Let every one find, if he can, a *metier* of his own, wherever he can make room for it. Cut your garment according to your cloth, not according to any 'pattern in the Mount.' There may be a Heaven, but do not regard it too objectively. Do not too peremptorily demand an ideal earthly state. Limit knowledge strictly by the creeping inductive process. The function of Romance is to furnish imaginary goals, to inspire effort in its inceptive stages, or to serve as a pleasing contrast to the dull restrictions of the actual. Beliefs, visions, let them rather be the stuff out of which human achievements are woven, not the substance of objective things hoped for or unseen.

Do not expect too much of the not-Self — whether God, or nature, or man: such has been one cautious re-

sultant attitude of nineteenth-century teaching and experience. The main achievement of human aspiration was *character*, conceived of in terms of a certain toughness and self-reliance, bred of barren soil and threatening skies. Endeavor evolves its own reward. Probably the grapes are sour, but climb the trellis none the less valiantly. To have climbed, even with so barren a hope, setting your will against the indifference and hostility of nature and man, will yield a sweetness all its own. The important thing, after spending all your vitality in quest of just a 'Dark Tower,' is the satisfaction involved in announcing, through a slug-horn, that you have arrived. Browning's optimism is here at one with Bauer's idealism, Schopenhauer's pessimism, and Kipling's 'Gospel of Work.' It has been preached in one way to the artisan, in another way to the artist, and in still another way to the devotee. It certainly, in its setting, has a moral value of its own, and appeals to a very sensitive spot in human self-esteem, but only a moral aristocrat could respond to it without reservation. If all existence should prove stale and meaningless, at least a brave man can stand game. Man at least can make himself interesting to himself. The motive of reward is too crass; it may be conceded to the inferior nature.

Nobody is particularly satisfied with the social scheme in which we live today, but that is not to the point. Like a recent tariff schedule, it is the best any one has a right to expect. If it does not suit you, spin about you, out of your consciousness, a world more to your liking. Man's glory is his creative power, and his highest creation is his own orphaned, sublimated, self-reliant, lonely self.

Nineteenth-century folk, therefore, fell naturally into two classes — 'realists' and 'idealists.' Those who com-

placently captured the term 'real,' were the nub of the whole scheme. Renouncing, for their part, the wilder and more iridescent of human dreams, willing to make the best of a pretty tame business, they were at least able to make things fairly comfortable for themselves. They were humbly content not to be moral aristocrats, since they felt solid earth beneath them. *They* were the clear-sighted, normal humans. Yet they would not be utterly soulless. They must have a spiritual religion, an inspired art. This left room for the romanticist, the idealist, whose function it was to wake in the realist a pleasing consciousness of his moral and spiritual potentialities.

The idealist served as a caged throstle; to thrill, inspire, and amuse the realists with ineffectual dreams, rages, despairs, hopes, uttered in plangent melody, pictured in haunting tints, or preached with fervid earnestness. The *feeling* must be genuine; it must express the *yearnings*, not the *demands* of the higher nature, since demands are despotic and revolutionary. The yearning must be abstracted more or less from concrete objects, it must be self-conscious, shadowily fulfilled in its own utterance—the indefinite longings of the soul for the Infinite, of the will for experience of the heart for fellowship. And verifiably the idealists served this function of spiritual aphides or silk-worms. Uttering their own *Weltschmerz* (so long as they did not too vividly suggest a radical change of the existing status), they kept alive in the realists a sense of generosity, sympathy, and an appreciation of exalted states of soul.

And this note of subjectivity, sounded in all great music since Beethoven, was a genuine thing; it was simply the old race-hunger of body, mind, and spirit, caged off from vigorous hope by the dominant theory that scarcity is

the fundamental stimulus of human achievement. 'They that led us away captive required of us then' the song of starving human nature, solacing itself with self-love.

III

'No hungry generations tread thee down,' sang Keats to the nightingale. Glancing aside from his secluded search for absolute Beauty, he beheld the horrors of the economic world of his day through the Malthusian glasses aptly provided by current respectable opinion. He felt, as a shadow chilling his own ardors, the grosser hunger of the poor. So effectually caged was Keats that he did not even suspect what Shelley knew, that the hunger of the cotton-spinner out of work is really at one with the poet's longing for Loveliness, and even the saint's aspiration for perfect holiness and the Beatific Vision. In swift, exquisite pangs, Shelley realized the identity of all race-hungers.

With curiosity and compassion, people will some day study that note of subjectivity in the art, religion, ethics, of our passing age. With gratitude and veneration they will remember those who, without any lyrical after-cry of despair, broke the charmed circle of subjectivity, and witnessed boldly for the demands of human hungers, as against the parsimony of nineteenth-century ideals and practice. Goethe, in the sphere of culture; Pusey, in the sphere of religion; and Marx, in the sphere of economics, demanded adequacy, sufficiency, completeness. They believed in objects, rewards, fruitions, goals; and they staked all life's values on their belief.

One, on behalf of the soul, insisted that living can be made a work of art; that 'Art is long' just because it is preëminently concerned with life; that personal culture can harmonize

all experience; that it can be a serious occupation — the education of the mind, of the senses, of the emotions, by living amid the currents of all that is essential in human interest. Paradoxically enough, Goethe was able to assert this only by detaching himself from every current of human interest as soon as it threatened to claim him wholly; but the memory of his poised figure, as a prophecy of what is possible for the race, steadied many a keen, anxious thinker.

Pusey was one who stood unsheltered to the end, against the stress of the tendency to seek weary relief from mundane complexities by violent simplification of religion. He witnessed against the utilization of spiritual instincts or institutions for unspiritual ends — to mirror the fagged moods of worldlings, or to serve the interests of the prevailing social order. He spoke for the specific demands of the spiritual in human nature, insisting that spiritual longings are not their own reward, nor exalted emotions their own justification; that there is an adequate, coherent, objective correspondence for every genuine spiritual instinct; that the disregard of spiritual law affords valid ground for a wholesome and stimulating fear.

Marx spoke for the body. Work is not its own reward. Its primary object is the production of material necessities, and questions of character are as intimately involved with the product of work, as with the work itself. Moral qualities cannot be developed in one class on the basis of a material scarcity created in the interests of another class; and so long as two such classes exist, there can be no common ethical ground between them. Spiritual structures

reared upon a contempt for natural law and physical need are rotten at their base. Marx, like an unconscious sacerdotalist for natural law, insisted that the bonds of social life, by a sacramental decree, *ex opere operato*, are primarily physical, that the necessary mediator between Man and Nature is the workman; and that the first concern of society is the welfare of the producers of its material wealth, and those rightly dependent on them. There can be no progress in any higher sphere, until justice is done in the sphere of the lower needs. So long as Nature is cheapened, she will withhold her riches and all life and thought will be anæmic.

It is beginning to dawn upon us today that man is not wholly thrown upon his own creative powers, lonely Personality in an impersonal vast; that we are not forced to choose between being tame in earth's paddock, and beating in the void our luminous wings in vain. We expect of ourselves something more than a grim gameness or pathetic visions — even disciplines and sacrifices, for the joy that is set before us. Since we really dare to desire more richness in Nature, in Society, in the Ultimate, we have begun to demand it, not despairingly, as did the old rebels, but with more confidence of response. Within another decade, may we not have clear evidence that life is ready to yield all that Goethe demanded for psychic culture; that the world invisible is ready to sustain all that Pusey's faith relied upon; and that society and nature are capable of meeting just that responsibility and that demand which Marx would exact of them?

Here is little Joe in the doorway again. What say you, Joe?

RACE-CULTURE

BY SIMEON STRUNSKY

COOPER said it was all well enough to speak of a perfect human race, but personally he had no confidence in Eugenics. This was entirely independent of the fact that he always had the greatest difficulty in spelling the word.

Did Cooper know what Eugenics means, Harding asked rather tartly.

Cooper admitted that he did not know. He was rather glad of it because he could thus say conscientiously that he did not believe in the thing.

Then why, Harding asked, dismiss a subject without making an honest attempt to master it?

Cooper said that he had made the attempt and failed. As far as he could gather, Eugenics was intimately connected with the business of raising peas. Forty years ago an Austrian clergyman named Mendel had hit upon an interesting discovery. It was fraught with such momentous consequences for humanity that for nearly half a century nobody took any notice of it. You crossed a species of dwarf pea with a species of giant pea and the offspring was seventy-five per cent of one kind and twenty-five per cent of the other kind; Cooper had forgotten which. Then you took some peas of the second generation and self-fertilized them, whatever that might mean, and the third generation would be divided half and half. Cooper really could not recall just what the proportions were, but it was a satisfaction to know that they would continue indefinitely. At any rate it followed from Mendel's discovery that consumptives and crim-

inals should not be allowed to marry, though Cooper could not quite see why. That is, he was quite in accord with the general principle that consumptives ought not to wish to get married, but, if they insisted, who had the right to prevent them from striving after their share of happiness?

Harding said that Cooper had just pointed out the reason why, though in a characteristically confused and unintelligent fashion. The simple fact is that we are all what our fathers have made us, and society has the right to guard itself against the evil workings of the iron law of heredity.

But that was precisely what puzzled Cooper. Was there such a thing as an iron law of heredity?

Harding advised him to read Weismann.

Cooper said he had read Weismann. He did so immediately after he had read up on Mendel, and with approximately the same results. With Weismann, heredity was everything. If Cooper remembered accurately, Weismann maintained that acquired characteristics could not be inherited. We can pass on to our children only what we have ourselves inherited. A man, for instance, might lose two of his fingers while celebrating the old-fashioned Fourth of July. That does not mean that his son would be born with only three fingers, though he might possibly be born with six. Or a man might be master of a dozen foreign languages; it did not follow that his eldest son could learn to speak French

without instruction, or would be proficient in spelling at college. That was simple enough.

The only acquired characteristic that could be inherited, Cooper was inclined to believe, was an income from United States bonds and a house in town, or something like that. Everything else was determined for him from the beginning of time. It was all in the germ-plasm, for which, as Cooper recalled, Weismann had a decided fondness that was possibly equaled only by his liking for the chromosome. This chromosome was a very valuable and interesting portion of the germ-plasm. It was too small to be descried under the microscope, but everything was packed away in it. If a man was tall or short, if he bit his finger-nails, if he stuttered, if he voted the Republican ticket mechanically, it was because of the chromosome in the hereditary germ-plasm. Nature seemed to have succeeded in getting almost as many things into a chromosome as a woman can get into a steamer trunk.

From all this, Cooper thought, it followed that if a man committed murder, the proper thing to do was to hang his grandfather; provided, that is, his great-grandfather was no longer living. It might seem hard on the old man, but apparently it served him right for harboring the wrong kind of chromosome. From the practical point of view, Cooper agreed that it was much better to hang a useless, decrepit veteran, than a man in the prime of life. He had not calculated the amount of money that society would save, but it was undoubtedly a very considerable sum.

Harding said that what was practical was to prevent the murderer from passing on his tainted heredity to future generations.

'Chuck the chromosome overboard, you mean?' said Cooper. And he made

the objection that it would mean throwing away the good with the bad.

To the writer of the present lines this point was well made. Take the case of Cooper himself. At first sight there are many things about him that Nature could have done much better. He is not what one would call handsome, even in a romantic sense. He lacks ease. When Nature fashioned the original chromosome that became Cooper, she ordained that whenever Cooper enters a public conveyance he shall step on a lady's feet. The same iron law of heredity, I regret to state, has deprived him of perfect table manners, occasionally compelling him to make use of the wrong spoons. Heredity has handicapped Cooper by making him blurt out unpleasant truths before strangers. But, on the other hand, Cooper has sometimes gone without a winter overcoat because, after telling a stranger just what he thinks of him, Cooper will lend the stranger considerable sums of money. He is always about town on unsolicited errands of mercy. And even at the dinner-table, when Cooper has once mastered the problem of the dessert spoon, and feels fairly at ease, he will speak with the tongue of men and of angels so that women lean forward, bright-eyed, and listen. If Eugenics had taken a hand with Cooper's great-grandfather and bred out Cooper's unfortunate habit of addressing elderly single ladies as Mrs. Smith, and left behind the heart of the poet and the child, what a wonderful thing Eugenics would be! But that was not to be had; it was all or nothing with Herr Weismann.

Some such line of thought must have run through Cooper's head.

'All right,' he said, addressing himself to Harding. 'Suppose you have your Mendelian peas all straightened out so that you know in advance which are coming out from where. Which

peas would you permit to be brought forth, and which would you suppress?' And he went on to show that if Harding had been alive toward the end of the eighteenth century and had been allowed to have his own way, he might have prevented a tuberculous child named John Keats from being born. But who would have written the lines on a Grecian Urn? Or Robert Louis Stevenson: Harding might have choked off the disease-laden chromosome that became R. L. S.; but would he have dared to do so if he had known what the future had in store?

Harding thought that the Grecian Urn and *Treasure Island* were not too high a price to pay for a world with no consumptive children in it.

One of the peculiarities of the Cooper germ-plasm is that when Cooper is turning a thing over in his mind he pulls out his pocket-knife and cuts up the surrounding furniture. He had ornamented the desk blotter with a handsome monogram of the letters T. R., with the figures 1916 underneath, when the present writer intervened to prevent further damage.

Cooper said perhaps the price was not too high, if only you knew what you were getting for your money. But possibly Mendel and Weismann were mistaken and the iron law of heredity was n't as rigid as all that. Cooper reads the scientific columns in the periodicals and his impression was that there is a new theory of heredity every month, or, if it was a weekly publication, twice a month. It was quite impossible to keep up with them. He had noticed that this was true of most scientific hypotheses. It was embarrassing, for instance, in the course of conversation with some of his university friends, to refer to the theory of Conservation of Energy and have Smith slowly knock the ashes from his pipe and smile at one corner of the mouth

and ask Cooper whether he had seen the last number of the *Würzburger Zeitung für Biokinetik*. Cooper recalled that on Smith's table several days ago he did notice a copy of that popular periodical. 'I mean the July 15 number,' says Smith. 'What you saw was the number for July first.' On July first, it appears, conservation of energy was still the proper thing, but since the fifteenth of the month it no longer had any standing among the best people. Very likely conservation of energy would be all the rage again by the end of August.

And that was the case with the heredity theories that underlie Eugenics. Cooper said that if a dear friend of his with a tendency toward heart-disease fell in love and wished to marry, the proper thing apparently was to go out and buy a late sporting edition. If the Mendelian law was still in force there was nothing for it but a tragic farewell to his friend's dream of happiness. But if the cable dispatches were for environment, and against Weismann, they could send out cards.

Harding said that environment had not a scientific leg to stand on.

But Cooper had read somewhere of an investigation that had been carried on among school-children in Edinburgh and Glasgow, where they found that the children of drunkards were quite as fit in body and mind as the children of total abstainers; so much for heredity. On the other hand, see what one investigator did recently in New York City. He took a number of immigrant children and measured their facial index, and determined their prognathic angle, and tested them for dolichocephaly and brachycephaly, and subjected them to many other tests not prohibited by the S. P. C. C. And this is what he discovered: As a result of the peculiar climate and other environmental factors that obtain south

of Houston Street, young Giuseppe Bruno, whose father was a long-head, was visibly tending toward the short-skull type; whereas young Moses Greenberg, whose father was of the short-head type, was plainly growing a long skull. Here, then, argued Cooper, was environment shaping a new race in a single generation. Cooper said that he would not lay emphasis on the further highly interesting fact that, under the same stress of environment, Giuseppe Bruno grew up and became Joseph Brown while Moses Greenberg changed into Maxwell Graham. Could Eugenics show any such startling transformation?

Here Harding lost his temper and said a man need n't be an ass because

he was speaking about serious things.

But Cooper insisted that that was not the point. Admitting that he was an ass, was it heredity or immediate environment that made him one? If he did not seem qualified to master the secrets of Eugenics, it was because his instincts and training ran all the other way. He liked to believe that we are born into the world with no irremediable doom upon us. It seemed a much more manly thing to wipe out slums, and suppress child labor, and pension widowed mothers, than to blame it all upon one's grandfather. With so much important work at hand, what was the use of crossing dwarf peas with giant peas and guessing which pea lay under which thimble?

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

MY ADVENTURES IN CRITICISM

THIS world is not a perfect place, its citizens do not live as full and rounded lives as they might, they are contented with poorer things when they might have better, they will not read Browning or listen to Bach. Never again, however, can I be tempted to express such convictions except from the safe shelter of anonymity.

I do not mean to imply that I have ever set out upon a crusade to reform the world. I am too fond of other pursuits for that. My reactions against wrong have been incidental to other activities.

I am ceasing to criticize — I use the word in its present, degenerate sense of fault-finding — because my complaints have not been productive of

one iota of good. Moreover, they have always been ungraciously received either by the person whose good I sought or by the person upon whose sympathy I was depending.

Those whose good I sought have not listened to me.

'Minnie,' said I to my maid, whose stupid looks had become a trial to be endured no longer in silence, 'do you know that you go about with your mouth open?'

'Yes 'm,' answered Minnie stolidly. 'I opened it.'

I have been rudely treated when my motive was purely unselfish.

'Madam,' said I to a stranger in a city shop, 'your belt is unfastened.'

'That,' answered the lady, 'is the way I wish it to be.'

Frequently I have put myself into

positions of such obloquy that I have wept with mortification. Several years ago, I appeared before a school-board to protest against the retention of an old school-teacher. I made my statement before he entered. I recounted in as mild language as I could the objections to him, held not only by me, but by two long-suffering generations. He taught his pupils nothing, his discipline was an alternation of lax indulgence and severest cruelty. For years he had been ruining the minds of those under his care.

Called upon to speak in his own defense, the old man appeared. He was a noble-looking old man, and his white hair pleaded for him before he opened his lips in his remarkable speech. He pictured the inborn rascality of the small boy, he reminded those present of their youth, of the hot lead they had poured into key-holes, of the Bedlam which they had created with hat-pins stuck into cracks and loudly twanged. He recalled to their minds the 'putty-blowers,' with whose ammunition the walls and ceiling of his school-room were plastered; he said that every missile had struck his heart! He reminded them that a small boy's relatives are often helpless before his invention; he asked them to contemplate the situation of a man shut up for forty years with fifty small boys! He said that he was old, that he could learn no new profession, that — Abruptly he sat down, his head in his hands.

Dismiss him? They reinstated him and advanced his salary. Is it strange that my reforming zeal suffered a blight from which it has never recovered?

The complaints which I have addressed to those from whom I had a right to expect sympathy have met no more kindly reception. Do I find fault with the organist who ends an impressive religious service with variations

on 'Believe me if all those endearing young charms,' — I am told by my friends that it is a great pity that I allow my æsthetic sense to spoil my spiritual enjoyment, that I am the only one at all disturbed, and, finally, that if I had practiced as I should, I might be seated at the console playing Bach fugues to my own satisfaction. It would be a waste of words to insist that my æsthetic enjoyment is to be reckoned with, and that it is not my business to play Bach fugues.

Do I call attention to the delectable items in the Boonetown column of our weekly paper, I am accused of being 'superior.' Henceforth, therefore, the Boonetonian's cow may 'over-eat herself,' his son may 'break his one leg,' his daughter may be 'dressed in cream' on her wedding-day, and I shall chuckle thereat alone. It will be hard to keep my best stories to myself, to refrain from telling of my neighbor, who, when arrested, 'proved himself a lullabye,' or of my schoolmate who, wishing to bid her friends farewell, shouted a loud 'Averdupois' across the street. But never again, if I succeed in training myself to silence, shall I have to hear that these poor people do the best they can, that they are good fathers and mothers and sons and daughters, and that they go to church with praiseworthy regularity.

Nor do I mean to bottle up within me all these just complaints. I know a man who for thirty years endured the meanness of a business associate. Then, suddenly, he lost the temper which he had treasured so carefully. He turned the key in the door of his office, imprisoning with himself and the offender half a dozen other men.

'I thank the Lord,' said he, — he was a good and pious soul, — 'that I am mad enough at last to tell you what I think of you.'

Thereupon flowed from his soul a

torrent of righteous indignation. It was amazing to hear how he remembered every peccadillo in the long line of the evil-doer's sins. Trained in the Bible, he called his enemy Jeshurun who had waxed fat and kicked, he called him Ananias, he said he was a cumberer of the ground, a sojourner from Sodom.

One would have thought that, having accomplished what was a service to the community and what must have been a great relief to himself, this reformer would have been improved in health and spirits. But he suffered a slight stroke and was ill for days, while the object of his Jeremiad cared not a rap.

This, therefore, is the last of my protests. Uttered one by one, they have proved idle; the organist still plays 'Believe me if all those endearing young charms,' my Minnie still goes about with her mouth open. Treasured, they are even less efficacious, and they are likely to be harmful to one's self, as my friend's experience proves. His method especially I shall try to avoid, since, approve of this world as little as I may, I do not wish to be banished from it by a stroke of apoplexy.

WOMEN'S HONOR¹

SUPPOSE men had formerly been the property of their wives, and suppose they were still widely regarded as ornamental and delightful, but not to be taken seriously. Suppose we arrayed ourselves as did the courtiers at the time of Charles the Second and were engaged in occupations similar to theirs. Or suppose we men wore corsets and tight skirts and high French

heels and long hair. The mere thought of a dozen men sitting about a table, arrayed and shirred up as women are, leads inevitably to the conclusion that within an hour they would be involved in a riot. Just why they would punch one another's heads we may not be able to tell, but we are sure they would.

Suppose that the literature of no more than fifty years ago referred to us constantly as frail and delicate creatures, that the traditions which favored us most were those exalting our loyalty and faithfulness to the wives that possess us, and that it were urged upon every man, always to lean upon his wife because she will guard and defend him. Or suppose our occupations were restricted to those employments which have heretofore been available to women, — in any of these events our vision might be rather narrow and our sense of honor might be a little attenuated.

Now, far be it from me to decry the songs and poems and beatitudes of the charm of women and all the hurrahs of language that admiration inspires. It is a joy to sing them, and a delight to write them. And of love in its great and deep meaning we are speaking not at all. That abides as a constant benediction upon humanity, and is greater than knowledge or science or wisdom. Of all the things the woman-soul offers for it and of her sacrifices, and of all the things the man-soul offers for it and of his sacrifices, we need not even whisper. Throughout the ages women have held faithfully to the gospel of love and have taught it by example, in spite of cruelty and scorn. But concerning honor, and what is honor's due, the advice to women that one finds in literature seems so generally based upon the presumption that they are of a sort with defective or delinquent children, that a readjustment of dogma seems timely.

¹ A paper in the November *Atlantic* entitled, 'Honor Among Women,' by Elisabeth Woodbridge, was the origin of this discussion. — THE EDITORS.

Of course, there is Otto Weininger's theory that the absolute female is merely an automaton of flesh and blood, without judgment or capacity, and that whatever merit of intelligence a woman may have is due to the modicum of male that is inherent in her. Conversely the absolute male is the *Uebermensch* who has all the gifts of mind and soul. It is hardly necessary to say that he further maintained that there is no absolute male or absolute female known. The theory squares very well with a great deal that may be found in literature, and even in current opinion. It operates well as a working hypothesis in some families; but the very opposite view, that all intelligence emanates from the female and that the male is not to be relied upon in any way, works equally well in others. Instances of the successful operation of both hypotheses are of such frequent occurrence, and are so well known to all of us, that it would require the faith of a closed mind to assume either of them to be true.

Every reason possible has been given to women to believe themselves fools, and there are many who follow the arguments. In like manner, when a majority of men were serfs they learned that they should look to their lord in all things; and it is fair to presume that in consequence of this many of them did; that they became dependent in spirit and that their sense of honor was rudimentary.

Without attempting to define honor, we know that a glorified and impassioned loyalty to what one believes to be right is included in the expression. It also seems to involve character, and this has always been a possession of both men and women. From a fine, strong character we may expect honor irrespective of sex or condition. For this reason it would hardly appear that the whole ground is covered by the

history of the evolution of honor as a group-instinct. Character is not a group-instinct; it is, one might almost say, a structural quality; and it is so closely allied to honor, that honor, like character, would seem to be in part a matter of breeding.

Of course, in discussing Women's Honor we may speedily become so tangled up that, as somebody has said, our only safety will lie in statistics; but in a big way it does not appear that honor is a matter of sex. It seems, at least to the writer, to be rather a matter of character. Now it may be that women have less character than men, but it would hardly be fair to assert it until some statistician has computed the exact average of all the women and all the men living at one time.

UTCUNQUE VENTUS

THERE is no goddess but the Dryad, and every woman is her prophet. We who go down to the streams in rough clothes and wading boots need have no qualms if, from the bridge, we are viewed by those wearing fine linen and carrying parasols; and though we stand waist-deep in the roadside growth, knapsack on shoulder, as the automobile passes, we may meet without flinching the stare of goggled eyes. For we are of the fashion, and we and they know it. Far, indeed, have we come from the day when Miss Austen's ladies, not having shoes to encounter the remains of a white frost, turned back to the house; far, indeed, from the anxieties of her Emma, to whom a country mile proved too much for solitary female walking. The ideal of womanhood has for more than a century been gathering self-reliance and strength. Nervous endurance the heroine always possessed; the tears and trials of Clarissa or Amanda would have sorely overtaxed any mere Man of Feeling.

But under the tutelage of Scott she developed her physical frame by outdoor exercise; and the successor of Diana Vernon and Anne of Geierstein, though no adept in horsemanship and the scaling of precipices, inherited a hardness of constitution which Cooks might emulate and Amundsens adore.

Through the pages of Augusta Evans the leading lady toiled and suffered without remission. She was no passive and liquid prey to the arts of a later Lovelace; although the walls of piety and domesticity had again risen round her, the Christianity of her conduct was both militant and muscular. No mere hero, however granite his lips or satanically sneering his laugh, could shake her insistence upon right religious and political principles; and few were the heroes who could mate her either in physical asceticism or intellectual athletics. Hebrew and comparative theology were her evening relaxation. She ate nothing, slept rarely, took no exercise, never smiled, invariably looked wan but exquisite, and spent all the time not required for repelling her suitors in the production of a prose so mournfully grand as to bring tears to the eyes of the best New York society.

But this state of things could not last. Confinement indoors, after the taste of liberty which the Author of *Waverley* had permitted, was not to be long endured. Moreover, the constant use of the Encyclopædia, the Dictionary, and Bartlett's *Familiar Quotations*, palled upon the growing heroine; and perhaps an aggressive and spotless isolation irked a creature supposedly gregarious. Round the card swung the wind of fancy, and off with the inkstand blew the learning, the proud reserve, and alas! the morals of the leading lady. She was no more to be found stooping wearily over her manuscript or uttering profound reflection in her lonely observatory. She

continued, it is true, to sit up all night; but across the noisy pages of the story floated the smoke of her cigarette; and her forte was neither purity, piety, nor philology, only an unreasoning, reprehensible devotion to the hero.

It was an attitude which even unskilled labor could quickly assume, for the accessories demanded no deep study. A little French, a fondness for horses and music, a smattering of the jargon of the studio, a visiting acquaintance with the manners of the underworld; these and a hardy endurance of either privation or neglect, so it be for love's sake, sufficed. The scene might be set in Algiers or Devonshire, Paris or Munich; but its general features were much the same, with wine, women, and song, smoke and good-comradeship, shabby velvet jackets or gorgeous uniforms, paint-brushes, swords, horses, and fiddles; all crossed by the shadow of a mystery or a renunciation such as no gentleman's library could be without, and all redolent of youth, ardor, generosity, lawlessness. In short, Bohemia; and in those sea-coast havens the heroine's craft rocked gayly.

But the wind of fancy has again changed. The land of fiction, which we chart and re-chart, has further shifted its boundaries. The sign, 'Here have you Bohemia,' is no longer pinned over the cabaret of smoke and absinthe, the attic of the easel, and the table heaped with papers; it hangs at the entrance to the forest trail. And it is a poor heroine who cannot follow; as Mr. Chainmail said to the Rev. Dr. Follott, it is no disqualification for sylvan minstrelsy not to know an oak from a burdock. We will talk no more of flagons of ale in the Devonshire inns, of franc bottles of wine in the Boul' Miche; we will not linger even in the salon where dukes and dignitaries court the notice of a humble but brilliant

lady-companion. It is but to push back the volumes of heraldry and history, the atlases and dictionaries of argot, and run over the new vocabulary. One has no difficult task; one has only to discourse of the murmuring pines, the bird-enchanted hills, the silence of the moors, the stir of lulling rivers, above all of the open road. The open road, specialists aver, possesses greater powers of temptation than did the closed door of Bluebeard or of Maeterlinck. Everything calls down it, from the day-star to the daisy; and its practical merit, as compared with the highroad of Mr. Pickwick and the stage-coach, is that on it one arrives not. One walks perpetually therein, uplifted, palpitant, yet meeting no adventure, no mystery — but the mystery of nature.

For the inexperienced heroine who has hastily exchanged her painting-dress for khaki, this meeting of nothing is a boon indeed. With meetings there come incidents, emotions; one must gather knowledge to report of such

doings. But with a mere handful of phrases one may go far on the new trail. Take no thought for an expensive journey or the purchase of an outfit; to capture that impression one need not confer with distances. The call of the wild may echo as freshly over a roll-top desk as ever did Roland's horn along the vale of Roncesvalles; and the summons of the day-star was very likely heard by one who wrote beside a seven-coil radiator, to the ground tone of the Elevated. Man triumphs over circumstance, woman also.

Do you fancy that I sit upon the rockered porch of a ten-dollar-a-week summer hotel? You err; I am a solitary in the pines. I may to the material eye wear a white duck skirt and wait at the postoffice for the evening mail; but my astral body, in khaki and gaiters, is kneeling by the roadside fire over which I cook my vagabond meal. And my blanket lies by me, and the stars await the dark.

d

Attleborough Public Library

[illegible]

